



On 7b.



Wm. Traquair



War of Inis-thona
Vol. I. p. 139.



POEMS
OF
OSSIAN,
THE
Son of Fingal.

TRANSLATED BY MACPHERSON.

We may boldly assign Ossian a place among those
whose works are to last for ages.—— Blair.

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VOL. II.
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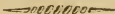
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Am Tragnar

THE

Songs of Selma.



THE ARGUMENT.

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 tranquility and softness, which the scene described naturally inspires.

STAR of the descending night! fair is thy light in the west! thou liftest thy unborn head from thy cloud: thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of

the torrent comes from afar. Rearing waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings, and the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee, and bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, 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. Fingal comes like a watry column of mist: his heroes are around. And see the bards of the song, grey-haired Ullin; stately Reno; A-pint; with the tuneful voice, and the soft complaint of Miona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast! when we contended, like the gales of the spring, that, flying over the hill, by turns bend the feebly-whistling grass.

Miona then came forth in her beauty; with downcast look and fearful eye; her hair flew slowly on the blast that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice: for often had they seen the grave of Salgar||, and the dark dwelling

† Alpin is from the same root with Albion, or rather Albin, the ancient name of Britain: Aip, 'high in laud, 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,' 'variegated island,' so called from the face of the country, from the natives painting themselves, or from their party-coloured clothes.

|| Sealg-'er, 'a hunter.'

of white-bosomed Colma¶. Comla left alone on the hill, with all her voice of music! Saigar promised to come; but the night descended round. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

COLMA. It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent shrieks down the rock. No hat 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 Saigar, why the son of the hill, his promise? Here is the rock, and the tree; and here the roaring stream. Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Saigar gone! With thee, I would fly from my father; with thee, from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; but we are not foes, O Saigar!

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. Saigar! it is I who call. Here is the tree and the rock. Saigar, 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.

¶ Cul-math, 'a woman with five hair.'

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 Saigara? Why, O Saigar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise! Thou wert fair in 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 wind 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. Ulija 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. Ulija had returned one day from the chase, be-

fore 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.

RYNO. The wind and the rain are over: calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red thro' 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?

ALPIN. My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the plain. But thou shalt fall like Morar†; and the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall, unstrung.

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert, 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

† Mor-er, 'great man.'

after rain ; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm ; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when you 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 with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar, thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee ; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this ? who is this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are red with tears, who quakes at every step ? It is thy father, O Morar ! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war ; he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of Morar's renown ; 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

|| Torman, the son of Carthul, lord of I-mora, one of the western isles,

song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar.

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

Sad I am! nor small is 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?

Arise, winds of autumn, arise; 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 thy pale face at intervals! bring to my mind that sad night, when all my children fell; when Arindat the mighty fell; when Daura the lovely failed.

† Armin, 'a hero.' He was chief, or petty king of Gorma, i. e. the blue island; supposed to be one of the Hebrides.

‡ Cear-mor 'a tall dark-complexioned man.'

Daura, my daughter! thou wert fair; fair as the moon on the hills of Fura†; white as the driven snow; sweet as the breathing gale. Arindal, thy bow was strong, thy spear was swift in the field: thy look was like mist on the wave; thy shield a red cloud in a storm. Armor renowned in war, came, and sought 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 come to carry his love along the rolling sea. She went; and she called on Armar. Nought answered, but the son|| of the rock. Armar, my love; my love! why tormentest thou me with fear! hear, son of Ard-nart, hear: it is Daura who calleth thee! Erath the traitor fled laughing to the laud. 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

† Fuar-a 'cold island.'

|| 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.'

bow was in his hand; five dark-grey dogs attend-
 ed his steps. He saw fierce Erath on the shore:
 he seized and bound him to an oak. Thick bend
 the thongs[¶] 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 grey-
 feathered shaft. It sung; it sunk in thy heart.
 O Arindal, my son! for Erath the traitor thou
 diedst. The oar is stopped at once: he panted
 on the rock and expired. What is thy grief, O
 Daura, when round thy feet is poured thy bro-
 ther'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. Be-
 fore 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 moun-
 tain 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

¶ The poet here only means that Erath was
 bound with leathern thongs.

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 is my 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 † 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.

† Ossian is sometimes poetically called the voice of Cona.

Calthon & Colmal:

A POEM.



THE ARGUMENT.

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, Dunthalmo, 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 Dunthalmo was infamous for his cruelty and ambition. Dunthalmo, 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 Dunthalmo shut them up in two caves on the banks of Teutha, intending to take them off

privately. Colmal, the daughter of Dunthalmo, who was secretly in love with Calthon, helped him to make his escape from prison, and fled with him to Fingal, disguised in the habit of a young warrior, and implored his aid against Dunthalmo. Fingal sent Ossian with three hundred men, to Colmar's relief. Dunthalmo having previously murdered Colmar, came to a battle with Ossian; but he was killed by that hero, and his army totally defeated.

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

PLEASANT is the voice of thy song, thou lonely dweller of the rock. It comes on the sound of the stream, along the narrow vale. My soul awakes, O stranger! in the midst of my hall. I stretch my hand to the spear, as in the days of other years. I stretch my hand, but it is feeble; and the sigh of my bosom grows. Wilt thou not listen, son of the rock, to the song of Ossian? My soul is full of other times; the joy of my youth returns. Thus the sun appears in the west, after the steps of his brightness have moved behind a storm; the green hills lift their dewy heads: the blue streams rejoice in the vale. The aged hero comes forth on his staff, and his grey hair glitters in the beam. Dost thou not behold, son of the rock, a shield in Ossian's hall? It is marked with the strokes of battle; and the brightness of its bosses has failed. That shield the great Dunthalmo bore, the chief of streamy Teutha. Dunthalmo bore it in battle, before he fell by Ossian's spear. Listen, son of the rock, to the tale of other years.

Rathmor was a chief of Clutha. The feeble dwelt in his hall. The gates of Rathmor were

never closed: his feast was always spread. The sons of the stranger came, and blessed the generous chief of Clutha. Bards raised the song, and touched the harp: and joy brightened on the face of the mournful. Dunthalmo came, in his pride, and rushed into the combat of Rathmor. The chief of Clutha overcame; the rage of Dunthalmo rose. He came, by night, with his warriors; and the mighty Rathmor fell. He fell in his halls, where his feast was often spread for strangers.

Colmar and Calthon were young, the sons of ear-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 Dunthalmo melted when he saw the children of youth; he brought them to Al-teutha's† walls; they grew in the house of the foe. They bent the bow in his presence; and came forth to his battles. They saw the fallen walls of their fathers; they saw the green thorn in the hall. Their tears descended in secret; and, at times, their faces were mournful. Dunthalmo beheld their grief: his darkening soul designed their death. He closed them in two caves, on the echoing banks of Teutha. The sun did not come there with his beams; nor the moon of heaven by night. The sons of Rathmor remained in darkness, and foresaw their death.

† Al-teutha, or rather Balteutha, 'the town of Tweed,' the name of Duthalmo's seat. It is observable, that all the names in this poem are derived from the Gaelic 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 daughter of Duntharmo wept in silence, the fair-haired, blue-eyed Colmal^{||}. Her eye had roiled 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 eyes look wildly through her tears. She came, by night, to the hall[†]; and armed her lovely form in steel; the steel of a young warrior, who fell in the first of his battles. She came to the cave of 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 Selma, chief of fallen Clutha! I am the son of Lamgal, who dwelt in thy father’s hail. 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,

^{||} 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.

[†] 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.

‡ Fingal.

“ comest thou from the darkly rolling clouds ? for often the ghosts of his fathers descended 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 Rathnor ; the shades of night will fly away. Dunthalmo 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 maid to Selma’s hall ; but he knew not that it was Colmar. The helmet covered her lovely face : and her breast rose beneath the steel. Fingal returned from the chase, and found the lovely strangers. They were like two beams of light, in the midst of the hall. The king heard the tale of grief ; and turned his eyes around. A thousand heroes half-rose before him, claiming the war of Teutha. I came with my spear from the hill, and the joy of battle rose in my breast : for the king spoke to Ossian in the midst of the people.

“ Son of my strength,” he said, “ take the spear of Fingal ; go to Teutha’s mighty stream, and save the car-borne Colmar. Let thy fame return before thee like a pleasant gale ; that my soul may rejoice over my son, who renews the renown of our fathers. Ossian ! be thou a storm

in battle; but mild when the foes are low: 'It was thus my fame arose, O my son; and be thou like Selma's chief. When the haughty come to my halls, my eyes behold them not. But my arm is stretched forth to the unhappy. My sword defends the weak.'

I rejoiced in the words of the king: and took my rattling arms. Diaran† rose at my side, and Dargo‖ king of spears. Three hundred youths

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

‖ Dargo, the son of Collath, is celebrated in other poems by Ossian. He is said to have been killed by a boar at a hunting party. The lamentation of his mistress, or wife, Mingala, over his body is extant; but whether it is of Ossian's composition, I cannot determine. It is generally ascribed to him, and has much of his manner, but some traditions mention 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 Latho's chief: and what shall sad Mingala do? The dark soul vanished like morning mist, before the king of spears: but the generous glowed in his presence like the morning star.

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

Thy hand touched the trembling harp: Thy voice was soft as summer winds. Ah me! What shall the heroes say? for Dargo fell before a boar. Pale is the lovely cheek; the look of which was firm in danger! Why hast thou failed on

followed our steps : the lovely strangers were at my side. Dunthalmo heard the sound of our approach ; he gathered the strength of Teutha. He stood on a hill with his host ; they were like rocks broken with thunder, when their bent trees are singed and bare, and the streams of their chinks have failed.

The stream of Teutha rolled in its pride before the gloomy foe. I sent a hard to Dunthalmo, to offer the combat on the plain ; but he smiled in the darkness of his pride. His unsettled host moved on the hill ; like the mountain cloud, when the blast has entered its womb, and scatters the curling gloom on every side.

They brought Colmar to Teutha's bank, bound with a thousand thongs. The chief is sad, but lovely, and his eye is on his friends ; for we stood, in our arms, on the opposite bank of Teutha. 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.

our hills, thou fairer than the beams of the sun ?

The daughter of Adonsion was lovely in the eyes of the valiant ; she was lovely in their eyes, but she chose to be the spouse of Dargo.

But thou art alone, Mingala ! the night is coming with its clouds ; where is the bed of thy repose ? Where but in the tomb of Dargo ?

Why dost thou lift the stone, O bard ? why dost thou shut the narrow house ? Mingala's eyes are heavy, bard ! She must sleep with Dargo.

Last night I heard the song of joy in Lartho's lofty hall. But silence now dwells around my bed. Mingala rests with Dargo.

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 had the song of woe to rise, to soothe 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 chase together, and pursue the dark-brown hinds? Colmar was not forgot till he fell; till death had blasted his youth. I lie pale beneath the rock of Lona. O let Calthon rise! the morning comes with its beams; and Dunthalmo will dishonour the fallen." He passed away in his blast. The rising Calthon saw the steps of his departure. He rushed in the sound of his steel, and unhappy Colmal rose. She followed her hero through night, and dragged her spear behind. But when Calthon came to Lona's rock, he found his fallen brother. The rage of his bosom rose, and he rushed among the foe. The groans of death ascend. They close around the chief. He is bound in the midst, and brought to gloomy Dan-

tharmo. The shout of joy arose; and the hills of night replied.

I started at the sound: and took my father's spear. Diaran rose at my side; and the youthful strength of Dargo. We missed the chief of Clutha, and our souls were sad. I dreaded the departure of my fame; the pride of my valour rose. "Sons of Morven," I said "it is not thus our fathers fought. They rested not on the field of strangers, when the foe did not fall before them. Their strength was like the eagles of heaven: their renown is in the song. But our people fall by degrees, and our fame begins to depart. What shall the king of Morven say, if Ossian conquers not at Teutha? Rise in your steel, ye warriors, and follow the sound of Ossian's course. He will not return, but renowned, to the echoing walls of Selma."

Morning rose on the blue waters of Teutha; Colmal stood before me in tears. She told of the chief of Clutha: and thrice the spear fell from her hand. My wrath turned against the stranger; for my soul trembled for Caltho. "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 Carman, of 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 Duntharmo seen, or the place where he fell by the spear of Ossian. Some grey warrior, half blind with age, sitting by night at the flaming oak of the hall, tells now my actions to his sons, and the fall of the dark Duntharmo. The faces of youth bend sidelong towards his voice ; surprise and joy burn in their eyes.

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

† Caltha.

Lathmon:

A POEM.



THE ARGUMENT.

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.

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 cence forth, like the bow of the shower; they look towards green Ullin for the white sails of the king. He had promised to return, but the winds of the north arose.

Who pours from the eastern hill, like a stream of darkness; It is the host of Lathmon. He has heard of the absence of Fingal. He trusts

in the wind of the north. His soul brightens with joy. Why dost thou come, Lathmon? The mighty are not in Selma. Why comest thou with thy forward spear? Will the daughters of Morven fight? But stop, O mighty stream, in thy course! Does not Lathmon behold these sails? Why dost thou vanish, Lathmon, 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 waves; let every sword be unsheathed. Lathmon† is before us with his host; he that fled‡ from Fingal on the plains of Lona. But he

† It is said, by tradition, that it was the intelligence of Lathmon's invasion, that occasioned Fingal's return from Ireland; though Ossian more poetically, ascribes the cause of Fingal's knowledge to his dream.

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

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 ¶ sat beneath a tree, at the roaring waters of Strumon §: his locks of age are grey: he leans forward on his staff; young Gaul is near the hero, hearing the batties 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 grey 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

¶ Morni was chief of a numerous tribe, in the lays 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.

§ Stru'-mone, ‘stream of the hill.’ Here, the proper name of a rivulet in the neighbourhood of Selma.

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 grey 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 Fin-

gal, his soul has delighted in the actions of Morni's youth; but his sword has not been lifted against the foe, neither has his fame begun. I come with him to battle; to direct his arm. His renown will be a sun to my soul, in the dark hour of my departure. O that the name of Morni were forgot among the people! that the heroes would only say, Behold the father of Gaul."

"King of Strumon," Fingal replied, "Gaul shall lift the sword in battle. But he shall lift it before Fingal; my arm shall defend his youth. But rest thou in the halls of Selma; and hear of our renown. Bid the harp be strung; and the voice of the bard arise, that those who fall may rejoice in their fame; and the soul of Morni brighten with gladness. Ossian! thou hast fought in battles: 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 to once."

I saw † Gaul in his arms, and my soul was mixed with his: for the fire of the battle was in his eyes! he looked to the foe with joy. We spoke the words of friendship in secret; and the lightning of our swords poured together; for we drew them behind the wood, and tried the strength of our arms on the empty air.

Night came down on Morven. Fingal sat at the beam of the oak. Morni sat by his with all his grey waving locks. Their discourse is of

† 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.

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 Combal; but darkness gathered|| on Morni's brow. He rolled his red eye on Ullin; and the song of the bard ceased. Fingal observed the aged hero, and he mildly spoke.

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

“King of Morven,” replied the chief, “I remember thy father with joy. He was terrible in battle; the rage of the chief was deadly. My eyes were full of tears, when the king of heroes fell. The valiant fall, O Fingal, and the feeble remain on the hills. How many heroes have passed away, in the days of Morni! And I did not shun the battle; neither did I fly from the strife of the valiant. Now let the friends of Fingal rest; for the night is around; that they may rise, with strength, to battle against car-borne Lathmon. I hear the sound of his host, like thunder moving on the hills. Ossian! and

|| 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 Combal'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 their families. Fingal's speech on this occasion abounds with generosity and good sense.

Fair-haired Gaul! ye are swift in the race. **O** serve the focs of Fingal from that woody hill. But approach them not, your fathers are not near to shield you. Let not your famé fall at once. The valour of youth may fail."

We heard the words of the chief with joy, and moved in the clag of our arms. Our steps are in the woody hill. Heaven burns with all its stars. The meteors of death fly over the field. The distant noise of the foe reached our ears. It was then Gaul spoke, in his valour; his hand half unsheathed the sword.

"Son of Fingal," he said, "why burns the soul of Gaul? my heart beats high. My steps are disordered; and my hand trembles on my sword. When I look towards the foe, my soul lightens before me, and I see their sleeping host. Tremble thus the souls of the valiant in battles of the spear? How would the soul of Morni rise if we 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 Everallin that I fell with fame; carry this sword to Branno's daughter. Let her give it to Oscar, when the years of his youth shall arise."

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

“ Shall the son of Fingal rush on a sleeping foe ? Shall he come like a blast by night, when it overturns the young trees in secret ! Fingal did not thus receive his fame, nor dwell's renown on the grey hairs of Morni, for actions like these. Strike, Ossian, strike the shield of battle and let their thousands rise. Let them meet Gaul in his first battle, that he may try the strength of his arm.”

My soul rejoiced over the warrior, and my bursting tears descended. "And the foe shall meet Gaul," I said: "the fame of Morni's son shall arise. But rush not too far, my hero: let the gleam of thy steel be near to Ossian. Let our hands join in slaughter, Gaul! dost thou not behold that rock? Its grey 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. Cre-mor fell, and mighty Leth. Dun hormo 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, and hissed on the half-extinguished oak. Cathmin saw the steps of the hero behind him, and ascended a blasted tree; but the spear pierced him from behind. Shrieking, panting, he fell; moss and withered branches pursue his fall, and strew the blue arms of Gaul.

Such were thy deeds, son of Morni, in the first of thy battles. Nor slept the sword by thy side, thou last of Fingal's race! 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 grey beard of the thistle falls. But careless the youth moves on; his steps are towards the desert.

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

"Car-borne† chief of Strumon, dost thou behold the foe? They gather on the hill in their wrath. Let our steps be towards the king. He shall arise in his strength, and the host of Lathmon vanish. Our fame is around us, warrior, the eyes of the aged will rejoice. But let us fly, son of Morni, Lathmon descends the hill."

"Then let our steps be slow," replied the fair-haired Gaul; "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 came to car-borne Lathmon: Sulmath, chief of Dutha, at the dark-rolling stream of Duvranna‡. "Why dost thou not rush, son of

† 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.

‡ Dubh-bhranna, 'dark-mountain-stream.' What river went by this name, in the days of Ossian, is not easily ascertained, at this distance of time. A river in Scotland, which falls into the sea at Banff, still retains the name of Duvran;

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 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 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

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.

of Cutba† would roll in tears, and her steps be lonely in the vales of Dunlathmon."

"Neither shall it be told," I replied, "that the son of Fingal fled. Were his steps covered with darkness yet would not Ossian fly; his soul would meet him and say, Does the bard of Selma fear the foe? No: he does not fear the foe. His joy is in the midst of battle."

Lathmon came on with his spear and pierced the shield of Ossian. I felt the cold steel at my side; and drew the sword of Morni: I cut the spear in twain; the bright point fell glittering on the ground. The son of 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

† Cutba appears to have been Lathmon's wife or mistress.

who comes, a mighty stream, along the echoing
beath? the little hills are troubled before him,
and a thousand spirits are on the beams of his
steel; the spirits † 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 bat-
tles; 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 bright-
ened 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 Everallin.
Her dark hair spread on her neck of snow, her
eyes 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 Dunlath-
mon's battling king. The sword of Trenmor
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 gleam
over the weak. When did we come to Dunlath-
mon, 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!

† It was thought, in Ossian's time, that each
person had his attending spirit. The traditions
concerning this opinion are dark and unsatisfac-
tory.

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 Mervin are renowned, and their ~~sons~~ are the sons of the unhappy!"

Oithona:

A POEM.



THE ARGUMENT.

Gaul, the son of Morni, attended Lathmon into his own country, after his being defeated in Morven, as related in the preceding poem. He was kindly entertained by Nuath the father of Lathmon, and fell in love with his daughter Oithona. The lady was no less enamoured of Gaul, and a day was fixed for their marriage. In the 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 Oithona to return, if he survived the war, by a certain day. Lathmon too was obliged to attend his father Nuath in his wars, and Oithona was left alone at Dunlathmon, the seat of the family. Dunrommath, lord of Uthal, supposed to be one of the Orkneys, taking advantage of the absence of her friends, came and carried off, by force, Oithona, who had formerly rejected his love, into Fromathon, a desert island, where he concealed her in a cave.

Gaul returned on the day appointed; heard of the rape, and sailed to Tromathon, to revenge himself on Dunrommath. When he landed, he found Oithona disonlate, and resolved not to survive the loss of her honour. She told him the story of her misfortunes, and she scarce ended, when Dunrommath with his followers, appeared at the further end of the island. Gaul prepared to attack him, recommending to Oithona to retire, till the battle was over. She seemingly obeyed; but she secretly armed herself, rushed into the thickest of the battle, and was mortally wounded. Gaul pursuing the flying enemy, found her just expiring on the field; he mourned over her, raised her tomb, and returned to Morven. Thus is the story handed down by tradition; nor is it given with any material difference in the poem, which opens with Gaul's return to Dunlathmon, after the rape of Oithona.

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 streaming beam of light comes trembling through the gloom. The voice of Oithona† is not heard amidst the noise of the streams of Duvranna. "Whither art thou gone in thy beauty, dark-haired daughter of Nuath? Lathmon is in the field of the valiant, but thou didst promise to remain in the hall; thou didst promise to remain in the hall till the son of Morni returned. Til he returned from

† Oithona, 'the virgin of the wave'

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 Dualathmon's towers. The gates were open and dark. The winds were blustering in the hall. The trees strewed 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 of Leth stood at a distance, and heard the winds in his bushy hair. But he did not raise his voice, for he saw the sorrow of Gaul.

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

"Sleeps the son of Morni, he that was lovely in the eyes of Oithona? Sleeps Gaul at the distant rock, and the daughter of Nuath low? The sea rolls round the dark isle of Tromathon; 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 Oithona do?"

A rougher blast rushed through the oak. The dream of night departed. Gaul took his aspen spear; he stood in the rage of wrath. Often did his eyes turn to the east, and accuse the lagging light. At length the morning came forth. The hero lifted up the sail. The winds came rustling from the hill; and he bounded on the waves of the deep. On the third day arose Tromathon,

like a blue shield in the midst of the sea. The white wave roared against its rocks; sad Oithona sat on the coast. She looked on the rolling waters, and her tears descend. But when she saw Gaul in his arms, she started and turned her eyes away. Her lovely cheek is bent and red; her white arm trembles by her side. Thrice she strove to fly from his presence; but her steps failed her as she went.

“Daughter of 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 Oithona near? My soul burns to meet him in battle! The sword trembles on the side of Gaul, and longs to glitter in his hand. Speak, daughter of Nuath, dost thou not behold my tears?”

“Car-borne chief of Strumon,” replied the sighing maid, “why comest thou over the dark-blue wave to Nuath’s mournful daughter? Why did I not pass away in secret, like the flower of the rock, that lifts its fair head unseen, and strews 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 Oithona. But she shall sleep in the narrow tomb, far from the voice of the mourner. Why didst thou come, chief of Strumon, to the sea-beat rocks of Tromathon?”

“I came to meet thy foes, daughter of car-borne Nuath! the death of Cuthal’s chief darkens before me; or Morni’s son shall fall. Oithona! when Gaul is low, raise my tomb on that

cozy 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 Tromathon, and the son of Morni low? My heart is not of that rock; nor my soul careless as that sea, which lifts its blue waves to every wind, and rolls beneath the storm. The blast which shall lay thee low, shall spread the branches of Oithona on earth. We shall wither together, son of car-borne Morni! the narrow house is pleasant to me, and the grey stone of the dead: so never more will I leave thy rocks, sea-surrounded Tromathon! Night came on with her clouds, after the departure of Lathmon, when he went to the wars of his fathers, to the moss-covered rock of Duthornoth; night came on, and I sat in the hall, at the beam of the oak. The wind was abroad in the trees. I heard the sound of arms. Joy rose in my face: for I thought of thy return. It was the chief of Cuthal, the red-haired strength of Dunrommath. His eyes rolled in fire: the blood of my people was on his sword. They who defended Oithona fell by the gloomy chief. What could I do? My arm was weak; it could not lift the spear. He took me in my grief, amidst my tears he raised the sail. He feared the returning strength of Lathmon, the brother of unhappy Oithona. But behold, he comes with his people! the dark wave

† Oithona relates how she was carried away by Dunrommath.

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 the hero as he unsheathed his sword; "and shall I begin to fear, Oithona, when thy foes are near? Go to thy cave, daughter of Nuath, till our battle cease. Son of Leth, bring the bows of our fathers; and the sounding quiver of Morni. Let our three warriors bend the yew. 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 eye red rolled, half-concealed, beneath his shaggy brows.

"Whence are the sons of the sea?" began the gloomy chief. "Have the winds driven you to the rocks of Tromathon? Or come you in search of the white-handed daughter of Nuath? The sons of the unhappy, ye feeble men, come to the land of Dunrommath. His eye spares not the weak, and he delights in the blood of strangers. Oithona is a beam of light, and the chief of Cuthal enjoys it in secret: wouldest thou come on its loveliness, like a cloud, son of the feeble hand? Thou mayest 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 ear-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 be-

hind thee. But do I fear them, son of pride! I am not of the race of the feeble."

Gaul advanced in his arms; Dunrommath shrunk behind his people. But the spear of Gaul pierced the gloomy chief, and his sword lopped off his head, as it bended in death. The son of Morni shook it thrice by the lock; the warriors of Dunrommath fled. The arrows of Morven pursued them: ten fell on the mossy rocks. The rest lift the sounding sail, and bound on the echoing deep. Gaul advanced towards the cave of Oithona. He beheld a youth leaning against a rock. An arrow had pierced his side: and his eye rolled faintly beneath his helmet. The soul of Morni's son is sad, he came and spoke the words of peace.

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

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

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

from her side. "Son of Morni," she said, prepare the narrow tomb. Sleep comes, like a cloud, on my soul. The eyes of Oithona are dim. O had I dwelt at Duvranna, in the bright beam of my fame! then had my years come on with joy; and the virgins would bless my steps. But I fall in youth, son of Morni, and my father shall blush in his hall."

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

Croma:

A POEM.



THE ARGUMENT.

Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, is overheard by Ossian lamenting the death of Oscar her lover. Ossian, to divert her grief, relates his own actions in an expedition which he undertook, at Fingal's command, to aid Crothar the petty king of Croma, a country in Ireland, against Rothmar who invaded his dominions. The story is delivered down thus, in tradition. Crothar, king of Croma, being blind with age, and his son too young for the field, Rothmar, the chief of Tromlo, resolved to avail himself of the opportunity offered of annexing the dominions of Crothar to his own. He accordingly marched into the country subject to Crothar, but which he held of Arth ur Artho, who was at the time supreme king of Ire'land.

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, and came to battle, killed Rothmar, and routed his army. Cromar, being thus delivered of his enemies, Ossian returned to Scotland.

“ I was the voice of my love! few are his visits to the dreams of Malvina! Open your airy halls, ye fathers of mighty Tormod; unfold the gates of your woods; the steps of Malvina’s departure are near. I have heard his voice in my dream. I feel the fluttering of his 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 in his skirts, they glistened 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 maid of Lutha? Was he love y 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. When thou didst return from the chase in the day of the sun, thou hast heard the music

the bards, and thy song is lovely. It is love,
O M'vina, but it melts the soul. There is a
grief when peace dwells in the breast of
the sad. But sorrow wastes the mournful, O
daughter of Tuscar, and their days are few. They
fall away, like the flower on which the sun looks
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 re-
members the days of his youth.

The king commanded; I raised my sails, and
passed into the bay of Cromia: into Cromia's
sounding bay in lovely Innis-fail. High on the
east arose the towers of Crothar, king of spears;
Crothar renowned in the battles of his youth;
at age dwelt then around the chief. Rothmar
raised the sword against the hero; and the wrath
of Fingal burned. He sent Ossian to meet Roth-
mar in battle, for the chief of Cromia 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 fa-
thers, but his eyes had failed. His grey locks
waved around a staff, on which the warrior
leaned. He hummed the song of other times,
when the sound of our arms reached his ears.
Crothar rose, stretched his aged hand, and blessed
the son of Fingal.

"Ossian," said the hero, "the strength of
Crothar's arm has failed. O could I lift the
sword, as on the day that Fingal fought at
Cutha! 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

|| Innis-fail, one of the ancient names of Ire-
land.

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 thine strength, like thy father's, Ossian? let the age 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 I see within my walls, sons of echoing Cromar!" 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 Cromar 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 son 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 bear 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 Tromlar, 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 Cromar; 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. 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 Cromia," he said, "is it because thou hast no son? Is it for the weakness of Fovar-gormo's arm that thy sighs arise? I begin, my father, to feel the strength of my arm; I have drawn the sword of my youth; and I have bent the bow. Let me meet this Rothmar, with the youths of Cromia: 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 Cromia, 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. Grey 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†, the praise of

† These extempore compositions were in great repute among succeeding bards. The pieces ex-

Ossian; they poured, forth their burning souls, and the harp answered to their voice. The joy of Crona was great: for peace returned to the

tant of that kind shew more of the good ear, than of the poetical genius of their authors. The translator has only met with one poem of this sort, which he thinks worthy of being preserved. It is a thousand years later than Ossian, but the authors seem to have observed his manner, and adopted some of his expressions. The story of it is this. Five bards passing the night in the house of a chief, who was a poet himself, went severally to make their observations on, and returned with an extempore description of, night. The night happened to be one in October, as appears from the poem; and, in the north of Scotland, it has all that variety which the bards ascribe to it in their descriptions.

