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W. L. ...

F I N G A L
AN EPIC POEM
IN SIX BOOKS,
TAKEN FROM
OSSIAN'S WORKS.



GOTTINGUE

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VORBERICHT.

Das schönste und herrlichste unter allen Gedichten vom Vater Ossian, diesem treflichen Bardensänger der Vorzeit, ist gewis dasjenige, dem der Name Fingal an der Stirne steht. Nur dis mit Aufmerksamkeit und Bedacht durchgelesen, so kennt man Ossian schon ziemlich genau, und fühlt sich ganz in die Scenen versetzt, die er so treffend zu schildern vermag. Um leichter zur Kunde dieses alten Dichters zu-

*

kom-

Vorbericht.

kommen, one sich grade seine, für manchen immer noch theure Werke anschaffen zu können, ist dieser wolfeile Abdruck zum Besten Vieler besorgt, und wird den Reiz Ossian zu lesen, vorläufig hinlänglich befriedigen. Wer näher von ihm und seinem Werken unterrichtet seyn will dem empfehlen wir: Blairs Abhandlung über Ossians Gedichten übersetzt von O. A. H. Oelrichs Hannover 1786. 8.

FINGAL

F I N G A L

AN ANCIENT EPIC POEM.

B O O K I.

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

2

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.

Cuchullin * 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 *Fiti* 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 Hebride-
s. 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 encreased 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 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 *Inisfore*. 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 loved 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 brass.

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 χειμερίσιν

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, what 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 *Dunscach*, 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.

F I N G A L
AN ANCIENT EPIC POEM.

B O O K II.

A R G U M E N T.

The ghost of Crugal, one of the Irish heroes who was killed in battle, appearing to Connal, foretels the defeat of Cuchullin in the next battle; and earnestly advises him to make peace with Swaran. Connal communicates the vision; but Cuchullin is inflexible; from a principle of honour he would not be the first to sue for peace, and he resolved to continue the war. Morning comes; Swaran proposes dishonorable terms to Cuchullin, which are rejected. The battle begins, and is obstinately fought for some time, until upon the flight of Grumal, the whole Irish army gave way. Cuchullin and Connal cover their retreat: Carril leads them to a neighbouring hill, whither they are soon followed by Cuchullin himself, who descries the fleet of Fingal making towards the coast; but, night coming on, he lost sight of it again. Cuchullin, dejected after his defeat, attributes his ill success to the death of Ferda his friend, whom he had killed some time before. Carril, to shew, that ill success did not always attend those, who innocently killed their friends, introduces the episode of Comal and Galvina.

Connal * lay by the sound of the mountain stream, beneath the aged tree. A stone,

* The scene of Connal's repose is familiar to those who have been in the Highlands of Scotland. The poet removes him to a distance from the army, to add more horror to the description of Crugal's ghost by the loneliness of the place. It perhaps will not be disagreeable to the reader, to see how two other ancient poets handled a familiar subject.

Ἠλθῆ δ' ἐπὶ ψυχῇ Πατροκλῆος δειλοῖο
 Παντ' αὐτῷ ἰμέγεθός τε καὶ ὄμματα καί τ'
 εἰκῆσια

Καὶ φωνὴν, &c.

Hom. Il. 23.

When lo! the shade, before his closing
 eyes,
 Of sad Patroclus rose or seem'd to rise,
 In the same robe he living wore, he came
 In stature, voice, and pleasing look the same.
 The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,
 And sleeps Achilles thus? the phantom said.

Pope.

In somnis ecce ante oculos moestissimus
 Hector

Vilus adesse mihi, largosque effundere fletus,
 Raptatus bigis, ut quondam, aterque cruento
 Pulvere, perque pedes trajectus lora tumentes.
 Hei mihi qualis erat? quantum mutatus ab illo
 Hec-

stone, with its moss, supported his head. Shril
thro' the heath of *Lena*, he heard the voice
of night. At distance from the heroes he
lay, for the son of the sword feared no foe.

C 5

My

Hectore, qui redit exuviis indutus Achillis
Vel Danaum Phrygios jaculatus puppibus
ignis;
Squallentem barbam & concretos sanguine
crines,
Vulneraque illa gerens, quae circum pluri-
ma muros

Acceptit patrios.

Aen. Lib. 2.

When Hector's ghost before my sight appe-
ars:

A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in
tears.

Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
Thessalian coursers drag'd him o'er the plain.
Swoln were his feet, as when the tongs
were thrust

Through the bor'd holes, his body black
with dust.

Unlike that Hector, who return'd from toils
Of war triumphant, in Aeacian spoils:

Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,
And launch'd against their navy Phrygian
fire

His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore,
And all the wounds he for his country bore.

Dryden.

My hero saw in his rest a dark, red stream of fire coming down from the hill. *Crugal* sat upon the beam, a chief that lately fell. He fell by the hand of *Swaran*; striving in the battle of heroes. His face is like the beam of the setting moon; his robes are of the clouds of the hill; his eyes are like two decaying flames. Dark is the wound of his breast.

Crugal, said the mighty *Connal*, son of *Dedgal* famed on the hill of deer. Why so pale and sad, thou breaker of the shields? Thou hast never been pale for fear.— What disturbs the son of the hill?

Dim, and in tears, he stood and stretched his pale hand over the hero. — Faintly raised his feeble voice, like the gale of the reedy *Lego*.

My ghost, o *Connal*, is on my native hills; but my corse is on the sands of *Ullin*. Thou shalt never talk with *Crugal*, or find his

his lone steps in the heath. I am light as
 the blast of *Cromla*, and I move like the
 shadow of mist. *Connal*, son of *Colgar**,
 I see the dark cloud of death: it hovers over
 the plain of *Lena*. The sons of green *E-*
rin shall fall. Remove from the field of ghosts.
 — Like the darkened moon,* he retired in
 the midst of the whistling blast.

Stay, said the mighty *Connal*, my
 dark-red friend. Lay by that beam of
 heaven, son of the windy *Cromla*. What
 cave of the hill is thy lonely house! What
 green-headed hill is the place of thy rest!
 Shall we not hear thee in the storm? in the
 noise

* *Connal* the son of *Caithbat*, the friend of
Cuchullin is sometimes, as here called the
 son of *Colgar*; from one of that name who
 was the founder of his family.

* Ψυχὴ δὲ κατὰ χροῶν, ἥτε ταποῖς
 ὄχετο τετραγυῖα.

Hom. II. 23. v. 100.

Like a thin smoke he sees the spirit fly,
 And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

Pope.

noise of the mountain-stream? When the feeble sons of the wind come forth, and ride on the blast of the desert.

The soft-voiced *Connal* rose in the midst of his founding arms. He struck his shield above *Cuchullin*. The son of battle waked.

Why, said the ruler of the car, comes *Connal* through the night? My spear might turn against the sound? and *Cuchullin* mourn the death of his friend. Speak, *Connal*, son of *Colgar*, speak, thy counsel is like the son of heaven.

Son of *Semo*, replied the chief; the ghost of *Crugal* came from the cave of his hill. — The stars dim-twinkled through his form; and his voice was like the sound of a distant stream. — He is a messenger of death. — He speaks of the dark and narrow house. Sue for peace, o Chief of *Dun-caich*; or fly over the heath of *Lena*.

He

He spoke to *Connal*, replied the hero, though stars dim-twinkled through his form. Son of *Colgar*, it was the wind that murmured in the caves of *Lena*. — Or if it was the form * of *Crugal*, why didst thou not force him to my sight. Hast thou enquired where is his cave? The house of the son of the wind? My sword might find that voice, and force his knowledge from him. And small is his knowledge, *Connal*, for he was here to day. He could not have gone beyond our hills, and who could tell him there of our death!

Ghosts fly on clouds and ride on winds, said *Connal's* voice of wisdom. They rest

* The poet teaches us the opinions that prevailed in his time concerning the state of separate souls. From *Connal's* expression, „That the stars dim-twinkled through the form of *Crugal*,„ and *Cuchullin's* reply, we may gather, that they both thought the soul was material, something like the *εὐδωλον* of the ancient Greeks.

rest together in their caves, and talk of mortal men.

