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# F I N G A L

## AN ANCIENT EPIC POEM.

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### B O O K I.

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#### A R G U M E N T.

Cuchullin (*General of the Irish tribes, in the minority of Cormac, King of Ireland*) sitting alone beneath a Tree, at the Gate of Tura, a castle of Ulster (*the other Chiefs having gone on a hunting party to Cromla, a neighbouring hill*) is informed of the landing of Swaran, King of Lochlin, by Moran, the Son of Fithil, one of his scouts. He convenes the chiefs; a council is held; and disputes run high about giving battle to the enemy. Connal, the petty King of Togorma, and an intimate friend of Cuchullin, was for retreating, till Fingal, King of those Caledonians who inhabited the north-west coast of Scotland, whose aid had been previously solicited, should arrive: but Calmar, the Son of Matha, Lord of Lara, a country in Connaught, was for engaging the enemy

A

FINGAL

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enemy immediately. — Cuchullin, of himself willing to fight, went into the opinion of Calmar. Marching towards the enemy, he missed three of his bravest heroes, Fergus, Duchomar and Caithbat. Fergus arriving, tells Cuchullin of the death of the two other chiefs; which introduces the affecting episode of Morua daughter of Cormac. — The army of Cuchullin is descried at a distance by Swaran, who sent the son of Arno to observe the motions of the enemy, while he himself ranged his forces in order of battle. — The son of Arno, returning to Swaran, describes to him Cuchullin's chariot, and the terrible appearance of that hero. The armies engage, but night coming on, leaves the victory undecided. Cuchullin, according to the hospitality of the times sends to Swaran a formal invitation to a feast, by his bard Carril, the son of Kinfena. — Swaran refuses to come. Carril relates to Cuchullin the story of Grudar and Bradolis. A party, by Cornal's advice, is sent to observe the enemy; which closes the action of the first day.

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**C**uchullin \* sat by *Tura's* wall; by the  
 tree of the rustling leaf — — — His  
 spear leaned against the mossy rock. His  
 shield lay by him on the grass. As he  
 thought of mighty *Carbar* \*\*, a hero  
 whom

A 2

\* *Cuchullin*, or rather *Cuth-Ullin*, *the voice of Ullin*, a poetical name given the son of *Semo* by the bards, from his commanding the forces of the province of *Ulster* against the *Ferbolg* or *Belgae*, who were in possession of *Connaught*. *Cuchullin* when very young married *Brage* the Daughter of *Sorglan*, and passing over into *Ireland*, lived for some time with *Connal*, grandson by a daughter to *Congal* the petty King of *Ulster*. His wisdom and valour in a short time gained him such reputation, that in the minority of *Cormac* the supreme King of *Ireland*, he was chosen guardian to the young King, and sole manager of the war against *Swaran* King of *Lochlin*. After a series of great actions he was killed in battle somewhere in *Connaught*, in the twenty seventh year of his age. He was so remarkable for his strength, that to describe a strong man it has passed into a proverb: „He has the strength of *Cuchullin*,„ They shew the remains of his palace at *Dun-caich* in the *Isle of Skye*; and a stone, to which he bound his dog *Luath*, goes still by his name.

\*\* *Cairbar* or *Cairbre* signifies: a strong man.

whom he slew in war; the scout \*\*\* of the ocean came, *Moran* the \*\*\*\* son of *Fithil*.

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

*Moran!* replied the blue-eyed chief, thou ever tremblest, son of *Fithil*. Thy fears have much encreased the foe. Perhaps it is the King \*\*\*\*\* of the lonely hills, com-

\*\*\* We may conclude from *Cuchullin's* applying early for foreign aid, that the Irish were not then so numerous as they have since been; which is a great presumption against the high antiquities of that people. We have the testimony of *Tacitus*, that one legion only was thought sufficient, in time of *Agricola*, to reduce the whole Island under the Roman yoke; which would not probably have been the case, had the Island been inhabited for any number of centuries before.

\*\*\*\* *Moran* signifies *many*; and *Fithil*, or rather *Fili* an inferior *Bard*.

\*\*\*\*\* *Fingal* the son of *Comhal* and *Mor-*

coming to aid me on green *Ullin's* plains.