FIRST BARD.

NIGHT is dull and dark. The clouds rest on the hills. No star with green trembling beam no moon looks from the sky. I hear the blast in the wood; but I hear it distant far. The stream of the valley murmurs; but its murmur is sullen and sad. From the tree at the grave of the dead the long-howling owl is heard. I see a dim form on the plain! It is a ghost! it fades---! it flies. Some funeral shall pass this way the meteor marks the path.

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

The roe is in the cleft of the rock; the heathcock's head is beneath his wing. No beast, n

and. The night came on with silence, and the morning returned with joy. No foe came in

ard is abroad, but the owl and the howling
 ox. 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
 ears, clung together, along the grass. It is the
 light tread of a ghost! He trembles amidst the
 night.

Dark, dusky, howling is night! cloudy, windy,
 and full of ghosts! The dead are abroad! My
 friends, receive me from the night.

SECOND BARD.

The wind is up. The shower descends,
 the spirit of the mountain shrieks. Woods
 fall from high. Windows flap. The growing
 river roars. The traveller attempts the ford.
 Dark, that shriek! he dies!—The storm drives
 the horse from the hill, the goat, the lowing
 cow. They tremble, as drives the shower, be-
 side 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 shep-
 herd sits. The tree resounds above him. The
 stream roars down the rock. He waits for the
 singing moon to guide him to his home.

darkness, with his glittering spear. The joy of Cromia was great ; for the gloomy Rothmar was fallen.

Ghosts ride on the storm to-night. Sweet their voice between the squalls of wind. The 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 show-gathers again. The west is gloomy and dark. Night is stormy and dismal. Receive me, my friends, from night.

THIRD BARD.

The wind still sounds between the hills ; and whistles through the grass of the rock. The firs fall from their place. The turf hut is torn. The clouds, divided, fly over the sky, and shew the burning stars. The meteor, token of death, flies sparkling through 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 lap its rocky sides. The boat is brimful in the cove, the oars on the rocking tide. A maid sits 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 the broken boat on the shore ? Are these his groans on the wind ?

Hark ! the hail rattles around. The flaking 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.

I raised my voice for Fovar-gormo, when they
 hid the chief in earth. The aged Crothar was

FOURTH BARD.

Night is calm and fair; blue, starry, settled
 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 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
 stacks, 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! Is
 she the daughter of the chief of the people; she
 whom I lately fell! Come, let us view thee, O maid!
 thou that hast been the delight of heroes! The
 mist drives the phantom away; white, without
 form, it ascends the hill.

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

FIFTH BARD.

Night is calm, but drear: . The moon is in a
 pond in the west: Slow moves that pale beam
 along the shaded hill. The distant wave is heard.
 The torrent murmurs on the rock. The cock is
 heard from the booth. More than half the night
 is past. The house-wife, groping in the gloom,
 kindles the settled fire. The hunter thinks
 at day approaches, and calls his bounding dogs.
 He ascends the hill and whistles on his way. A

there, but his sigh was not heard. He searched for the wound of his son, and found it in his

blast removes the cloud. He sees the starry plough of the north. Much of the night is passed. 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 still on that lofty rock. Long are the shadows of the trees. Now it is dark over all. Night dreary, silent, and dark. Receive me, my friends, from night.

THE CHIEF.

Let clouds rest on the hills: spirits fly and travellers fear. Let the winds of the woods arise, the sounding storms descend. Roar streams and windows flap, and green-winged meteors fly, rise the pale moon from behind her hills, or it close her head in clouds; night is alike to me, blue, stormy, or gloomy the sky. Night flies before the beam when it is poured on the hill. The young day returns from his clouds, but we return no more!

Where are our chiefs of old? Where our king 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 grey bard be near me to tell

reast. Joy rose in the face of the aged. He came and spoke to Ossian.

“King of spears!” he said, “my son has not fallen without his fame. The young warrior did not fly; but met death as he went forward in his strength. Happy are they who die in youth, when their renown is heard! The feeble will not behold them in the hail; 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!”

the deeds of other times; of kings renowned in our land, of chiefs we behold no more. That at the night pass, until morning shall appear in our halls. Then let the bow be at hand, the dogs, the youths of the chase. We shall ascend the hill with day, and awake the deer.

Berrathon :

A POEM.

—○○○○○—

THE ARGUMENT.

Fingal in his voyage to Lochlin, whither he had been invited by Starno, the father of Agar decca, 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 and much admired by the ladies. Nina-thoma the beautiful daughter of Torthoma, a neighbouring prince, fell in love and fled with him. He proved inconstant; for another lady whose name is not mentioned, gaining his affections, he confined Nina-thoma to a desert island near the coast of Berrathon. She was relieved by Ossian, who, in company with Toscar, landing on Berrathon, defeated the

forces of Uthal, and killed him in a single combat. Nina-thoma, whose love not all the bad behaviour of 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 the presages of the poet's death.

BEND thy blue course, O stream, round the narrow plain of Lutha. Let the green woods hang over it from their mountains: and the sun look on it at noon. The thistle is there on its rock; and shakes its beard to the wind. The flower hangs its heavy head, waving at times, to the gale. "Why dost thou awake me, O gale?" it seems to say; "I am covered with the drops of heaven. The time of my fading is near, and the 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 Conn, after it has failed in the field. The hunter shall come forth in the morning, and the voice of my harp shall not be heard. "Where is the son of car-borne Fingal?" The tear will be on his cheek. Then come thou, O Malvina, with all thy music, come; lay Ossian in the plain of Lutha: let his tomb rise in the lovely field.

Malvina! where art thou with thy songs: with the soft sound of thy steps! Son of Alpin art thou near? where is the daughter of Toscar? "I passed, O son of Fingal, by Tarlutha'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 their faces away: thin dark mists covered their beauty. They were like stars on a rainy hill, by night, each looking faintly through her mist."

Pleasant|| be thy rest, O lovely beam! soon hast thou set on our hills! The steps of thy departure were stately, like the moon on the blue trembling wave. But thou hast left us in darkness, first of the maids of Lutha! We sit, at the rock, and there is no voice; no light but the meteor of fire! Soon hast thou set, Malvina daughter of generous Toscar! But thou rises like the beam of the east, among the spirits of thy friends, where they sit in their stormy halls the chambers of the thunder. A cloud hovers over Cona: its blue curling sides are high. The winds are beneath it with their wings; within it is the dwelling of ¶ Fingal. There the hero sits in darkness; his airy spear is in his hand. His shield, half-covered with clouds, is like the darkened moon; when one half still remains in the wave, and the other looks sickly on the field.

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

¶ The description of this ideal palace of Fingal is very poetical, and agreeable to the notions of those times, concerning the state of the deceased, who were supposed to pursue, after death, the pleasures and employments of their former life. The situation of Ossian's heroes, in their separate state, if not entirely happy, is more agreeable than the notions of the ancient Greeks concerning their departed heroes. See *Hom. Odys. l. II.*

His friends sit around the king, on mist; and bear 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† is sad. I hear the breeze of Cona, that was wont to lift thy heavy locks. It comes to the hall, but thou art not there; its voice is mournful among the arms of thy fathers. Go with thy rustling wing, O breeze, and sigh on Malvina's tomb. It rises yonder beneath the rock, at the blue stream of Lutha. The maids‡ are departed to their place; and thou alone, O breeze! mournest there."

But who comes from the dusky west, supported on a cloud? A smile is on his grey watery face; his locks of mist fly on the wind: he bends forward on his airy spear: it is thy father, Malvina! "Why shinest thou so soon on our clouds," he says, "O lovely light of Lutha? But thou wert sad, my daughter, for thy friends were passed away. The sons of little men‡ were in the

† 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.

‡ That is, the young virgins who sung the funeral elegy over her tomb.

¶ Ossian, by way of disrespect, calls those who succeeded the heroes whose actions he celebrates, "the sons of little men." Tradition is entirely silent concerning what passed in the north, immediately after the death of Fingal and all his

hall; and none remained of the heroes, but Ossian, kings of spears."

And dost thou remember, Ossian, car-borne Toscar son of Conloch? The battles of our youth were many; our swords went together to the field. They saw us coming like two falling rocks; and the sons of the stranger fled. "There come the warriors of Cona," they said; "their steps are in the paths of the vanquished." Draw near, son of Alpin, to the song of the aged. The actions of other times are in my soul: my memory beams on the days that are past. On the days of the mighty Toscar, when our path was in the deep Draw near, son of Alpin, to the last sound of the voice of Cona.

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

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.

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 of his actions rose before the king, and he sent his son and Toscar. Our joy was great on the rolling sea; and we often half-unsheathed our swords. For never before had we fought alone in the battles of the spear.

Night came down on the ocean; the winds departed on their wings. Cold and pale is the moon. The red stars lift their heads. Our course is slow along the coast of Berrathon; the white waves tumble on the rocks. "What voice is that," said Toscar, "which comes between the sounds of the waves? It is soft but mournful, like the voice of departed bards. But I behold the maid, she sits on the rock alone. Her head bends on her arm of snow: her dark hair is in the wind. Hear, son of Fingal, her song, it is smooth as the gliding waters of Lavath." We came to the silent bay, and heard the maid of night.

"How long will ye roll around me, blue-tumbling waters of ocean? My dwelling was not always in the caves, nor beneath the whistling tree. The feast was spread in Forthoma's hall; my father delighted in my voice. The youths beheld me in the steps of my loveliness, and they blessed the dark-haired Nina-thoma. It was then thou didst come, O Uthal! like the sun of heaven. The souls of the 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? D. d. m. white

“I will lift the sword? Why then hast thou left me alone, king of high Finthormo?”

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

The morning rose with its beams. We came to Rothma's bay. A boar rushed from the wood; my spear pierced his side. I rejoiced over the blood, and foresaw my growing fame. But now the sound of Uthal's train came from the high Finthormo; they spread over the heath to the chase 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 wari-

† Ossian thought that his killing the boar, on the 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.

ers move on at a distance, admiring the steps of the king. Stately was the son of Lath nox! but his soul was dark. Dark as the troubled face of the moon, when it forteleils the storms.

We rose on the heath before the king; he stopt in the midst of his course. His warriors gathered around, and a grey-haired bard advanced. "Whence are the sons of the strangers?" begun the bard. "The children of the unhappy come to Berrathon; to the sword of car-borne Uthal. He spreads no feast in his hall; the blood of strangers is on his streams. If from Selma's walls ye come, from the mossy walls of Fingal, chuse three youths to go to your king to tell of the fall of his people. Perhaps the hero may come and pour his blood on Uthal's sword; so shall the fame of Finthormo arise, like the growing tree of the vale."

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

I stood in the darkness of my strength: Toscar drew his sword at my side. The foe came on like a stream: the mingled sound of death arose. Man took man, shield met shield; steel mixed its beams with steel. Darts 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 Berrathon fled. It was then I saw him in his beauty, and the tear hung in my

eye. "Thou art fallen, young tree," I said, "with all thy beauty round thee. Thou art fallen on thy plains, and the field is bare. The winds come from the desert, and there is no sound in thy leaves! Lovely art thou in death, son of ear-borne Larthmor."

Nina-thoma sat on the shore, and heard the sound of battle. She turned her red eyes on Lethmol, the grey-haired bard of Selma. He alone had remained on the coast with the daughter of Forthoma. "Son of the times of old!" she said, "I hear the noise of death. Thy friends have met with Uthal, and the chief is low! O that I had remained on the rock, inclosed with the tumbling waves! Then would my soul be sad, but his death would not reach my ear. Art thou fallen on thy heath, O son of high Finthormo! thou didst leave me on a rock, but my soul was full of thee. Son of high Finthormo! art thou fallen on thy heath?"

She rose pale in her tears, and saw the bloody shield of Uthal; she saw it in Oesian'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 chase, 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 bear 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 Berathon convened. We brought Larthmor to his halls, the feast of shells was spread. The joy of the aged was great; he look-

ed to the arms of his fathers: the arms which he left in his hall, when the pride of Uthal arose. We were renowned before Larithmor, 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. Larithmor 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 king of spears. Was he renowned in my halls, before the pride of Uthal rose? Ye are silent, sons of Bernathon, 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 chase 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 the actions of Toscar, the car-borne son of Conloch. But Toscar is on his flying cloud; and I am alone at Lutha: my voice is like the last sound of the wind, when it forsakes the woods. But Ossian shall not be long alone. He sees the mist that shall receive his 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 arise. My soul shall depart in the sound; my fathers shall hear it in their airy hall. Their dim faces shall hang, with joy, from their clouds; and their hands receive their son. The aged oak bends over the stream. It sighs with all its moss. The withered fern whistles near, and mixes, as it waves, with Ossian's hair.

Strike the harp and raise the song: be near with 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 fitting on mist, dimly gleaming in all thine arms. Thy form now is not the terror of the valiant: but like a watery cloud; when we see the stars behind it with their weeping eyes. Thy shie'd is like the aged moon: thy sword a vapour half kindled with fire: Dim and feeble is the chief, who travelled in brightness before. But thy steps are on the winds of the desert, and the storms darken in thy hand. Thou takest the sun in thy wrath, and hidest him in thy clouds. The sons of little men are afraid; and a thousand showers descend. But when thou comest forth in thy mildness; the gale of the morning is near thy course. The sun

laughs in his blue fields; and the grey 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 grey stones. The voice of Ossian has been heard; and the harp was strung in Selma. Come, Ossian, come away," he says, "and fly with thy fathers on clouds."

And come I will, thou king of men! the life of Ossian fails. I begin to vanish on Cona; and my steps are not seen in Selma. Beside the stone of Mora I shall fall asleep. The winds whistling in my grey hair shall not waken me. Depart on thy wings, O wind: thou canst not disturb the rest of the bard. The night is long, but his eyes are heavy. Depart thou rustling blast.

But why art thou sad, son of Fingal? Why grows the cloud of thy soul? The chiefs of other times are departed; they have gone without their fame. The sons of future years shall pass away; and another race arise. The people are like the waves of ocean; like the leaves of woody Morven, they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads. Did thy beauty last, O Ryno? Stood the strength of car-

† Ryno the son of Fingal, who was killed in Ireland, in the war against Swaran (Fingal, B. V.) was remarkable for the beauty of his person, his

berae Oscar! Fingal himself passed away; and the halls of his fathers forgot his steps. And

swiftness and great exploits. Minvane, the daughter of Morni, and sister to Gaul, was in love with Ryno. The following is her lamentation over her lover.

SHE, blushing, sad, from Morven's rocks, bends over the darkly-rolling sea. She sees 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 vanquished him! Ah me! I am alone!

Alone I will not be, ye winds! that lift my dark-brown hair. My sighs shall not long mix with your stream; for I must sleep with Ryno.

I see thee not with beauty's steps returning from the chase. The night is round Minvane's love. Dark 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

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!

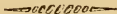
bound over his narrow tomb; for death dwells round young Ryno.

But I will tread softly, my king! and steal to the bed of thy repose. Minvane will lie in silence, nor disturb the slumbering Ryno.

The maids shall seek me: but they shall not find me; they shall follow my departure with songs. But I will not here you, O maids: I sleep with fair-haired Ryno.

Temora:

AN EPIC POEM. IN EIGHT BOOKS.



THE ARGUMENT.

Cairbar, the son of Borbar-duthul, lord of Atha, in Connaught, the most potent chief of the race of the Fírbolg, having murdered, at Temora, the royal palace, Cormac the son of Artha, the young king of Ireland, usurped the throne. Cormac was lineally descended from Conar the son of Trenmor, the great-grandfather of Fingal, king of those Caledonians who inhabited the western coast of Scotland. Fingal resented the behaviour of Cairbar, and resolved to pass over into Ireland, with an army, to re-establish the royal family on the Irish throne. Early intelligence of his designs coming to Cairbar, he assembled some of his tribes in Ulster, and at the same time ordered his brother Cathmor to follow him speedily with an army, from Temora. Such was the situation of affairs when the Caledonian fleet appeared on the coast of Ulster.

The poem opens in the morning. Cairbar is re-resented as retired from the rest of the army,

when one of his scouts brought him news of the landing of Fingal. He assembles a council of his chiefs. Foldath the chief of Moma haughtily despises the enemy; and is reprimanded warmly by Malthos. Cairbar, after hearing their debate, orders a feast to be prepared, to which, by his bard Olla, he invites Oscar the son of Ossian; resolving to pick a quarrel with that hero, and so have some pretext for killing him. Oscar came to the feast; the quarrel happened: the followers of both fought, and Cairbar and Oscar fell by mutual wounds. The noise of the battle reached Fingal's army. The king came on, to the relief of Oscar, and the Irish fell back to the army of Cathmor, who was advanced to the banks of the river Lubar, on the heath of Moi-lena. Fingal, after mourning over his grandson, ordered Ullin the chief of his bards to carry his body to Morven, to be there interred. Night coming on, Althan, the son of Conachar, relates to the king the particulars of the murder of Cormac. Fillan, the son of Fingal, is sent to observe the motions of Cathmor by night, which concludes the action of the first day. The scene of this book is a plain, near the hill of Mura, which rose on the borders of the heath of Moi-lena, in Ulster.

BOOK I.

THE blue waves of Ullin roll in light. The green hills are covered with day. Trees shake their dusky heads in the breeze. Grey torrents pour their noisy streams. Two green hills, with aged oaks, surround a narrow plain. The blue course of a stream is there: on its banks stood Cairbar of Atha. His spear supports the king: the red eyes of his fear are sad. Cormac rises in his soul, with all his ghastly wounds,

The grey form of the youth appears in darkness; 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 stops; and tosses 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 to *Moi-lena*. The scouts of blue ocean came. They came 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 warriors came. They drew at once, their swords. There *Mor-lath* stood with darkened face. *Hiddala's* long hair sighs in wind. Red-haired *Cormar* bends on his spear, and rolls his side-long-looking eyes. Wild is the look of *Malthos* from beneath two shaggy brows. *Foldath* stands, like an cozy rock, that covers its dark sides with foam. His spear is like *Slimora's* fir, that meets the wind of heaven. His shield is marked with the strokes of battle; and his red eye despises danger. These and a thousand other chiefs surrounded car-borne Cairbar, when the scout of ocean came. *Mor-annal* from streamy *Moi-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*, the terrible in battle, the king of streamy *Morven*?” “Hast thou seen the warrior?” said Cairbar with a sigh. “Are his heroes many on the coast? Lifts he the spear of battle? Or comes the king in peace?” In peace he comes

not, Cairbar. I have seen his forward spear,
 It is a meteor of death; the blood of thousands
 is on its steel. He came first to the shore, strong
 in the grey hair of age. Foll rose his sinewy
 limbs, as he strode in his might. That sword is
 by his side which gives no second wound. His
 shield is terrible, like the bloody moon ascending
 through a storm. Then came Ossian, king of
 songs; and Morni's son, the first of men. Con-
 nal leaps forward on his spear. Dermot spreads
 his dark brown locks. Fillan bends his bow, the
 young hunter of streamy Moruth. But who is
 that before them, like the dreadful course of a
 stream? It is the son of Ossian, bright between
 his locks. His long hair falls on his back. His
 dark brows are half-inclosed in steel. His sword
 hangs loose on his side. His spear glitters as he
 moves. I fled from his terrible eyes, king of
 high Temora."

"Then fly, thou feeble man," said Foldath
 in gloomy wrath. "Fly to the grey streams of
 thy land, son of the little soul! Have not I seen
 that Oscar? I beheld the chief in war. He is of
 the mighty in danger; but there are others who
 lift the spear. Erin has many sons as brave,
 king of Temora of groves! Let Foldath meet
 him in the strength of his course, and stop this

‡ Mor-annal here alludes to the particular ap-
 pearance 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.

mighty stream. My spear is covered with the blood of the valiant; my shield is like the wall of Tura.

“ Shall Foldath alone meet the foe?” replied the dark-browed Malthos. “ Are they no numerous on our coast, like the waters of many streams? Are not these the chiefs who vanquished Swaran, when the sons of Erin fled? And shall Foldath meet their bravest heroes? Foldath of the heart of pride! Take the strength of the people; and let Malthos come. My sword is red with slaughter; but who has heard my words?”

“ Sons of green Erin,” said Hidalla, “ let not Fingal hear your words. The foe might rejoice, and his arm be strong in the land. You are brave, O warriors! and like the storms of the desert; they meet the rocks without fear, and overturn the woods. But let us move in our strength, slow as a gathered cloud. Then shall the mighty tremble; the spear shall fall from the hand of the valiant. We see the cloud of death, they will say, while shadows fly over their face. Fingal will mourn in his age, and see his flying fame. The steps of his chiefs will cease in Morven: the moss of years shall grow in Selma.”

Cairbar heard their words, in silence, like the cloud of a shower: it stands dark on Cromla till the lightning bursts its sides: the valleys gleam 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 Moi-lena: let my hundred bards attend. Thou red-haired Olla take the harp of the king. Go to Oscar, chief 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; that bards have sung to his ghost, tell him that Cairbar has heard his fame at the stream of resounding Carun. Cathmor is not here, Borbar-duthul's generous race. He is not

Cathol the son of Maronnan, or Moran, was murdered by Cairbar for his attachment to the family of Cormac. He had attended Oscar in 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 promptly declined, but conceived a secret hatred against Oscar and had before-hand contrived to kill him at the feast, to which he here invites him.

Cathmor, 'great in battle,' the son of Borbar-duthul, and brother of Cairbar king of Ireland, had, before the insurrection of the Fingals, passed over into Inis-huna, supposed to be a part of South Britain, to assist Connor king of that place against his enemies. Cathmor was successful in the war, but, in the course of it, Cathmor was either killed, or died a natural death. Cairbar, upon intelligence of the designs of Finn to dethrone him, had dispatched a messenger to Cathmor, who returned into Ireland a few days before the opening of the poem.

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

COL. II.

D

here with his thousands, and our arms are weak
 Cathmor is a foe to strife at the feast: his son
 is bright as that sun. But Cairbar shall fight
 with Oscar, chiefs of the woody Temoira! His
 words for Cathol were many; the wrath of Cair-
 bar burns. He shall fall on Moi-lena: my fan
 shall rise in blood."

Their faces brightened round with joy. The
 spread over Moi-lena. The feast of shells
 prepared. The songs of bards arise. We hear
 the voice of joy on the coast: we thought the
 mighty Cathmor came. Cathmor the friend
 strangers! the brother of red-haired Cairbar.
 Their souls were not the same. The light
 heaven was in the bosom of Cathmor. His tower
 rose on the banks of Atha: seven paths led
 his halls. Seven chiefs stood on the 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 warriors strode
 along Moi-lena of the streams. The grey dog
 bounded on the heath, their howling reach
 afar. Fingal saw the departing hero; the son
 of the king was sad. He dreaded Cairbar's
 gloomy thoughts, amidst the feast of shells.
 My son raised high the spear of Cormac:
 hundred bards met him with songs. Cairbar
 concealed with smiles the death that was da-
 in his soul. The feast is spread; the shells
 sound; joy brightens the face of the host. If
 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 gathered
 on his brow. The hundred harps ceased
 once. The clang of shields was heard.

† When a chief was determined to kill a per-
 son already in his power, it was usual to sig-

distant on the heath, Olla raised his song of wo. My son knew the sign of death, and, rising, seized his spear. "Oscar!" said the dark-red Cairbar, "I behold the spear of Inis-fail. The spear of Temora glitters in thy hand, son of woody Morven! It was the pride of an hundred‡ kings, the death of heroes of old. Yield it, son of Ossian, yield it to car-borne Cairbar."

"Shall I yie'd," Oscar replied, "the gift of Erin's injured king: the gift of fair-haired Cormac, when Oscar scattered his foes? I came to Cormac's 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 no storm to me; nor are thine eyes the flames of death. Do I fear thy clanging shield? Tremble I at Olla's song? No: Cairbar, frighten the feeble; Oscar is a rock."

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.

‡ Hundred here is an indefinite number, and is only intended to express a great many. It was probably the hyperbolical phrases of bards, that gave the first hint to the Irish senachies to place the origin of their monarchy in so remote a period as they have done.

“And wilt thou not yield the spear!” replied the rising pride of Cairbar. “Are thy words so mighty because Fingal is near? Fingal with aged locks from Morven’s hundred groves! He has fought with little men. But he must vanish before Cairbar, like a thin pillar of mist before the winds of Atha!” “Were he who fought with little men near Atha’s darkening chief: Atha’s darkening 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 a coast, came on the host of Cairbar.

Daughter of Toscar|| why that tear? He is not fallen yet. Many were the deaths of his arm before my hero fell!

Behold they fall before my son like the groves in the desert, when an angry ghost rushes through night, and takes their green heads in his hand! Morlath falls: Maronnan dies: Conachar trembles in his blood. Cairbar shrinks before Oscar’s sword, and creeps in darkness behind his stone. He lifted the spear in secret, and pierced my Oscar’s side. He falls forward on his shield:

|| Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, to whom he addresses the part of the poem which relates to the death of Oscar her lover.

his knee sustains the chief. But still his spear is in his hand. See gloomy Cairbar¶ falls! The steel pierced his forehead, and divided his red hair behind. He lay, like a shattered rock, which Cromla shakes from its shaggy 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 crowded streams; Moi-lena echoed wide.

Fingal heard the sound; and took his father's spear. His steps are before us on the heath. He spoke the words of wo. "I hear the noise of war. Young Oscar is alone. Rise, sons of Morven! join the hero's sword."

Ossian rushed along the heath. Fillan bounded over Moi-lena. 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 Moi-lena. Death pursued their flight. We saw Oscar on his shield. We saw his blood around. Silence darkened every face. Each turned his back and wept. The king strove to hide his tears. His grey beard whistled in the wind. He bent his head above his son. His words were mixed with sighs.

¶ 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.

“And art thou fallen, Oscar, in the midst of thy course? The heart of the aged beats over thee! He sees thy coming wars. The wars which ought to come he sees! But they are cut off from thy fame. When shall joy dwell at Selma! When shall grief depart from 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 a grey cloud in my hall: nor shall I hear 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 is howling at his feet: gloomy Luath is sad, for he had often led them to the chase; to the bounding roe of the desert.

When Oscar saw his friends around, his breast arose with sighs. “The groans,” he said, “of aged chiefs; the howling of my dogs: the sudden bursts of songs of grief, have melted Oscar’s soul. My soul, that never melted before; it was like the steel of my sword. Ossian, carry me to my hills! Raise the stones of my renown. Place the horn of the deer, and my sword, within my narrow dwelling. The torrent hereafter may raise the earth: the hunter may find the steel and say, “This has been Oscar’s sword.”

“And fallest thou, son of my fame! And shalt I never see thee, Oscar! When others hear of their sons, I shall not hear of thee. The moss is on thy four grey stones; 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; I have seen a tomb, he will say, by the roaring stream, the dark dwelling of a chief. He fell by car-borne Oscar, the first of mortal men. I, perhaps, shall hear his voice: 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 *Moi-lena*, and have forgot the war, did not the king disperse his grief, and raise his mighty voice. The chiefs, as new-wakened from dreams, lift up their heads around.

"How long on *Moi-lena* shall we weep; or pour our tears in *Ullin*? The mighty will not return. Oscar shall not rise in his strength. The valiant must fall one day, and be no more known on his hills. Where are our fathers, O warriors! the chiefs of the times of old? They have set like stars that have shone, we only hear the sound of their praise. But they were renowned in their day, 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* of harps. 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 grey-haired son. But before I go hence, one beam of fame shall rise: so shall my days end, as my years begun, in fame: my life shall be one stream of light to bards of other times.

Ullin raised his white sails; the wind of the south came forth: He bounded on the waves towards *Selma*. I remained in my grief, but my

words were not heard. The feast is spread on *Moi-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. The bards remembered the fall of *Cormac*! what could they say in *Cairbar*'s praise?

The night came rolling down. The light of an hundred oaks arose. *Fingal* sat beneath a tree. Old *Althan* stood in the midst. He told the tale of fallen *Cormac*. *Althan* the son of *Conachar*, the friend of *Car-borne Cuchullin*: he dwelt with *Cormac* in windy *Temora*, when *Semo*'s son fought with generous *Torlath*. The tale of *Althan* was mournful, and the tear was in his eye.

The setting sun was yellow on *Dora*. Grey evening began to descend. *Temora*'s woods shook with the blast of the inconstant wind. A cloud, at length, gathered 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 warrior's face. But he passed away in his blast; and all was dark around. My soul was sad. I went to the hall of shells. A thousand lights arose: the hundred bards had strung the harp. *Cormac* stood in the midst, like the morning star, when it rejoices on the eastern hill, and its young beams are bathed in showers. The sword of *Artho* was in the hand of the king; and he looked with joy on its polished studs: thrice he strove to draw it, and thrice he failed; his yellow locks are spread on his shoulders: his cheeks of youth are red. I mourned over the beam of youth, for he was soon to set.

"*Althan!*" he said, with a smile, "hast thou beheld my father? Heavy is the sword of

the king, surely his arm was strong. O that I were like him in battle, when the rage of his wrath arose! then would I have met, like Cuchullin, the car-borne son of Cantela! 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 songs; my feast is spread in Temora."