Then let them talk of mortal men; of every man but Erin's chief. Let me be forgot in their cave; for I will not fly from *Swaran*.—If I must fall, my tomb shall rise amidst the fame of future times. The hunter shall shed a tear on my stone; and sorrow dwell round the high-bosomed *Bragéla*. I fear not death, but I fear to fly, for *Fingal* saw me often victorious. Thou dim phantom of the hill shew thyself to me! come on thy beam of heaven, and shew me my death in thine hand, yet will I not fly, thou feeble son of the wind. Go, son of *Colgar*, strike the shield of *Caithbat*, it hangs between the spears. Let my heroes rise to the sounds in the midst of the battles of *Erin*. Though *Fingal* delays his coming with the race of the stormy hills; we shall fight, *Colgar's* son, and die in the battle of heroes.

The

The sound spreads wide; the heroes
 rise, like the breaking of a blue-rolling
 wave. They stood on the heath, like oaks
 with all their branches round them*; when
 they eccho to the stream of frost, and their
 withered leaves rustle to the wind.

High *Cromla's* head of clouds is gray;
 the morning trembles on the half-enlight-
 ened ocean. The blue, gray mist swims
 slowly by, and hides the sons of *Innis-fail*.

Rise ye, said the King of the dark-
 brown shields, ye that came from *Lochlin's*
 waves. The sons of *Erin* have fled from
 our arms — pursue them over the plains
 of *Lena*. — And, *Morla*, go to *Cormac's*
 hall, and bid them yield to *Swaran*; before
 the people shall fall into the tomb, and the
 hills

* — As when heaven's fire
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain
 pines
 With singed tops, their stately growth tho'
 bare
 Stand on the blasted heath.

Milton.

hills of *Ullin* be silent. — They rose like a flock of sea-fowl, when the waves expel them from the shore. Their sound was like a thousand streams, that meet in *Cona's* vale, when after a stormy night they turn their dark eddies beneath the pale light of the morning. —

As the dark shades of autumn, fly over the hills of grass; so gloomy, dark, successive came the chiefs of *Lochlin's* echoing woods. Tall as the stag of *Morven* moved on the King of groves. His shining shield is on his side like a flame on the heath at night, when the world is silent and dark, and the traveller sees some ghost sporting in the beam.

A blast from the troubled ocean removed the settled mist. The sons of *Innis-fail* appear like a ridge of rocks on the shore.

Go, *Morla*, go, said *Lochlin's* King,
and offer peace to these. Offer the terms,
we

we give to Kings, when nations bow before us. When the valiant are dead in war, and the virgins weeping on the field.

Great *Morla* came, the son of *Swart*, and stately strode the King of shields. He spoke to *Erin's* blue-eyed son, among the lesser heroes.

Take *Swaran's* peace, the warrior spoke, the peace he gives to Kings, when the nations bow before him. Leave *Ullin's* lovely plains to us, and give thy spouse and dog.

Thy spouse high-bosom'd, heaving fair. Thy dog that overtakes the wind. Give these to prove the weakness of thine arm, and live beneath our power.

Tell *Swaran*, tell that heart of pride, that *Cuchullin* never yields. — I give him the dark-blue rolling of ocean, or give his people graves in *Erin!* Never shall a

D

stran-

stranger have the lovely sun-beam of *Dun-*
caich; nor ever deer fly on Lochlin's hills
before the nimble footed *Luäth*.

Vain ruler of the ear, said *Morla*,
wilt thou fight the King; that King whose
ships of many groves could carry off thine
Isle? So little is thy green-hilled *Ullin* to
the King of stormy waves.

In words I yield to many, *Morla*;
but this sword shall yield to none. *Erin*
shall own the sway of *Cormac*, while *Con-*
nal and *Cuchullin* live. O *Connal*, first of
mighty men, thou hast heard the words
of *Morla*; shall thy thought then be of
peace, thou breaker of the shields? Spi-
rit of fallen *Crugal*! why didst thou threa-
ten us with death? The narrow house shall
receive me in the midst of the light of renown.
— Exalt, ye sons of *Innis-fail*, exalt the
spear and bend the bow; rush on the foe in
darkness, as the spirits of stormy nights.

Then

Then dismal, roaring, fierce, and deep the gloom of battle rolled along; as mist* that is poured on the valley, when storms invade the silent sun-shine of heaven. The chief moves before in arms, like an angry ghost before a cloud, when meteors inelose him with fire, and the dark winds are in his hands. — *Carril*, far on the heath, bids the horn of battle sound. He raises the voice of the song, and pours his soul into the minds of heroes.

Where, said the mouth of the song, where is the fallen *Crugal*? He lies forgot on earth, and the hall of shells** is silent,

D 2

Sad

* — As evening mist

Rif'n from a river over the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the laborer's
heel

Homeward returning.

Milton.

* The ancient Scots, as well as the present Highlanders, drunk in shells, hence it is

Sad is the spouse of *Crugal*, for she is a stranger * in the hall of her sorrow. But who is she, that like a sun-beam, flies before the ranks of the foe? It is *Degrena* **, lovely fair, the spouse of fallen *Crugal*. Her hair is on the wind behind. Her eye is red; her voice is shrill. Green, empty is thy *Crugal* now, his form is in the cave of the hill. He comes to the ear of rest, and raises his feeble voice; like the humming of the mountain-bee, or collected flies of evening. But *Degrena* falls like a cloud of the morn; the sword of *Lochlin* is in her side. *Cairbar*, the rising thought of thy youth. She is fallen, o *Cairbar*, the thought of thy youth-ful hours

Fier-

is that we so often meet, in the old poetry, with the *chief of the shells*, and the *balls of the shells*.

* *Crugal* had married *Degrena* but a little time before the battle, consequently she may be called a stranger in the hall of her sorrow.

** *Deo-ghrena* signifies a *sun-beam*.

Fierce *Cairbar* heard the mournful
 sound, and rushed on like ocean's whale;
 he saw the death of his daughter; and roar-
 ed in the midst of thousands *. His spear
 met a son of *Lochlin*, and battle spread
 from wing to wing. As a hundred winds
 in *Lochlin's* groves, as fire in the firs of
 a hundred hills; so loud, so ruinous and
 vast the ranks of men are hewn down. —
Cuchullin cut off heroes like thistles, and
Swaran wasted *Erin*. *Curach* fell by his
 hand, and *Cairbar* of the bossy shield. *Mor-
 glan* lies in lasting rest; and *Ca-old* quivers
 as he dies. His white breast is stained with
 his blood; and his yellow hair stretched in
 the dust of his native land. He often had
 spread the feast where he fell; and often
 raised the voice of the harp: when his
 dogs leapt around for joy; and the youths
 of the chace prepared the bow.

D 3

Still

* mediisque in millibus ardet.

Virg.

Still *Swaran* advanced, as a stream
 that bursts from the desert. The little hills
 are rolled in its course; and the rocks half-
 sunk by its side. But *Cuchulliu* stood befo-
 re him like a hill *, that catches the clouds
 of

* Virgil and Milton have made use of a
 comparison familiar to this; I shall lay both
 before the reader and let him judge for him-
 self, which of these two great poets have
 best succeeded.

Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, aut ipse
coruscis

Cum fremit illicibus, quantus gauderque
nivali

Vertice se attollens pater Appeninus ad auras.
Virg.

Like Eryx or like Athos great he shews,
 Or father Appenine when white with
 snows;

His head divine obscur'd in clouds he hides,
 And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.

Dryden.

On th' other side Satan alarm'd
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood
 Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd;
 His stature reach'd the sky.

Milton.

of heaven—The winds contend on its head
of pines; and the hail rattles on its
rocks. But, firm in its strength, it stands
and shades the silent vale of *Cona*.

So *Cuchullin* shaded the sons of *Erin*,
and stood in the midsts of thousands. Blood
rises like the fount of a rock, from pan-
ting heroes around him. But *Erin* falls on
either wing, like snow in the day of the
sun.