I saw their chief, says *Moran*, tall  
 as a rock of ice. His spear is like that  
 blasted fir. His shield like the rising moon.  
 He sat on a rock on the shore: his dark  
 host rolled, like clouds around him. —  
 Many, chief of men! I said, many are  
 our hands of war. — Well art thou na-  
 med, the Mighty Man, but many mighty  
 men are seen from *Tura's* windy walls. —  
 He answered like a wave on a rock, who in  
 this land appears like me? Heroes stand not  
 in my presence: they fall to earth beneath

A 3 my

*na* the daughter of *Thaddu*. His grandfather  
 was *Trathal*, and great grandfather *Trenmor*,  
 both of whom are often mentioned in the poem.  
 — *Trenmor* according to tradition had two  
 sons; *Trathal* who succeeded him in the kingdom  
 of *Morven*, and *Conar*, called by the bards  
*Conar the great* who was elected King of  
 all Ireland, and was the ancestor of that *Cor-  
 mac* who sat on the Irish throne when the  
 invasion of *Swaran* happened. It may not  
 be improper here to observe, that the accent  
 ought always to be placed on the last sylla-  
 ble of *Fingal*.

my hand. None can meet *Swaran* in the fight but *Fingal*, King of stormy hills. Once we wrestled on the heath of *Malmor* \*, and our heels overturned the wood. Rocks fell from their place; and rivulets, changing their course, fled murmuring from our strife? Three days we renewed our strife. On the fourth, *Fingal* says, that the King of the ocean fell; but *Swaran* says, he stood. Let dark *Cuchullin* yield to him that is strong as the storms of *Malmor*.

No, replied the blue-eyed chief, I will never yield to man. Dark *Cuchullin* will be great or dead. Go, *Fithil's* son, and take my spear: strike the sounding shield of *Cabait* \*. It hangs at *Tura's* rustling

\* Meal — mor — a great hill.

\* *Cabait* or rather *Cothbait*, grandfather to the hero, was so remarkable for his valour, that his shield was made use of to alarm his posterity to the battles of the family. We find *Fingal* making the same use of his own shield, in the 4th book. — A horn was the most common instrument to call the army together, before the invention of bagpipes.

ling gate ; found of peace is not its voice.  
My heroes shall hear on the hill.

He went and struck the bossy shield.  
The hills and their rocks replied. The sound  
spread along the wood: deer start by the  
lake of roes. *Curach* \*\* leapt from the  
sounding rock; and *Connal* of the bloody  
spear. *Crugal's* \*\*\* breast of snow beats  
high. The son of *Favi* leaves the dark-  
brown hind. It is the shield of war, said  
*Ronnar*, the spear of *Cuchullin*, said *Lug-  
gar*. — Son of the Sea, put on thy arms!  
*Calmar*, lift thy sounding steel! *Puno!*  
horrid hero, rise: *Cairbar* from, thy  
white red tree of *Cromla*. Bend thy  
knee, O *Eth*, and descend from the streams  
of *Lena*.— *Ca-olt*, stretch thy white side,  
as thou movest along the whistling heath of  
*Mora*; thy side that is white as the foam  
of the troubled sea, when the dark winds pour  
it on the murmuring rocks of *Cuthon* \*\*\*\*.

A 4

Now

- \*\* Cu-raoch signifies the *madness of battle*.
- \*\*\* Cruth - geal - fair - complexoned.
- \*\*\*\* Cu-thon - the mournful sound of waves.

Now I behold the chiefs in the pride  
of their former deeds; their souls are kind-  
led at the battles of old, and the actions  
of other times. Their eyes are like flames  
of fire, and roll in search of the foes of  
the land. — Their mighty hands are on  
their swords; and lightning pours from their  
sides of steel. — They came like streams  
from the mountains; each rushed roaring  
from his hill. Bright are the chiefs of battle in  
the armour of their fathers. — Gloomy  
and dark their heroes followed, like the  
gathering of the rainy clouds behind the red  
meteors of heaven. — The sounds of crash-  
ing arms ascend. The grey dogs howl  
between. Unequally bursts the song of  
battle, and rocking Cromla \*\*\*\*\* ecchoes  
round. On Lena's dusky heath they stood,  
like mist \* that shades the hills of autumn,  
when

\*\*\*\*\* Cromleach signified a place of wor-  
ship among the Druids. It is here the proper  
name of a hill on the coast of Ullin or Ulster.