I heard the king in silence. My tears began to flow. I hid them with my aged locks; but he perceived my grief. "Son of Conachar!" he said, "is the king of Tura low? Why bursts thy sigh in secret? And why descends the tear? Comes the car-borne Torlath? Or the sound of the red-haired Cairbar? They come! for I behold thy grief. Mossy Tura's king is low! Shall I not rush to battle? But I cannot lift the spear! O had mine arm the strength of Cuchullin, soon would Cairbar fly; the fame of my fathers would be renewed; and the deeds of other times!"

He took his bow. The tears flow down from both his sparkling eyes. Grief saddens round: the bards bend forward, from their hundred harps. The lone blast touched their trembling strings. The sound is sad and low. A voice is heard at a distance, as of one in grief; it was Carril of other times, who came from dark Sli-mora. He told of the death of Cuchullin, and of his mighty deeds. The people were scattered round his tomb: their arms lay on the ground. They had forgot the war, for he, their fire, was seen no more.

"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 ear-borne chiefs of Etha. The people rise on every side, like the strength of an half-extinguished fire, when the winds come sudden, from the desert, on their rustling wings. The sound of Caithbat's‖ shield was heard. The heroes saw Cuchullin¶ in Nathos. So rolled his sparkling eyes; his steps were such on the heath. Battles are fought on Lego: the sword of Nathos prevails. Soon shalt thou behold him in thy halls, king of Temora of groves."

"And soon may I behold the chief!" replied the blue-eyed king. "But my soul is sad for Cuchullin; his voice was pleasant in mine ear. Often have we moved, on Dora, to the chase 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 my joy. But sit thou at the feast, O bard, I have often heard thy voice. Sing in the praise of Cuchullin; and of that mighty stranger*."

Day rose on woody Temora, with all the beams of the east. Fraithin came to the hall, the sun of old Gel'ama. "I behold," he said, "a dark cloud in the desert, king of Inis-fail! a cloud it seemed at first, but now a crowd of men. One strides before them in his strength; his red hair flies in the wind. His shield glitters to the beam of the east. His spear is in his hand."

† The sequel of their mournful story is related, at large, in the poem of Dar-thula.

‖ Caithbat was grandfather to Cuchullin; and his shield was made use of to alarm his posterity to the battles of the family.

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

* Nathos the son of Usnoth.

“Call him to the feast of Temora,” replied the king of Erin. “My hall is the house of strangers, son of the generous Gellama! Perhaps it is the chief of Etha, coming in the sound of his renown. Hail, mighty† stranger! Art thou of the friends of Cormac? But, Carril, he is dark, and unlovely; and he draws his sword. Is that the son of Usnoth, bard of the times of old?”

“It is not the son of Usnoth,” 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 the side of the king: he fell in the hails of his fathers. His fair hair is in the dust. His blood is smoking round.

“And art thou fallen in thy halls‡, O son of noble Artho? The shield of Cuchollin was not near. Nor the spear of thy father. Mournful are the mountains of Erin, for the chief of the people is low! Blest be thy soul, O Cormac! thou art darkened in thy youth.”

His words came to the ears of Cairbar, and he closed us¶ in the midst of darkness. He feared to stretch his sword to the bards, though his

† From this expression, we understand, that Cairbar had entered the palace of Temora, in the midst of Cormac’s speech.

‡ Althan speaks,

¶ That is, himself and Carril, as it afterwards appears.

soul was dark. Long had we pined alone; at length, 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 omb in silence; my fame shall not be heard. Cairbar! loose the bards; they are the sons of other times. Their voice shall be heard in other years; after the kings of Temora have failed.”

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

“And let him come,” replied the king; “I love a foe like Cathmor. His soul is great; his

† Cathmor appears the same disinterested hero upon every occasion. His humanity and generosity were unparalleled: in short he had no fault, but too much attachment to so bad a brother as Cairbar. His family connection with Cairbar prevails, as he express it, over every other consideration, and makes him engage in a war, of which he did not approve.

arm is strong; his battles are full of fame. But the little soul is a vapour that hovers round the marshy lake: it never rises on the green hill, lest the winds should meet it there: its dwelling is in the cave, it sends forth the dart of death. Our young heroes, O warriors, are like the renown of our fathers. They fight in youth; they fall: their names are in the song. Fingal is amidst his darkening years. He must not fall, as an aged oak, across a secret stream. Near it are the steps of the hunter, as it lies beneath the wind. How has that tree fallen? He whistling, strides along.

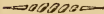
“Raise the song of joy, ye bards of Morven, that our souls may forget the past. The red stars look on us from the clouds, and silently descend. Soon shall the grey beam of the morning rise, and shew us the foes of Cormac. Filan! take the spear of the king; go to Mora’s dark-brown side. Let thine eyes travel over the heath, like flames of fire. Observe the foes of Fingal, and the course of generous Cathmor. I hear a distant sound, like the falling of rocks in the desert. But strike thou thy shield, at times, that they may not come through night, and the fame of Morven cease. I begin to be alone, my son, and I dread the fall of my renown.”

The voice of the bards arose. The king leaned on the shield of Trenmor. Sleep descended on his eyes: his future battles rose in his dreams. The lost are sleeping around. Dark-haired Filan observed the foe. His steps are on a distant hill: we hear at times his clanging shield.

Temora :

AN

EPIC POEM.



THE ARGUMENT.

This book opens, we may suppose, about midnight, with a soliloquy of Ossian, who had retired, from the rest of the army, to mourn for his son Oscar. Upon hearing the noise of Cathmor's army approaching, he went to find out his brother Fillan, who kept the watch on the hill of Mora, in the front of Fingal's army. In the conversation of the brothers, the episode of Conar, the son of Trenmor, who was the first king of Ireland, is introduced, which lays open the origin of the contests between the Caeland Firbolg, the two nations who first possessed themselves of that island. Ossian kindles a fire on Mora; upon which Cathmor desisted from the design he had formed of surprising the army of the Caledonians. He calls a council of his chiefs: reprimands Fo'dath for advising a night-attack, as the Irish army were so much superior in number to the enemy. The bard Fonar introduces the story of Crothar, the ancestor of the king, which throws further light on the history of Ireland,

and the original pretensions of the family of Atha to the throne of that kingdom. The Irish chiefs lie down to rest, and Cathmor himself undertakes the watch. In his circuit round the army, he is met by Ossian. The interview of the two heroes is described. Cathmor obtains a promise from Ossian, to order a funeral elegy to be sung over the grave of Cairbar; it being the opinion of the times, that the souls of the dead could not be happy, till their elegies were sung by a bard. Morning comes. Cathmor and Ossian part: and the latter, casually meeting with Carril the son of Kinfena, sends that bard, with a funeral song, to the tomb of Cairbar.

BOOK II.

FATHER of heroes, Trenmor! dweller of eddying winds! where the dark-red course of thunder marks the troubled clouds! Open thou thy stormy halls, and let the bards of old be near: let them draw near, with their songs and their half-viewless harps. No dweller of misty valley comes; no hunter unknown at his streams; but the car-borne Oscar from the folds of war. Sudden is thy change, my son, from what thou wert on dark Moi-lena! The bias folds thee in its skirt, and rustles along the sky—Dost thou not behold thy father at the stream of night? The chiefs of Morven sleep far distant. They have lost no son. But ye have lost a hero, chiefs of streamy Morven! Who could equal his strength, when battle rolled against his side, like the darkness of crowded waters?—Why this cloud in Ossian's soul? It ought to burn in danger. Erin is near with her host. The king of Morven is alone. Alone thou shalt not be, my father, while I can lift the spear.

I rose, in my rattling arms. I listened to the

wind of night. The shield of Fillan† is not heard. I shook for the son of Fingal. Why should the foe come, by night: and the dark-haired warrior fail? Distant, sullen murmurs rise: like the noise of the lake of Lego, when its waters shrink, in the days of frost, and all its bursting ice resounds. The people of Lora look to heaven and foresee the storm. My steps are forward on the heath; the spear of Oscar in my hand. Red stars looked from high. I gleamed along the night. I saw Fillan silent before me, bending forward from Mora's rock. He heard the shout of the foe; the joy of his soul arose: He heard my sounding tread, and turned his lifted spear.

† We understand, from the preceding book, that Cathmor was near with an army. When Cairbar was killed, the tribes who attended him fell back to Cathmor; who, as it afterwards appears, had taken a resolution to surprise Fingal by night. Fillan was dispatched to the hill of Mora, which was in the front of the Caledonians, to observe the motions of Cathmor. In this situation were affairs when Ossian, upon hearing the noise of the approaching enemy, went to find out his brother. Their conversation naturally introduces the episode concerning Conar the son of Trenmor, the first Irish monarch, which is so necessary to the understanding the foundation of the rebellion and usurpation of Cairbar and Cathmor. Fillan was the youngest of the sons of Fingal, then living. He and Bosmina, mentioned in the battle of Lora, were the only children of the king, by Clatho the daughter of Cathulla king of Inistore, whom he had taken to wife, after the death of Ros-crana, the daughter of Connac Mac-Conar king of Ireland.

“Comest thou, son of night, in peace? Or dost thou meet my wrath? The foes of Fingal are mine. Speak, or fear my steel. I stand, not in vain, the shield of Morven’s race.”

“Never mayest thou stand in vain, son of blue-eyed Clatho. Fingal begins to be alone; darkness gathers on the last of his days. Yet he has two† sons who ought to shine in war. Who ought to be two beams of light, near the steps of his departure.”

“Son of Fingal,” replied the youth, “it is not long since I raised the spear. Few are the marks of my sword in battle, but my soul is fire. The chiefs of Bolga‡ crowd around the shield of

† That is, two sons in Ireland. Fergus, the second son of Fingal, was, at that time, on an expedition, which is mentioned in one of the lesser poems of Ossian. He, according to some traditions, was the ancestor of Fergus, the son of Erc, or Arcath, commonly called Fergus the second in the Scottish histories. The beginning of the reign of Fergus, over the Scots, is placed, by the most approved annals of Scotland, in the fourth year of the fifth age: a full century after the death of Ossian. The genealogy of his family is recorded thus by the Highland senachies: ‘Fergus Mac-Arcath, Mac-Chongéal, Mac-Fergus, Mac-Fiongáel na buai’: i. e. Fergus the son of Arcath, the son of Congal, the son of Fergus, the son of Fingal the victorious.’

‡ The southern parts of Ireland went, for some time, under the name of Bolga, from the Firbolg or Belgæ of Britain, who settled a colony there. Bolg, signifies a quiver, from which proceeds Firbolg, i. e. bow-men, so called from their using bows, more than any of the neighbouring nations.

generous Cathmor. Their gathering is on that heath. Shall my steps approach their host? I yielded to Oscar alone, in the strife of the race on Cona."

"Fillan, thou shalt not approach their host; nor fall before thy fame is known. My name is heard in song: when needful I advance. From the skirts of night I shall view their gleaming tribes. Why, Fillan, didst thou speak of Oscar, to call forth my sigh? I must forget the warrior till the storm is rolled away. Sadness ought not to dwell in danger, nor the tear in the eye of war. Our fathers forgot their fallen sons, till the noise of arms was past. Then sorrow returned to the tomb, and the song of bards arose."

"Conar* was the brother of Tra^hhal, first of

* Conar, the first king of Ireland, was the son of Trenmor, the great-grandfather of Fingal. It was on account of this family connection that Fingal was engaged in so many wars in the cause of the race of Conar. Though few of the actions of Trenmor are mentioned in Ossian's poems, yet, from the honourable appellations bestowed on him, we may conclude that he was, in the days of the poet, the most renowned name of antiquity. The most probable opinion concerning him is, that he was the first who united the tribes of the Caledonians, and commanded them, in chief, against the incursions of the Romans. The genealogists of the North, have traced his family far back, and given a list of his ancestors to Cuan-mornan Ian, or Connor of the swords, who, according to them, was the first who crossed the great sea, to Caledonia, from which circumstance his name proceeded, which signifies

wortal men. His battles were on every coast. A thousand streams rolled down the blood of his foes. His fame filled green Erin, like a pleasant gale. The nations gathered in Ullin, and they blessed the king; the king of the race of their fathers, from the land of hinds.

“The chiefs† of the south were gathered, in the darkness of their pride. In the horrid cave of Moma, they mixed their secret words. Thither often, they said, the spirits of their fathers came; shewing their pale forms from the chinky rocks, and reminding them of the honour of Bolga. Why should Conar reign, the son of streamy Morven?

“They came forth, like the streams of the desert, with the roar of their hundred tribes. Conar was a rock before them: broken they rolled on every side. But often they returned, and the sons of Ullin fell. The king stood, among the tombs of his warriors, and darkly bent his mournful face. His soul was rolled into itself; he marked the place where he was to fall; when Frathal came, in his strength, the chief of cloudy Morven. Nor did he come alone; Colgar was at his side; Colgar the son of the king and of white-bosomed Solin-corma.

Great Ocean. Genealogies of so ancient a date, however, are little to be depended upon.

† The chiefs of the Firbolg, who possessed themselves of the south of Ireland, prior, perhaps, to the settlement of the Cael of Caledonia, and the Hebrides in Ulster. From the sequel, it appears that the Firbolg were by much the most powerful nation: and it is probable that the Cael must have submitted to them, had they not received succours from their mother-country, under the command of Conar.

“As Trenmor, clothed with meteors, descends from the halls of thunder, pouring the dark storm before him over the troubled sea: so Colgar descended to battle, and wasted the echoing field. His father rejoiced over the hero: but an arrow came. His tomb was raised, without a tear. The king was to revenge his son. He lightened forward in battle, till Bolga yielded at his streams.

“When peace returned to the land, and the blue waves bore the king to Morven: then he remembered his son, and poured the silent tears. Thrice did the bards, at the cave of Furmon, call the soul of Colgar. They called him to the hills of his land; he heard them in his mind. Trathal placed his sword in the cave, that the spirit of his son might rejoice.”

“Colgar †, son of Trathal,” said Fillan, “thou wert renowned in youth! But the king has not marked my sword, bright-streaming on the field. I go forth with the crowd: I return without my fame. But the foe approaches, O sultan. I hear their murmur on the heath. Thy sound of their steps is like thunder, in the bosom of the ground, when the rocking hills shall their groves, and not a blast pours from the darkened sky.”

Sudden I turned on my spear, and raised the flame of an oak on high. I spread it large to Mora's wind. Cathmor stopt in his course. Gleaming he stood, like a rock, on whose side are the wandering of blasts; which seize the echoing streams and clothe them over with ice.

† The poet begins here to mark strongly the character of Fillan, who is to make so great a figure in the sequel of the poem.

o stood the friend of strangers. The winds lift
his heavy locks. Thou art the tallest of the
race of Erin, king of streamy Atha!

“First of bards,” said Cathmor, “Fonar †,
all the chiefs of Erin. Call red-haired Cormac,
dark-browed Maithos, the side-long-looking
loom of Maronan. Let the pride of Foldath
appear: the red-rolling eye of Turlotho. Nor
let Hidalla be forgot; his voice, in danger, is
like the sound of a shower, when it falls in the
dashed vale, near Atha’s falling stream.”

They came, in their clanging arms. They
went forward to his voice, as if a spirit of their
ancestors spoke from a cloud of night. Dreadful
shone they to the light; like the fall of the
treasure of Brumo, when the meteor lights it be-
fore the nightly stranger. Shuddering, he stops
in his journey, and looks up for the beam of the
moon.

“Why delights Foldath,” said the king, “to
pour the blood of foes, by night? Fails his arms
in battle, in the beams of day? Few are the foes
before us, why should we clothe us in mist? The
valiant delight to shine, in the battles of their
land. Thy counsel was in vain, chief of Moma;
the eyes of Morven do not sleep. They are
watchful, as eagles, on their mossy rocks. Let
each collect, beneath his cloud, the strength of
his roaring tribe. To-morrow I move, in light,
to meet the foes of Bolga! Mighty was he, that
was low, the race of Borbar-duthul!

† Fonar, ‘the man of song,’ Before the in-
roduction of Christianity, a name was not im-
posed upon any person, till he had distinguished
himself by some remarkable action, from which
his name should be derived.

“Not unmarked,” said Foldath, “were steps before thy race. In light, I met the fi of Cairbar; the warrior praised my deeds. I his stone was raised without a tear! No be sung over Erin’s king; and shall the foes rejo along their mossy hills? No; they must not i joice: he was the friend of Foldath. Our wor were mixed, in secret, in Moma’s silent cav whilst thou, a boy in the field, pursuedst t thistle’s beard. With Moma’s sons I shall ru abroad, and find the foe, on his dusky hil Fingal shall lie without his song, the grey-hair king of Selma.”

“Dost thou think, thou feeble man,” repli the chief of Atha; “dost thou think that he c fall, without his fame, in Erin! Could the ba be silent, at the tomb of the mighty Fingal? T song would burst in secret; and the spirit of t kingrejoice. It is when thou shalt fall, that t bard shall forget the song. Thou art dark, chi of Moma, though thine arm is a tempest in wa Do I forget the king of Erin, in his narrow hous My soul is not lost to Cairbar, the brother of n love. I marked the bright beams of joy, whi travelled over his cloudy mind, when I retuine with fame, to Atha o the streams.”

Tall they removed, beneath the words of t king; each to his own dark tribe; where, hur ming, they rolled on the heath, faint-glitteri to the stars: like waves in a rocky bay, befo the nightly wind. Beneath an oak, lay the chi of Atha: his shield, a dusky round, hung hig Near him, against a rock, leaned the stranger †

† By the stranger of Inis-huna, is meant Su malla, the daughter of Connor king of Inis-hun the ancient name of that part of South Brita which is next to the Irish coast. She had follow

Inis-huna : that beam of light, with wandering locks, from Lumon of the roes. At distance rose the voice of Fonar, with the deeds of the days of old. The song fails, at times, in Lubar's growing roar.

“Crothar ¶,” began the bard, “first dwelt at Atha's mossy stream. A thousand ¶ oaks, from the mountains, formed his echoing hall. The gathering of the people was there, around the feast of the blue-eyed king. But who, among his chiefs, was like the stately Crothar? Warriors kindled in his presence. The young sigh of the virgins rose. In Alnecma was the warrior honoured ; the first of the race of Belga.

“He pursued the chase in Ullin : on the moss-covered top of Drumardo. From the wood looked the daughter of Cathmin, the blue-rolling eye of Con-lama. Her sigh rose in secret. She bent her head, midst her wandering locks.

ed Cathmor in disguise. Her story is related at large in the fourth book.

¶ Crothar was the ancestor of Cathmor, and the first of his family, who had settled in Atha. It was in his time, that the first wars were kindled between the Firbolg and Cael. The propriety of the episode is evident ; as the contest which originally rose between Crothar and Conar, subsisted afterwards between their posterity, and was the foundation of the story of the present poem.

¶ From this circumstance we may learn, that the art of building with stone was not known in Ireland so early as the days of Crothar. When the colony were long settled in the country, the arts of civil life began to increase among them ; for we find mention made of the towers of Atha

The moon looked in, at night, and saw the white-tossing of her arms; for she thought of the mighty Crothar, in the season of her dreams.

“ Three days feasted Crothar with Cathmor. On the fourth they awaked the hinds. Con-lama moved to the chase, with all her lovely steps. She met Crothar in the narrow path. The bow fell, at once, from her hand. She turned her face away, and half-hid it with her locks. The love of Crothar rose. He brought the white-bosomed maid to Atha. Bards raised the song in her presence; joy dwelt round the daughter of Ullin.

“ The pride of Torloch rose, a youth who loved the white-handed Con-lama. He came with battle, to Ainecma; to Atha of the roes. Cormul went forth to the strife, the brother of ear-borne Crothar. He went forth, but he fell, and the sigh of his people rose. Silent and tall, across the stream, came the darkening strength of Crothar: He rolled the foe from Ainecma, and returned, midst the joy of Con-lama.

“ Battle on battle comes. Blood is poured on blood. The tombs of the valiant rise. Erin's clouds are hung round with ghosts. The chiefs of the south gathered round the echoing shield of Crothar. He came with death to the paths of the foe. The virgins wept, by the streams of

in the time of Cathmor, which could not well be applied to wooden buildings. In Caledonia they began very early to build with stone. None of the houses of Fingal, excepting *Ti-foirmal*, were of wood. *Ti-foirmal* was the great hall where the bards met to repeat their compositions annually, before they submitted them to the judgment of the king in Selma.

Ullin. They looked to the mist of the hill, no hunter descended from its folds. Silence darkened in the land : blasts sighed lonely on grassy tombs.

“Descending like the eagle of heaven, with all his rustling wings, when he forsakes the blast with joy, the son of Tienmor came ; Fonar, arm of death, from Morven of the groves. He poured his might along green Erin. Death lightly strode behind his sword. The sons of Iulga fled from his course, as from a stream, hat, bursting from the stormy desert, rolls the fields together with all their echoing woods. Brothar met him in battle : but Ainecma’s warriors fled*. The king of Atha slowly retired, in the grief of his soul. He, afterwards, shone in the south ; but dim as the sun of autumn, when he visits, in his robes of mist, Lara of Ark streams. The withered grass is covered with dew : the field, though bright, is sad.”

† The delicacy of the bard, with regard to Brothar, is remarkable. As he was the ancestor of Cathmor, to whom the episode is addressed, the bard softens his defeat, by only mentioning that his people fled. Cathmor took the song of Fonar in an unfavourable light. The bards, being of the order of the druids, who pretended to a foreknowledge of events, were supposed to have some supernatural prescience of futurity. The bard thought, that the choice of Fonar’s song proceeded from his foreseeing the unfortunate issue of the war ; and that his own fate was shadowed out, in that of his ancestor Brothar. The attitude of the bard, after the reprimand of his patron, is picturesque and affecting. We admire the speech of Cathmor, but lament the effect it has on the feeling soul of the good old poet.

“ Why wakes the bard before me,” said Cathmor, “ the memory of those who fled? Has some ghost, from his dusky cloud, bent forward to thine ear; to frighten Cathmor from the field with the tales of old? Dwellers of the folds of night, your voice is but a blast to me; which takes the grey thistle’s head, and strews its beard on streams. Within my bosom is a voice others hear it not. His soul forbids the king of Erin to shrink back from war ”

Abashed the bard sinks back in night; retired he bends above a stream, his thoughts are on the days of Atha, when Cathmor heard his song with joy. His tears came rolling down; the winds are in his beard.

Erin sleeps around. No sleep comes down on Cathmor’s eyes. Dark, in his soul, he saw the spirit of low-laid Cairbar. He saw him, without his song, rolled in a blast of night. He rose. His steps were round the host. He struck, a times, his echoing shield. The sound reaches Ossian’s ear, on Mora of the hinds.

“ Fillan,” I said, “ the foes advance. I hear the shield of war. Stand thou in the narrow path. Ossian shall mark their course. If over my fall the host shall pour; then be thy buckle heard. Awake the king on his heath, lest his fame should cease.” I strode in all my rattling arms; wide bounding over a stream that darkly winded, in the field, before the king of Atha. Green Atha’s king, with lifted spear, came forward on my course. Now would we have mixed in horrid fray, like two contending ghosts that bending forward, from two clouds, sent forth the roaring winds; did not Ossian behold on high, the helmet of Erin’s kings. The eagle’s wing spread above it, rustling in the breeze. A red star looked through the plumes. I stopt the lifted spear.

“The helmet of kings is before me! Who art thou, son of night? Shall Ossian’s spear be renowned, when thou art lowly laid?” At once he dropt the gleaming lance. Growing before me seemed the form. He stretched his hand in night; and spoke the words of kings.

“Friend of the spirit of heroes, do I meet thee thus in shades? I have wished for thy stately steps in Atha, in the days of feasts. Why should my spear now arise? The sun must behold us, Ossian; when we bend, gleaming, in the strife. Future warriors shall mark the place; and shuddering think of other years. They shall mark it, like the haunt of ghosts, pleasant and dreadful to the soul.”

“And shall it be forgot,” I said, “where we meet in peace? Is the remembrance of battles always pleasant to the soul? Do not we behold, with joy, the place where our fathers feasted? But our eyes are full of tears, on the field of their wars. This stone shall rise, with all its moss, and speak to other years. ‘Here Cathmor and Ossian met! the warriors met in peace!’ When thou, O stone, shalt fail: and Lubar’s stream roll quite away! then shall the traveller come, and bend here, perhaps, in rest. When the darkened moon is rolled over his head, our shadowy forms may come, and, mixing with his dreams, remind him of this place. But why turnest thou so dark away, son of Borbar-du’hul?”

“Not forgot, son of Fingal, shall we ascend these winds. Our deeds are streams of light, before the eyes of bards. But darkness is rolled on Atha; the king is low, without his song: still there was a beam towards Cathmor from his stormy soul; like the moon, in a cloud, midst the dark-red course of thunder.”

“Son of Erin,” I replied, “my wrath dwells

not in his house*. My hatred flies, on eagle-wing, from the foe that is low. He shall hear the song of bards; Cairbar shall rejoice on his winds."

Cathmor's swelling soul arose he took the dagger from his side; and placed it gleaming in my hand. He placed it in my hand, with sighs, and, silent, strode away. Mine eyes followed his departure. He dimly gleamed, like the form of a ghost, which mee's a traveller by night, on the dark-skirted heath. His words are dark like songs of old: with morning strides the unfinished shade away.

Who¶ comes from Lubar's vale? From the folds of the morning mist? The drops of heaven are on his head. His steps are in the paths of the sad. It is Carril of other times. He comes from Tura's silent cave. I behold it dark in the rock, through the thin folds of mist. There, perhaps, Cuchullin sits, on the blast which bends:

* The grave, often poetically called a house. This reply of Ossian abounds with the most exalted sentiments of a noble mind. Though, of all men living, he was the most injured by Cairbar, yet he laid aside his rage as the foe was low. How different is this from the behaviour of the heroes of other ancient poems!

¶ The morning of the second day, from the opening of the poem, comes on. After the death of Cuchullin, Carril the son of Kinfena, his bard retired to the cave of Tura, which was in the neighbourhood of Moidena, the scene of the poem of Temora. His casual appearance here enables Ossian to fulfil immediately the promise he had made to Cathmor, of causing the funeral song to be pronounced over the tomb of Cairbar.

its trees. Pleasant is the song of the morning from the bard of Erin!

“The waves crowd away for fear: they hear the sound of thy coming forth, O sun! Terrible is thy beauty, son of heaven, when death is folded in thy locks; when thou rollest thy vapours before thee, over the blasted host. But pleasant is thy beam to the hunter, sitting by the rock in a storm, when thou lookest from thy parted cloud, and brightenest his dewy locks; he looks down on the streamy vale, and beholds the descent of roes. How long shalt thou rise on war, and roll, a bloody shield, through heaven? I see the deaths of heroes dark-wandering over thy face!”

“Why wander the words of Carril? Does the son of heaven mourn? he is unstained in his course, ever rejoicing in his fire. Roll on, thou careles light; thou too, perhaps, must fail. Thy dun robe may seize thee, struggling, in thy sky.

“Pleasant is the voice of the song, O Carril, to Ossian’s soul! It is like the shower of the morning, when it comes through the rustling vale, on which the sun looks through mist, just rising from his rocks. But this is no time, O bard! to sit down, at the strife of song. Fingal is in arms on the vale. Thou seest the flaming shield of the king. His face darkens between his locks, he beholds the wide rolling of Erin.

“Does not Carril behold that tomb, beside the roaring stream? Three stones lift their grey heads beneath a bending oak. A king is lowly laid; give thou his soul to the wind. He is the brother of Cathmor! Open his airy hall! Let thy song be a stream of joy to Cairbar’s darkened ghost.”

|| By the dun robe of the sun, is probably meant an eclipse.

Temora :

AN

EPIC POEM:

—————
THE ARGUMENT.

Morning coming on, Fingal, after a speech to his people, devolves the command on Gaul, the son of Morni; it being the custom of the times that the king should not engage, till the necessity of affairs required his superior valour and conduct. The king and Ossian retire to the rock of Cormul, which overlooked the field of battle. The bards sing the war song. The general conflict is described. Gaul, the son of Morni, distinguishes himself; kills Tur-lathon, chief of Moruth, and other chiefs of lesser name. On the other hand, Foldath who commanded the Irish army (for Cathmor, after the example of Fingal, kept himself from battle) fights gallantly; kills Connal, chief of Dun-lora, and advances to engage Gaul himself. Gaul in the mean time, being wounded in the hand, by a random arrow, is covered by Fillan, the son of Fingal, who performs prodigies of valour. Night comes on. The horn of Fingal recalls his army. The

bards meet them, with a congratulatory song, in which the praises of Gaul and Fillan are particularly celebrated. The chiefs sit down at a feast; Fingal misses Connal. The episode of Connal and Duth-caron is introduced; which throws further light on the ancient history of Ireland. Carril is dispatched to raise the tomb of Connal. The action of this book takes up the second day, from the opening of the poem.

BOOK III.

WHO is that, at blue-streaming Lubar; by the bending hill of the roes? Tall, he leans on an oak torn from high, by nightly winds. Who but Comhal's son, brightening in the last of his fields? His grey hair is on the breeze: he half unsheathes the sword of Luno. His eyes are turned to Moi-lena, to the dark rolling of foes. Dost thou hear the voice of the king? It is like the bursting of a stream, in the desert, when it comes between its echoing rocks, to the blasted field of the sun.