O sons of *Innis-fail*, said *Grumal*,
Lochlin conquers on the field. Why strive
we as reeds against the wind? Fly to the
hill of darkbrown hinds. He fled like the
stag of *Morven*, and his spear is a trem-
bling beam of light behind him. Few fled
with *Grumal*, the chief of the little soul:
they fell in the battle of heroes on *Lena's*
ecchoing heath.

High on his car, of many gems, the chief of *Erin* stood; he slew a mighty son of *Lochlin*, and spoke, in haste, to *Connal*. O *Connal*, first of mortal men, thou hast taught this arm of death! Though *Erin's* sons have fled, shall we not fight the foe? O *Carril* son of other times, carry my living friends to that bushy hill. — Here, *Connal*, let us stand like rocks, and save our flying friends.

Connal mounts the car of light. They stretch their shields like the darkened moon, the daughter of the starry skies, when she moves, a dun circle, through heaven. *Sithfadda* panted up the hill, and *Dusronnal* haughty steed. Like waves behind a whale, behind them rushed the foe.

Now on the rising side of *Cromla* stood *Erin's* few sad sons, like a grove, through which the flame had rushed, hurried on by the winds of the stormy night. — Cuchullin
stood

stood beside an oak. He rolled his red eye in silence, and heard the wind in his bushy hair; when the scout of ocean came, *Moran* the son of *Fithil*. — The ships he cried, the ships of the lonely isle! There *Fingal* comes, the first of men, the breaker of the shields. The waves foam before his black prows. His masts with sails are like groves in clouds. Blow, said *Cuchullin*, all ye winds that rush over my isle of lovely mist. Come to the death of thousands, o chief of the hills of hinds. Thy sails, my friend, are to me like the clouds of the morning, and thy ships like the light of heaven; and thou thyself like a pillar of fire that gives light in the night. O *Connal*, first of men, how pleasant are our friends! But the night is gathering around; where now are the ships of *Fingal*? Here let us pass the hours of darkness, and wish for the moon of heaven.

The winds came down on the woods,
 The torrents rushed from the rocks. Rain
 gathered round the head of *Cromla*. And
 the red stars trembled between the flying
 clouds. Sad, by the side of a stream, whose
 sound was echoed by a tree, sad by
 the side of a stream the chief of *Erin* sat.
Connal son of *Colgar* was there, and *Car-*
ril of other times.

Unhappy is the hand of *Cuchullin*, said
 the son of *Semo*, unhappy is the hand of
Cuchullin, since he slew his friend. —
Ferda thou son of *Damman*, I loved thee
 as myself.

How, *Cuchullin*, son of *Semo*, fell the
 breaker of the shields? Well I remember,
 said *Connal*, the noble son of *Damman*!
 Tall and fair he was like the rain-bow of
 the hill.

Fer-

Ferda from *Albion* came the chief of a hundred hills. In *Muri's* hall he learned the sword, and won the friendship of *Cuchullin*. We moved to the chase together; and one was our bed in the heath.

Deugala was the spouse of *Cairbar*, chief of *Ullin*. She was covered with the light of beauty, but her heart was the house of pride. She loved that sun-beam of youth, the noble son of *Damman*. *Cairbar*, said the white-armed woman give me half of the herd. No more I will remain in your halls. Divide the herd dark *Cairbar*.

Let *Cuchullin*, said *Cairbar*, divide my herd on the hill. His breast is the seat of justice. Depart, thou light of beauty. — I went and divided the herd. One snow-white bull remained. I gave that bull to *Cairbar*. The wrath of *Deugala* rose.

Son

Son of *Damman*, begun the fair, *Cuchullin* pains my soul. I must hear of his death, or *Lubar's* stream shall roll over me. My pale ghost shall wander near thee, and mourn the wound of my pride. Pour out the blood of *Cuchullin*, or pearce this heaving breast.

Deugala, said the fair-haired youth, how shall I slay the son of *Semo*? He is the friend of my secret thoughts, and shall I lift the sword? She wept three days before him, on the fourth he consented to fight.

I will fight my friend, *Deugála!* but may I fall by his sword. Could I wander on the hill and behold the grave of *Cuchullin*? We fought on the hills of *Muri*. Our swords avoid a wound. They slide on the helmets of steel, and sound on the slippery shields. *Deugala* was
near

near with a smile, and said to the son of *Damman*, thine arm is feeble, thou sun-beam of youth. Thy years are not strong for steel. — Yield to the son of *Semo*, he is like the rock of *Malmor*.

The tear is in the eye of youth. He faltering said to me, *Cuchullin*, raise thy bossy shield. Defend thee from the hand of thy friend. My soul is laden with grief: for I must slay the chief of men.

I sighed as the wind in the chink of a rock. I lifted high the edge of my steel. The sun-beam of the battle fell; the first of *Cuchullin's* friends. —

Unhappy is the hand of *Cuchullin*, since the hero fell.

Mournfull is thy tale, son of the car, said *Carril* of other times. It sends my soul back to the ages of old, and to the days of other years. — Often have I heard

of *Comal*, who slew the friend he loved; yet victory attended his steel; and the battle was consumed in his presence.

Comal was a son of *Albion*, the chief of an hundred hills. His deer drunk of a thousand streams. A thousand rocks replied to the voice of his dogs. His face was the mildness of youth. His hand the death of heroes. One was his love, and fair was she! the daughter of mighty *Conloch*. She appeared like a sun-beam among women. And her hair was like the wing of the raven. Her dogs were taught to the chace. Her bow-string sounded on the winds of the forest. Her soul was fixed on *Comal*. Often met their eyes of love. Their course in the chace was one and happy were their words in secret. — But *Grumal* loved the maid, the dark chief of the gloomy *Ardven*. He watched her lone steps in the heath; the foe of unhappy *Comal*.

One

One day, tired of the chase, when
 mist had concealed their friends, *Comal*
 and the daughter of *Conloch* met in the cave
 of *Ronan* *. It was the wonted haunt of
Comal. Its sides were hung with his arms.
 A hundred shields of thongs were there; a
 hundred helms of sounding steel.

Rest here, he said, my love *Galvina*;
 thou light of the cave of *Ronan*. A deer ap-
 pears on *Mora's* brow. I go; but I will
 soon

* The unfortunate death of this *Ronan* is
 the subject of the ninth fragment of ancient
 poetry published last year; it is not the work
 of Ossian, though it is writ in his manner,
 and bears the genuine marks of Antiquity.
 — The concise expressions of Ossian are imi-
 tated; but the thoughts are too jejune and
 confined, to be the production of that poet
 — Many poems go under his name, that have
 been evidently composed since his time; they
 are very numerous in *Ireland*, and some have
 come to the translator's hands. They are
 trivial and dull to the last degree; swelling
 into ridiculous bombast, or sinking into the
 lowest kind of prosaic style.

soon return. I fear the said dark *Gormal* my foe, he haunts the cave of *Ronan*. I will rest among the arms, but soon return, my love.

He went to the deer of *Mora*. The daughter of *Conloch* would try his love. She cloathed her white sides with his armour, and strode from the cave of *Ronan*. He thought it was his foe. His heart beat high. His colour changed, and darkness dimmed his eyes. He drew the bow. The arrow flew, *Galvina* fell in blood. He run with wildness in his steps and called the daughter *Conloch*. No answer in the lonely rock. Where art thou o my love! He saw at length, her heaving heart beating around the featherd dart. O *Conloch's* daughter is it thou? He sunk upon her breast.

The

The hunters found the hapless pair; he afterwards walked the hill. But many and silent were his steps round the dark dwelling of his love. The fleet of the ocean came. He fought; the strangers fled. He searched for his death over the field. But who could kill the mighty *Comal*! He threw away his dark-brown shield. An arrow found his manly breast. He sleeps with his loved *Galvina* at the noise of the sounding surge. Their green tombs are seen by the mariner, when he bounds on the waves of the north.