\* — νεφέλησιν εικότες ὡσε Κρονίων  
Νηνεμίης ἔσησεν ἐπ' ἀκροπολοισιν ὄρεσσιν.

Ατρεῖ



when broken and dark it settles high, and  
lifts its head to heaven.

Hail, said Cuchullin, sons of the nar-  
row vales; hail, ye hunters of the deer. An-  
other sport is drawing near: it is like the  
dark rolling of that wave on the coast. Shall  
we fight, ye sons of war! or yield green  
*Innisfail* \*\* to *Lochlin*? — O *Connal* \*\*\*  
speak, thou first of men! thou breaker of

A 5

the

of *Arēmaus*. Hom. II. 5 v. 512.

So when the embattled clouds in dark array;  
Along the skies their gloomy lines display;  
The low-hung vapours motionless and still  
Rest on the summits of the shaded hill. *Pope*.

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

\*\*\* *Connal*, the friend of Cuchullin was the  
son of Cathbait, prince of Tongorma or the  
*Island of blue waves*, probably one of the Hebri-  
des. His mother was Fioncoma the daugh-  
ter of Congal. He had a son by Foba of Cona-  
dochar-nessar, who was afterwards King of  
Ulster. For his services in the war against  
Swaran, he had lands conferred on him,  
which from his name, were called Tir-chon-  
nuil or Tir-connel, i. e. the land of Connal.

the shields! thou hast often fought with *Lochlin*; wilt thou lift thy father's spear!

*Cuchullin!* calm the chief replied, the spear of *Connal* is keen. It delights to shine in battle, and to mix with the blood of thousands. But tho' my hand is bent on war, my heart is for the peace of *Erin* \*\*\*\*. Behold, thou first in *Cormac's* war, the sable fleet of *Swaran*. His masts are as numerous on our coast, as reeds in the lake of *Lego*. His ships are like forests cloathed with mist, when the trees yield by turns to the squally wind. Many are his chiefs in battle. *Connal* is for peace. — *Fingal* would shun his arm, the first of mortal men: *Fingal* that scatters the mighty, as  
stor-

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

STRABO I. 284. CESAUR. I, 1.

stormy winds the heath; when the streams  
 roar thro' echoing *Cona*: and night settles  
 with all her clouds on the hill.

Fly, thou chief of peace, said *Calmar* \*,  
 the son of *Matha*; Fly, *Connal*, to thy  
 silent hills, where the spear of battle never  
 shone: pursue the dark-brown deer of  
*Cromla*, and stop with thine arrows the  
 bounding roes of *Lena*. But blue-eyed  
 son of *Semo*, *Cuchullin*, ruler of the war,  
 scatter thou the sons of *Lochlin* \*\*, and  
 roar thro' the ranks of their pride. Let no  
 vessel of the kingdom of *Snow* bound on  
 the dark-rolling waves of *Inis-tore* \*\*\*.  
 O ye dark winds of *Erin* rise! roar ye  
 whirlwinds of the heath! Amidst the tem-  
 pest let me die, torn in a cloud by angry  
 ghosts of men; amidst the tempest let *Cal-*  
*mar*

\* *Calm-er, a strong man.*

\*\* The Galic name of Scandinavia in gene-  
 ral; in a more confined sense that of the pen-  
 insula of Jutland.

\*\*\* *Innis-tore, the Island of whales, the*  
 ancient name of the Orkney islands.

war die, if ever chace was sport to him so much as the battle of shields.

*Calmar!* slow replied the chief, I never fled, O *Matha's* son. I was swift with my friends in battle, but small is the fame of *Connal*. The battle was won in my presence, and the valiant overcame.

But son of *Semo*, hear my voice, regard the ancient throne of *Cormac*. Give wealth and half the land for peace, till *Fin-gal* comes with battle. Or, if war be thy choice, I lift the sword and spear. My joy shall be in the midst of thousands, and my soul brighten in the gloom of the fight.

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

clouds, and the oaks of *Morven* echo  
along the shore.