“ Wide-skirted comes down the foe! Sons of woody Morven, arise. Be ye like the rocks of my land, on whose brown sides are the rolling of waters. A beam of joy comes on my soul; I see them mighty before me. It is when the foe is feeble, that the sighs of Fingal are heard; lest death should come without renown, and darkness dwell on his tomb. Who shall lead the war, against the host of Alnecma? It is only when danger grows, that my sword shall shine. Such was the custom, heretofore, of Trenmor the ruler of winds: and thus descended to battle the blue-shielded Trathal ”

The chiefs bend towards the king: each darkly seems to claim the war. They tell, by halves, their mighty deeds: and turn their eyes on Erin:

But far before the rest the son of Morni stood
 silent he stood, for who had not heard of the
 battles of Gaul? They rose within his soul. His
 hand, in secret, seized the sword. The swor
 which he brought from Strumon, when th
 strength of Morni failed †.

† Strumon, 'stream of the hill,' the name o
 the seat of the family of Gaul, in the neigh
 bourhood of Selma. During Gaul's expeditio
 to Tromathon, mentioned in the poem of Oi
 thona, Morni his father died. Morni order
 the sword of Strumon, (which had been preserv
 ed, in the family, as a relique, from the days o
 Colgach, the most renowned of his ancestors) to
 be laid by his side, in the tomb: at the same
 time leaving it in charge to his son, not to tak
 it from thence, till he was reduced to the las
 extremity. Not long after, two of his brother
 being slain, in battle, by Coldaronnan, chief o
 Clutha, Gaul went to his father's tomb to tak
 the sword. His address to the spirit of the de
 ceased hero, is the only part now remaining
 of a poem of Ossian on the subject. I shall her
 lay it before the reader

GAUL. "Breaker of echoing shields, whose
 head is deep in shades; hear me from the dark
 ness of Clora. O son of Colgach, hear!

No rustling, like the eagle's wing, comes over
 the course of my streams. Deep-bosomed in
 the mist of the desert, O king of Strumon,
 hear!

Dwellest thou in the shadowy breeze, that
 pours its dark wave over the grass? Cease to
 strew the beard of the thistle; O chief of Clora,
 hear!

Or ridest thou on a beam, amidst the dark

On his spear stood the son of Clatho in the wandering of his locks. Thrice he raised his eyes to Fingal: his voice thrice failed him, as he spoke. Fíilan could not boast of battles; at once he strode away. Bent over a distant stream he stood: the tear hung in his eye. He struck, at times, the thistle's head, with his inverted spear.

trouble of clouds? Pourest thou the loud wind on seas, to roll their blue waves over isles? hear me, father of Gaul; amidst thy terrors, hear!

The rustling of eagles is heard, the murmuring oaks shake their heads on the hills; dreadful and pleasant is thy approach, friend of the dwelling of heroes!

MORNI. Who awakes me, in the midst of my cloud, where my locks of mist spread on the winds? Mixed with the noise of streams: why rises the voice of Gaul?

GAUL. My foes are around me, Morni: their dark snags descend from their waves. Give the sword of Strumon, that beam which thou hidest in thy night.

MORNI. Take the sword of resounding Strumon; I look on thy war, my son; I look, a dim meteor, from my cloud; blue-shielded Gaul, destroy!

¶ Clatho was the daughter of Cathulla, king of Inistère. Fingal, in one of his expeditions to that island, fell in love with Clatho, and took her to wife, after the death of Ros-crana, the daughter of Cormac, king of Ireland. Clatho was the mother of Ryno, Fíilan, and Bosuina, mentioned in the battle of Lora. Fíilan is often called the son of Clatho, to distinguish him from those sons which Fingal had by Ros-crana.

Nor is he unseen of Fingal. Sidelong he beheld his son. He beheld him, with bursting joy; and turned amidst his crowded soul. In silence turned the king towards Mora of woods. He hid the big tear with his locks. At length his voice is heard.

“First of the sons of Morni; thou rock that defiest the storm! Lead thou my battle, for the race of low-laid Cormac. No boy’s staff is thy spear: no harmless beam of light thy sword. Son of Morni of steeds, behold the foe; destroy! Fillan, observe the chief: he is not calm in strife: nor burns he, heedless, in battle: my son, observe the king. He is strong as Lubar’s stream, but never foams and roars. High on cloudy Mora, Fingal shall behold the war. Stand, Ossian, near thy father, by the falling stream. Raise the voice, O bards! Morven, move beneath the sound. It is my latter field; clothe it over with light.”

As the sudden rising of winds; or distant rolling of troubled seas, when some dark ghost, in wrath, heaves the billows over an isle, the seat of mist, on the deep, for many dark-brown years: so terrible is the sound of the host, wide-moving over the field. Gaul is tall before them: the streams glitter within his strides. The bards raised the song by his side; he struck his shield between. On the skirts of the blast, the tuneful voices rose.

“On Crona,” said the bards, “there bursts a stream by night. It swells in its own dark course, till morning’s early beam. Then comes it white from the hill, with the rocks and their hundred groves. Far be my steps from Crona: Death is tumbling there. Be ye a stream from Mora, sons of cloudy Morven.”

“Who rises, from his car, on Clutha! The hills are troubled before the king! The dark

woods echo round, and lighten at his steel. See him, amidst the foe, like Colgach's‡ sportful ghost; when he scatters the clouds, and rides on the eddying winds: It is Morni of the bounding steeds! Be like thy father, Gaul!"

"Selma is opened wide. Bards take the trembling harps. Ten youths carry the oak of the feast. A distant sun-beam marks the hill. The dusky waves of the blast fly over the fields of grass. Why art thou so silent, Morven? The king returns with all his fame. Did not the battle roar; yet peaceful is his brow? It roared, and Fingal overcame. Be like thy father, Fillan!"

They moved beneath the song. High waved their arms, as rushy fields, beneath autumnal winds. On Mora stood the king in arms. Mist flies round his buckler broad, as aloft, it hung on a bough, on Cormul's mossy rock. In silence I stood by Fingal, and turned my eyes on Cromla's wood: lest I should behold the host, and rush amidst my swelling soul. My foot is forward on the heath. I glittered, tall, in steel: like the falling stream of 'Tromo, which nightly winds bind over with ice. The boy sees it, on high, gleaming to the early beam: towards it he turns his ear, and wonders why it is so silent.

‡ There are some traditions, but, I believe, of late invention, that this Colgach was the same with the Ga'gatus of Tacitus. He was the ancestor of Gaul, the son of Morni, and appears, from some, really ancient, traditions, to have been king, or Vergotret, of the Caledonians; and hence proceeded the pretensions of the family of Morni to the throne, which created a good deal of disturbance, both to Comhal and his son Fingal.

Nor bent over a stream is Cathmor, like a youth in a peaceful field: wide he drew forward the war, a dark and troubled wave. But when he beheld Fingal on Mora, his generous pride arose. "Shall the chief of Atha fight and no king in the field? Foidath, lead my people forth. Thou art a beam of fire."

Forth issued the chief of Moma, like a cloud, the robe of ghosts. He drew his sword, a flame, from his side; and bade the battle move. The tribes, like ridgy waves, dark pour their strength around. Haughty is his stride before them: his red eye rolls in wrath. He called the chief of Dunratho; and his words were heard:—

"Cornul, thou beholdest that path. It winds green behind the foe. Place thy people there; lest Morven should escape from my sword. Bards of green-valleyed Erin, let no voice of yours arise. The sons of Morven must fall without song. They are the foes of Cairbar. Hereafter, shall the traveller meet their dark, thick mist on Lena, where it wanders, with their ghosts, beside the reedy lake. Never shall they rise, without song, to the dwelling of winds."

Cornul darkened as he went: behind him rushed his tribe. They sunk beyond the rock: Gaul spoke to Fillan of Moruth; as his eye pursued the course of the dark-eyed king of Dunratho. "Thou beholdest the steps of Cornul; let thine arm be strong. When he is low, son of Fingal, remember Gaul in war. Here I fall forward into battle, amidst the ridge of shields."

The sign of death arose: the dreadful sound of Morn's shield. Gaul poured his voice between. Fingal rose, high on Mora. He saw them, from wing to wing, banding in the strife. Gleaming, on his own dark hull, the strength of Atha stood. They were like two spirits of heaven, standing each on his gloomy cloud;

when they pour abroad the winds, and lift the roaring seas. The blue-tumbling of waves is before them, marked with the paths of whales. Themselves are calm and bright; and the gale lifts their locks of mist.

What beam of light hangs high in air? It is Morni's dreadful sword. Death is strewed on thy paths, O Gaul; thou foldest them together in thy rage. Like a young oak falls Turlathon, with his branches round him. His high-bosomed spouse stretches her white arms, in dreams, to the returning king, as she sleeps by gurgling Moruth, in her disordered locks. It is his ghost, Oichema; the chief is lowly laid. Harken not to the winds for Turlathon's echoing shield. It is pierced, by his streams, and its sound is past away.

Not peaceful is the band of Foldath: he winds his course in blood. Connal met him in fight; they mixed their clanging steel. Why should mine eyes behold them! Connal, thy locks are grey. Thou wert the friend of strangers, at the moss-covered rock of Dun-lora. When the skies were rolled together; then thy feast was spread. The stranger heard the winds without; and rejoiced at thy burning oak. Why, son of Duth-caon, art thou laid in blood! The blasted tree bends above thee: thy shield lies broken near. Thy blood mixes with the stream; thou breaker of the shields!

I took the spear, in my wrath; but Gaul rushed forward on the foe. The feeble pass by his side; his rage is turned on Moma's chief. Now they had raised their deathful spears: unseen an arrow came. It pierced the hand of Gaul; his steel fell sounding to earth. Young Fillan came,

|| Fillan had been dispatched by Gaul to oppose Cormul, who had been sent by Foldath to lie in

with Cormul's shield, and stretched it large before the king. Foldath sent his shout abroad, and kindled all the field: as a blast that lifts the broad-winged flame, over Lunon's echoing groves.

"Son of blue-eyed Clatho," said Gaul, "thou art a beam from heaven; that coming on the troubled deep, binds up the tempest's wing. Cormul is fallen before thee. Early art thou in the fame of thy fathers. Rush not too far, my hero, I cannot lift the spear to aid. I stand harmless in battle: but my voice shall be poured abroad. The sons of Morven shall hear, and remember my former deeds."

His terrible voice rose on the wind, the host bend forward in the fight. Often had they heard him, at Strumon, when he called them to the chase of the binds.—Himself stood tall, amidst the war, as an oak in the skirts of a storm, which now is clothed, on high, in mist: then shows its broad, waving head; the musing hunter lifts his eye from his own rushy field.

My soul pursues thee, O Fillan, through the path of thy fame. Thou rolledst the foe before thee. Now Foldath, perhaps, would fly; but night came down with its clouds; and Cathmor's horn was heard. The sons of Morven heard the voice of Fingal, from Mora's gathered mist. The bards poured their song, like dew, on the returning war.

"Who comes from Strumon," they said, "amidst her wandering locks? She is mournful in her steps, and lifts her blue eye towards Erin.

ambush behind the Caledonian army. It appears that Fillan had killed Cormul, otherwise he could not be supposed to have possessed himself of the shield of that chief.

Why art thou sad, Evir-choma! Who is like thy chief in renown? He descended dreadful to battle: he returns, like a light from a cloud. He lifted the sword in wrath: they shrank before blue-shielded Gaul!

“Joy, like the rustling gale, comes on the soul of the king. He remembers the battles of old; the days, wherein his fathers fought. The days of old return on Fingal’s mind, as he beholds the renown of his son. As the sun rejoices from his cloud, over the tree his beams have raised, as it shakes its lonely head on the heath; so joyful is the king over Fillan.

“As the roiling of thunder on hills, when Lara’s fields are still and dark, such are the steps of Morven pleasant and dreadful to the ear. They return with their sound, like eagles to their dark-browed rock, after the prey is torn on the field, the dun sons of the bounding hind. Your fathers rejoice from their clouds, sons of streamy Cona.”

Such was the nightly voice of bards, on Mora of the hinds. A flame rose, from an hundred oaks, which winds had torn from Cormul’s steep. The feast is spread in the midst: around sat the gleaming chiefs. Fingal is there in his strength; the eagle-wing of his helmet sounds: the rustling blasts of the west, unequal, rushed through night: Long looked the king in silence round; at length his words were heard.

“My soul feels a want in our joy. I behold a breach among my friends. The head of one tree is low: the squally wind pours in on Selma. Where is the chief of Dun-lora? Ought he to be forgot at the feast! When did he forget the stranger, in the midst of his echoing hall? Ye are silent in my presence! Connal is then no more. Joy meet thee, O warrior, like a stream of light! Swift be thy course to thy fathers, in

the folds of the mountain-winds! Ossian, thy soul is fire: kindle the memory of the king. Awake the battles of Connal, when first he shone in war. The locks of Connal were grey; his days of youth were mixed with mine. In one day Duth-caron first strung our bows against the roes of Dun-lora."

"Man," I said, "are our paths to battle, in green-hilled Inis-tail. Often did our sails arise, over the blue-tumbling waters; when we came, in other days, to aid the race of Conar. The strife roared once in Ainecma, at the foam-covered streams of Duth-ula. With Cormac descended to battle Duth-caron from cloudy Morven. Nor descended Duth-caron alone, his son was by his side, the long-haired youth of Connal, hitting the first of his spears. Thou didst command them, O Fingal, to aid the king of Erin.

"Like the bursting strength of a stream, the sons of Bolga rushed to war: Colc-ulla was before them, the chief of blue-streaming Atha. The battle was mixed on the plain, like the meeting of two stormy seas. Cormac shone in his own strife, bright as the forms of his fathers. But, far before the rest, Duth-caron hewed down the foe. Nor slept the arm of Connal, by his father's side. Atha prevailed on the plain: like scattered mist, fled the people of Ullin¶.

"Then rose the sword of Duth-caron, and the steel of broad-shielded Connal. They shaded

¶ The inhabitants of Ullin or Ulster, who were of the race of the Caledonians, seem alone to have been the firm friends to the succession in the family of Conar. The Firbolg were only subject to them by constraint, and embraced every opportunity to throw off their yoke.

their flying friends, like two rocks with their heads of pine. Night came down on Duth-ula; silent strode the chiefs over the field. A mountain-stream roared across the path, nor could Duth-caron bound over its course. "Why stands my father," said Connal, "I hear the rushing foe."

"Fly Connal," he said; "thy father's strength begins to fail. I come wounded from battle; here let me rest in night." "But thou shalt not remain alone," said Connal's bursting sigh. "My shield is an eagle's wing to cover the king of Dun-lora." He bends dark above the chief: the mighty Duth-caron dies.

"Day rose, and night returned. No lonely bard appeared, deep musing on the heath: and could Connal leave the tomb of his father, till he should receive his fame? He bent the bow against the roes of Duth-ula; he spread the lonely feast. Seven nights he laid his head on the tomb, and saw his father in his dreams. He saw him rolled dark, in a blast, like the vapour of reedy Lego.—At length, the steps of Colgan †

† Colgan, the son of Lathmul, was the principal bard of Cormac Mac-Conar, king of Ireland. Part of an old poem, on the loves of Fingal and Ros-crana, is still preserved, and goes under the name of this Colgan; but whether it is of his composition, or the production of a later age, I shall not pretend to determine. Be that as it will, it appears, from the obsolete phrases which it contains, to be very ancient; and its poetical merit may perhaps excuse me for laying a translation of it before the reader. What remains of the poem is a dialogue in a lyric measure, between Fingal and Ros-crana, the daughter of

came, the bard of high Temora. Duth-caros received his fame, and brightened, as he rose on the wind."

Cormac, She begins with a soliloquy, which is overheard by Fingal.

ROS-CRANA. "By night, came a dream to Ros-crana! I feel my beating soul. No vision of the forms of the dead, came to the blue eye of Erin. But, rising from the wave of the north. I beheld him bright in his locks. I beheld the son of the king. My beating soul is high. I laid my head down in night: again ascended the form. Why delayest thou thy coming, young ride: of streamy waves?

But, there, far distant, he comes; where seas roll their green ridges in mist! Young dweller of my soul; why dost thou delay?

FINGAL. It was the soft voice of Mai-lana! the pleasant breeze of the valley of roes! But why dost thou hide thee in shades? Young love of heroes rise. Are not thy steps covered with light? In thy groves thou appearest, Ros-crana, like the sun in the gathering of clouds. Why dost thou hide thee in shades? Young love of heroes rise!

ROS-CRANA. My fluttering soul is high! Let me turn from the steps of the king. He has heard my secret voice, and shall my blue eyes roll, in his presence! Roe of the hill of moss, toward thy dwelling I move. Meet me, ye breezes of Mora, as I move thro' the valley of winds. But why should he ascend his ocean! Son of heroes, my soul is thine! My steps shall not move to the desert: the light of Ros-crana is here.

"Pleasant to the ear," said Fingal, "is the praise of the kings of men; when their bows are strong in battle; when they soften at the sight of the sad. Thus let my name be renowned, when bards shall lighten my rising soul. Carril, son of Kanfena, take the bards and raise a tomb. To-night let Connal dwell, within his narrow house: let not the soul of the valiant wander on the winds. Faint gimmers the moon on Moi-lena, through the broad-headed groves of the hill. Raise stones, beneath its beams, to all the fallen in war. Though no chiefs were they, yet their hands were strong in fight. They were my rock in danger: the mountain from which I spread my eagle wings. Thence am I renowned: Carril forget not the law."

Loud, at once, from the hundred bards, rose the song of the tomb. Carril strode before them; they are the murmur of streams behind him. Silence dwells in the vales of Moi-lena, where each, with its own dark stream, is winding between the hills. I heard the voice of the bards, lessening, as they moved along. I leaned forward from my shield; and felt the kindling of my soul. Half-formed, the words of my

FINGAL. It was the light tread of a ghost the fair dweller of eddying winds. Why deceivest thou me, with thy voice? Here let me rest in shades. Shouldst thou stretch thy white arm, from thy grove, thou sun-beam of Cormac of Erin!

ROS-CRANA. He is gone! and my blue eyes are dim: faint-rolling, in all my tears. But, there, I behold him, alone. King of Morven, my soul is thine. Ah me! what clanging of armour! Cule-ulla of Atha is near!"

song, burst forth upon the wind. So hears a tree on the vale, the voice of spring around : it pour its green leaves to the sun, and shakes its lonely head. The hum of the mountain bee is near it the hunter sees it, with joy, from the blaste heath.

Young Pillan, at a distance stood. His helmet lay glit'ring on the ground. His dark hair is loose to the blast : a beam of light is Clatho's son. He heard the words of the king with joy ; and leans forward on his spear.

“ My son,” said caar-borne Fingal ; “ I saw thy deeds, and my soul was glad. The fame of our fathers, I said, bursts from its gathered cloud. Thou art brave, son of Clatho ; but headlong the strife. So did not Fingal advance, though I never leaved a foe. Let thy people be a ridge behind, they are thy strength in the field. The shalt thou be long renowned, and behold thy tombs of thy fathers. The memory of the past returns, my deeds in other years : when first descended from ocean on the green valleyed isle. We bend towards the voice of the king. The moon looks abroad from her cloud, The grey skirted mist is near, the dwelling of the ghosts

Temora :

AN

EPIC POEM.



THE ARGUMENT.

The second night continues. Fingal relates, at the feast, his own first expedition into Ireland, and his marriage with Ros-crana, the daughter of Cormac, king of that island. The Irish chiefs convene in the presence of Cathmor. The situation of the king described. The story of Sul-malla, the daughter of Con-mor, king of Inis-huna, who, in the disguise of a young warrior, had followed Cathmor to the war. The sullen behaviour of Foidath, who had commanded in the battle of the preceding day, renews the difference between him and Malthos; but Cathmor enterposing, ends it. The chiefs feast, and hear the song of Fonar the bard. Cathmor retires to rest, at a distance from the army. The ghost of his brother Cairbar appears to him in a dream; and obscurely foretels the issue of the war. The soliloquy of the king. He discovers Sul-malla. Morning comes. Her soliloquy closes the book.



BOOK IV.

“**B**ENEATH* an oak,” said the king,
 “I sat on Selma’s streamy rock,
 when Connal rose, from the sea, with the
 broken spear of Duth-caron. Far distan stood
 the youth, and turned away his eyes; for he
 remembered the steps of his father, on his own
 green hills. I darkened in my place: dusky
 thoughts rolled over my soul. The kings of
 Erin rise before me. I half-unsheathed my
 sword. Slowly approached the chiefs; they
 lifted up their silent eyes. Like a ridge of clouds,
 they wait for the bursting forth of my voice:
 it was to them a wind from heaven, to roll
 the mist away.

“I bade my white sails to rise, before the roar
 of Cona’s wind. Three hundred youths looked,
 from their waves, on Fingal’s bossy shield. High
 on the mast it hung, and marked the dark blue
 sea. But when the night came down, I struck,
 at times, the warning boss: I struck, and looked
 on high, for fiery-haired Ul-erin†. Nor wanting

* This episode has an immediate connection with the story of Connal and Duth-caron, in the latter end of the the third book. Fingal, sitting beneath an oak, near the palace of Selma, discovers Connal just landing from Ireland. The danger which threatened Cormac, king of Ireland, induces him to sail immediately to that island. The story is introduced, by the king, as a pattern for the future behaviour of Fillan, whose rashness in the preceding battle is reprimanded.

† Ul-erin, ‘the guide to Ireland,’ a star known

was the star of heaven: It travelled red between the clouds: I pursued the lovely beam, on the faint gleaming deep. With morning, Erin rose in mist. We came into the bay of Mei-lena, where its blue waters tumbled, in the bosom of echoing woods. Here Cormac, in his secret hall, avoided the strength of Colc-ulla. Nor he alone avoids the foe: the blue eye of Ros-crana is there: Ros-crana †, white-handed maid, the daughter of the king.

“Grey, on his pointless spear, came forth the aged steps of Cormac. He smiled, from his waving locks, but grief was in his soul. He saw us few before him, and his sigh arose. “I see the arms of Trenmor,” he said; “and these are the steps of the king! Fingal! thou art a beam of light to Cormac’s darkened soul. Early is thy fame, my son: but strong are the foes of Erin. They are like the roar of streams in the land, son of car-borne Comhal.”

“Yet they may be rolled away,” I said, in my rising soul. “We are not of the race of the feeble, king of blue-shielded hosts. Why should fear come amongst us, like a ghost of night? The soul of the valiant grows, as foes increase in the field. Roll no darkness, king of Erin, on the young in war.”

“The bursting tears of the king came down. He seized my hand in silence. “Race of the daring Trenmor, I roll no cloud before thee. Thou burnest in the fire of thy fathers. I behold thy fame. It marks thy course in battles, like a beam of light. But wait the coming of Cair-

that name in the days of Fingal, and very useful to those who sailed, by night, from the straits, or Caledonia to the coast of Ulster.

† Ros-crana, was the mother of Ossian.

bar† : my son must join thy sword. He calls the
the sons of Ullin, from all their distant streams.

“ We came to the hall of the king, where it
rose in the midst of rocks: rocks, on whose
dark sides were the marks of streams of old.
Broad oaks bend around with their moss: the
thick birch waves its green head. Half-hid, in
her shady grove, Ros-crana raised the song.
Her white hands rose on the harp. I beheld her
blue-rolling eyes. She was like a spirit|| of hea-
ven half folded in the skirt of a cloud.

† Cairbar, the son of Cormac, was afterwards
king of Ireland. His reign was short. He was
succeeded by his son Artho, the father of that
Cormac who was murdered by Cairbar the son of
Borbar-duthu!

|| The attitude of Ros-crana is aptly illustrat-
ed by this simile; for the ideas of those times,
concerning the spirits of the deceased, were not
so gloomy and disagreeable as those of succeeding
ages. The spirits of women, it was supposed
retained that beauty which they possessed while
living, and transported themselves, from place to
place, with that gliding motion, which Homer
ascribes to the gods. The descriptions which
poets, less ancient than Ossian, have left us of
those beautiful figures, that appeared sometime
on the hills, are elegant and picturesque. They
compare them to the ‘ rain-bow on streams
or the gliding of sun-beams on the hills.’

A chief who lived three centuries ago, return-
ing from the war, understood that his wife or
mistress was dead. The bard introduces him
speaking the following soliloquy, when he came
within sight of the place where he had left her
at his departure.

“ My soul darkens in sorrow. I behold no

“ Three days we feasted at Moi-lena: she rose bright amidst my troubled soul. Cormac beheld me dark. He gave the white-bosomed maid. She came with bending eye, amidst the wandering of her heavy locks. She came. Straight the battle roared. Col-culla rus ed; I seized my spear. My sword rose, with my people, against the ridgy foe. Alnecma fled. Col-culla fell. Fingal returned with fame.

“ He is enowned, O Filan, who fights, in the strength of his people. The bard pursues his steps, through the land of the foe. But he who fights alone, few are his deeds to other times. He shines to-day a mighty light. To-morrow, he is low. One song contains his fame. His name is on one dark field. He is forgot, but where his tomb sends forth the tufts of grass.”

Such were the words of Fingal, on Mora of the roes. Three bards, from the rock of Cormul, poured down the pleasant song. Sleep descended, in the sound, on the broad-skirted heath. Carril returned, with the bards, from the tomb of Dun-lora's king. The voice of morning shall

the smoke of my hall. No grey dog bounds at my streams. Silence dwells in the valley of roca.

“ Is that a rain-bow on Crunath? It flies: and the sky is dark. Again, thou movest, bright, on the heath, thou sun-beam clothed in a shower! Ha! it is she, my love: her gliding course on the bosom of winds!”

In succeeding times the beauty of Roscrana passed into a proverb; and the highest compliment that could be paid to a woman, was to compare her person with the daughter of Cur-naC.

not come, to the dusky bed of the hero. No more shalt thou hear the tread of rocs, around thy narrow house.

As roll the troubled clouds, round a meteor of night, when they brighten their sides, with its light, along the heaving sea: so gathered Erin, around the gleaming form of Atha's king. He, tall in the midst, careless lifts, at times, his spear: as swells or falls the sound of Fœnar's distant harp. Near † him leaned, against a rock, Sul-malla of blue

† In order to illustrate this passage, I shall give, here, the history on which it is founded, as I have gathered it from other poems. The nation of the Firbolg who inhabited the south of Ireland, being originally descended from the Belgæ, who possessed the south and south-west coast of Britain, kept up, for many ages, an amicable correspondence with their mother country; and sent aid to the British Belgæ, when they were pressed by the Romans or other new comers from the continent. Con-mor, king of Inis-huna (that part of South Britain which is over against the Irish coast) being attacked, by what enemy is not mentioned, sent for aid to Cairbar, lord of Atha, the most potent chief of the Firbolg. Cairbar dispatched his brother Cathmor to the assistance of Con-mor. Cathmor, after various vicissitudes of fortune, put an end to the war, by the total defeat of the enemies of Inis-huna, and returned in triumph to the residence of Con-mor. There, at a feast, Sul-malla, the daughter of Con-mor, fell desperately in love with Cathmor who, before her passion was disclosed, was recalled to Ireland by his brother Cairbar, upon the news of the intended expedition of Fingal to re-establish the family of Conar on the Irish

eyes, the white bosomed daughter of Con-mor, king of Inis-huna. To his aid came blue-shielded Cathmor, and rolled his foes away. Sul-malla beheld him stately in the hall of feasts; nor careless rolled the eyes of Cathmor on the long-haired maid.

The third day arose, and Fithil came from Erin of the streams. He told of the lifting up of the shield|| on Morven, and the danger of red-

throne. The wind being contrary, Cathmor remained, for three days, in a neighbouring bay, during which time Sul-malla disguised herself, in the habit of a young warrior, and came to offer him her service in the war. Cathmor accepted of the proposal, sailed for Ireland, and arrived in Ulster a few days before the death of Cairbar.

|| The ceremony which was used by Fingal, when he prepared for an expedition, is related by Ossian, in one of his lesser poems. A bard, at midnight, went to the hall, where the tribes feasted upon solemn occasions, raised the war song, and thrice called the spirits of their deceased ancestors to come, on their clouds, to behold the actions of their children. He then fixed the shield of Trenmor, on a tree on the rock of Selma, striking it, at times, with the blunt end of a spear, and singing the war song between. Thus he did for three successive nights, and in the mean time, messengers were dispatched to convene the tribes; or, as Ossian expresses it, 'to call them from all their streams.' This phrase alludes to the situation of the residences of the clans, which were generally fixed in valleys, where the torrents of the neighbouring mountains were collected into one body, and became large streams or rivers. The lifting up of the shield, was the phrase for beginning a war.

haired Cairbar. Cathmor raised the sail at Cluha; but the winds were in other lands. Three days he remained on the coast, and turned his eyes on Con-mor's halls. He remembered the daughter of strangers, and his sigh arose. Now when the winds awaked the wave: from the hill came a youth in arms; to lift the sword with Cathmor in his echoing field. It was the white-armed Sul-malla: secret she dwelt beneath her helmet. Her steps were in the path of the king, on him her blue eyes rolled with joy when he lay by his roaring streams. But Cathmor thought that, on Lunion, she still pursued the roes: or fair on a rock, stretched her white band to the wind; to feel its course from Inis-fail the green dwelling of her love. He had promised to return, with his white-bosomed sails. The maid is near thee, king of Atha, leaning on her rock.