FINGAL

AN ANCIENT EPIC POEM.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Cuchullin, pleased with the story of Carril, insists with that bard for more of his songs. He relates the actions of Fingal in Lochlin, and the death of Agandecca the beautiful sister of Swaran. He had scarce finished when Calmar the son of Maitha, who had advised the first battle came wounded from the field, and told them of Swaran's design to surprize the remains of the Irish army. He himself proposes to withstand singly the whole force of the enemy, in a narrow pass, till the Irish should make good their retreat. Cuchullin, touched with the gallant proposal of Calmar, resolves to accompany him and orders Carril to carry off the few that remained of the Irish. Morning comes. Calmar dies of his wounds; and, the ships of the Caledonians appearing Swaran gives over the pursuit of the Irish and returns to oppose Fingal's landing. Cuchullin ashamed, after his defeat, to appear before Fingal retires to the cave of Tura. Fingal engages the enemy,

pass

puts them to flight; but the coming on of night makes the victory not decisive. The King who had observed the gallant behaviour of his grandson Oscar, gives him advices concerning his conduct in peace and war. He recommends to him, to place the example of his fathers before his eyes, as the best model for his conduct; which introduces the episode concerning Fanafolis, the daughter of the King of Craca whom Fingal had taken under his protection, in his youth. Fillan and Oscar are dispatched to observe the motions of the enemy by night; Gaul the son of Morni desires the command of the army, in the next battle; which Fingal promises to give him. Some general reflections of the poet close the third day.

EM.
Carril,
gs. He
and the
Swaran.
son of
come
waran's
in army.
he whole
till the
uchullin,
Caimor,
Carril to
se. Mor-
nds; and,
Swaran
id returns
all m. d.
of returns
he enemy,
put

(The second night since the opening of the poem continues; and Cuchullin, Connal, and Carril still sit in the place described in the preceding book. The story of Agandecca is introduced here with propriety, as great use is made of it in the course of the poem, and as it, in some measure, brings about the catastrophe.)

Pleasant are the words of the songs, said *Cuchullin*, and lovely are the tales of other times. They are like the calm dew of the morning on the hill of roes, when the sun is faint on its sides, and the lake is settled and blue in the vale. O *Carril*, raise again thy voice, and let me hear the song of *Tura*; which was sung in my halls of joy, when *Fingal* King of shields was there, and glowed at the deeds of his fathers.

Fingal! thou man of battle, said *Carril*, early were thy deeds in arms. *Lochlin*

was consumed in thy wrath, when thy youth strove with the beauty of maids. They smiled at the fair-blooming face of the hero; but death was in his hands. He was strong as the waters of *Lora*. His followers were like the roar of a thousand streams. They took the King of *Lochlin* in battle, but restored him to his ships. His big heart swelled with pride; and the death of the youth was dark in his soul. — For none ever, but *Fingal* overcame the strength of the mighty *Starno* *.

He sat in the hall of his shells in *Lochlin's* woody land. He called the grey-haired *Snivon*, that often sung round the circle* of *Loda*: when the stone of power heard his cry, and the battle turned in the field of the valiant.

E 3

Go,

* *Starno* was the father of *Swaran* as well as *Agandecca*. — His fierce and cruel character is well marked in other poems concerning the times.

* This passage most certainly alludes to the religion of *Lochlin*; and the stone of power here mentioned, is the image of one of the deities of *Scandanavia*.

Go, gray-haired *Snivan*, *Starno* said to *Arduon's* sea-surrounded rocks. Tell to *Fingal* King of the desert, he that is the fairest among his thousands, tell him, I give him my daughter, the loveliest maid that ever heaved a breast of snow. Her arms are white as the foam of my waves. Her soul is generous and mild. Let him come with his bravest heroes to the daughter of the secret hall.

Snivan came to *Albin's* windy hills: and fair-haired *Fingal* went. His kindled soul flew before him, as he bounded on the waves of the north.

Welcome, said the dark-brown *Star-no*, welcome King of rocky *Morven*: and ye his heroes of might, sons of the lonely isle! Three days within my halls shall ye feast, and three days pursue my boars, that your fame may reach the maid that dwells in the secret hall.

The

The King of snow * designed their death and gave the feast of shells. *Fingal*, who doubted the foe, kept on his arms of steel. The songs of death were afraid, and fled from the eyes of the hero. The voice of sprightly mirth arose. The trembling harps of joy are strung. Bards sing the battle of heroes, or the heaving breast of love. *Ulin*, *Fingal's* bard, was there; the sweet voice of the hill of *Cona*. He praised the daughter of snow; and *Morven's* ** high-descended chief. — The daughter of snow over-heard, and left the hall of her secret sigh. She came in all her beauty, like the moon from the cloud of the east. — Loveliness was around her as light. Her steps were like the music of songs. She saw the

E 4 youth

* *Starvo* is here poetically called the King of snow, from the great quantities of snow that fall in his dominions.

** All the North-west coast of Scotland probably went of old under the name of *Morven*, which signifies a ridge of very high hills.

youth and loved him. He was the stolen sigh of her soul. Her blue eye rolled on him in secret: and she blest the chief of *Morven*.

The third day, with all its beams, shone bright on the wood of boars. Forth moved the dark-browed *Starno*; and *Fingal*, King of shields. Half the day they spent in the chase; and the spear of *Fingal* was red in the blood of *Gormal**

It was then the daughter of *Starno*, with blue eyes rolling in tears, came with her voice of love and spoke to the King of *Morven*.

Fingal, high-descended chief, trust not *Starno's* heart of pride. Within that wood he has placed his chiefs; beware of the wood of death. But, remember, son of the hill, remember *Agandecca*: save me from the wrath of my father, King of the windy *Morven*!

The

* *Gormal* is the name of a hill in Lochlin, in the neighbourhood of *Starno's* palace.

The youth, with unconcern, went on;
his heroes by his side. The songs of death
fell by his hand; and Gormal ecchoed around.

Before the halls of *Starno* the songs of
the chace convened. The King's dark brows
were like clouds. His eyes like meteors of
night. Bring hither, he cries, *Agandecca*
to her lovely King of *Morusn*. His hand is
stained with the blood of my people: and
her words have not been in vain. —

She came with the red eye of tears. She
came with loose raven locks. Her white
breast heaved with sighs like the foam of the
streamy *Lubar*. *Starno* pierced her side with
steel. She fell like a wreath of snow, that
slides from the rock of *Ronan*; when the
woods are still and the eccho deepens in the
vale.

Then *Fingal* eyed his valiant chiefs,
his valiant chiefs took arms. The gloom of
the battle roared, and *Lochlin* fled or died.
— Pale, in his bounding ship he closed the

maid of the raven hair. Her tomb ascends on
Arduen, and the sea roars round the dark
 dwelling of *Agandecca*.

Blessed be her soul said *Cuchullin*, and
 blessed be the mouth of the song. — Strong
 was the youth of *Fingal*, and strong is
 his arm of age. *Lochlin* shall fall again be-
 fore the King of echoing *Morven*. Shew
 thy face from a cloud, o moon; light his
 white sails on the wave of the night. And if
 any strong spirit * of heaven sits on that
 lowhung cloud, turn his dark ships from the
 rock, thou rider of the storm!

Such were the words of *Cuchullin*
 at the sound of the mountain-stream, when
Calenar ascended the hill, the wounded son of
Ma-

* This is the only passage in the poem that
 has the appearance of religion. — But *Cu-
 chullin's* apostrophe to this spirit is accom-
 panied with a doubt; so that it is not easy to
 determine, whether the hero meant a superior
 being, or the ghosts of deceased warriors,
 who were supposed in those times to rule the
 storms, and to transport themselves in a gust
 of wind from one country to another.

Matha. From the field he came in his blood.
He leaned on his bending spear. Feeble is
the arm of battle! but strong the soul of the
hero!

Welcome! o son of *Matha*, said *Con-
nal*, welcome art thou to thy friends! Why
bursts that broken sigh from the breast of
him that never feared before?

And never, *Gunnal*, will he fear, chief
of the pointed steel. My soul brightens in
danger, and exults in the noise of battle. I
am of the race of steel; my fathers never
feared.