But where are my friends in battle?  
The companions of my arms in danger?  
Where art thou whitebosom'd *Cathbat*?  
Where is that cloud in war, *Duchomar* \*?  
and hast thou left me, o *Fergus* \*\*! in the  
day of the storm? *Fergus*, first in our joy  
at the feast! Son of *Rossa*! arm of death!  
comest thou like a roe \*\*\* from *Malmor*?  
Like a hart from the echoing hill? — Hail  
thou Son of *Rossa*! what shades the soul  
of war?

Four stones \*, replied the chief, rise  
on the grave of *Cathbat*. — These hands  
have laid in earth *Duchomar*, that cloud in  
war.

\* *Dubhchomar*, a black well - shaped man.

\*\* *Fear-guth*, - the man of the word; or  
a commander of army.

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

Salomon's Song.

\* This passage alludes to the manner of  
burial

war. *Cathbat*, thou son of *Torman* thou wert a sun-beam on the hill. — And thou, o valiant *Duchomar*, like the mist of marshy *Lano*; when it sails over the plains of autumn and brings death to the people. *Morna*, thou fairest of Maids! calm is thy sleep in the cave of the rock. Thou hast fallen in darkness like a star, that shoots athwart the desert, when the traveller is alone, and mourns the transient beam.

III Say, said *Semo's* blue-eyed son, say, how fell the chiefs of Erin? Fell they by the sons of *Lochlin*, striving in the battle of heroes?

burial among the ancient Scots. They opened a grave six or eight feet deep: the bottom was lined with fine clay; and on this they laid the body of the deceased, and, if a warrior, his sword, and the heads of twelve arrows by his side. Above they laid another stratum of clay, in which they placed the horn of a deer, the symbol of hunting. The whole was covered with a fine mold, and four stones placed on end, to mark the extent of the grave. These are the four stones alluded to here.

heroes? Or what confines the chiefs of *Cromla* to the dark and narrow house \*\*?

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

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

\*\* The grave — The house appointed for  
all living. Job.

\* Muirne or *Morna*, a woman beloved by all.

white pillars in the halls of the mighty  
*Fingal*.

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

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

*Duchomar*! calm the maid replied; I  
love thee not, thou gloomy man. — Hard  
is thy heart of rock, and dark thy terrible  
brow. But *Cathbat*, thou son of *Torman*\*,  
thou

\* *Torman* - Thunder. This is the true ori-  
gin, of the Jupiter Taramis of the Ancients.



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

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

And is the son of *Torman* fallen? said the maid of the tearful eye. Is he fallen on his echoing heath; the youth with the breast of snow? he that was first in the chace of the hill; the foe of the strangers of the ocean! *Duchomar* thou art dark \* indeed, and cruel is thy arm to *Morna*.

But

\* She alludes to his name — *the dark man*.

B

But give me that sword, my foe; I love the blood of *Caithbat*.

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

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

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

Peare

\*\* *Moina - soft in temper and person,*

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

As

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

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

The sons of *Lochlin* hear'd the noise as the sound of a winter-stream. *Swaran* struck

\* Ως δ' ὅτε χεῖμαρροι ποταμοί, κατ' ἑ-  
ρεσφι ρέοντες

Ες μισγάγκειαν συμβάλλετον ἔβριμον ὕ-  
δαρ,

Κρηνῶν ἕκ μεγάλων κοίλης ἔγκασθε χαρά-  
δης.

Hom.

As torrents roll encreas'd by numerous rills  
With rage impetuous down the echoing  
hills;

Rush to the vales, and pour'd along the plain,  
Roar thro' a thousand channels to the main.  
Pope.

Aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis,  
Dant sonitum spumosi amnes, & in aequora  
currunt,

Quisque suum populans titer.

Virg.

struck his bossy shield, and called the son  
of Arno. What murmur rolls along the  
hill like the gathered flies of evening? The  
sons of Innisfail descend, or rustling winds  
roar in the distant wood. Such is the noise  
of *Gormal* before the white tops of my  
waves arise. O son of *Arno*, ascend the  
hill and view the dark face of the heath.

He went, and trembling, swift return-  
ed. His heart beat high against his side.  
His words were faltering, broken, slow.