The tall forms of the chiefs stood around: all but dark-browed Foldath. He stood beneath a distant tree, rolled into his haughty soul. His bushy hair whistles in the wind. At times, bursts the hum of a song. He struck the tree, at length, in wrath, and rushed before the king. Calm and stately, to the beam of the oak, arose the form of young Hidalla. His hair falls round his blushing cheek, in wreaths of waving light. Soft was his voice in Clonra, in the valley of his fathers; when he touched the harp, in the hall, near his roaring streams.

“King of Erin,” said the youth, “now is the time of feasts. Bid the voice of bards arise, and roll the night away. The soul returns, from song, more terrible to war. Darkness settles on Inis-fail: from hill to hill bend the skirted clouds. Far and grey, on the heath, the dreadful strides of ghosts are seen: the ghosts of those who fell bend forward to their song. Bid thou the harps to rise, and brighten the dead, on their wandering blasts.”

“Be all the dead forgot,” said Foldath’s bursting wrath. “Did not I fall in the field, and shall I hear the song? Yet was not my course harmless in battle: blood was a stream round my steps. But the feeble were behind me, and the foe has escaped my sword. In Clonra’s vale touch thou the harp; let Dura answer to thy voice; while some maid looks, from the wood, on thy long yellow locks. Fly from Lubar’s echoing plain; it is the field of heroes.”

“King of Femora,” Malhos said, “it is thine to lead in war. Thou art a fire to our eyes, on the dark-brown field. Like a blast thou hast past over hosts, and laid them low in blood; but who has heard my words returning from the field? The wrathful delight in death; their remembrance rests on the wounds of their spear. Strife is folded in their thoughts: their words are ever heard. Thy course, chief of Moma, was like a troubled stream. The dead were rolled on thy path; but others also lift the spear. We were not feeble behind thee, but the foe was strong.”

The king beheld the rising rage, and bending forward of either chief: for half-unheated, they held their swords, and rolled their silent eyes. Now would they have mixed in horrid fray, had not the wrath of Cathmor burned. He drew his sword; it gleamed through night, to the high flaming oak. “Sons of pride,” said he king, “allay your swelling souls. Retire in night. Why should my rage arise? Should I contend with both in arms? It is no time for strife. Retire ye clouds at my feast. Awake my soul no more.”

They sunk from the king on either side; like †

† The poet could scarce find, in all nature, a comparison so favourable as this to the superio-

two columns of morning mist, when the sun rises, between them, on his glittering rocks. Dark is their rolligon either side; each towards its reedy pool.

Silent sat the chiefs at the feast. They looked, at times, on Atha's king, where he strode, on his rock, amidst his settling soul. The host lay, at length, on the field: sleep descended on Moi-lena. The voice of Fonar, rose alone, beneath his distant tree. It rose in the praise of Cathmor son of Lathon of Lumon. But Cathmor did not hear his praise. He lay at the roar of a stream. The rustling breeze of night flew over his whistling locks.

Cairbar came to his dreams, half-seen from his low-hung cloud. Joy rose darkly in his face: he had heard the song of Carril†. A blast sustained

riety of Cathmor over his two chiefs. I shall illustrate this passage with another from a fragment of an ancient poem, just now in my hands. "As the sun is above the vapours, which his beams have raised; so is the soul of the king above the sons of fear. They roll dark below him; he rejoices in the robe of his beams. But when feeble deeds wander on the soul of the king, he is a darkened sun rolled along the sky; the valley is sad below: flowers wither beneath the drops of the night."

† Carril, the son of Kinfena, by the orders of Ossian, sung the funeral elegy at the tomb of Cairbar. See the second book, towards the end. In all the poems of Ossian, the visits of ghosts to their living friends, are short, and their language obscure, both which circumstances tend to throw a solemn gloom on those supernatural scenes. Towards the latter end of the speech of the

his dark-shirted cloud; which he seized in the bosom of night, as he rose, with his fame, towards his airy ha'l. Half-mixed with the noise of the stream, he poured his feeble words.

“Joy met the soul of Cathmor: his voice was heard on *Moi-lena*. The bard gave his song to *Cairbar*; he travels on the wind. My form is in my father's hall, like the gliding of a terrible light, which winds through the desert, in a stormy night. No bard shall be wanting at thy tomb, when thou art lowly laid. The sons of song love the valiant. Cathmor, thy name is a pleasant gale. The mournful sounds arise! *Qu Lubar's* field there is a voice! Louder still, ye shadowy ghosts! the dead were full of fame. *Sbrilly* swells the feeble sound. The rougher blast alone is heard! Ah, soon is Cathmor low!”

Rolling into himself he flew, wide on the bosom of his blast. The old oak felt his departure, and shook its whistling head. The king started from rest, and took his deathful spear. He lifts his eyes around. He sees but dark-skirted night.

“It was the voice of the king; but now his form is gone. Unmark'd is your path in the air, ye children of the night. Often, like a reflected beam, are ye seen in the desert wild; but ye re-

ghost of *Cairbar*, he foretels the death of *Cathmor*, by enumerating those signals which, according to the opinion of the times, preceded the death of a person renowned. It was thought that the ghosts of the deceased bards sung, for three nights preceding the death (near the place where his tomb was to be raised) round an unsubstantial figure which represented the body of the person who was to die.

fire in your blasts before our steps approach. Go then, ye feeble race! knowledge with you there is none. Your joys are weak, and like the dreams of our rest, or the light-winged thought that flies across the soul. Shall Cathmor soon be low? Darkly laid in his narrow house? Where no morning comes with her half-opened eyes? Away, thou shade! To fight is mine! All further thought away! I rush forth, on eagle wings, to seize my beam of fame. In the lonely vale of streams, abides the little||

|| From this passage we learn in what extreme contempt an indolent and unwarlike life was held in those days of heroism. Whatever a philosopher may say, in praise of quiet and retirement, I am far from thinking but they weaken and debase the human mind. When the faculties of the soul are not exerted, they lose their vigour, and low and circumscribed notions take the place of noble and enlarged ideas. Action, on the contrary, and the vicissitudes of fortune which attend it, call forth, by turns, all the powers of the mind, and, by exercising, strengthen them. Hence it is, that in great and opulent states, when property and indolence are secured to individuals, we seldom meet with that strength of mind which is so common in a nation, not far advanced in civilization. It is a curious, but just observation, that great kingdoms seldom produce great characters, which must be altogether attributed to that indolence and dissipation, which are the inseparable companions of too much property and security. Rome, it is certain, had more real great men within it, when its power was confined within the narrow bounds of Latium, than when its

soul. Years roll on, seasons return, but he is still unknown. In a blast comes cloudy death, and lays his grey head low. His ghost is rolled on the vapour of the fenny field. Its course is never on hills, or mussy vales of wind. So shall not Cuthbert depart. No boy in the field was he, who only marks the bed of roes, upon the echoing hills. My issuing forth was with kings, and my joy in dreadful plains: where broken hosts are rolled away, like seas before the wind."

So spoke the king of Alnecma, brightning in his rising soul: valour, like a pleasant flame, is gleaming within his breast. Stately is his stride on the heath: the beam of the east is poured around. He saw his grey host on the field, wide spreading their ridges in light. He rejoiced, like a spirit of heaven, whose steps come forth on his seas, when he beholds them peaceful round, and all the winds are laid. But soon he awakes the waves, and rolls them large to some echoing coast.

On the rushy bank of a stream, slept the daughter of Inis-nuna. The helmet had fallen from her head. Her dreams were in the lands of her fathers. There morning was on the field: grey streams leapt down from the rocks: the breezes, in shadowy waves, fly over the rushy fields. There is the sound that prepares for the chase; and the moving of warriors from the

dominion extended over all the known world: and one petty state of the Saxon heptarchy had, perhaps, as much genuine spirit in it, as the two British kingdoms united. As a state, we are much more powerful than our ancestors, but we would lose by comparing individuals with them.

hall. But tall above the rest is the hero of streamy Atha: he bends his eye of love on Sul-malla, from his stately steps. She turns, with pride, her face away, and careless bends the bow.

Such were the dreams of the maid, when Atha's warrior came. He saw her fair face before him, in the midst of her wandering locks. He knew the maid of Lumon. What should Cathmor do? His sigh arose: his tears came down. But straight he turned away. "This is no time, king of Atha, to wake thy secret soul. The battle is roiled before thee, like a troubled stream."

He struck that warning boss†, wherein dwelt the voice of war. Erin rose around him like the sound of eagle-wings. Sul-malla started from sleep, in her disordered locks. She seized the helmet from earth, and trembled in her place. "Why should they know in Erin of the daughter of Inis-huna?" for she remembered the race of kings, and the pride of her soul arose. Her steps are behind a rock, by the blue-winding stream of a vale, where dwelt the dark brown hind ere yet the war arose. Thither came the voice of Cathmor, at times, to Sul-malla's ear. Her soul is darkly sad; she pours her words on wind.

"The dreams of Inis-huna departed: they

† In order to understand this passage, it is necessary to look to the description of Cathmor's shield which the poet has given us in the seventh book. This shield had seven principal bosses, the sound of each of which, when struck with a spear, conveyed a particular order from the king to his tribes. The sound of one of them, as here, was the signal for the army to assemble.

are rolled away from my soul. I hear not the chase in my land. I am concealed in the skirts of war. I look forth from my cloud, but no beam appears to light my path. I behold my warrior low; for the broad-shielded king is near; he that overcomes in danger; Fingal of the spears. Spirit of departed Con-mor, are thy steps on the bosom of winds? Comest thou, at times, to other lands, father of sad Sul-malla! Thou dost come, for I have heard thy voice at night: while yet I rose on the wave to streamy Inis-fail. The ghost of fathers, they say†, can seize the souls of their race, while they behold them lonely in the midst of wo. Call me, my father, when the king is low on earth; for then I shall be lonely in the midst of wo.”

† Con-mor, the father of Sul-malla, was killed in that war from which Cathmor delivered Inis-huna. Lormar his son succeeded Con-mor. It was the opinion of the times, when a person was reduced to a pitch of misery, which could admit of no alleviation, that the ghosts of his ancestors called his soul away. This supernatural kind of death was called the voice of the dead; and is believed by the Highlanders to this day. This credulous disposition is to be attributed principally to the situation of the country they possess. As their business was the feeding of cattle, in dark and extensive deserts, so their journeys lay over wide and unfrequented heaths, where, often, they were obliged to sleep in the open air, amidst the whistling of winds, and roar of water-falls. The gloominess of the scenes around them was apt to beget that melancholy disposition of mind, which most readily receives impressions of the extraordinary and supernatural kind.

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Temora :

AN

EPIC POEM.



THE ARGUMENT.

Ossian, after a short address to the harp of Cona, describes the arrangement of both armies on either side of the river Lubar. Fingal gives the command to Fillan: but, at the same time, orders Gaul, the son of Morni, who had been wounded in the hand in the preceding battle, to assist him with his counsel. The army of the Firbolg is commanded by Foldath. The general onset is described. The great actions of Fillan. He kills Rothmar and Culmin. But when Fillan conquers in one wing, Foldath presses hard on the other. He wounds Dermid, the son of Duthno, and puts the whole wing to flight. Dermid deliberates with himself, and, at last, resolves to put a stop to the progress of Foldath, by engaging him in single combat. When the two chiefs were approaching towards one another, Fillan came suddenly

to the relief of Dermid; engaged Foldath, and killed him. The behaviour of Malthos towards the fallen Foldath. Fillan puts the whole army of the Firbolg to flight. The book closes with an address to Clatho, the mother of that hero.

BOOK V.

THOU dweller between the shields that hang on high in Ossian's hall! descend from thy place, O harp, and let me hear thy voice! Son of Alpin, strike the string; thou must awake the soul of the bard. The murmur of Lora's stream has rolled the tale away. I stand in the cloud of years: few are its openings towards the past, and when the vision comes it is but dim and dark. I hear thee, harp of Cona; my soul returns, like a breeze, which the sun brings back to the vale, where dwelt the lazy mist.

Lubar is bright before me, in the windings of its vale. On either side, on their hills, rise the tall forms of the kings; their people are poured around them, bending forward to their words; as if their fathers spoke descending from their winds. But the kings were like two rocks in the midst, each with its dark head of pines, when they are seen in the desert, above low-sailing mist. High on the face are streams, which spread their foam on blasts.

Beneath the voice of Cathmor poured Erin, like the sound of flame. Wide they came down to Lubar; before them is the stride of Foldath. But Cathmor retired to his hill, beneath his bending oaks. The tumbling of a stream is near the king: he lifts, at times, his gleaming spear. It was a flame to his people, in the midst of war. Near him stood the daughter of Con-mor, leaning on her rock. She did not rejoice over the strife: her soul delighted not in blood. A valley spread green behind the hill, with its three blue-

streams. The sun is there in silence; and the dun mountain-roes come down. On these are turned the eyes of Inis-huna's white-bosomed maid.

Fingal beheld, on high, the son of Borbar-duthal: he saw the deep rolling of E'in, on the darkened plain. He struck that warning boss, which bids the people obey; when he sends his chiefs before him, to the field of renown. Wide rose their spears to the sun; their echoing shields reply around. Fear, like a vapour, did not wind among the host: for he, the king, was near, the strength of streamy Mervin. Gladness brightened the hero; we heard his words of joy.

“ Like the coming forth of winds, is the sound of Mervin's sons! They are mountain-waters, determined in their course. Hence is Fingal renowned, and his name in other lands. He was not a lonely beam in danger; for your steps were always near. But never was I a dreadful form, in your presence darkened into wrath. My voice was no thunder to your ears: mine eyes sent forth no death. When the haughty appeared, I beheld them not. They were forgot at my feasts: like mist they melted away. A young beam is before you; few are his paths to war. They are few, but he is valiant; defend my dark-haired son. Bring him back with joy. Hereafter he may stand alone. His form is like his fathers; his soul is a flame of their fire. Son of car-borne Morni, move behind the son of Clatho: let thy voice reach his ear, from the skirts of war. Not unobserved rolls battle, before thee, breaker of the shields.”

The king strode, at once, away to Cormul's lofty rock. As, slow, I lifted my steps behind; came forward the strength of Gaul. His shield hung loose on its thong; he spoke, in haste, to Ossian. “ Bind, son of Fingal, this shield, bind

It high to the side of Gaul. The foe may behold it, and think I lift the spear. If I shall fall, let my tomb be hid in the field; for fall I must without my fame: mine arm cannot lift the steel. Let not Euirchonia hear it, to blush between her locks. Fillan, the mighty behold us; let us not forget the strife. Why should they come, from their hills, to aid our flying field?"

He strode onward, with the sound of his shield. My voice pursued him, as he went. "Can the son of Morni fall without his fame in Erin? But the deeds of the mighty forsake their souls of fire. They rush careless over the fields of renown: their words are never heard." I rejoiced over the steps of the chief: I strode to the rock of the king, where he sat in his wandering locks, amidst the mountain-wind.

In two dark ridges bend the hosts, towards each other, at Lubar. Here Foldath rose a pillar of darkness: there brightened the youth of Fillan. Each with his spear in the stream, sent forth the voice of war. Gaul struck the shield of Morven: at once they plunge in battle. Steel poured its gleam on steel: like the fall of streams shone the field, when they mix their foam together, from two dark-browed rocks. Behold he comes, the son of fame; he lays the people low? Death sit on blasts around him! Warriors strew thy paths, O Fillan!

Rothmar, the shield of warriors, stood between two chunky rocks. Two oaks which winds had bent from high, spread their branches on either side. He rolls his darkening eyes on Fillan, and silent, shades his friends. Fingal saw the approaching fight; and all his soul arose. But as the stone of Loda[]] falls, shook, at once from

[]] By the stone of Loda, as I have remarked in my notes on some other poems of Ossian, is

rocking Druman-ard, when spirits heave the earth in their wrath; so fell blue-shielded Rothmar.

Near are the steps of Culmin; the youth came, bursting into tears. Wrathful he cut the wind, ere yet he mixed his strokes with Filian. He had first bent the bow with Rothmar, at the rock of his own blue streams. There they had marked the place of the roc, as the sun-beam flew over the fern. Why, son of Cul-allin, dost thou rush on that beam of light? It is a fire that consumes. Youth of Strutha retire. Your fathers were not equal, in the glittering strife of the field.

The mother of Cuanin remains in the hall; she looks forth on blue-rolling Strutha. A whirl-

meant a place of worship among the Scandinavians. Oesian, in his many expeditions to Orkney and Scandinavia, became acquainted with some of the rites of the religion which prevailed in those countries, and frequently alludes to them in his poems. There are some ruins, and circular piles of stone, remaining still in Orkney, and the islands of Shetland, which retain to this day, the name of Loda or Loden. They seem to have differed materially, in their construction, from those druidical monuments which remain in Britain, and the western isles. The places of worship among the Scandinavians were originally rude and unadorned. In after ages, when they opened a communication with other nations, they adopted their manners, and built temples. That at Upsal, in Sweden, was amazingly rich and magnificent. Haquin, of Norway, built one near Drontheim, little inferior to the former; and it went always under the name of Loden. - Mallet, introduction à l'histoire de Dannemarck.

wind rises on the stream, dark-edding round the ghost of her son. His dogs† are howling in their place: his shield is bloody in the hall. “Art thou fallen, my fair-haired son, in Erin’s dismal war!”

As a roe, pierced in secret, lies panting, by her wonted streams, the hunter looks over her feet of wind, and remembers her stately bounding before, so lay the son of Cul-allin beneath the eye of Fillan. His hair is rolled in a little stream: his blood wandered on his shield. Still his hand held the sword, that failed him in the day of his danger. “Thou art fallen,” said Fillan, “ere yet thy fame was heard. Thy father sent thee to war: and he expects to hear thy deeds. He is grey, perhaps, at his streams, turning his dim eyes towards Moi-lena. But thou shalt not return, with the spoil of the fallen foe.”

† Dogs were thought to be sensible of the death of their master, let it happen at ever so great a distance. It was also the opinion of the times, that the arms which warriors left at home became bloody, when they themselves fell in battle. It was from those signs that Cul-allin is supposed to understand that her son is killed; in which she is confirmed by the appearance of his ghost. Her sudden and short exclamation, on the occasion, is more affecting than if she had extended her complaints to a greater length. The attitude of the fallen youth, and Fillan’s reflections over him, are natural and judicious, and come forcibly back on the mind when we consider, that the supposed situation of the father of Culmin, was so similar to that of Fingal, after the death of Fillan himself.

Filian poured the flight of Erin before him, over the echoing heath. But, man on man, fell Morven before the dark-red-rage of Foldath; for, far on the field, he poured the roar of half his tribes. Dermid stood before him in his wrath: the sons of Cona gather round. But his shield is cleft by Foldath, and his people poured over the heath.

Then said the foe, in his pride, "They have fled, and my fame begins. Go, Malthos, and bid the king to guard the dark-rolling of ocean; that Fingal may not escape from my sword. He must lie on earth. Beside some fen shall his tomb be seen. It shall rise without a song. His ghost shall hover in mist over the reedy pool!"

Malthos heard, with darkening doubt; he rolled his silent eyes. He knew the pride of Foldath, and looked up to the king on his bill; then, darkly turning, he plunged his sword in war.

In Clono's† narrow vale, where bend two

† This valley had its name from Clono, son of Lethmal of Lora, one of the ancestors of Dermid, the son of Duthno. His history is thus related in an old poem. In the days of Conar, the son of Trenmor, the first king of Ireland, Clono passed over into that kingdom, from Caledonia, to aid Conar against the Firbolg. Being remarkable for the beauty of his person, he soon drew the attention of Sulmin, the young wife of an Irish chief. She disclosed her passion, which was not properly returned by the Ca'edonian. The lady sickened, through disappointment, and her love for Clono came to the ears of her husband. Fired with jealousy, he vowed revenge. Clono, to avoid his rage, departed from Temora, in order to pass over into Scotland; and being benighted in the valley mentioned here, he laid

trees above the streams, dark in his grief stood Duthno's silent son. The blood poured from his thigh: his shield lay broken near. His spear leaned against a stone. Why, Dermid, why so sad? "I hear the roar of battle. My people are alone. My steps are slow on the heath; and

him down to sleep, "There, Lethmal descended in the dreams of Clono: and told him that danger was near."

GHOST of LETHMAL. "Arise from thy bed of moss; son of low-laid Lethmal, arise! The sound of the coming of foes descends along the wind.

CLONO. Whose voice is that, like many streams, in the season of my rest?

GHOST of LETHMAL. Arise, thou dweller of the souls of the lovely; son of Lethmal, arise!

CLONO. How dreary is the night! The moon is darkened in the sky: red are the paths of ghosts, along its sulien face! Green-skirted meteors set around. Dull is the roaring of streams, from the valley of dim forms. I hear thee, spirit of my father, on the eddying course of the wind. I hear thee, but thou bendest not, forward, thy tall form, from the skirts of night."

As Clono prepared to depart, the husband of Suimia came up, with his numerous attendants. Clono defended himself, but, after a gallant resistance, he was overpowered and slain. He was buried in the place where he was killed, and the valley was called after his name. Dermid, in his request to Gaul the son of Mouni, which immediately follows this paragraph, alludes to the tomb of Clono, and his own connection with that unfortunate chieftain.

no shield is mine, Shall he then prevail? It is then after Dermid is low! I will call thee forth O Foldath! and meet thee yet in fight."

He took his spear, with dreadful joy, The son of Mornl came. "Stay, son of Duthno, stay thy speed; thy steps are marked with blood. No bossy shield is thine. Why shouldest thou fall unarmed?" "King of Strumon, give thou thy shield. It has often rolled back the war. I shall stop the chief, in his course. Son of Mornl, dost thou behold that stone? It lifts its grey head through grass. There dwells a chief of the race of Dermid. Place me there in night."

He slowly rose against the hill, and saw the troubled field. The gleaming ridges of the fight, disjoined and broken round. As distant fires, on heath by night, now seem as lost in smoke, then rearing their red streams on the hill, as blow or cease the winds: so met the intermitting war the eye of broad-shielded Dermid. Though the host are the strides of Foldath, like some dark ship on wintry waves, when it issues from between two isles, to sport on echoing seas.

Dermid, with rage, beheld his course. He strove to rush along. But he failed in the midst of his steps; and the big tear came down. He sounded his father's horn; and thrice struck his bossy shield. He called thrice the name of Foldath, from his roaring tribes. Foldath, with joy, beheld the chief: he lifted high his bloody spear. As a rock is marked with streams, that fell troubled down its side in a storm; so streaked with wandering blood, is the dark form of Morna. The host, on either side, withdrew from the contending of kings. They raised, at once, their gleaming points. Rushing came Fillan of Moruth. Three paces back Foldath withdrew; dazzled with that beam of light

which came, as issuing from a cloud, to save the wounded hero. Growing in his pride he stood, and called forth all his steel.

As meet two broad-winged eagles, in their sounding strife, on the winds; so rushed the two chiefs, on *Moi-lena*, into gloomy fight. By turns are the steps of the kings forward on their rocks; for now the dusky war seems to descend on their swords. *Cathmor* feels the joy of warriors, on his mossy hill; their joy in secret when dangers rise equal to their souls. His eye is not turned on *Lubar*, but on *Morven's* dreadful king; for he beheld him, on *Mora*, rising in his arms.

Foldath fell on his shield; the spear of *Filan* pierced the king. Nor locked the youth on the fallen, but onward rolled the war. The hundred voices of death arose. "Stay, son of *Fingal*, stay thy speed! Beholdest thou not that gleaming form, a dreadful sign of death? Awaken not the king of *Alnecma*. Return son of blue-eyed *Clatho*!"

Malthos saw *Foldath* low. He darkly stood above the king. Hatred was rolled from his soul. He seemed a rock in the desert, on whose dark side are the trickling of waters, when the slow-sailing mist has left it, and its trees are blasted with winds. He spoke to the dying hero, about the narrow house. "Whether shall thy grey stone rise in *Ullin*? or in *Moma's* woody land, where

|| *Moma* was the name of a country in the south of *Connaught*, once famous for being the residence of an arch-druid. The cave of *Moma* was thought to be inhabited by the spirits of the chiefs of the *Firbolg*, and their posterity sent to enquire there, as to an oracle, concerning the issue of their wars.

the sun looks, in secret, on the blue streams o
Dal-rutho? There are the steps of thy daughter
blue eyed Dardu-lena."

"Rememberest thou her," said Foldath, "because no son is mine; no youth to roll the battl
before him, in revenge of me? Malthos, I am
revenged. I was not peaceful in the field. Raise
the tombs of those I have slain, around my nar-
row house. Often shall I forsake the blast, to
rejoice above their graves; when I behold them
spread around, with their long-whistling grass."

His soul rushed to the vales of Mioma, and
came to Dardu-lena's dreams, where she slept,
by Dal-rutho's stream, returning from the chase
of the hinds. Her bow is near the maid, un-
strung; the breezes fold her long hair on her
breasts. Clothed in the beauty of youth, the
love of heroes lay. Dark bending, from the
skirts of the wood, her wounded father came.
He appeared, at times, then seemed as hid in
mist. Bursting into tears she rose; she knew
that the chief was low. To her came a beam
from his soul when folded in its storms. Thou
wert the last of his race, blue-eyed Dardu-lena!

Wide-spreading over echoing Lubar, the flight
of Bolga's rolled along. Fillan hung forward
on their steps; and strewed, with dead, the heath.
Fingal rejoiced over his son. Blue-shield Cath-
mor rose.

Son of Alpin, bring the harp: give Fillan's
praise to the wind: raise high his praise, in my
hall, while yet he shines in war.

Leave, blue-eyed Clatho, leave thy hall. Behold
that early beam of thine. The host is withered
in its course. No farther look---it is dark. Light
trembling from the harp, strike, virgins, strike
the sound. No hunter he descends, from the
dewy haunt of the bounding roe. He bends not
his bow on the wind; or sends his grey arrow
abroad.

Deep-folded in red war, the battle rolls against his side. Or, striding midst the ridgy strife, he pours the deaths of thousands forth. Fillan is like a spirit of heaven, that descends from the skirt of his blast. The troubled ocean feels his steps, as he strides from wave to wave. His path kindles behind him; islands shake their heads on the heaving seas.

Temora :

AN

EPIC POEM,



THE ARGUMENT.

This book opens with a speech of Fingal, who sees Cathmor descending to the assistance of his flying army. The king dispatches Ossian to the relief of Fillan. He himself retires behind the rock of Cormul, to avoid the sight of the engagement between his son and Cathmor. Ossian advances. The descent of Cathmor is described. He rallies the army, renews the battle, and, before Ossian could arrive, engages Fillan himself. Upon the approach of Ossian, the combat between the two heroes ceases. Ossian and Cathmor prepare to fight, but night coming on prevents them. Ossian returns to the place where Cathmor and Fillan fought. He finds Fillan mortally wounded, and leaning against a rock. Their discourse. Fillan dies. His body is laid, by Ossian, in a neighbouring cave. The Caledonian army return to Fingal. He questions them about his son, and under-

standing that he was killed, retires, in silence, to the rock of Cormul. Upon the retreat of the army of Fingal, the Firbolg advance. Cathmor finds Bran, one of the dogs of Fingal, lying on the shield of Fillan, before the entrance of the cave, where the body of that hero lay. His reflections thereupon. He returns, in melancholy mood, to his army. Mallos endeavours to comfort him, by the example of his father Borbar-duthul. Cathmor retires to rest. The song of Sul-malla concludes the book, which ends about the middle of the third night, from the opening of the poem.

BOOK VI.

“**C**ATHMOR rises on his echoing hill!
 Shall Fingal take the sword of Luno?
 But what should become of thy fame, son of
 white-bosomed Clatho? Turn not thine eyes
 from Fingal, daughter of Iristore. I shall not
 quench thy early beam; it shines along my soul.
 But rise, O wood-skirted Mora, rise between
 the war and me! Why should Fingal behold the
 strife, lest his dark-haired warrior should fall?
 Amidst the song, O Carril, pour the sound of
 the trembling harp; here are the voices of rocks,
 and bright tumbling of waters. Father of Oscar,
 lift the spear; defend the young in arms. Con-
 ceal thy steps from Fillan's eyes. He must not
 know that I doubt his steel. No cloud of mine
 shall rise, my son, upon thy soul of fire!”

He sunk behind his rock, amidst the sound of
 Carril's song. Brightening, in my growing soul,
 took the spear of Temora. I saw, along Ma-
 na, the wild tumbling of battle, the strife of
 death, in gleaming rows, disjointed and broken
 round. Fillan is a beam of fire. From wing to
 wing is his wasteful course. The ridges of war

melt before him. They are rolled, in smok
from the fields.

Now is the coming forth of Cathmor, in t
armour of kings! Dark-rolled the eagle's wi
above his helmet of fire. Unconcerned are h
steps, as if they were to the chase of Atha. I
raised at times, his dreadful voice; Erin, abashe
gathered round. Their souls returned back, lil
a stream; they wondered at the steps of the
fear: for he rose, like the beam of the morni
on a haunted heath: the traveller looks bac
with bending eye, on the field of dreadful for
Sudden, from the rock of Moilena, are Sul-ma
ll's trembling steps. An oak took the spe
from her hands; hal-bent she loosed the lanc
but then are her eyes on the king, from amid
her wandering locks. "No friendly strife
before thee: no light contending of bows, as wh
the youth of Cluba* came forth beneath the e
of Con-mor."