Cormar was the first of my race. He
sported through the storms of the waves. His
black skiff bounded on the ocean and travelled
on the wings of the blast. A spirit once em-
broiled the night. Seas swell and rocks re-
found. Winds drive along the clouds. The
lightning flies on wings of fire. He feared
and came to land: then blushed that he fea-
red at all. He rushed again among the waves,

to find the son of the wind. Three youths guide the bounding bark; he stood with the sword unsheathed. When the low-hung vapour passed, he took it by the curling head, and searched his dark womb with his steel. The son of the wind forsook the air. The moon and stars returned.

Such was the boldness of my race; and *Calmar* is like his fathers. Danger flies from the uplifted sword. They best succeed who dare.

But now, ye sons of green-valleyed *Erin*, retire from *Lena's* bloody heath. Collect the sad remnant of our friends, and join the sword of *Fingal*. I heard the sound of *Lochlin's* advancing arms; but *Calmar* will remain and fight. My voice shall be such, my friends, as if thousands were behind me. But, son of *Semo*, remember me. Remember *Calmar's* lifeless corse. After *Fingal* has wasted the field, place me by some stone of remembrance, that future times may
hear

hear my fame; and the mother* of *Calmar* rejoice over the stone of my renown.

No son of *Matha*, said *Cuchullin*, I will nerer leave thee. My joy is on the unequal field; my soul increases in danger. *Connal*; and *Carril* of other times, carry off the sad sons of *Erin*, and when the battle is over, search for our pale corfes in this narrow way. For near this oak we shall stand in the stream of the battle of thousands. — O *Fithil's* son with feet of wind, fly over the heath of *Lena*. Tell to *Fingal*, that *Erin* is intralled, and bid the King of *Morven* hasten. O let him come like the sun in storm, when he shines on the hills of grass.

Morning is gray on *Cromla*; the sons of the sea ascend, *Calmar* stood forth, to meet them in the pride of his kindling soul. But pale was the face of the warrior; he leaned

* *Aeoletha*, her lamentation over her son is introduced in the poem concerning the death of *Cuchullin*, printed in the collection of *Offian's* works.

leaned on his father's spear. That spear which he brought from *Lara's* hall, when the soul of his mother was sad. — But slowly now the hero falls like a tree on the plains of *Cona*. Dark *Cuchullin* stands alone like a rock * in a sandy vale. The sea comes with its waves, and roars on its hardened sides. Its head is covered with foam, and the hills are echoing around. — Now from the gray mist of the ocean, the white-sailed ships of *Fingal* appear. High is the grove of their masts, as they nod, by turns, on the rolling wave.

Swaran saw them from the hill, and returned from the sons of *Erin*. As ebbs the

* — — — ἕτερον πέτρῃ

Ἡλίβαλος, μεγάλη, πολιῆς ἀλός ἐγγύς
ἔσσα, &c.

Hom. II, 15.

So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain,
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempests

blow,

And sees the watty mountains break
below.

Pope.

resounding sea through the hundred Isles of
Inisore; so loud so vast, so immense retur-
 ned the sons of *Lochlin* against the King of
 the desert hill. But bending, weeping, sad
 and slow, and dragging his long spear be-
 hind, *Cuchullin* sunk in *Cromla's* wood, and
 mourned his fallen friends. He feared the
 face of *Fingal*, who was wont to greet him
 from the fields of renown.

How many lie there of my heroes! the
 chiefs of *Innis-fail*! they that were cheerful
 in the hall, when the sound of the shells
 arose. No more shall I find their steps in the
 heath, or hear their voice in the chace of the
 hinds. Pale, silent, low on bloody beds are
 they who were my friends! O spirits of the
 lately deceased, meet *Cuchullin* on his heath.
 Converse with him on the wind, when the
 rustling tree of *Tura's* cave resounds. There,
 far remote, I shall lie unknown. No bard
 shall hear of me. No gray stone shall rise to
 my renown. Mourn me with the death, o
Bragela! departed is my fame.

Such

Such were the words of *Cuchullin*,
when he sunk in the woods of *Cromla*.

Fingal tall in his ship, stretched his
bright lance before him. Terrible was the
gleam of the steel: it was like the green me-
teor of death, setting in the heath of *Mal-
mor*, when the traveller is alone, and the
broad moon is darkened in heaven.

The battle is over, said the King; and
I behold the blood of my friends. Sad is the
heath of *Lena*; and mournful the oaks of
Cromla: the hunters have fallen there in
their strength; and the son of *Semo* is no
more. — *Ryno* and *Fillan*, my sons, found
the horn of *Fingal's* war. Ascend that hill
on the shore, and call the children of the
foe. Call them from the grave *Lamdarg*,
the chief of other times. — Be your voice
like that of your father, when he enters the
battles of his strength. I wait for the dark
mighty man; I wait on *Lena's* shore for *Swa-
ran*. And let him come with all his race;
for

for strong in battle are the friends of the dead.

Fair *Ryno* flew like lightning; dark *Fillan* as the shade of autumn. On *Lena's* heath their voice is heard; the sons of ocean heard the horn of *Fingal's* war. As the roaring eddy of ocean returning from the Kingdom of snows; so strong, so dark, so sudden came down the sons of *Lochlin*. The King in their front appears in the dismal pride of his arms. Wrath burns in his dark-brown face; and his eyes roll in the fire of his valour.

Fingal beheld the son of *Starno*; and he remembered *Agandecca*. — For *Swaran* with the tears of youth had mourned his white-bosomed sister. He sent *Ullin* of the songs, to bid him to the feast of shells. For pleasant on *Fingal's* soul returned the remembrance of the first of his loves.

Ullin came with aged steps, and spoke to *Starno's* son. O thou dwellest afar,

F

sur-

surrounded, like a rock, with thy waves,
 come to the feast of the King, and pass the
 day in rest. To morrow let us fight, o
Swaran, and break the echoing shields.

To day, said *Starvo's* wrathful son,
 we break the echoing shields: to morrow
 my feast will be spread; and *Fingal* lie on
 earth.

And to morrow let his feast be spread,
 said *Fingal* with a smile; for to-day, o my
 sons, we shall break the echoing shields.
 — *Ossian* stand thou near my arm. *Gaul*
 lift thy terrible sword. *Fergus* bend thy
 crooked yew. Throw, *Fillan*, thy lance
 through heaven. — Lift your shields like
 the darkened moon. Be your spears the
 meteors of death. Follow me in the path
 of my fame; and equal my deeds in battle.

As a hundred winds on *Morven*; as
 the streams of a hundred hills; as clouds fly
 successive over heaven, or as the dark ocean
 assaults the desert: so roaring, so vast, so

ter-

terrible the armies mixed on *Lena's* echoing
heath. — The groan of the people spread
over the hills; it was like the thunder of
night, when the cloud bursts on *Cona*, and
a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hol-
low wind.

Fingal rushed on in his strength, ter-
rible as the spirit of *Trenmor*; when, in a
whirlwind, he comes to *Morven*, to see
the children of his pride. The oaks re-
found on their hills, and the rocks fall down
before him. — Bloody was the hand of
my father, when he whirled the lightning of
his sword. He remembers the battles of his
youth, and the field is wasted in his course.

Ryno went on like a pillar of fire. —
Dark is the brow of *Gaul*. *Fergus* rushed
forward with feet of wind; and *Fillan* like
the mist of the hill. Myself*), like a rock,

F 2

came

*) Here the poet celebrates his own actions,
but he does it in such a manner that we are
not displeas'd. The mention of the great
actions of his youth immediately suggests to
him

came down. I exulted in the strength of the King. Many were the deaths of my arm, and dismal was the gleam of my sword. My eyes were not closed in darkness: nor failed my feet in the race.

Who can relate the deaths of the people, or the deeds of mighty heroes; when *Fingal*, burning in his wrath, consumed the sons of *Lochlin*? Groans swelled on groans from hill to hill, till night had covered all. Pale, staring like a herd of deer, the sons of *Lochlin* convene on *Lena*.