Rise son of ocean; rise chief of the  
dark-brown shields. I see the dark,  
the mountain-stream of the battle:  
the deep-moving strength of the sons of  
*Erin* — The car, the car of battle comes,  
like the flame of death; the rapid car of  
*Cuchullin*, the noble son of *Semo*. It bends  
behind like a wave near a rock; like the  
golden mist of the heath. Its sides are em-  
bossed with stones, and sparkle like the sea  
round

round the boat of night. Of polished yew is its beam, and its seat of the smoothest bones. The sides are replenished with spears; and the bottom is the footstool of heroes. Before the right side of the car is seen, the snorting horse. The highmaned, broad-breasted, proud, highleaping, strong steed of the hill. Loud and resounding is his hoof, the spreading of his mane above is like that stream of smoke on the heath. Bright are the sides of the steed, and his name is *Sulin-Sifadda*.

Before the left side of the car is seen the snorting horse. The dark-maned, high-headed, strong hoofed, fleet, bounding son of the hill; his name is *Dusronnal* among the stormy sons of the sword. — A thousand thongs bind the car on high. Hard polished bits shine in a wreath of foam. Thin thongs, bright-studded with gems, bend on the stately necks of the steeds. — The steeds, that like wreaths of  
mist

mist fly over streamy vales. The wildness  
of deer is in their course, the strength of  
the eagle descending on her prey. Their  
noise is like the blast of winter on the  
sides of the snow headed *Gormal* \*.

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

When did I fly, replied the King, from  
the battle of many spears? When did I fly,  
son of *Arno*, chief of the little soul? J met  
the storm of *Gormal*, when the foam of  
my waves was high. J met the storm of  
the clouds: and shall J fly from a hero?

B 4

Were

\* A hill of Lochlin.

Were it *Fingal* himself, my soul should not  
 darken before him. — Rise to the battle,  
 my thousands; pour round me like the ec-  
 choing main. Gather round the bright  
 steel of your King; strong as the rocks of  
 my land; that meet the storm with joy,  
 and stretch their dark woods to the wind.

As autumn's \* dark storms pour from  
 two

\* The reader may compare this passage  
 with a familiar one in Homer. *Iliad*, 4. v. 446.

Now shield with shield, with helmet hel-  
 met clos'd.

To armour armour, lance to lance oppos'd,  
 Host against host, with shadowy squa-  
 drons drew,

The sounding darts in iron tempests flew;  
 With streaming blood the flipp'ry fields  
 are dy'd,

And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful  
 tide.

Pope.

Statius has very happily imitated Homer.  
*Iam clipeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,*  
*Ense minax ensis, pede pes, & cuspi de cuspi;*  
 &c.

Arms on armour crashing, bray'd  
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
 Of brazen chariots rag'd, &c.

Milton.



two echoing hills, towards each other  
 approached the heroes. — As two dark  
 streams from high rocks meet, and mix  
 and roar on the plain; loud, rough and  
 dark in battle meet *Lochlin* and *Innis-fail*.  
 Chief mixed his strokes with chief, and  
 man with man; steel clanging, sounded  
 on steel, helmets are cleft on high. Blood  
 bursts and smoaks around. — Strings twang  
 on the polished yews. Darts rush along  
 the sky. Spears fall like the circles of light,  
 that gild the stormy face of night.

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

Mourn, ye sons of song, the death  
 B 5 of

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

Nor slept thy hand by thy side, chief of the isle of mist \*\*; many were the deaths of thine arm, *Cuchullin*, thou son of *Semo*. His sword was like the beam of heaven, when it pierces the sons of the vale; when the people are blasted and fall, and all the hills are burning around. — *Dur-*  
*ron-*

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

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

ronnal \* snorted over the bodies of heroes;  
and *Sifadda* \*\* bathed his hoof in blood.  
The battle lay behind them, as groves over-  
turned on the desert of *Cromla*; when the  
blast has passed the heath, laden with the  
spirits of night.

Weep on the rocks of roaring winds  
o maid of *Iniflore* \*\*\*, bend thy fair head  
over the waves, thou fairer than the spirit  
of

\* One of Cuchullin's horses. *Dubhstron-  
ghéal*.

\*\* *Sith-fadda*, i. e. a long-stride.