As the rock of Runo, which takes the passio
clouds for its robe, seems growing, in gather
darkness, over the streamy heath; so seemed t
chief of Atha, taller, as gathered his people roun
As different blasts fly over the sea, each behi
its dark-blue wave, so Cathmor's words, on eve
side, poured his warriors forth. Nor silent
his hill is Fillan; he mixed his words with h
echoing shield. An eagle he seemed, with soun
ing wings, calling the wind to his rock, when I

* Cle-la, 'winding bay,' an arm of the s
in Iuis-huna, or the western coast of Sou
Britain. It was in this bay that Cathmor w
wind-bound when Sul-malla came in the disgui
of a young warrior, to accompany him in h
voyage to Ireland.

sees the coming forth of the roes, on Lutha's lushy field. Now they bent forward in battle; death's hundred voices rose; for the kings on either side, were like fires on the souls of the people. I bounded along: high rocks and trees rushed tall between the war and me. But I heard the noise of steel, between my clanging arms. Rising, gleaming, on the hill, I beheld the backwards steps of hosts: their backward steps, on either side, and wildly looking eyes. The chiefs were met in dreadful fight; the two blue-shielded kings. Tall and dark through gleams of steel, are seen the striving heroes. I rushed. My fears for Fillan flew, burning across my soul.

I came; nor Cathmor fled; nor yet advanced: he sidelong stalked along. An icy rock, cold, tall he seemed. I called forth all my steel. Silent awhile we strode, on either side of a rushing stream: then, sudden turning, all at once, we raised our pointed spears. We raised our spears, but night came down. It is dark and silent around, but where the distant steps of hosts are sounding over the heath.

I came to the place where Fillan fought. Nor voice nor sound is there. A broken helmet lay on earth; a buckler cleft in twain. "Where, Fillan, where art thou, young chief of echoing Morven?" He heard me, leaning against a rock, which bent its grey head over the stream. He heard; but sullen, dark he stood. At length I saw the chief.

"Why standest thou, robed in darkness, son of woody Selma? Bright is thy path, my brother, in this dark-brown field. Long has been thy strife in battle. Now the horn of Fingal is heard. Ascend to the cloud of thy father, to his hill of feasas. In the evening mist he sits, and hears the voice of Carril's harp. Carry joy to the aged, young breaker of the shields."

“ Can the vanquished carry joy ! Ossian, my shield is mine. It lies broken on the field. The eagle-wing of my helmet is torn. It is when foes fly before them that fathers delight in their sons. But their sighs hurst forth in shriek, when their young warriors yield. No Fillan will not behold the king. Why should the hero mourn ? ”

“ Son of blue-eyed Clatho, why dost thou awake my soul ? Wert thou not a burning fire before him ; and shall he not rejoice ? Such fame belonged not to Ossian ; yet was the king still a sun to me. He looked on my steps with joy shadows never rose on his face. Ascend, O Fillan, to Mora : his feast is spread in the fold of mist. ”

“ Ossian, give me that broken shield : these feathers that are rolled in the wind. Place them near to Fillan, that less of his fame may fall on Ossian, I begin to fail. Lay me in that hollow rock. Raise no stone above : lest one should ask about my fame. I am fallen in the first of my fields : fallen without renown. Let thy voice alone send joy to my flying soul. Why should the feeble know where dwells the lost beam of Clatho ? ”

“ Isthyspirit on the eddying winds, blue-ey’d king of shields ? Joy pursue my hero, through his folded clouds. The forms of thy fathers, O Fillan, bend to receive their son. I behold the spreading of their fire on Mora ! the blue rolling of their misty wreaths. Joy meet thee, my brother ! But we are dark and sad. I behold the foe round the aged, and the wasting away of his fame. Thou art left alone in the field grey-haired king of Selma. ”

I laid him in the hollow rock, at the roar of the nightly stream. One red star looked in on the hero : winds lift, at times, his locks. .

listened: no sound was heard: for the warrior slept. As lightning on a cloud, a thought came rushing over my soul. My eyes rolled in fire; my stride was in the clang of steel. "I will find thee, chief of Atha in the gathering of thy thousands. Why should that cloud escape, that quenched our early beam? Kindle your meteors, my fathers, to light my daring steps. I will consume in wrath. †—Should I not return! the king is without a son, grey-haired amidst his foes. His arm is not as in the days of old: his fame grows dim in Erin. Let me not behold him from high, laid low in his latter field. But can I return to the king? Will he not ask about his son? "Thou oughtest to defend young Fíllan." I will meet the foe. Green Inis-fail, thy sounding tread is pleasant to my ear: I rush on thy ridgy host, to shun the eyes of Fingal. I hear the voice of the king, on Mora's misty top! He calls his two sons: I come, my father, in my grief. I come like an eagle, which the flame of night met in the desert, and spoiled of half his wings."

Distant, round the king, on Mora, the broken

† Here the sentence is designedly left unfinished by the poet. The sense is, that he was resolved, like a destroying fire, to consume Cathmor, who had killed his brother. In the midst of this resolution, the situation of Fingal suggests itself to him, in a very strong light. He resolves to return to assist the king in prosecuting the war. But then his shame for not defending his brother, recurs to him: He is determined again to go and find out Cathmor. We may consider him, as in the act of advancing towards the enemy, when the horn of Fingal sounded on Mora, and called back his people to his presence.

sièges of Morven are rolled. They turned their eyes; each darkly bends, on his own ashen spear. Silent stood the king in the midst. Thought o' thought rolled over his soul. As waves on secret mountain lake, each with its back of foam He looked; no son appeared, with his long beaming spear. The sighs rose, crowding from his soul; but he concealed his grief. At length I stood beneath an oak. No voice of mine was heard. What could I say to Fingal in his hour of wo? His words rose, at length, in the midst the people shrunk backward as he spoke||.

“Where is the son of Selma, he who led in war? I behold not his steps, among my people returning from the field. Fell the young bounding roe, who was so stately on my hills? He fell for ye are silent. The shield of war is broke. Let his armour be near to Fingal; and the sword of dark-brown Luno. I am waked on my hills: With morning I descend to war.”

High on Cormul's rock, an oak flamed to the wind. The grey skirts of mist are rolled around thither strode the king in his wrath. Distant from the host he always lay, when battle burned

||The abashed behaviour of the army of Fingal proceeds rather from shame than fear. The king was not of a tyrannical disposition: He, as he professes himself in the fifth book, “never was a dreadful form, in their presence, darkened into wrath. His voice was no thunder to their ears: his eye sent forth no death.” The first ages of society are not the times of arbitrary power. As the wants of mankind are few, they retain their independence. It is an advanced state of civilization that moulds the mind to that submission to government, of which ambitious magistrates take advantage, and raise themselves into absolute power.

within his soul. On two spears hung his shield on high; the gleaming sign of death; that shield which he was wont to strike, by night, before he rushed to war. It was then his warriors knew, when the king was to lead in strife; for never was this buckler heard, till Fingal's wrath arose. Unequal were his steps on high, as he shone in the beam of the oak; he was dreadful as the form of the spirit of night, when he clothes, on hills, his wild gestures with mist, and issuing forth, on the troubled ocean, mounts the car of winds.

Nor settled, from the storm, is Erin's sea of war; they glittered beneath the moon, and, low-humming, still rolled on the field. Alone are the steps of Cathmor, before them on the heath; he hung forward, with all his arms, on Morven's flying host. Now had he come to the mossy cave, where Fillan lay in night. One tree was bent above the stream which glittered over the rock. There shone to the moon the broken shield of Clatho's son; and near it, on grass, lay hairy-footed Bran. He had missed the chief on Mora, and searched him along the wind. He thought that the blue-eyed hunter slept; he lay upon his shield. No blast came over the heath, unknown to bounding Bran.

Cathmor saw the white-breasted dog; he saw the broken shield. Darkness is blown back on his soul; he remembers the falling away of the people. "They come, a stream; are rolled away; another race succeeds. But some mark the fields, as they pass, with their own mighty names. The heath, through dark-brown years, is theirs; some blue stream winds to their fame. Of these be the chief of Atha, when he lays him down on earth. Often may the voice of future times meet Cathmor in the air; when he strides

from wind to wind, or folds himself in the wis-
dom of a storm."

Green Erin gathered round the king, to hear the voice of his power. Their joyful faces bend unequal, forward, in the light of the oak. They who were terrible were removed: Lubar† winds again in their host. Cathmor was that beam from heaven which shone when his people were dark. He was honoured in the midst. Their souls rose trembling around. The king alone no gladness shewed; no stranger he to war!

"Why, is the king so sad?" said Maltheos eagle-eyed: "Remains there a foe at Lubar? Lives there among them who can lift the spear? Not so peaceful was thy father, Borbar-duthul, sovereign of spears. His rage was a fire that always burned: his joy over fallen foes was great. Three days feasted the grey-haired hero, when he heard that Calmar fell: Calmar, who aided the race of Ullin, from Lara of the

† In order to illustrate this passage, it is proper to lay before the reader the scene of the two preceding battles. Between the hills of Mora and Lona lay the plain of Moi-lona, through which ran the river Lubar. The first batt'le, wherein Gaul, the son of Morni, commanded on the Caledonian side, was fought on the banks of Lubar. As there was little advantage obtained, on either side, the armies, after the battle, retained their former positions.

In the second battle, wherein Fillan commanded, the Irish, after the fall of Foldath, were driven up the hill of Lona; but, upon the coming of Cathmor to their aid, they regained their former situation, and drove back the Caledonians, in their turn: so that Lubar winded again in their host.

streams. Often did he feel, with his hands, the steel which, they said, had pierced his foe. He felt it with his hands, for Borbar-duthul's eyes had failed. Yet was he king a sun to his friends; a gale to lift their branches round. Joy was around him in his halls: he loved the sons of Bolea. His name remains in Atha, like the awful memory of ghosts, whose presence was terrible, but they blew the storm away. Now let the voices of Erin raise the soul of the king; he that shone when war was dark, and laid the mighty low. Fonar, from that grey-browed rock, pour the tale of other times: pour it on wide-skirted Erin, as it settles round."

"To me," said Cathmor, "no song shall rise: nor Fonar sit on the rock of Lubar. The mighty there are laid low. — Disturb not their rushing ghosts. Far, Malthos, far remove the sound of Erin's song. I rejoice not over the foe, when he ceases to lift the spear. With morning we pour our strength abroad. Fingal is wakened on his echoing hill."

Like waves, blown back by sudden winds, Erin retired, at the voice of the king. Deep-rolled into the field of night, they spread their humming tribes: Beneath his own tree, at intervals, each bard sat down with his harp. They raised the song, and touched the string: each to the chief he loved. Before a burning oak Sul-malla touched, at times, the harp. She touched the harp and head, between, the breezes in her hair. In darkness near, lay the king of Atha, beneath an aged tree. The beam of the oak was turned from him; he saw the maid, but was not seen. His soul poured forth, in secret, when he beheld her tearful eye. "But battle is before thee, son of Borbar-duthul."

Amidst the harp, at intervals, she listened whether the warriors slept. Her soul was up;

she longed, in secret, to pour her own sad song. The field is silent. On their wings, the blasts of night retire. The bards had ceased; and meteors came, red winding with their ghosts. The sky grew dark; the forms of the dead were blended with the clouds. But heedless bends the daughter of Con-mor, over the decaying flame. Thou wert alone in her soul, ear-borne chief of Atha. She raised the voice of the song, and touched the harp between

Clun-galo|| came; she missed the maid.
 “Where art thou, beam of light? Hunters from the mossy rock, saw you the blue-eyed fair? Are her steps on grassy Lumon; near the bed of roes? Ah me! I behold her bow in the hall. Where art thou, beam of light?”

“Cease†, love of Con-mor, cease; I hear thee not on the ridgy heath. My eye is turned to the king, whose path is terrible in war. He for whom my soul is up, in the season of my rest. Deep-bosomed in war he stands, he beholds me not from his cloud. Why, sun of Sul-malia, dost thou not look forth? I dwell in darkness here: wide over me flies the shadowy mist. Filled with dew are my locks: look thou from thy cloud, O sun of Sul-malia’s soul!” * *

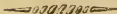
|| Clun-galo, the wife of Conmor, king of Inis-luna, and the mother of Sul-malia. She is here represented, as missing her daughter, after she had fled with Cathmor.

† Sul-malia replies to the supposed questions of her mother. Towards the middle of this paragraph she calls Cathmor the sun of her soul, and continues the metaphor throughout.

Temora :

AN

EPIC POEM.



THE ARGUMENT.

This book begins about the middle of the third night from the opening of the poem. The poet describes a kind of mist, which rose, by night, from the lake of Lego, and was the usual residence of the souls of the dead, during the interval between their decease and the funeral song. The appearance of the ghost of Filian above the cave where his body lay. His voice comes to Fingal, on the rock of Cormu. The king strikes the shield of Trenmor, which was an infallible sign of his appearing in arms himself. The extraordinary effect of the sound of the shield. Sul-malla, starting from sleep, awakes Cathmor. Their affecting discourse. She insists with him, to sue for peace; he resolves to continue the war. He directs her to retire to the neighbouring valley of Lona, which was the residence of an old druid, until the battle of the next day should be over. He

awakes his army with the sound of his shield. The shield described. Fonar, the bard, at the desire of Cathmor, relates the first settlement of the Firbolg in Ireland, under their leader Larthon. Morning comes. Sul-malla retires to the valley of Lona. A lyric song concludes the book.

BOOK VII.

FROM the wood-skirted waters of Lego, ascend, at times, grey-bosomed mists, when the gates of the west are closed on the sun's eagle-eye. Wide, over Lara's stream, is poured the vapour dark and deep: the moon, like a dim shield, is swimming through its folds. With this, clothe the spirits of old their sudden gestures on the wind, when they stride, from blast to blast, along the dusky face of the night. Often blended with the gale, to some warrior's grave they roll the mist, a grey dwelling to his ghost, until the songs arise.

A sound came from the desert; the rushing course of Conar in winds. He poured his deep mist on Fillan, at blue-winding Lubar. Dark and mournful sat the ghost, bending in his grey ridge of smoke. The blast, at times, rolled him together: but the lovely form returned again. It returned with slow-bending eyes: and dark winding of locks of mist.

It was dark. The sleeping host were still, in the skirts of night. The flame decayed on the hill of Fingal; the king lay lonely on his shield. His eyes were half-closed in sleep; the voice of Fillan came. "Sleeps the husband of Clatho? Dwells the father of the fallen in rest? Am I forgot in the folds of darkness; lonely in the season of dreams?"

"Why art thou in the midst of my dreams," said Fingal? as, sudden, he rose. "Can I forget

thee, my son, or thy path of fire in the field? Not such, on the soul of the king, come the deeds, of the mighty in arms. They are not there a beam of lightning, which is seen, and is then no more. I remember thee, O Fillan! and my wrath begins to rise."

The king took his deathful spear, and struck the deeply sounding shield: his shield that hung high on night, the dismal sign of war! Ghosts fled on every side, and rolled their gathered forms on the wind. Thrice from the winding vale arose the voice of deaths. The harps of the bards, untouched, sound mournful over the hill.

He struck again the shield: battles rose in the dreams of his host. The wide-tumbling strife is gleaming over their souls. Blue-shielded kings descend to war. Backward looking armies fly; and mighty deeds are half-hid, in the bright gleams of steel.

But when the third sound arose; deer started from the cliffs of their rocks. The screams of fowl are heard, in the desert, as each flew, frightened, on his blast. The sons of Albion half-rose, and half-assumed their spears. But silence rolled back on the host: they knew the shield of the king. Sleep returned to their eyes: the field was dark and still.

No sleep was thine in darkness, blue-eyed daughter of Con-mor! Sul-malla heard the dreadful shield and rose, amidst the night. Her steps are towards the king of Atha "Can danger shake his daring soul!" In doubt, she stands with bending eyes. Heaven burns with all its stars.

Again the shield resounds! She rushed. She stopt. Her voice half-rose. It failed. She saw him, amidst his arms, that gleamed to heaven's fire. She saw him dim in his locks, that rose to nightly wind. Away for fear, she turned her

steps. "Why should the king of Erin awake? Thou art not a dream to his rest, daughter of Iris-huna."

More dreadful rung the shield. Sul-malla starts. Her helmet falls. Loud-echoed Lubar's rock, as over it rolled the steel. Bursting from the dreams of night, Cathmor half-rose, beneath his tree. He saw the form of the maid, above him, on the rock. A red star with twinkling beam, looked down through her floating hair.

"Who comes through night to Cathmor, in the dark season of his dreams? Bringest thou ought of war? Who art thou, son of night? Standest thou before me, a form of times of old? A voice from the fold of a cloud, to warn me of Erin's danger?"

"Nor traveller of night am I, nor voice from folded cloud: but I warn thee of the danger of Erin. Dost thou hear that sound? It is not the feeble, king of Atha, that rolls his signs on night."

"Let the warrior roll his signs; to Cathmor they are the sound of harps. My joy is great, voice of night, and burns over all my thoughts. This is the music of kings, on lonely hills, by night; when they light their daring souls, the sons of mighty deeds! The feeble dwell alone, in the valley of the breeze; where mists lift their morning skirts, from the blue-winding streams."

"Not feeble, thou leader of heroes, were they, the fathers of my race. They dwelt in the darkness of battle; in their distant lands. Yet delights not my soul, in the signs of death! He, who never yields, comes forth: Awake the bard of peace!"

Like a rock with its trickling waters, stood Cathmor in his tears. Her voice came, a breeze, on his soul, and waked the memory of her land;

where she dwelt by her peaceful streams, before he came to the war of Con-mor.

“ Daughter of strangers,” he said ; (she trembling turned away) “ long have I marked in her armour, the young pine of Inis-huna. But my soul, I said, is folded in a storm. Why should that beam arise, till my steps return in peace ? Have I been pale in thy presence, when thou bidst me to fear the king ? The time of danger, O maid, is the season of my soul ; for then it swells, a mighty stream, and rolls me on the foe.

“ Beneath the moss-covered rock of Lona, near his own winding stream : grey in his locks of age, dwells Clonmalking of harps. Above him is his echoing oak, and the dun-bounding of roes. The noise of our strife reaches his ear, as he bends in the thoughts of years. There let thy rest be, Sul-malla, until our battle cease. Until I return, in my arms, from the skirts of the evening mist that rises, on Lona, round the dwelling of my love.”

A light fell on the soul of the maid : it rose kindled before the king. She turned her face to Cathmor : her locks are struggling with winds. “ Sooner shall the eagle of heaven be torn from the streams of his roaring wind, when he sees the dun prey before him, the young sons of the bounding roe, than thou, O Cathmor be turned from the strife of renown. Soon may I see the warrior, from the skirts of the evening mist, when it is rolled around me, on Lona of the streams. While yet thou art distant far, strike, Cathmor strike, the shield, that joy may return to my darkened soul, as I lean on the mossy rock. But if thou should fall—I am in the land of strangers ; O send thy voice, from thy cloud, to the maid of Inis-huna ! ”

“ Young branch of green-headed Lumon, why

dest thou shake in the storm? Often has Cathmor returned, from darkly-rolling wars. The darts of death are but hail to me; they have often bounded from my shield. I have risen brightened from battle, like a meteor from a stormy cloud. Return not, fair beam, from thy vale, when the roar of battle grows. Then might the foe escape, as from my fathers of old.

“ They told to Son-mor, of Clunar, slain by Cormac the giver of shells. Three days darkened Son-mor, over his brother’s fall. His spouse beheld the silent king, and foresaw his steps to war. She prepared the bow, in secret, to attend her blue-shielded hero. To her dwelt darkness at Atha, when the warrior moved to his fields. From their hundred streams, by night, poured down the sons of Alnecma. They had heard the shield of the king, and their rage arose. In clanging arms, they moved along, towards Ullin the land of groves. Son-mor struck his shield, at times, the leader of the war.”

“ Far behind followed Sul-allin, over the streamy hills. She was a light on the mountain when they crossed the vale below. Her steps were stately on the vale, when they rose on the mossy hill. She feared to approach the king, who left her in Atha of hinds. But when the roar of battle rose; when host was rolled on host; when Son-mor burnt like the fire of heaven in clouds, with her spreading hair came Sul-allin; for she trembled for her king. He stopt the rushing strife to save the love of heroes. The foe fled by night; Clunar slept without his blood; the blood which ought to be poured upon the warrior’s tomb.

“ Nor rose the rage of Son-mor, but his days were dark and slow. Sul-allin wandered, by her grey streams, with her tearful eyes. Often did

she look, on the hero, when he was folded in his thoughts. But she shrunk from his eyes, and turned her lone steps away. Battles rose like a tempest, and drove the mist from his soul. He beheld, with joy, her steps in the hall, and the white rising of her hands on the harp."

† In his arms strode the chief of Atha, to where his shield hung, high, in night: high on a mossy bough, over Lubar's streamy roar. Seven bosses rose on the shield, these seven voices of the king, which his warriors received, from the wind, and marked over all their tribes.

On each boss is placed a star of night; Cean-mathon with beams unshorn: Col-derna rising from a cloud: Ul-oicho robed in mist; and the soft beam of Cathlin glittering on a rock. Fair-gleaming, on its own blue wave, Reldurath half-sinks its western light. The red eye of Berthin looks, through a grove, on the slow-moving hunter, as he returns through showery night, with the spoils of the bounding roe. Wide in the midst, arose the cloudless beams of Ton-thena; Ton-thena, which looked, by night, on the course of the sea-tossed Larthon: Larthon,

† To avoid multiplying notes, I shall give here the signification of the names of the stars engraved on the shield. Cean-mathon, 'head of the bear,' Col-derna, 'slant and sharp beam,' Ul-oicho, 'ruler of night,' Cathlin, 'beam of the wave,' Reu-durath, 'star of the twilight,' Berthin, 'fire of the hill,' Tou-thena, 'meteor of the waves.' These etymologies, excepting that of Cean-mathon, are pretty exact. Of it I am not so certain; for it is not very probable that the Firbolg had distinguished a constellation, so very early as the days of Larthon, by the name of the bear.

the first of Bolga's race, who travelled on the winds†. White-bosomed spread the sails of the king, towards streamy Inis-fail; dun night was rolled before him, with its skirts of mist. The winds were changeful in heaven, and rolled him from wave to wave. Then rose the fiery-haired Ton-thena, and laughed from her parted cloud Larthon rejoiced at the guiding beam, as it faint-gleamed on the tumbling waters.

Beneath the spear of Cathmor, awaked the voice which awakes the bards. They came dark-winding, from every side; each with the sound of his harp. Before them rejoiced the king, as the traveller, in the day of the sun when he hears, far rolling around, the murmur of mossy streams; streams that burst in the desert, from the rock of roes.

"Why," said Fonar, "hear we the voice of the king, in the season of his rest? Were the dim forms of thy fathers bending in thy dreams. Perhaps they stand on that cloud, and wait for Fonar's song; often they come to the fields where their sons are to lift the spear. Or shall our voice arise for him who lifts the spear no more; he that consumed the field, from Moma of the groves?"

"Not forgot is that cloud in war, bard of other times. High shall his tomb rise, on Moilena, the dwelling of renown. But, now, roll back my soul to the times of my fathers; to the years when first they rose, on Inis-huna's waves. Nor alone pleasant to Cathmor is the remembrance of wood-covered Lumon. Lumon the land of streams, the dwelling of white-bosomed maids."

† To travel on the winds, a poetical expression for sailing.

“ Lumon of foamy streams, thou risest on Fonar’s soul ! Thy sun is on thy side, on the rocks of thy bending trees. The dun roe is seen from thy furze : the deer lifts his branchy head ; for he sees, at times, the hound, on the half-covered heath. Slow, on the vale, are the steps of maids ; the white-armed daughters of the bow ; they lift their blue-eyes to the hill, from amidst their wandering locks. Not there is the stride of Larthon, chief of Inis-huna. He mounts the wave on his own dark oak, in Claba’s ridgy bay. That oak which he cut from Lumon, to bound along the sea. The maids turn their eyes away, lest the king should be lowly laid ; for never had they seen a ship, dark rider of the wave !

“ Now he dares to call the winds, and to mix with the mist of ocean. Blue Inis-fail rose, in smoke : but dark-skirted night came down. The sons of Bolga feared. The fiery-haired Ton-thena rose. Culbin’s bay received the ship, in the bosom of its echoing woods. There, issued a stream, from Duthuma’s horrid cave ; where spirits gleamed, at times, with their half-finished forms.

“ Dreams descended on Larthon : he saw seven spirits of his fathers. He heard their half-formed words, and dimly beheld the times to come. He beheld the king of Atha, the sons of future days. They led their hosts, along the field, like ridges of mist, which winds pour, in autumn, over Atha of the groves.

“ Larthon raised the hall of Samla, to the soft sound of the harp. He went forth to the roes of Erin, to their wonted streams. Nor did he forget green-headed Lumon ; he often bounded over his seas, to where white-handed Flathal looked from the hill of roes. Lumon of the foamy streams, thou risest on Fonar’s soul.”

The beam awaked in the east, The misty heads of the mountains rose. Valleys shew, on every side, the grey winding of their streams. His host heard the shield of Cathmor; at once they rose around; like a crowded sea, when first it feels the wings of the wind. The waves know not whither to roll; they lift their troubled heads.

Sad and slow retired Sul-malla to Lona of the streams. She went and often turned: her blue eyes rolled in tears. But when she came to the rock, that darkly covered Lona's vale: she looked, from her burstingsoul, on the king; and sunk, at once, behind.

Son of Alpin, strike the string. Is there aught of joy in the harp? Pour it, then, on the soul of Ossian; it is folded in mist. I here thee, O bard! in my night. But cease the lightly trembling sound. The joy of grief belongs to Ossian, amidst his dark-brown years.

Green thorn of the hill of ghosts, that shakest thy head to nightly winds! I here no sound in thee; is there no spirit's windy skirt now rustling in leaves? Often are the steps of the dead, in the dark-eddying blasts; when the moon, a dun shield, from the east, is rolled along the sky.

Ullin, Carril, and Ryno, voices of the days of old! Let me hear you, in the darkness of Selma, and awake the soul of songs. I hear you not, ye children of music; in what hall of the clouds is your rest? Do you touch the shadowy harp, robed with morning mist, where the sun comes sounding forth from his green-beaded waves?

Temora :

AN

EPIC POEM.



THE ARGUMENT.

The fourth morning, from the opening of the poem, comes on. Fingal, still continuing in the place to which he had retired on the preceding night, is seen at intervals, through the mist, which covered the rock of Cormul. The descent of the king is described. He orders Gaul, Dermid, and Carril the bard, to go to the valley of Clona, and conduct, from thence, to the Caledonian army, Ferad-artho, the son of Cairbar, the only person remaining of the family of Conar, the first king of Ireland. The king takes the command of the army, and prepares for battle. Marching towards the enemy, he comes to the cave of Lubar, where the body of Fil'an lay. Upon seeing his dog Bran, who lay at the entrance of the cave, his grief returns. Cathmor arranges the army of the Firbolg in order of battle. The appearance of that hero.

The general conflict is described. The action of Fingal and Cathmor. A storm. The total rout of the Firbolg. The two kings engage in a column of mist, on the banks of Lubar. Their attitude and conference after the combat. The death of Cathmor. Fingal resigns the spear of Trenmor to Ossian. The ceremony observed on that occasion. The spirit of Cathmor appears to Sul-malla, in the valley of Lona. Her sorrow. Evening comes on. A feast is prepared. The coming of Feraid-artho is announced by the songs of a hundred bards. The poem closes with a speech of Fingal.

BOOK VIII.

AS when the wintry winds have seized the waves of the mountain-lake, have seized them, in stormy night, and clothed them over with ice; white to the hunter's early eye, the billows still seem to roll. He turns his ear to the sound of each unequal ridge. But each is silent, gleaming, strewn with boughs and tof so grass, which shake and whistle to the wind, over their grey seats of frost. So silent shone to the morning the ridges of Morven's host, as each warrior looked up from his helmet towards the hill of the king; the cloud-covered hill of Fingal, where he strode, in the rolling of mist. A times is the hero seen, greatly dim in all his arms. From thought to thought rolled the wave along his mighty soul.

Now is the coming forth of the king. First appeared the sword of Luno; the spear half-issuing from a cloud, the shield still dim in mist. But when the stride of the king came abroad with all his grey, dewy locks in the wind; then rose the shouts of his host over every moving tribe. They gathered, gleaming, round, with all their echoing shields. So rise the green sea

round a spirit, that comes down from the squally wind. The traveller hears the sound afar, and lifts his head over the rock. He looks on the troubled bay, and thinks he dimly sees the form. The waves sport, unwieldy, round, with all their backs of foam.