We sat and heard the sprightly harp at *Lubar's* gentle stream. *Fingal* himself was next to the foe, and listened to the tales of bards. His godlike race were in the song, the chiefs of other times. Attentive, leaning on his shield, the King of *Morven* sat. The wind whistled through his aged locks,

him the helpless situation of his age. We do not despise him for selfish praise, but feel his misfortunes.

locks, and his thoughts are of the days of
 other years. Near him on his bending spear,
 my young, my lovely *Oscar* stood. He
 admired the King of *Morven*: and his acti-
 ons were swelling in his soul.

Son of my son, begun the King, o
Oscar, pride of youth, I saw the shining of
 thy sword, and gloried in my race. Pur-
 sue the glory of our fathers, and be what
 they have been; when *Trenmor* lived, the
 first of men and *Trathal* the father of heroes.
 They fought the battle in their youth, and
 are the song of bards. — O *Oscar*! bend
 the strong in arms: but spare the feeble
 hand. Be thou a stream of many tides
 against the foes of thy people; but like the
 gale that moves the grass, to those who ask
 thine aid. — So *Trenmor* lived; such *Tra-
 thal* was, and such has *Fingal* been. My
 arm was the support of the injured, and
 the weak rested behind the lightning of my
 steel.

Oscar! I was young like thee, when lovely *Fainafollis* came that sun-beam! that mild light of love! the daughter of *Craca's* *) King! I then returned from *Cona's* heath, and few were in my train. A white-failed boat appeared far off; we saw it like a mist that rode on ocean's blast. It soon approached; we saw the fair. Her white breast heaved with sighs. The wind was in her loose dark hair; her rosy cheek had tears. — Daughter of beauty, calm I said, what sigh is in that breast? Can I young as I am defend thee, daughter of the sea? my sword is not unmatched in war, but dauntless is my heart.

To thee I fly, with sighs she replied,
 O chief of mighty men! To thee I fly,
 chief of shells, supporter of the feeble hand!

The

*) What the *Craca* here mentioned was, is not, at this distance of time, easy to determine. The most probable opinion is, that it was one of the Shetland isles. — There is a story concerning a daughter of the King of *Craca* in the sixth book.

The King of *Craca's* echoing isle owned
 me the sun-beam of his race. And often
 did the hills of *Cromla* reply to the sighs of
 love for the unhappy *Fainafollis*. *Sora's* chief
 beheld my fair; and loved the daughter of
Craca. His sword is like a beam of light
 upon the warrior's side. But dark is his
 brow, and tempests are in his soul. I shun
 him on the rolling sea; but *Sora's* chief
 pursues.

Rest thou, I said, behind my shield;
 rest in peace, thou beam of light! The
 gloomy chief of *Sora* will fly, if *Fingal's*
 arm is like his soul. In some lone cave I
 might conceal thee daughter of the sea!
 But *Fingal* never flies; for where the dan-
 ger threatens, I rejoice in the storms of
 spears. — I saw the tears upon her cheek,
 I pitied *Craca's* fair.

Now like a dreadful wave afar, appear
 red the ship of stormy *Borbar*. His masts
 high-bended over the sea behind their sheets

of snow. White roll the waters on
 either side. The strength of ocean sounds.
 Come thou, I said, from the roar of ocean
 thou rider of the storm. Partake the feast
 within my hall. It is the house of strangers.
 — The maid stood trembling by my side;
 he drew the bow: she fell. Unerring is
 thy hand, I said but feeble was the foe. —
 We fought, nor weak was the strife of de-
 ath: He sunk beneath my sword. We
 laid them in two tombs of stones, the un-
 happy children of youth.

Such have I been in my youth, o *Oscar*;
 be thou like the age of *Fingal*. Never
 seek the battle, nor shun it when it
 comes. — *Fillan* and *Oscar* of the dark-
 brown hair; ye children of the race; fly
 over the heath of roaring winds; and view
 the sons of *Lochlin*. Far off I hear the noi-
 se of their fear, like storms of echoing *Co-
 na*. Go: that they may not fly my sword
 along the waves of the north. — For ma-
 ny chiefs of *Erin's* race lie here on the
 dark

dark bed of death. The children of the storm are low; the sons of echoing *Cromla*.

The heroes flew like two dark clouds; two dark clouds that are the chariots of ghosts; when air's dark children come to frighten hapless men.

It was then that *Gaul* *), the son of *Morni*, stood like a rock in the night.

His spear is glittering to the stars; his voice like many streams. — Son of battle cried the chief, o *Fingal*, King of shells! let the bards of many songs sooth *Erin's* friends to rest. And *Fingal*, sheath thy sword

F 5

whi-

*) *Gaul* the son of *Morni*, was chief of a tribe, that disputed long, the pre-eminence, with *Fingal* himself. They were reduced at last to obedience, and *Gaul*, from an enemy, turned *Fingal's* best friend and greatest hero. His character is sometimes like that of *Ajax* in the *Iliad*; a hero of more strength than conduct in battle. He was very fond of military fame, and here he demands the next battle, to himself. — The poet, by an artifice, removes *Fingal*, that his return may be the more magnificent,

of death; and let thy people fight. We
wither away without our fame; for our
King is the only breaker of shields. When
morning rises on our hills, behold at a di-
stance our deeds. Let *Lochlin* feel the sword
of *Morni's* son, that bards may sing of me.
Such was the custom heretofore of *Fingal's*
noble race. Such was thine own, thou
King of swords, in battles of the spear.

O son of *Morni*, *Fingal* replied, I
glory in thy fame. — Fight; but my spear
shall be near to aid thee in the midst of
danger. Rise, raise the voice, sons of
the song, and lull me into rest. Here will
Fingal lie amidst the wind of night. — And
if thou, *Agandecca*, art near, among the
children of thy land; if thou sittest on a
blast of wind among the high - throwded
masts of *Lochlin*; come to my dreams *)
my fair one, and shew thy bright face to
my soul.

Ma-

*) The poet prepares us for the dream of
Fingal in the next book

Many a voice, and many a harp in
 tuneful sounds arose. Of *Fingal's* noble
 deeds they sung, and of the noble race
 of the hero. And sometimes on the love-
 ly sound was heard the name of the now
 mournful *Offian*.

Often have I fought, and often won
 in battles of the spear. But blind, and
 tearful, and forlorn I now walk with little
 men. O *Fingal*, with thy race of battle I
 now behold thee not. The wild roes feed
 upon the green tomb of the mighty King
 of *Morven*. — Blest be thy soul, thou
 King of swords, thou most renowned on
 the hills of *Cona*.

FIN.

F I N G A L

AN ANCIENT EPIC POEM.

B O O K IV.

A R G U M E N T.

The action of the poem being suspended by night, Ossian takes that opportunity to relate his own action at the lake of Lugo and his courtship of Eivirallin, who was the mother of Oscar and had died some time before the expedition of Fingal into Ireland. Her ghost appears to him and tells him; that Oscar, who had been sent, at the beginning of the night to observe the enemy, was engaged with an advanced party and almost overpowered. Ossian relieves his son; and an alarm is given to Fingal of the approach of Swaran. The King rises, calls his army together; and as he had promised the preceding night, devolves the command on Gaul the son of Morni: while he himself, after charging his sons to behave gallantly and defend his people, retires to a hill from whence he could have a view of the battle. The battle joins the poet relates Oscar's great actions. But when Oscar, in conjunction with his father, conquered in one wing, Gaul, who was at-

attacked by Swaran in person, was on the point
 of retreat in the other. Fingal sends Ullin his
 bard, to encourage him with a war-song, but
 not withstanding Swaran prevails; and Gaul
 and his army are obliged to give way. Fingal
 descending from the hill, rallies them again;
 Swaran desists from the pursuit, passes himself
 of a rising ground, restores the ranks, and waits
 the approach of Fingal. The King, having en-
 couraged his men, gives the necessary orders,
 and renews the battle. Cuchullin who with
 his friend Connal, and Carril his bard, had
 retired to the cave of Fura, hearing the noise,
 came to the brow of the hill, which overlooked
 the field of battle, where he saw Fingal engaged
 with the enemy. He, being hindered by Con-
 nal from joining Fingal who was himself upon
 the point of obtaining a complete victory sends
 Carril to congratulate that hero on his success.