\*\*\* *The maid of Iniflore* was the daughter  
of *Gorlo* King of Iniflore or Orkney Islands,  
*Trenar* was brother to the King of Iniscon,  
supposed to be one of the Islands of Shetland.  
The Orkneys and Shetland were at that time  
subject to the King of Lochlin. We find, that  
the dogs of *Trenar* are sensible at home of  
the death of their master, the very instant  
he is killed. — It was the opinion of the  
times, that the souls of heroes went imme-  
diately after death to the hills of their coun-  
try, and the scenes they frequented the most  
happy time of their life. It was thought  
too, that dogs and horses saw the ghosts of  
the deceased.

of the hills; when it moves in a sun-beam at noon over the silence of *Morven*. He is fallen! thy youth is low; pale beneath the sword of *Cuchullin*. No more shall valour raise the youth to match the blood of Kings. — *Trenar*, lovely *Trenar* died, thou maid of *Inisflora*. His gray dogs are howling at home, and see his passing ghost. His bow is in the hall unstrung. No sound is in the heath of his hinds.

As roll a thousand waves to the rocks, so *Swaran's* host came on; as meets a rock a thousand waves, so *Innis-fail* met *Swaran*. Death raises all his voices around, and mixes with the sounds of shields. — Each hero is a pillar of darkness, and the sword a beam of fire in his hand. The field echoes from wing to wing, as hundred hammers, that rise by turns, on the red son of the furnace.

Who are these on *Lena's* heath, that are so gloomy and dark? Who are these  
like

like two clouds \*), and their swords like lightning above them? The little hills are troubled around, and the rocks tremble with all their moss. — Who is it but *Ocean's* son and the car-borne chief of *Erin*? Many are the anxious eyes of their friends, as they see them dim on the heath. Now night conceals the chiefs in her clouds, and ends the terrible fight.

It was on *Cromla's* shaggy side that *Dorglas* placed the deer \*\*, the early fortune

\* As when two black clouds,  
With heaven's artillery fraught, come  
rattling on

Over the Caspian.

*Milton.*

\*\* The ancient manner of preparing feast after hunting is handed down by tradition. — A pit lined with smooth stones was made; and near it stood a heap of smooth flat stones of the flint kind. The stones as well as the pit were properly heated with heath. Then they laid some venison in the bottom and a stratum of the stones above it; and thus they did alternately, till the pit was full. The whole was covered over with heath

tune of the chace, before the heroes left the hill. — A hundred youths collect the heath; ten heroes blow the fire; three hundred chuse the polill'd stones. The feast is smoaking wide.

*Cuchullin*, chief of *Erin's* war, resumed his mighty soul. He stood upon his beamy spear, and spoke to the son of songs; to *Carril* of other times, the gray-haired son of *Kinsena* \*. Is this feast spread for me alone and the King of *Lochlin* on *Ulin's* shore, far from the deer of his hills, and sounding halls of his feasts? Rise, *Carril* of other times, and carry my words to *Swaran*; tell him that came from the roaring of waters, that *Cuchullin* gives his feast. Here let him listen to the sound of my groves amidst the clouds of night. —

For

heath to confine the steam. Whether this is probable. I cannot say, but some pits are shewn, which, the vulgar say, were used in that manner.

\* *Cean-feana*, i. e. the head of the people.

For cold and bleak the blustering winds  
 rush over the foam of his seas. Here let  
 him praise the trembling harp, and hear the  
 songs of heroes.

Old *Carril* went, with softest voice,  
 and called the King of darkbrown shields.  
 Rise from the skins of thy chace, rise,  
*Swaran* King of groves. — *Cuchullin* gives  
 the joy of shells; partake the feast of Erin's  
 blue-eyed chief.

He answered like the sullen sound of  
*Cromla* before a storm. Though all thy  
 daughters, *Innis-fail!* should extend their  
 arms of snow; raise high the heavings of  
 their breast, and softly roll their eyes of  
 love: yet, fixed as *Lochlin's* thousand rocks,  
 here *Swaran* shall remain; till morn, with  
 the young beams of my east, shall light me  
 to the death of *Cuchullin*. Pleasant to my  
 ear is *Lochlin's* wind. It rushes over my  
 seas. It speaks aloft in all my shrouds, and  
 brings my green forests to my mind; the  
 green

green forests of *Gormal*, that often echoed to my winds, when my spear was red in the chace of the boar. Let dark *Cuchullin* yield to me, the ancient throne of *Cormac*, or Erin's torrents shew from their hills the red foam of the blood of his pride.