Far-distant stood the son of Morni, Duthno's race, and Cona's bard. We stood far-distant; each beneath his tree. We shunned the eyes of the king; we had not conquered in the field. A little stream rolled at my feet: I touched its light wave, with my spear. I touched it with my spear; nor there was the soul of Ossian. It darkly rose, from thought to thought, and sent abroad the sigh,

“Son of Morni!” said the king, “Dermid, hunter of roes! why are ye dark, like two rocks, each with its trickling waters? No wrath gathers on the soul of Fingal against the chiefs of men. Ye are my strength in battle; the kindling of my joy in peace. My early voice was a pleasant gale to your ears, when Fillan prepared the bow. The son of Fingal is not here, nor yet the chace of the bounding roes. But why should the breakers of shields stand, darkened, far away?”

Fall they strode towards the king; they saw him turned to Mora's wind. His tears came down, for his blue-eyed son, who slept in the cave of streams. But he brightened before them, and spoke to the broad-shielded kings.

“Crommial, with woody rocks, and misty top, the field of winds, pours forth, to the sight, blue Lubar's streamy roar. Behind it rolls clear-winding Lavath, in the still vale of deer. A cave is dark in a rock; above it strong-winged eagles dwell; broad-headed oaks, before it, sound in Cluna's wind. Within, in his locks of youth, is Ferad-artho, blue-eyed king, the

son of broad-shielded Cairbar, from Ullin
 the roes. He listens to the voice of Condan,
 grey, he bends in feeble light. He listens, for
 his foes dwell in the echoing halls of Temora:
 He comes, at times, abroad, in the skirts of mist
 to pierce the bounding roes. When the sun
 looks on the field, nor by the rock, nor stream
 is he! He shuns the race of Bolga, who dwell
 in his father's hall. Tell him, that Fingal lifts the
 spear, and that his foes, perhaps, may fail.

“Lift up, O Gaul! the shield before him
 Stretch, Dermid, Temora's spear. Be thy voice
 in his ear, O Carril, with the deeds of his father:
 Lead him to green Moi-lena, to the dusky field
 of ghosts; for there I fall forward, in battle, in
 the folds of war. Before dun night descends
 come to high Dunmora's top. Look, from the
 grey rolling of mist, on Lena of the streams
 If there my standard shall float on wind, o'er
 Lubar's gleaming course, then has not Fingal
 failed in the last of his fields.”

Such were his words: nor aught replied the
 silent, striding kings. They looked side-long
 on Erin's host, and darkened as they went. Ne-
 ver before had they left the king, in the midst
 of the stormy field. Behind them, touching a
 times his harp, the grey-haired Carril moved
 He foresaw the fall of the people, and mourn-
 ful was the sound! It was like a breeze that
 comes, by fits, over Lego's reedy lake; when
 sleep half-descends on the hunter, within his
 mossy cave.

“Why bends the bard of Cona,” said Fingal
 “over his secret stream? Is this a time for sor-
 row, father of low-laid Oscar? Be the warrior
 remembered in peace; when echoing shields are
 heard no more. Bend, then in grief, over the
 flood, where blows the mountain-breeze. Let
 them pass on, thy soul, the blue-eyed dwellers o'

Lena. But Erin rolls to war, wide-tumbling,
rough, and dark. Lift, Ossian, lift the shield. I
am alone, my son!"

As comes the sudden voice of winds to the be-
cained ship of Inis-huna, and drives it large,
along the deep, dark rider of the wave: so the
voice of Fingal sent Ossian, tall, along the
leath. He lifted high his shining shield, in
the dusky wing of war: like the broad blank
moon, in the skirt of a cloud, before the storm-
rise.

Loud, from moss-covered Mora, poured down,
at once, the broad-winged war. Fingal led his peo-
ple forth, king of Morven of streams. On high
preads the eagle's wing. His grey hair is pour-
ed on his shoulders broad. In thunder are his
mighty strides. He often stood, and saw be-
hind, the wide-gleaming rolling of armour. A
lock he seemed, grey ever with ice, whose woods
are high in wind. Bright streams leap from its
end, and spread their foam on blasts.

Now he came to Lubar's cave, where Fillan
arkly slept. Bran still lay on the broken shield:
the eagle-wing is strewed on winds. Bright,
from withered furze, looked forth the hero's
pear. Then grief stirred the soul of the king,
like whirlwinds blackening on a lake. He turn-
ed his sudden step, and leaned on his bending
pear. White-breasted Bran came bounding with
joy to the known path of Fingal! He came and
looked towards the cave, where the blue-eyed
unterlay, for he was wont to stride, with morn-
ing, to the dewy bed of the ice. It was then the
stars of the king came down, and all his soul
was dark. But as the rising wind rolls away
the storm of rain, and leaves the white streams
to the sun, and high hills with their heads of
snow; so the returning war brightened the mind
of Fingal. He bounded on his spear, over Lu-

far, and struck his echoing shield. His ridge
 host bend forward, at once, with all their point-
 ed steel.

Nor Erin heard, with fear, the sound; wide
 they came rolling along. Dark Malchos, in the
 wing of war, looks forward from shaggy brow.
 Next rose that beam of light Eiddalla; then the
 side-long-looking gloom of Maronnan. Blue
 shielded Clonar lifts the spear; Cormar shakes
 his bushy locks on the wind. Slowly, from
 behind a rock, rose the bright form of Atha.
 First appeared his two pointed spears, then the
 half of his burnished shield: like the rising of
 nightly meteor, over the vale of ghosts. Ere
 when he shone all abroad; the hosts plunged,
 once, into strife. The gleaming waves of steel
 are poured on either side.

As meet two troubled seas, with the rolling
 all their waves, when they feel the wings
 contending winds, in the rock-sided frith of Linn
 men; along the echoing hills is the dim court
 of ghosts: from the blast fall the torn groves
 the deep, amidst the foamy path of whales.
 mixed the hosts! Now Fingal; now Cathmor
 came abroad. The dark tumbling of death
 before them: the gleam of broken steel is roll-
 on their steps, as, loud, the high-bounding kiel
 hewed down the ridge of shields.

Maronnan fell, by Fingal, laid large across
 stream. The waters gathered by his side, a
 leapt grey over his bossy shield. Clonar is pier-
 ced by Cathmor; nor yet lay the chief on ear.
 An oak seized his hair in his fall. His helm
 tumbled on the ground. By its thong, hung
 broad shield; over it wandered his stream
 blood. Tlamin shall weep, in the hall, and stri-
 ker heaving breast. Nor did Ossian forget the
 spear, in the wing of his war. He strewed the
 field with dead. Young Eiddalla came. "S

voice of streamy Clonra! Why dost thou lift the steel? O that we met, in the strife of song, in thy own rushy vale!" Malchos beheld him low, and darkened as he rushed along. On either side of a stream, we bend in the echoing strife. Heaven comes rolling down: around burst the voices of squally winds. Hills are clothed, at times, in fire. Thunder rolls in wreaths of mist. In darkness shrunk the foe. Morven's warriors stood aghast. Still I bent over the stream, amidst my whistling locks.

Then rose the voice of Fingal, and the sound of the flying foe. I saw the king, at times, in lightning, darkly striding in his might. I struck my echoing shield, and hung forward on the steps of Alnema; the foe is rolled before me, like a wreath of smoke.

The sun looked forth from his cloud. The hundred streams of Moi-lena shone. Slow rose the blue column of mist, against the glittering lid. "Where are the mighty kings? Nor by that stream, nor wood, are they! I hear the clang of arms! Their strife is in the bosom of mist." Such is the contending of spirits in a nightly cloud, when they strive for the wintry wings of winds, and the rolling of the foam-covered waves.

I rushed along. The grey mist rose. Tall, gleaming, they stood at Lubar. Cathmor leaned against a rock. His half-fallen shield received the stream, that leapt from the moss above. Towards him is the stride of Fingal; he saw the hero's blood. His sword fell slowly to his side. He spoke, amidst his darkening joy.

"Yielos the race of Borbar-dothul? Or still does he lift the spear? Not unheard is thy name, in Selma, in the green dwelling of strangers. It has come like the breeze of his desert, to the ear of Fingal. Come to my hill of heasts: the mighty fall, at times. No fire am I to low-laid foes: I

rejoice not over the fall of the brave. To close the wound is mine: I have known the herbs of the hills. I seized their fair heads, on high, as they waved by their secret streams. Thou art dark and silent, king of Atha of strangers."

"By Atha of the streams," he said, "there rises a mossy rock. On its head is the wandering of boughs, within the course of winds. Dark, in its face, is a cave with its own loud rill. There have I heard the tread of strangers, when they passed to my hall of shells. Joy rose, like a flame, on my soul: I blest the echoing rock. Here be my dwelling in darkness, in my grassy vale. From this I shall mount the breeze, that pursues my thistle's beard; or look down on blue winding Atha, from its wandering mist."

"Why speaks the king of the tomb? Ossian! the warrior has failed! Joy meet thy soul, like a stream, Cathmor, friend of strangers! My son, I hear the call of years; they take my spear as they pass along. Why does not Fingal, they seem to say, rest within his hall? Dost thou always delight in blood? In the tears of the sad? No: ye darkly-rolling years, Fingal delights not in blood. Tears are wintry streams that waste away my soul. But when I lie down to rest, then comes the mighty voice of war. It awakes me in my hall, and calls forth all my steel. It shall call it forth no more; Ossian, take thou thy father's spear. Lift it, in battle, when the proud arise.

"My fathers, Ossian, trace my steps; my deeds are pleasant to their eyes. Wherever I come forth to battle, on any field, are their columns of mist. But mine arm rescued the feeble; the haughty found my rage was fire. Never, over the fallen, did mine eye rejoice. For this, my fathers shall meet me, at the gates of their airy halls, tall, with robes of light, with mildly-

kindled eyes. But, to the proud in arms, they are darkened moons in heaven, which send the fire of night, red-wandering over their face.

“Father of heroes, Trenmor, dweller of ed-dying winds! I give thy spear to Ossian, let thine eye rejoice! Thee have I seen, at times, bright from between thy clouds; so appear to my son, when he is to lift the spear: then shall he remember thy mighty deeds, tho’ thou art now but a blast.”

—He gave the spear to my hand, and raised, at once, a stone on high, to speak to future times, with its grey head of moss. Beneath he placed a sword in earth, and one bright boss from his shield. Dark in thought, a while, he bends: his words, at length, came forth.

“When thou, O stone, shall moulder down, and lose thee, in the moss of years, then shall the traveller come, and whistling pass away. Thou knowest not, feeble wanderer, that fame once shone on *Moi-lena*. Here Fingal resigned his spear, after the last of his fields. Pass away, thou empty shade; in thy voice there is no renown. Thou dwellest by some peaceful stream; yet a few years and thou art gone. No one remembers thee, thou dweller of thick mist! But Fingal shall be clothed with fame, a beam of light to other times; for he went forth, in echoing steel, to save the weak in arms.”

Brightening in his fame, the king strode to *Lubar’s* sounding oak, where it bent, from its rock, over the bright tumbling stream. Beneath it is a narrow plain, and the sound of the fount of the rock. Here the standard of *Morven* poured its wreaths on the wind, to mark the way of *Ferad-artho*, from his secret vale. Bright, from his parted west, the sun of heaven looked abroad. The hero saw his people, and heard their shouts of joy. In broken ridges round,

they glittered to the beam. The king rejoiced as a hunter in his own green vale, when, after the storm is rolled away, he sees the gleaming sides of the rocks. The green thorn shakes its head in their face; from their top look forward the roes.

Grey, at his mossy cave, is bent the aged form of Clonmal. The eyes of the bard had failed. He leaned forward, on his staff, Bright in her locks, before him, Sul-malla listened to the tale; the tale of the kings of Atha, in the days of o'ld. The noise of battle had ceased in his ear: he stopt, and raised the secret sigh. The spirits of the dead, they said, often lightened over his soul. He saw the king of Atha low, beneath his bending tree.

“Why art thou dark?” said the maid, “The strife of arms is past. Soon|| shall he come to thy cave, over thy winding streams. The sun looks from the rocks of the west. The mists of the lake arise. Grey, they spread on that hill the rushy dwelling of roes. From the mist shall my king appear! Behold he comes, in his arms Come to the cave of Clonmal, O my best beloved!”

It was the spirit of Cathmor, stalking, large, gleaming form. He sunk by the hollow stream that roared between the hills. “It was but the hunter,” she said, “who searches for the beam of the roe. His steps are not forth to war; his spouse expects him with night. He shall, whistling, return, with the spoils of the dark-brown hinds.” Her eyes are turned to the hill; again th

|| Cathmor had promised, in the seventh book to come to the cave of Clonmal, after the battle was over.

stately form came down. She rose, in the midst of joy, He retired in mist. Gradual vanish his limbs of smoke, and mix with the mountain-wind. Then she knew that he fell! "King of Erin, art thou low!" Let Ossian forget her grief, it wastes the soul of age †.

Evening came down on Moi-lena. Grey rolled the streams of the land. Loud came forth the voice of Fingal: the beam of oaks arose, the people gathered round with gladness; with gladness blended with shades. They side-long looked to the king, and beheld his unfinished joy. Pleasant, from the way of the desert, the voice of music came. It seemed, at first, the noise of a stream, far distant on its rocks. Slow it rolled along the hill like the ruffled wing of a breeze, when it takes the tufted beard of the rocks, in the still season of night. It was the voice of Condan, mixed with Carril's trembling harp. They came with blue-eyed Ferad-artho, to Mora of the streams.

Sudden bursts the song from our bards, on Lena: the host struck their shields midst the sound. Gladness rose brightening on the king, like the beam of a cloudy day, when it rises, on

† Tradition relates, that Ossian the next day after the decisive battle between Fingal and Cathmor, went to find out Sul-malla, in the valley of Lona. His address to her, which is still preserved, I here lay before the reader.

"Awake, thou daughter of Con-anor, from the fern-skirted cavern of Lona. Awake, thou sun-beam in deserts; warriors one day must fall. They move for h, like terrible lights; but, often, their cloud is near. Go to the valley of streams, to the wandering of herds, on Lason; there

the green hill, before the roar of winds. It struck the bossy shield of kings; at once the cease around. The people lean forward, from their spears, towards the voice of their land †.

dwells, in his lazy mist, the man of many days. But he is unknown, Sul-malla, like the thistle of the rocks of rocs; it shakes its grey beard in the wind, and falls unseen of our eyes. No such are the kings of men: their departure is: meteor of fire, which pours its red course, from the desert, over the bosom of night.

“ He is mixed with the warriors of old, those firs that have hid their heads. At times shall they come forth in song. Not forgot has the warrior failed. He has not seen, Sul-malla, the fall of a beam of his own: no fair-haired son, in his blood, young troubler of the field. I am lonely, young branch of Lumon. I may hear the voice of the feeble, when my strength shall have failed in years; for young Oscar has ceased on his field.

Sul-malla returned to her own country, and makes a considerable figure in the poem which immediately follows: Her behaviour in that piece accounts for that partial regard with which the poet speaks of her throughout Temora.

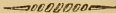
† Before I finish my notes, it may not be altogether improper to obviate an objection, which may be made to the credibility of the story of Temora as related by Ossian. It may be asked, whether it is probable that Fingal could perform such actions as are ascribed to him in this book, at an age when his grandson, Oscar, had acquired so much reputation in arms. To this it may be answered, that Fingal was but very young (Book IV.) when he took to wife Ros-crana, who soon

“ Sons of Morven, spread the feast ; send the night away on song. Ye have shone around me, and the dark storm is past. My people are the windy rocks, from which I spread my eagle wings, when I rush forth to renown, and seize it on its field. Ossian, thou hast the spear of Fingal : it is not the staff of a boy with which he strews the thistle round, young wanderer of the field. No : it is the lance of the mighty, with which they stretched forth their hands to death. Look to thy fathers, my son ; they are awful beams. With morninglead Ferad-artho forth to the echoing halls of Temora. Remind him of the kings of Erin : the stately forms of old. Let not the fallen be forgot, they were mighty in the field. Let Carril pour his song, that the kings may rejoice in their mist. To-morrow I spread my sails to Selma’s shaded walls ; where streamy Duthula winds through the seats of roes.”

after became the mother of Ossian. Ossian was also extremely young when he married Everallin, the mother of Oscar. Tradition relates, that Fingal was but eighteen years old at the birth of his son Ossian ; and that Ossian was much about the same age, when Oscar, his son, was born. Oscar, perhaps, might be about twenty when he was killed, in the battle of Gabhra, (Book I.) ; so the age of Fingal, when the decisive battle was fought between him and Cathmor, was just fifty-six years. In those times of activity and health, the natural strength and vigour of a man was little abated, at such an age ; so that there is nothing improbable in the actions of Fingal, as related in this book.

Cathlin of Clutha.

A POEM.



THE ARGUMENT.

An address to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar. The poet relates the arrival of Cathlin in Selma, to solicit aid against Duth-carmor of Clutha who had killed Cathmol, for the sake of his daughter Lanul. Fingal declining to make choice among his heroes, who were all claiming the command of the expedition, they retired each to his hill of ghosts, to be determined by dreams. The spirit of Trenmor appears to Ossian and Oscar: they sail from the bay of Carmona, and, on the fourth day appear off the valley of Rath-col, in Inis-huna where Duth-carmor had fixed his residence. Ossian dispatches a bard to Duth-carmor to demand battle. Night comes on. The distress of Cathlin of Clutha. Ossian devolves the command on Oscar, who, according to the custom of the kings of Morven, before battle retired to a neighbouring hill. Upon the coming on of day, the battle joins. Oscar and Duth-carmor meet. The latter falls. Oscar carries the mail and helmet of Duth-carmor to Cathlin, who had retired from the field. Cathlin is discovered to be the daughter of Cathmol, in disguise, who had been carried off, by force, and had made her escape from, Duth-carmor.

is a

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

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

In the echoing bay of Carmona we saw, one day, the boarding ship. On high, hung a broken shield; it was marked with wandering blood. Forward came a youth, in armour, and stretched his pointless spear. Long, over his tearful eyes, hung loose his disordered locks. Fingal gave the shell of kings. The words of the stranger arose:

“In his hall lies Cathmol of Clutha, by the winding of his own dark streams. Duth-carmor saw white-bosomed Laul, and pierced her father's side. In the rashy desert were my steps. He fled in the season of night. Give thine aid to Cathla to revenge his father. I sought thee not as a beam, in a land of clouds. Thou, like that sun, art known, King of Echoing Selma.”

Selma's king looked around. In his presence we rose in arms. But who should lift the shield for all had claimed the war. The night came down; we strode, in silence; each to his hill of ghosts: that spirits might descend, in our dreams to mark us for the field.

We struck the shield of the dead, and raised the hum of songs. We thrice called the ghost of our fathers. We laid us down in dreams. Tremor came, before mine eyes, the tall form of other years. His blue hosts were behind him in half-distinguished rows. Scarce seen is their strife in mist, or their stretching forward to death. I listened; but no sound was there. The forms were empty wind.

I started from the dream of ghosts. On a sudden blast flew my whistling hair. Low-sounding, in the oak, is the departure of the dead. I took my shield from its bough. Onward came the rattling of steel. It was Oscar of Legot. He had seen his fathers.

"As rushes forth the blast, on the bosom of whitening waves: so careless shall my course be through ocean, to the dwelling of foes. I have seen the dead, my father. My beating soul is high! My name is bright before me, like the streak of light on a cloud, when the broad sun comes forth, red traveller of the sky."

"Grandson of Branno," I said; "not Oscar alone shall meet the foe. I rush forward, through ocean, to the woody dwelling of heroes. Let us contend, my son, like eagles, from one rock; when they lift their broad wings, against the scream of winds." We raised our sails in Carmona. From three ships, they marked my shield

† Oscar is here called Oscar of Legot, from his mother being the daughter of Branno, a powerful chief on the banks of that lake.

on the wave, as I looked on nightly Ton-thena,
red wanderer between the clouds. Four days
came the breeze abroad. Lumon came forward
in mist. In winds were its hundred groves. Sun-
beams marked, at times, its brown side. White
leapt the foamy streams from all its echoing
rocks.

A green field, in the bosom of hills, winds
silent with its own blue stream. Here, midst
the waving of oaks, were the dwelling of kings
of old. But silence, for many dark-brown years,
had settled in grassy Rath-col, for the race of
heroes had failed, along the pleasant vale.
Duth-carmor was here, with his people, dark
rider of the wave. Ten-thena had hid her head
in the sky. He bound his white-bosomed sails.
His course is on the hills of Rath-col, to the
seats of roes.

We came. I sent the bard, with songs, to
call the foe to fight. Duth-carmor heard him
with joy. The king's soul was a beam of fire:
a beam of fire, marked with smoke, rushing,
varied, through the bosom of night. The deeds
of Duth-carmor, were dark, though his arm was
stroug.

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

“Oscar of Legn,” I said, “be thine the se-
cret hill¶, to-night strike the shield, like Mor-

¶ This passage alludes to the well known cus-
tom among the ancient kings of Scotland, to

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

Wide, in Caracha's echoing field, Carmal had poured his tribes. They were a dark ridge of waves; the grey-haired bards were like moving foam on their face. They kindled the strife around with their red-rolling eyes. Nor alone were the dwellers of rocks; a son of Loda was there: a voice in his own dark land, to call the ghosts from high. On his hill, he had dwelt, in Lochlin, in the midst of a leafless grove. Five stones lifted, near, their heads: loud roared his rushing stream. He often raised his voice to winds, when meteors marked their nightly wings; when the dark-robed moon was rolled behind her hill.

retire from their army on the night preceding a battle. The story which Ossian introduces in the next paragraph, concerns the fall of the druids. It is said in many old poems, that the druids, in the extremity of their affairs, had solicited, and obtained aid from Scandinavia. Among the auxiliaries there came many pretended magicians, which circumstance Ossian alludes to, in his description of the son of Loda. Magic and incantation could not, however, prevail: for Trenmor, assisted by the valour of his son, eventually, entirely broke the power of the druids.

Nor unheard of ghosts was he! They came with the sound of eagle-wings. They turned battle, in fields, before the kings of men.

But Trenmor they turned not from battle; he drew forward the troubled war; in its dark skirt was Thrathal, like a rising light. It was dark; and Loda's son poured forth his signs, on night. The feeble were not before thee, son of other lands!

Then † rise the strife of kings, about the hill of night; but it was soft as two summer gales, shaking their light wings, on a lake. Trenmor yielded to his son; for the fame of the king was heard. Thrathal came forth before his father, and the foes failed, in echoing Caracba. The years that are past, my son, are marked with mighty deeds †. * * * * *

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

† Trenmor and Thrathal. Ossian introduced this episode, as an example to his son, from ancient times.

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

Nor, in the field, are the steps of Cathlin. The stranger stood by a secret stream, where the foam of Rath-col skirted the mossy stones. Above, bends the branchy birch, and strews its leaves on winds. The inverted spear of Cathlin touched, at times, the stream. Oscar brought Duth-carmor's mail: his helmet with its eagle-wing. He placed them before the stranger, and his words were heard. "The foes of thy father have failed. They are laid in the field of ghosts. Renown returns to Murven, like a rising wind. Why art thou dark, chief of Clutha? Is there cause for grief?"

"Son of Ossian of harps, my soul is darkly sad. I behold the arms of Cathmol, which he raised in war. Take the mail of Cathlin, place it high in Selma's hall; that thou mayest remember the hapless in thy distant land."

From white breasts descended the mail. It was the race of kings; the soft-handed daughter of Cathmol at the streams of Clutha. Duth-carmor saw her bright in the hall: he came, by night, to Clutha. Cathmol met him, in battle, but the warrior fell. Three days dwelt the foe with the maid. On the fourth she fled in arms. She remembered the race of kings, and felt her bursting soul.

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

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

Sul-malla of Lumon :

A POEM.



THE ARGUMENT.

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

WHO† moves so stately, on Lumon, at the
 roar of the foamy waters? Her hair falls
 upon her heaving breast. White is her arm be-

† The expedition of Ossian to Inis-huna happened a short time before Fingal passed over into Ireland, to dethrone Cairbar the son of Borbar-dathul. Cathmor, the brother of Cair-

hind, as slow she bends the bow. Why do thou wander in deserts, like a light through cloudy field? The young roes are panting, by their secret rocks. Return, thou daughter of kings! the cloudy night is near.

It was the young branch of Lumon, Sul-malla of blue eyes. She sent the bard from her rock to bid us to her feast. Amidst the song we sat down, in Conmor's echoing hall. White moved the hands of Sul-malla, on the trembling string. Half-heard, amidst the sound, was the name of Atha's king: he that was absent in battle for his own green land. Nor absent from her soul was he: he came midst her thoughts by night: For then she looked in, from the sky, and saw her tossing arms.

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

"Not unmarked," said the maid, "by Sul-malla, is the shield of Morven's king. It hangs high, in Con-mor's hall, in memory of the past when Fingal came to Cluba, in the days of other

bar, was aiding Con-mor, king of Inis-huna, in his wars, at the time that Ossian defeated Duth-carmor, in the valley of Rath-col. The poem is more interesting, that it contains so many particulars concerning those personages who make so great a figure in Yemora.

years. Loud roared the boar of Culdarnu, in the midst of his rocks and woods. Inis-huna lent her youths, but they failed; and virgins wept over tombs. Careless went the king to Culdarnu. On his spear rolled the strength of the woods. He was bright, they said, in his rocks, the first of mortal men. Nor at the feast were heard his words. His deeds passed from his soul of fire, like the rolling of vapours from the face of the wandering sun. Not careless looked the blue-eyes of Cluba on his stately steps. In white bosoms rose the king of Selma, in midst of their thoughts by night. But the winds bore the stranger to the echoing vales of his roes. Nor lost to other lands was he, like a meteor that sinks in a cloud. He came forth, at times, in his brightness, to the distant dwelling of foes. His fame came, like the sound of winds, to Cluba's woody vale.

“Darkness dwells in Cluba of harps: the race of kings is distant far; in battle is Con-mor of spears; and Lox-mor king of streams¶. Nor darkening alone are they; a beam, from other lands, is nigh: the friend† of strangers in Atha, the troubler of the field. High, from their misty hill, look forth the blue eyes of Erin, for he is far away, young dweller of their souls. Nor

¶ Lormor was the son of Con-mor, and the brother of Sul-malla. After the death of Con-mor, Lormor succeeded him in the throne.

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

harmless, white hands of Erin! is he in skirts of war; he rolls ten thousand before him in his distant field."

"Not unseen by Ossian," I said, "rushed Cathmor from his streams, when he poured strength on L-thorno†, isle of many waves." strife met two kings in L-thorno, Culgorm and Suran-dronlo: each from his echoing isle, ste hunters of the boar!

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

"We rushed on either side of a stream, which roared through a blasted heath. High broke rocks were round, with all their bending trees. Near are two circles of Loda, with the stone power; where spirits descended, by night, in dark-red streams of fire. There, mixed with the murmur of waters, rose the voice of angry men. They called the forms of night, to aid them in their war.

"Heedless I stood, with my people, when I fell the foamy stream from rocks. The moon

† L-thorno, says tradition, was an island of Scandinavia. In it, at a hunting party, met Culgorm and Suran-dronlo, the kings of two neighbouring isles. They differed about the honour of killing a boar; and a war was kindled between them. From this episode we may learn that the manners of the Scandinavians were much more savage and cruel than those of Britain.

oved red from the mountain. My song, at
 mes, arose. Dark on the other side, young
 Athmor heard my voice; for he lay, beneath
 the oak, in all his gleaming arms. Morning
 me; we rushed to fight: from wing to wing
 the rolling of strife. They fell, like the
 istle head, beneath autumnal winds.

“ In armour came a stately form: I mixed my
 strokes with the king. By turns our shields are
 erced: loud rung our steely mails. His hel-
 et fell to the ground. In brightness shone the
 e. His eyes, two pleasant flames, rolled be-
 een his wandering locks. I knew the king
 Atha, and threw my spear on earth. Dark,
 e turned, and silent passed to mix with other
 is.

“ Not so passed the striving kings]. They
 ed in echoing fray; like the meeting of ghosts
 the dark wing of winds. Through either
 ast rushed the spears; nor yet lay the foes
 earth. A rock received their fall; and ha’f-
 lined they lay in death. Each held the lock
 his foe; and grimly seemed to roll his eyes.
 e stream of the rock leapt on their shields,
 I mixed below with blood.

“ The battle ceased in I-thorno. The stran-
 s met in peace: Cathmor from Atha of
 eams, and Ossian, king of harps. We placed
 dead in earth. Our steps were by Runar’s
 . With the bounding boat, afar, advanced a
 gy wave. Dark was the rider of seas, but a

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

beam of light was there, like the ray of the sun in Stromlo's rolling smoke. It was the daughter of Suran-dronlo, wild in brightened locks. Her eyes were wandering flames, amidst disordered locks. Forward is her white arm, with spear; her high-heaving breast is seen, with foamy waves that rise, by turns, amidst rocks. They are beautiful, but they are terrible, mariners call the winds."

"Come, ye dwellers of Loda! Carchar, in the midst of clouds! Sluthmor, that still in airy halls! Corchtur, terrible in winds! Receive, from his daughter's spear, the foes of Suran-dronlo.

"No shadow, at his roaring streams, mildly-looking form was he! When he took his spear, the hawks shook their sounding wings for blood was poured around the steps of the eyed Suran-dronla.