Who

Who comes with her songs from the mountain, like the bow of the showery *Lena*? It is the maid of the voice of love. The white armed daughter of *Toscar* *). Often hast thou heard my song, and given the tear of beauty. Dost thou come to the battles of thy people, and to hear the actions of *Oscar*? When shall I cease to mourn by the streams of the echoing *Cona*? My years have passed away in battle, and my eye is darkened with sorrow,

Daugh-

*) *Fingal* being asleep, and the action suspended by night, the poet introduces the story of his courtship of *Evirallin* the daughter of *Branno*. The episode is necessary to clear up several passages that follow in the poem; at the same time that it naturally brings on the action of the book, which may be supposed to begin about the middle of the third night from the opening of the poem. — This book as many of *Ossians* other compositions is addressed to the beautiful *Malvina* the daughter of *Toscar*. She appears to have been in love with *Oscar*, and to have affected the company of the father after the death of the son.

Daughter, of the hand of snow! I was not so mournful and blind; I was not so dark and forlorn, when *Everallin* loved me. *Everallin* with the dark-brown hair, the white-bosomed love of *Cormac*. A thousand heroes fought the maid, she denied her love to a thousand; the sons of the sword were despised; for graceful in her eyes was *Ossian*.

I went in suit of the maid to *Lego's* sable ferge; twelve of my people were there, the sons of the streamy *Morven*. We came to *Branno* friend of strangers; *Branno* of the sounding mail. — From whence, he said, are the arms of steel? Not easy to win is the maid, that has denied the blue-eyed sons of *Erin*. — But blest be thou o son of *Fingal*, happy is the maid that waits thee. Tho' twelve daughters of beauty were mine, thine were the choice thou son of fame! — Then he opened the hall

of

of the maid, the dark-haired *Everallin*,
 Joy kindled in our breasts of steel, and
 blest the maid of *Branno*.

Above us on the hill appeared the peo-
 ple of stately *Cormac*. Eight were the he-
 roes of the chief; and the heath flamed
 with their arms. There *Colla*, *Durra* of
 the wounds, there mighty *Toscar*, and *Ta-
 go*, there *Frestal* the victorious stood; *Dairo*
 of the happy deeds, and *Dala* the battle's
 bulwark in the hand of *Cormac*, and gra-
 ceful was the look of the hero.

Eight were the heroes of *Offian*; *Ul-
 tin* stormy son of war; *Mullo* of the gene-
 rous deeds; the noble, the graceful *Scelacha*;
Oglan and *Cerdal* the wrathful, and *Du-
 ma-riccan*'s brows of death. And why
 should *Ogar* be the last; so wide renowned
 on the hills of *Arduen*?

Ogar met *Dala* the strong, face to fa-
 ce, on the field of heroes.

The

The battle of the chiefs was like the wind on ocean's foamy waves. The dagger is remembered by *Oscar*; the weapon which he loved; nine times he drowned it in *Dala's* side. The stormy battle turned. Three times I pierced *Cormac's* shield; three times he broke his spear. But, unhappy youth of love! I cut his head away. — Five times I hook it by the lock. The friends of *Cormac* fled.

Whoever would have told me, lovely maid *) when I strove in battle; that blind, forsaken, and forlorn I now should pass the night; firm ought his mail to have been, and unmatched his arm in battle.

Now **) on *Lena's* gloomy heath the voice of music died away. The unconstant

G

blaft

*) The poet addresses himself to *Malvina* the daughter of *Toscar*.

**) The poet returns to his subject. If one could fix the time of the year, in which the action of the poem happened, from the scene described here, I should be tempted to place it in autumn. — The trees shed their leaves

and

blast blew hard, and the high oak shook its leaves around me; of *Everallin* were my thoughts, when she, in all the light of beauty, and her blue-eyes rolling in tears, stood on a cloud before my sight, and spoke with feeble voice.

O *Ossian* rise and save my son; save *Oscar* chief of men: near the red oak of *Lubar's* stream, he fights with *Lochlin's* sons. — She sunk into her cloud again. I clothed me with my steel. My spear supported my steps, and my rattling armour rung. I hummed, as I was wont in danger, the songs of heroes of old. Like distant, thunder * *Lochlin* heard; they fled; my son pursued.

I

and the winds are variable, both which circumstances agree with that season of the year.

* *Ossian* gives the reader a high idea of himself. His passage resembles one in the eighteenth Iliad, where the voice of *Achilles* frightens the Trojans from the body of *Patroclus*.

Forth marched the chief, and distant from
the crowd

High on the rempart rais'd his voice aloud,

So

I called him like a distant stream. My son, return, over *Lena*. No further pursue the foe, though *Ossian* is behind thee. — He came; and lovely in my ear was *Oscar's* sounding steel. Why didst thou stop my hand, he said, till death had covered all? For dark and dreadful by the stream they met thy son and *Fillan*. They watched the terrors of the night. Our swords have conquered some. But as the winds of night pour the ocean over the white sands of *Morra*, so dark advance the sons of *Lochlin* over *Lena's* rustling heath. The ghosts of night shriek afar; and I have seen the meteors of death. Let me awake the King of *Morven*, he that smiles in danger; for he is like the son of heaven that rises in a storm.

Fingal had started from a dream, and leaned on *Trenmor's* shield; the dark-brown

G 2

shield

So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd,
Hosts drop their arms and trembled as they
fear'd.

Pope.

shield of his fathers; which they had lifted of old in the battles of their race. — The hero had seen in his rest the mournful form of *Agandecca*; she came from the way of the ocean, and slowly, lonely, moved over *Lena*.

Her face was pale like the mist of *Crom-la*; and dark were the tears of her cheek. She often raised her dim hand from her robe; her robe which was of the clouds of the desert: she raised her dim hand over *Fingal*, and turned away her silent eyes.

Why weeps the daughter of *Starno*, said *Fingal*, with a sigh? Why is thy face so pale, thou daughter of the clouds? — She departed on the wind of *Lena*, and left him in the midst of night. — She mourned the sons of her people, that were to fall by *Fingal's* hand.

The hero started from rest, and still beheld her in his soul. — The sound of *Oscar's* steps approached. The King saw the

the grey shield on his side. For the faint
beam of the morning came over the waters
of *Ullin*.

What do the foes in their fear? said
the rising King of *Morven*. Or fly they
through ocean's foam, or wait they the battle
of steel? But why should *Fingal* ask? I hear
their voice on the early wind. — Fly over
Lena's heath, o *Oscar*, and awake our friends
to battle.

The King stood by the stone of *Lubar*;
and thrice raised his terrible voice. The deer
started from the fountains of *Cromla*; and
all the rocks shook on their hills. Like the
noise of a hundred mountain-streams, that
burst, and roar, and foam: like the clouds
that gather to a tempest on the blue face of
the sky, so met the sons of the desert, round
the terrible voice of *Fingal*. For pleasant
was the voice of the King of *Morven* to the
warriors of his land: often had he led them
to battle, and returned with spoils of the foe.

Come to battle, said the King, ye children of the storm. Come to the death of thousands. *Comhal's* son will see the fight. — My sword shall wave on that hill, and be the shield of my people. But never may you need it, warriors, while the son of *Morni* fights, the chief of mighty men. — He shall lead my battle; that his fame may rise in the song. — O ye ghosts of heroes dead! ye riders of the storm of *Cromla*! receive my falling people with joy, and bring them to your hills. — And may the blast of *Lena* carry them over my seas, that they may come to my silent dreams, and delight my soul in rest.

Fillan and *Oscar*, of the dark-brown hair! fair *Ryno*, with the pointed steel! advance with valour to the fight; and behold the son of *Morni*. Let your sword be like his in the strife: and behold the deeds of his hands. Protect the friends of your father: and remember the chiefs of old. My children, I shall see you yet, though
here

here you should fall in *Erin*. Soon shall
our cold, pale ghosts meet in a cloud, and
fly over the hills of *Cona*.