Sad is the sound of *Swaran's* voice, said *Carril* of other times: —

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

\* *Ossian*, the son of *Fingal* and author of the poem. One cannot but admire the address of the poet, in putting his own praise so naturally into the mouth of *Cuchullin*. The  
Cona



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

## Side

*Cona* here mention'd is perhaps that small  
 river, that runs through *Glenco* in *Argyle-*  
*shire*. One of the hills, which environ that  
 romantic valley, is still called *Scornafena*, or  
 the hill of *Fingal's* people.

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

\*\* *Golb-bhean*, as well as *Cromleach*,  
 signifies, a *crooked hill*. It is here the name  
 of a mountain in the county of *Sligo*,

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

On *Lubar's*\* grassy banks they fought;  
and *Grudar* like a sun-beam fell. Fierce  
*Cairbar* came to the vale of the echoing  
*Tura*, where *Brassolis*\*\* fairest of his  
sisters, all alone, raised the song of grief.

She sung of the actions of *Grudar*, the  
youth of her secret soul. — She mourned  
him in the field of blood; but still she  
hoped for his return. Her white bosom  
is seen from her robe, as the moon from  
the clouds of night. Her voice was softer  
than the harp, to raise the song of grief.  
Her soul was fixed on *Grudar*; the secret

look

\* *Lubar* - a river in Ulster Labhar, loud,  
noisy,

\*\* *Brassolis* signifies: a woman with a white  
brrast.

look of her eye was his. — When shalt thou come in thine arms, thou mighty in the war? —

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

Pleasant is thy voice, O *Carril*, said the blue-eyed chief of *Erin*; and lovely are the words of other times. They are like the calm shower \* of spring, when the sun

C 2

looks

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

— ἔπεα νυφιδεσσιν εἰκότα χειμερίων

B

looks on the field, and the light cloud flies  
 over the hills. O strike the harp in praise  
 of my love, the lonely sun-beam of *Dun-*  
*scaich*. Strike the harp in the praise of *Bra-*  
*gela* \*\*, of her that I left in the Isle of *Mis*, the  
 Ispouse of *Semo's* son. Dost thou raise thy  
 fair face from the rock, to find the sails of  
*Cuchullin*! — The sea is rolling far distant,  
 and its white foam shall deceive thee for my  
 sails. Retire for it is night, my love, and  
 the dark winds sigh in thy hair. Retire to  
 the

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

\*\* *Bragela* was the daughter of *Sorgelan*,  
 and the wife of *Cuchullin*. — *Cuchullin*. upon  
 the death of *Artho*, supreme King of Ireland,  
 passed over into Ireland probably by *Fingal's*  
 order, to take upon him the administration  
 of affairs in that Kingdom, during the minority  
 of *Cormac* the son of *Artho*. He left his wife  
*Bragela* in *Dunscaich*, the seat of the family,  
 in the Isle of *Sky*, where the remains of  
 his palace is still shewn; and a stone, to  
 which he bound his dog *Luath*, goes still by  
 his name.

the halls of my feasts, and think of the times that are past: for I will not return, till the storm of war is ceased. O *Connal*, speak of wars and arms, and send her from my mind, for lovely with her raven-hair is the white-bosomed daughter of *Sorglan*.

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

The hero struck the shield of his alarms — the warriors of the night moved on. The rest lay in the heath of the deer, and slept amidst the dusky wind. — The ghosts \*

C 3 of

\* It was long the opinion of the ancient Scots, that a ghost was heard shrieking near the place, where a death was to happen soon after. The accounts given to this day, among the vulgar, of this extraordinary matter, are very poetical. The ghost comes mounted on  
meteor,

of the lately dead were near, and swam on gloomy clouds. And far distant, in the dark silence of *Lena*, the feeble voices of death were heard.

meteor, and surrounds twice or thrice the place destined for the person to die; and then goes along the road, through which the funeral is to pass, shrieking at intervals; at last the meteor and the ghost disappear above the burial place.