"He lighted me, no harmless beam, to gladden his stream. Like meteors, I was bright, I blasted the foes of Suran-dronla."——*

Nor unconcerned heard Sul-malla, the princess of Cathmor of shields. He was within her: like a fire in secret heath, which awakes at the voice of the blast, and sends its beam afar. Amidst the song removed the daughter of Cathmor, like the soft sound of a summer-breeze; which it lifts the heads of flowers, and curls the leaves and streams.

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

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

Cath-loda :

A POEM.



Fingal in one of his voyages to the Orkney islands, was driven, by stress of weather, into a bay of Scandinavia, near the residence of Starno, king of Lochlin. Starno invites Fingal to a feast, Fingal, doubting the faith of the king, and mindful of his former breach of hospitality, (Fingal, B. III.) refuses to go. Starno gathers together his tribes; Fingal resolves to defend himself. Night coming on, Duth-maruno proposes to Fingal, to observe the motions of the enemy. The king himself undertakes the watch. Advancing towards the enemy, he accidentally comes to the cave of Turthor, where Starno had confined Conban-carglas, the captive daughter of a neighbouring chief. Her story is imperfect, a part of the original being lost. Fingal comes to a place of worship, where Starno, and his son Swaran, consulted the spirit of Loda, concerning the issue of the war. The rencounter of Fingal and Swaran. The Duag concludes with a description of the airy hall of Cruthloda, supposed to be the Odin of Scandinavia.

Uian

DUAN† FIRST.

A TALE of the times of old! Why, thou wanderer unseen, that bendest the thistle of Lora, why, thou breeze of the valley, has thou left mine ear? I here no distant roar of streams, no sound of the harp, from the rocks. Come thou huntress of Lutha, send back his sou to the bard.

I look forward to Lochlin of lakes, to the dark ridgy bay of U-thorno, where Fingal descends from ocean, from the roar of winds. Few are the heroes of Morven, in a land unknown! Starne sent a dweller of Loda, to bid Fingal to the feast; but the king remembered the past, and all his rage arose.

“Nor Gormal’s mossy towers; nor Starne shall Fingal behold! Deaths wander, like shadows, over his fiery soul. Do I forget that beam of light, the white-handed daughter† of kings? Go, son of Loda; his words are but blasts, to Fingal: blasts, that, to and fro, rot the thistle, in autumnal vales.

“Dath-maruno, arm of death! Cromma-glas of iron shields! Struthmor, dweller of battle!”

† The bards distinguished those compositions in which the narration is often interrupted, by episodes and apostrophes, by the name of Duan. Since the extinction of the order of the bards, it has been a general name for all ancient compositions in verse.

† Agandecca, the daughter of Starne, whom her father killed, on account of her discovering to Fingal a plot laid against his life.

wing! Cormar, whose ships bound on seas, care-
less as the course of a meteor, on dark-streaming
clouds! Arise, around me, children of heroes,
in a land unknown. Let each look on his shield,
like Trenmor, the ruler of battles. "Come
down," said the king, "thou dweller between
the harps. Thou shalt roll this stream away,
or dwell with me in earth."

Around him they rose in wrath. No words
came forth: they seized their spears. Each
soul is rolled into itself. At length the sudden
clang is waked, on all their echoing shields.
Each took his hill, by night, at intervals; they
starkly stood. Unequal burst the hum of songs,
between the roaring wind. Broad over them
rose the moon. In his arms, came tall Duth-
maruno†; he from Cromacharn of rocks, stern
muster of the boat. In his dark boat he rose on
waves, when Crum-thormoth awakened its woods.
In the chase he shone, among his foes: No fear
was thine, Duth-maruno.

"Son of Comhal," he said, "my steps shall
be forward through night. From this shield I
shall view them, over their gleaming tribes.
Tarno, of lakes, is before me, and Swaran, the
be of strangers. Their words are not in vain,
by Loda's stone of power. If Duth-maruno
returns not, his spouse is lonely, at home, where
meet two roaring streams, on Crathmo-craulo's

† Duth-maruno is a name very famous in tra-
dition. Many of his great actions are handed
down, but the poems which contained the detail
of them, are long since lost. He lived, it is sup-
posed, in that part of the north of Scotland,
which is over against Orkney.--Crum-thormoth,
one of the Orkney or Shetland islands.

plain. Around are hills, with their woods; the ocean is rolling near. My son looks on screaming sea-fowl, young wanderer of the field. Give the head of a boar to Can-dona, tell him of the father's joy, when the bristly strength of L-the no rolled on his lifted spear."

"Not forgetting my fathers," said Fingolfin; "I have bounded over ridgy seas; theirs was the times of danger in the days of old. Nor gat the darkness on me, before foes, though I am young in my locks. Chief of Crathmo-traulo, the fire of night is mine."

He rushed, in all his arms, wide-bounding over Turthor's stream, that sent its sullen roar, all night, through Gormul's misty vale. A moon-beam glittered on a rock: in the midst, stood a stately form: a form with floating locks, like Lochlin's white-bosomed maid. Unequal and her steps, and short: she throws a broken song on wind. At times she tosses her white arm for grief is in her soul.

"Torcul-tornot, of aged locks! where are thy steps, by Lulan? Thou hast failed, at thi

† Torcul-torno, according to tradition, was king of Crathlun, a district in Sweden. The river Lulan ran near the residence of Torcul-torno. The war between Starno and Torcul-torno, had its rise at a hunting party. The king came to battle, and the party of Torcul-torno were totally defeated, and he himself slain. Starno pursued his victory, and carried off, in force, Conban-cargias, the beautiful daughter of his enemy. Her he confined in a cave, near the palace of Gormul, where, on account of her cruel treatment, she became distracted. The paragraph just now before us, is the song of Conban-cargias, at the time she was discovered by Fingolfin.

own dark streams, father of Conban-carglas :
But I behold thee, chief of Lulan, sporting by
Loda's hall, when the dark-skirted night is
poured along the sky.

"Thou, sometimes, hidest the moon, with
thy shield. I have seen her dim in heaven.
Thou kindlest thy hair into meteors, and sail-
est along the night. Why am I forgot in my
cave, king of shaggy boars? Look from the hall
of Loda, on lonely Conban-carglas."

"Who art thou," said Fingal, "voice of
night?" She, trembling, turned away. "Who
art thou, in thy darkness?" She shrunk into
the cave. The king loosed the thong from her
hands: he asked about her fathers.

"Torcul-torno," she said, "once dwelt at
Lulan's foamy stream: he dwelt—but, now, in
Loda's hall, he shakes the sounding shell. He
met Starno of Lochlin, in battle; long fought
the dark-eyed kings. My father fell, at length,
bine-shielded Torcul-torno!

"By a rock, at Lulan's stream, I had pierced
the bounding roe. My white hand gathered my
hair, from off the stream of winds. I heard a
noise. Mine eyes were up. My soft breast rose
on high. My step was forward, at Lulan, to
meet thee, Torcul-torno!

"It was Starno, dreadful king! His red eyes
rol'd on Conban-carglas. Dark waved his shag-
gy brow, above his gathered smile. Where is
my father, I said, he that was mighty in war?
Thou art left alone among foes, daughter of Tor-
cul-torno!

It is in lyric measure, and set to music, which is
wild and simple, and so inimitably suited to the
situation of the unhappy lady, that few can hear
it without tears.

“He took my hand. He raised the sail. In this cave he placed me, dark. At times, he comes, a gathered mist. He lifts before me, my father’s shield. Often passes a beam† of youth far-distant from my cave. He dwells lonely in the soul of the daughter of Torcul-torno.”

“Maid of Lulan,” said Fingal, “white-handed Conban-carglas; a cloud, marked with streaks of fire, is rolled along thy soul. Look not to that dark-robed moon; nor yet to those meteors of heaven; my gleaming steel is around thee, daughter of Torcul-torno.

“It is not the steel of the feeble, nor of the dark in soul. The maids are not shut in our|| caves of streams; nor tossing their white arms, alone. They bend, fair within their locks, above the barps of Selma. Their voice is not in the desert wild, young light of Torcul-torno.”

* * * * *

Fingal, again, advanced his steps, wide through the bosom of night, to where the trees of Loda

† By the beam of youth, it afterwards appears, that Conban-carglas means Swaran, the son of Starno, with whom, during her confinement, she had fallen in love.

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

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

They heard the tread of Fingal. The warriors rose in arms. "Swaran, lay that wanderer low," said Starno, in his pride. "Take the shield of thy father; it is a rock in war." Swaran threw his gleaming spear; it stood fixed in Loda's tree. Then came the foes forward, with swords. They mixed their rattling steel. Through the thongs of Swaran's shield rushed the blade of Luno. The shield fell rolling on earth. Cleft the helmet fell down. Fingal stopt the lifted steel. Wrathful stood Swaran unarmed. He rolled his silent eyes, and threw his sword on earth. Then, slowly stalking over the stream, he whistled as he went.

Nor unseen of his father is Swaran. Starno turned away in wrath. His shaggy brows waved dark, above his gathered rage. He struck Loda's tree, with his spear: he raised the hum of songs. They came to the host of Lochlin, each in his own dark path; like two foam-covered streams, from two rainy vales.

To Turthor's plain Fingal returned. Fair rose the beam of the east. It shone on the spoils of Lochlin in the hand of the king. From her cave came forth, in her beauty, the daughter of Torcul-torno. She gathered her hair from wind;

and wildly raised her song. The song of Lulan of shells, where once her father dwelt.

She saw Starno's bloody shield. Gladness rose, a light on her face. She saw the cleft helmet of Swaran¶; she shrunk, darkened, from the king. "Art thou fallen, by thy hundred streams, O love of Conban-carglas!"

* * * * *

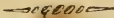
U-thorno, that risest in waters; on whose side are the meteors of night! I behold the dark moon descending behind thy echoing woods. On thy top dwells the misty Loda, the house of the spirits of men. In the end of his cloudy hall bends forward Cruth-loda of swords. His form is dimly seen, amidst his wavy mist. His right-hand is on his shield: in his left is the half-viewless shell. The roof of his dreadful hall is marked with nightly fires.

The race of Cruthloda advance, a ridge of formless shades. He reaches the sounding shell, to those who shone in war; but, between him and the feeble, his shield rises, a crust of darkness. He is a setting meteor to the weak in arms. Bright, as a rainbow on streams, came white-armed Conban-carglas.

¶ Conban-carglas, from seeing the helmet of Swaran bloody in the hands of Fingal, conjectured that that hero was killed. A part of the original is lost. It appears, however, from the sequel of the poem, that the daughter of Torcul-torno did not long survive her surprise, occasioned by the supposed death of her lover. The description of the airy hall of Loda (which is supposed to be the same with that of Odin, the deity of Scandinavia) is more picturesque and descriptive, than any in the Edda, or other works of the northern scalds.

Cath-loda :

A POEM.



THE ARGUMENT.

Fingal returning, with day, develves the command of the army on Duth-maruno, who engages the enemy, and drives them over the stream of Turthor. Fingal, after recalling his people, congratulates Duth-maruno on his success, but discovers that that hero was mortally wounded in the engagement. Duth-maruno dies. Ullin, the bard, in honour of the dead, introduces the episode of Colgorm and Strina-dona, with which the Duan concludes.

DUAN SECOND.

“**W**HERE art thou, son of the king?”
 said dark-haired Duth-maruno.
 “Where hast thou failed, young beam of Selma?
 He returns not from the bosom of night!
 Morning is spread on U-thorno: in his mist
 is the sun, on his hill. Warriors, lift the shields,
 in my presence. He must not fall, like a fire
 from heaven, whose place is not marked on the
 ground. He comes like an eagle, from the skirt

of his squally wind! In his baud are the spoil
of foes. King of Selma, our souls were sad!"

"Near us are the foes, Duth-maruno. They
come forward, like waves in mist, when their
foamy tops are seen, at times, above the low
sailing vapour. The traveller shrinks on his
journey, and knows not whither to fly. No
trembling travellers are we! Sons of heroes call
forth the steel. Shall the sword of Fingal arise
or shall a warrior lead?"

The deeds† of old, said Duth-maruno, are like
paths to our eyes, O Fingal! Broad-shielded

† In this short episode we have a very probable opinion given us, of the origin of monarchy in Caledonia. The Cael or Gauls, who possessed the countries to the north of the Frith of Edinburgh, were, originally, a number of distinct tribes, or clans, each subject to its own chief, who was free and independent of any other power. When the Romans invaded them, the common danger might, perhaps, have induced those reguli to join together; but, as they were unwilling to yield to the command of one of their own number, their battles were ill-conducted, and, consequently, unsuccessful. Trenmor was the first who represented to the chiefs, the bad consequences of carrying on their wars in this irregular manner, and advised, that they themselves should alternately lead in battle. They did so, but they were unsuccessful. When it came to Trenmor's turn, he totally defeated the enemy, by his superior valour and conduct, which gained him such an interest among the tribes, that he, and his family after him, were regarded as kings; or, to use the poet's expression, "the words of power rushed forth from

Trenmor is still seen, amidst his own dim years. Nor feeble was the soul of the king. There, no dark deed wandered in secret. From their hundred streams came the tribes, to grassy Colglan-crona. Their chiefs were before them. Each strove to lead the war. Their swords were often half-unsheathed. Red rolled their eyes of rage. Separate they stood, and hummed their surly songs. "Why should they yield to each other? their fathers were equal in war."

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

"Not unknown," said Cromma-glas of shields, "are the deeds of our fathers. But who shall lead the war, before the race of kings? Mist settles on these four dark hills: within it let

Selma of kings." The regal authority, however, except in time of war, was but inconsiderable; for every chief within his own district, was absolute and independent. From the scene of the battle in this episode (which was in the valley of Crona, a little to the north of Agricola's wall) I should suppose that the enemies of the Caledonians were the Romans, or provincial Britons.

each warrior strike his shield. Spirits may descend in darkness, and mark us for the war.' They went, each to his hill of mist. Bards marked the sounds of the shields. Loudest rung thy boss, Duth-maruno. Thou must lead in war.

Like the murmur of waters, the race of U-thorno came down. Starno led the battle and Swaran of stormy isles. They looked forward from iron shields, like Cruth-loda fiery-eyed, when he looks from behind the darkened moon, and strews his signs on night.

The foes met by Turthor's stream. They heaved like ridgy waves. Their echoing strokes are mixed. Shadowy death flies over the hosts. They were clouds of hail, with squally winds in their skirts. Their showers are roaring together. Below them swell's the dark-rolling deep.

Strife of gloomy U-thorno, why should I mark thy wounds? Thou art with the years that are gone: thou fadest on my soul. Starno brought forward his skirit of war, and Swaran his own dark wing. Nor a harmless fire is Duth-maruno's sword. Lochlin is rolled over her streams. The wrathful kings are folded in thoughts. They roll their silent eyes, over the flight of their land. The horn of Fingal was heard: the sons of woody Albion returned. But many lay, by Turthor's stream, silent in their blood.

"Chief of Crom-charn," said the king, "Duth-maruno, hunter of boars! not harmless returns my eagle, from the field of foes. For this white-bosomed Lanal shall brighten, at her stream; Candona shall rejoice, at rocky Crathmo-craula."

"Colgorm," replied the chief, "was the first of my race in Albion; Colgorm, the rider of ocean, through its watery vales. He slew his brother in I-thorno; he left the land of his fa-

thers. He chose his place, in silence, by rocky Crathmo-craulo. His race came forth, in their years; they came forth to war, but they always fell. The wound of my fathers is mine, king of echoing isles!"

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

Night came down on U-thorno. Still stood the chiefs in their grief. The blast hissed, by turns, through every warrior's hair. Fingal, at length, burst forth from the thoughts of his soul. He called Ullin of harps, and bade the song to rise. No failing fire, that is only seen, and then retires in night; no departing meteor was Crathmo-craulo's chief. He was like the strong-beaming sun, long rejoicing on his hill. Call the names of his fathers, from their dwellings old.

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

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

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

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

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

Colgorm came, in his ship, and Corcul-surán, king of shells. The brothers came, from I-thorno, to woo the sun-beam of Tormoth's isle. She saw them in their echoing steel. Her soul was fixed on blue-eyed Colgorm. Ul-lochlin's§ nightly eye looked in, and saw the tossing arms of Strina-dona.

Wrathful the brothers frowned. Their flaming eyes in silence met. They turned away. They struck their shields. Their hands were trembling on their swords. They rushed into the strife of heroes, for long-haired Strina-dona.

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

† The Cana is a certain kind of grass, which grows plentifully in the heathy morasses of the north. Its stalk is of the reedy kind, and it carries a tuft of down, very much resembling cotton. It is excessively white, and, consequently, often introduced by the bards, in their similes concerning the beauty of women.

§ Ul-lochlin, the guide to Lochlin, the name of a star.

Cath-loda:

A POEM.



THE ARGUMENT.

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

DUAN THIRD.

WHENCE is the stream of years? Whither do they roll along? Where have they hid, in mist, their many coloured sides? I look into the times of old, but they seem dim to Ossian's eyes, like reflected moon-beams, on a distant lake. Here rise the red beams of war! There, silent, dwells a feeble race! They mark no years with their deeds, as slow they pass

along. Dweller between the shields; thou that awakest the failing soul, descend from thy wal', harp of Cona, with thy voices three! Come with that which kindles the past: rear the forms of old, on their dark-brown years!

U-thorno, hill of storms, I behold my race on thy side. Fingal is bending, in night, over Duth-maruno's tomb. Near him are the steps of his heroes, hunters of the boar. By Turthor's stream the host of Lochlin is deep in shades. The wrathful kings stood on two hills; they looked forward from their bossy shields. They looked forward on the stars of night, red-wandering in the west. Cruth-loda bends from high, like a formless meteor in clouds. He sends abroad the winds, and marks them, with his signs. Starno foresaw, that Morven's king was never to yield in war.

He twice struck the tree in wrath. He rushed before his son. He hummed a surly song; and heard his hair in wind. Turned from one another, they stood, like two oaks, which different winds had bent; each hangs over its own loud rill, and shakes its boughs, in the course of blasts.

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

"The chief of Urlor had come to Cormul, with his dark-bosomed ships; he saw the daughter of Annir, white-armed Foinar-bragal. He saw her: nor careless rolled her eyes, on the rider of stormy waves. She fled to his ship in dark-

ness, like a moon-beam through a nightly vale. Annir pursued along the deep; he called the winds of heaven. Nor alone was the king: Starno was by his side. Like U-thorno's young eagle, I turned my eyes on my father.

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

"On a rock sat tall Corman-trunar, beside his burnibg oak; and near him, beneath a tree, sat deep-bosomed Foinar-bragal. I threw my broken shield before her; and spoke the words of peace. Beside his rolling sea, lies Annir of many lakes. The king was pierced in battle; and Starno is to rise his tomb. Me, a son of Loda, he sends to white-handed Foinar-bragal, to bid her send a lock from her hair, to rest with her father, in earth. And thou king of roaring Urlor, let the battle cease, till Annir receive the shell, from fiery-eyed Cruth-loda.

"Bursting† into tears, she rose, and tore a lock from her hair; a lock, which wandered, in the blast, along her heaving breast. Corman-trunar gave the shell; and bade me to rejoice before him. I rested in the shade of night; and hid

† Ossian is very partial to the fair sex. Even the daughter of cruel Annir, the sister of the revengeful and bloody Starno, partakes not of those disagreeable characters so peculiar to her family. She is altogether tender and delicate.

my face in my helmet deep. Sleep descended on the foe. I rose, like a stalking ghost. I pierced the side of Cormac-trunar. Nor did Foinar-bragal escape. She rolled her white bosom in blood. Why then, daughter of heroes, didst thou wake my rage? Morning rose. The foe were fled, like the departure of mist. Annir struck his bossy shield. He called his dark-haired son. I came, streaked with wandering blood: thrice rose the shout of the king, like the bursting forth of a squally of wind, from a cloud, by night. We rejoiced three days, above the dead, and called the hawks of heaven. They came from all their winds to feast on Annir's foes. Swaran! Fingal is alone, on his hill of night. Let thy spear pierce the king in secret; like Annir, my soul shall rejoice."

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

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

Swelling with rage, he strode, to where Fingal lay alone. The king was laid on his shield, on his own secret hill. Stern hunter of shaggy boars, no feeble maid is laid before thee: no boy, on his ferny bed, by Turtor's murmuring stream. Here is spread the couch of the mighty, from which they rise to deeds of death. Hunter of shaggy boars, awaken not the terrible.

Starno came murmuring on. Fingal arose in arms. "Who art thou, son of night?" Silent he

threw the spear. They mixed their gloomy strife. The shield of Starno fell, cleft in twain. He is bound to an oak. The early beam arose. Then Fingal beheld the king of Gormal. He rolled a while his silent eyes. He thought of other days, when white-bosomed Agandecca moved like the music of songs. He loosed the thong from his hands. "Son of Annir," he said, "retire. Retire to Gormal of shells: a beam that was set returns. I remember thy white-bosomed daughter; dreadful king, away! Go to thy troubled dwelling, cloudy foe of the lovely! Let the stranger shun thee, thou gloomy in the hall!"

A TALE of the times of old!

Oina-morul:

A POEM.

THE ARGUMENT.

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

brings about a reconciliation between the two kings.

AS flies the inconstant sun, over Larmon's grassy hill; so pass the tales of old, along my soul, by night. When bards are removed to their place; when harps are hung in Selma's hall; then comes a voice to Ossian, and awakes his soul. It is the voice of years that are gone: they roll before me, with all their deeds. I seize the tales, as they pass, and pour them forth in song. Nor a troubled stream is the song of the king, it is like the rising of music from Lutha of the strings. Lutha of many strings, not silent are thy streamy rocks, when the white hands of Malvina move upon the harp. Light of the shadowy thoughts, that fly across my soul, daughter of Toscar of helmets, wilt thou not hear the song! We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!

It was in the days of the king†, while yet my locks were young, that I marked Con-cathlin,||

† Fingal.

|| Con-cathlin, 'mild beam of the wave.' What star was so called of old is not easily ascertained. Some now distinguish the pole-star by that name. A song, which is still in repute, among the sea-faring part of the Highlanders, alludes to this passage of Ossian. The author commends the knowledge of Ossian in sea affairs, a merit which, perhaps, few of us moderns will allow him, or any in the age in which he lived. One thing is certain, that the Caledonians often made their way through the dangerous and tempestuous seas of Scandinavia, which is more,

on high from ocean's nightly wave. My course was towards the isle of Fuarfed, woody dweller of seas. Fingal had sent me to the aid of Mal-orchol, king of Fuarfed wild: for war was around him, and our fathers had met at the feast.

In Col-coiled, I bound my sails, and sent my sword to Mal-orchol of shells. He knew the signal of Albion, and his joy arose. He came from his own high hall, and seized my hand in grief. "Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king? Ton-thormod of many spears is the chief of wavy Sar-dronlo. He saw and loved my daughter, white-bosomed Oina-morul. He sought: I denied the maid; for our fathers had been foes. He came, with battle, to Fuarfed. My people are rolled away. Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king?"

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

"Son of the daring Trenmor, thy words are like the voice of Cruth-loda, when he speaks, from his parting cloud, strong dweller of the sky! Many have rejoiced at my feast; but they ail

perhaps, than the more polished nations, subsisting in those times, dared to venture. In estimating the degree of knowledge of arts among the ancients, we ought not to bring it into comparison with the improvements of modern times. Our advantages over them proceed more from accident than any merit of ours.

have forgot Mal-orchol. I have looked toward all the winds, but no white sails were seen. But steel resounds in my hall; and not the joyful shells. Come to my dwelling, race of heroes dark-skirted night is near. Hear the voice of songs, from the maid of Fuarfed wild."

We went. On the harp arose the white hand of Oina-morul. She waked her own sad tale from every trembling string. I stood in silence for bright in her locks was the daughter of man isles. Her eyes were like two stars, looking forward through a rushing shower. The mariner marks them on high, and blesses the level beams. With morning we rushed to battle, to Tormul's resounding stream; the foe moved to the sound of Ton-thormod's bossy shield. From wing to wing the strife was mixed. I met the chief of Sar-draolo. Wide flew his broken steel. I seized the king in fight. I gave him hand, bound fast with thongs, to Mal-orchol, the giver of shells. Joy rose at the feast of Fuarfed for the foe had failed. Ton-thormod turned his face away, from Oina-morul of isles.

"Son of Fingal," begun Mal-orchol, "no forgot shalt thou pass from me. A light shall dwell in thy ship, Oina-morul of slow-rolling eyes. She shall kindle gladness, along the mighty soul. Nor unheeded shall the maid move in Selma, through the dwelling of kings."

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

"Who looks," she said, "from his rock, on

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

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

With morning I loosed the king. I gave the long-haired maid. Mal-orchol heard my words, in the midst of his echoing halls. "King of quarfed, wild, why should Ton-thormod mourn? He is of the race of heroes, and a flame in war. Your fathers have been foes, but now their dim ghosts rejoice in death. They stretch their arms of mist to the same shell in Loda. Forget their age, ye warriors! it was the cloud of other years."

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

Colna-dona :

A POEM.

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THE ARGUMENT.

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

COL-AMON|| of troubled streams, dark wanderer of distant vales, I behold thy course between trees, near Car-ul's echoing halls
There dwelt bright Colna-dona, the daughter of

|| Col-amon, the residence of Car-ul, was in the neighbourhood of Agricola's wall, toward the south. Car-ul seems to have been of the race of those Britons, who are distinguished by the name of *Maiatæ*, by the writers of Rome. *Maiatæ* is derived from two Gallic words, 'Moi,' a plain, and 'Aitich,' inhabitants; so that the signification of *Maiatæ* is, the inhabitants of the plain country; a name given to the Britons, who were settled in the Lowlands, in contradistinction

the king. Her eyes were rolling stars; her arms were white as the foam of streams. Her breast rose slowly to sight, like ocean's heaving wave. Her soul was a stream of light. Who, among the maids, was like the love of heroes?

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

tion to the Caledonians, (i. e. 'Cacl Don,' the Gauls of the hills) who were possessed of the more mountainous division of North Britain.

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

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

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

From † Col-amon came a bard, from Car-ul, the friend of strangers. He bade us to the feast

† The manners of the Britons and Caledonians were so similar in the days of Ossian, that there can be no doubt, that they were originally the same people, and descended from those Gauls who first possessed themselves of South Britain, and gradually migrated to the north. This hypothesis is more rational than the idle fables of ill-informed senachies, who bring the Caledonians from distant countries. The bare opinion of Tacitus, (which, by the bye, was only founded on a similarity of the personal figure of the Caledonians to the Germans of his own time) though it has staggered some learned men, is not suffi-

of kings, to the dwelling of bright Colna-dona
 We went to the hall of harps. There Car-
 ul brightened between his aged locks, when he be-
 held the sons of his friends, like two young trees
 with their leaves.

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

Car-ul placed the oak of feasts. He took two
 bosses from our shields. He laid them in earth,
 beneath a stone, to speak to the hero’s race.
 “When battle,” said the king, “shall roar,
 and our sons are to meet in wrath; my race

cient to make us believe, that the ancient inha-
 bitants of North Britain were a German colony.
 A discussion of a point like this might be curious,
 but could never be satisfactory. Periods so
 distant are so involved in obscurity, that nothing
 certain can now be advanced concerning them.
 The light which the Roman writers hold forth
 is too feeble to guide us to the truth, through
 the darkness which has surrounded it.

shall look, perhaps, on this stone, when they prepare the spear. Have not our fathers met in peace, they will say, and lay aside the shield?"

Night came down. In her long 'locks moved the daughter of Car-ul. Mixed with the harp arose the voice of white-armed Colna-dona. Tostar darkened in his place before the love of heroes. She came on his troubled soul, like a beam to the dark-heaving ocean: when it bursts from a cloud, and brightens the foamy side of a wave.

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With morning we awaked the woods; and hung forward on the path of roes. They fell by their wonted streams. We returned through Crona's vale. From the wood a youth came forward, with a shield and pointless spear. "Whence," said Tostar of Letha, "is the flying beam? Dwells there peace at Col-amon, round bright Colna-dona of harps?"

"By Col-amon of streams," said the youth, "bright Colna-dona dwelt. She dwelt; but her course is now in deserts, with the son of the king; he that seized her soul as it wandered through the hall."

"Stranger of tales," said Tostar, "hast thou marked the warrior's course? He must fall give thou that bossy shield!" In wrath he took the shield. Fair behind it heaved the breasts of a maid, white as the bosom of a swan, rising on swift rolling waves. It was Colna-dona of harps, the daughter of the king. Her blue eye had rolled on Tostar, and her love arose.

THE
Death of Oscar:

A POEM.



INTRODUCTION.

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 traditions concerning that hero, was unwilling to reject a poem, which, if not really of Ossian's composition, has much of his manner and concise turn of expression. A more correct copy of that fragment, which has since come into 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

of Caruth, who seems to have borne the same character, as well as name, with Oscar the son of Ossian. Though the translator thinks he has good reason to reject the fragment as the composition of Ossian, yet as it is, after all, still somewhat doubtful whether it is or not, he has here subjoined it.

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

He fell as the moon in a storm; as the sun from the midst of his course, when clouds rise from the waste of the waves, when the blackness of the storm inwraps the rocks of Ardanider. I, like an ancient rock 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 Arden. 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-
tour, 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
father delighted in my skill.

She went. He stood behind the shield. Her
arrow flew, and pierced his breast.

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

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

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

FINIS.