Now like a dark and stormy cloud,
edged round with the red lightning of hea-
ven, and flying westward from the mor-
ning's beam the King of hills removed. Ter-
rible is the light of his armour, and two
spears are in his hands. — His gray hair
falls on the wind. — He often looks back
on the war. Three bards attend the son
of fame, to carry his words to the heroes.
— High on *Cromla's* side he sat, waving
the lightning of his sword; and as he wa-
ved, we moved.

Joy rose in *Oscar's* face. His cheek
is red. His eye sheds tears. The sword
is a beam of fire in his hand. He came
and smiling, spoke to *Ossian*. — O ruler
of the fight of steel! my father, hear thy
son. Retire with *Morven's* mighty chief,
and give me *Ossian's* fame. And if here I
fall; my King, remember that breast of

snow, that lonely sun-beam of my love,
 the white handed daughter of *Toscar*. For
 with red cheek from the rock, and bending
 over the stream, her soft hair flies about
 her bosom, as she pours the sigh for *Oscar*.
 Tell her, I am on my hills a lightly-boun-
 ding son of the wind; that hereafter in a
 cloud, I may meet the lovely maid of *Toscar*.

Raise, *Oscar*; rather raise my tomb.
 I will not yield the fight to thee. For first
 and bloodiest in the war, my arm shall teach
 thee how to fight. But, remember, my
 son, to place this sword, this bow, and the
 horn of my deer, within that dark and narrow
 house, whose mark is one gray stone. *Oscar*,
 I have no love to leave to the care of
 my son; for graceful *Evirallin* is no more,
 the lovely daughter of *Branno*.

Such were our words, when *Gaul's*
 loud voice came growing on the wind. He
 waved on high the sword of his father, and
 rushed to death and wounds,

As

As waves white-bubbling over the deep
 come swelling, roaring on; as rocks of ooze
 met roaring waves: so foes attacked and
 fought. Man met with man, and steel with
 steel. Shields sound; men fall. As a hun-
 dred hammers on the son of the furnace,
 of rose, so rung their swords.

Gaul rushed on like a whirlwind in
Arduen. The destruction of heroes is on
 his sword. *Swaran* was like the fire of the
 desert in the echoing heath of *Gormal*.
 How can I give to the song the death of
 many spears? My sword rose high, and
 flamed in the strife of blood. And, *Oscar*,
 terrible wert thou, my best, my greatest
 son! I rejoiced in my secret soul, when
 his sword flamed over the slain. They
 fled amain through *Lena's* heath; and we
 pursued and slew. As stones that bound
 from rock to rock; as axes in echoing
 woods; as thunder rolls from hill to hill in
 dismal broken peals: so blow succeeded to

blow, and death to death, from the hand of *Oscar* *) and mine.

But *Swaran* closed round *Morni's* son, as the strength of the tide of Inistore. The King half-rose from his hill at the sight, and half-assumed the spear. Go *Ullin*, go, my aged bard began the king of *Morven*. Remind the mighty *Gaul* of battle; remind him of his fathers. Support the yielding fight with song; forsongenlivens war. Tall *Ullin* went, with steps of age, and spoke to the king of swords.

Son**, of the chief of generous steeds!
high bounding king of spears. Strong arm
in every perilous toil.

Hard

* *Ossian* never fails to give a fine character of his beloved son. His speech to his father is that of a hero; it contains the submission due to a parent, and the warmth that becomes a young warrior. There is a propriety in dwelling here on the actions of *Oscar*, as the beautiful *Malvina* to whom the book is addressed, was in love with that hero.

** The war-song of *Ullin* varies from the rest of the poem in the versification. It runs
down

Hard heart that never yields, Chief of the pointed arms of death. Cut down the foe; let no white sail bound round dark *Inistore*. Be thine arm like thunder, Thine eyes like fire, thy heart of solid rock. Whirl round thy sword as a meteor at night, and lift thy shield like the flame of death. Son of the chief of generous steeds, cut down the foe; destroy. — The hero's heart beat high. But *Swaran* came with battle. He cleft the shield of *Gaul* in twain; and the sons of the desert fled.

Now *Fingal* arose in his 'might, and thrice he reared his voice. *Cromla* answered around, and the sons of the desert stood still. — They bent their red faces to earth, ashamed at the presence of *Fingal*. He came like

down like a torrent; and consists almost entirely of epithets. The custom of encouraging men to battle with extempore rhymes, has been carried down almost to our own times. Several of these war-songs are extant; but the most of them are only a group of epithets, without beauty or harmony, utterly destitute of poetical merit.

like a cloud of rain in the days of the sun,
 when slow it rolls on the hill, and fields
 expect the shower. *Swaran* beheld the
 terrible king of *Morven*, and stopped in
 the midst of his course. Dark he leaned on
 his spear, rolling his red eyes around. Si-
 lent and tall he seemed as an oak of *Lubar*,
 which had its branches blasted of old by the
 lightning of heaven. It bends over the
 stream, and the gray moss whistles in the
 wind: so stood the King. Then slowly
 he retired to the rising heath of *Lena*. His
 thousands pour around the hero, and the
 darkness of battle gathers on the hill.

Fingal, like a beam from heaven, shone
 in the midst of his people. His heroes
 gather around him, and he sends forth the
 voice of power. Raise my standards * on
 high — spread them on *Lena's* wind, like
 the

* Th'imperial ensign, which full high ad-
 vanced,
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the
 wind.

Milton.

the flames of an hundred hills. Let them
 sound on the winds of *Erin* and remind us
 of the fight. Ye sons of the roaring streams,
 that pour from a thousand hills, be near the
 king of *Morven*: attend to the words of his
 power. *Gaul*, strongest arm of death! O
Oscar, of the future fights; *Connal*, son of
 the blue steel of *Sora*; *Dermid* of the dark-
 brown hair, and *Offian* King of many songs,
 be near your fathers arm.

We reared the sun-beam ** of battle,
 the standard of the king. Each hero's soul
 exulted with joy, as waving, it flew on the
 wind. It was studded with gold above, as
 the blue wide shell of the nightly sky. Each
 hero had his standard too; and each his gloo-
 my men.

Behold

** Fingal's standard was distinguish'd by the
 name of sun-beam; probably on account of
 its bright colour, and its being studded with
 Gold. To begin a battle is expressed, in old
 composition, by *lifting of the sun-beam*.

Behold said the king of generous shells,
 how *Lochlin* divides on *Lena*. — They
 stand like broken clouds on the hill, or an
 half consumed grove of oaks; when we see
 the sky through its branches, and the mete-
 or passing behind. Let every chief among the
 friends of *Fingal* take a dark troop of those
 that frown so high; nor let a son of the ec-
 choing groves bound on the waves of *Inis-
 tore*.

Mine, said *Gaul*, be the seven chiefs
 that came from *Lano's* lake. — Let *Inis-
 tore's* dark king, said *Oscar*, come to the
 sword of *Ossian's* son. — To mine the king
 of *Iniscon*, said *Connal*, heart of steel! Or
Mudan's chief or I, said brown-haired *Der-
 mid*, shall sleep on clay-cold earth. My
 choice, though now so weak and dark,
 was *Terman's* battling king; I promised,
 with my hand to wim the hero's dark-brown
 shield. — Blest and victorious be my chiefs,
 said *Fingal* of the mildest look! *Swaran*,
 King

king of roaring waves, thou art the choice
of *Firgal*.

Now like an hundred different winds,
that pour through many vales; divided, dark,
the sons of the hill advanced, and *Cromla*
ecchoed around.

How, can I relate the deaths, when
we closed in the strife of our steel? O daugh-
ter of *Toscar*! bloody were our hands! the
gloomy ranks of *Lochlin* fell like the banks
of the roaring *Cona*. — Our arms were
victorious on *Lena*, each chief full filled his
promise. Besid the murmur of *Branno* thou
didst often sit, o maid; when thy white
bosom rose frequent, like the down of the
swan, when flow the sails the lake, and
sidelong winds are blowing. — Thou hast
seen the sun * retire red and flow behind his
cloud

* Sol quoque et exoriens et cum se condit
in undas;
Signa dabit, Solem certissima signa sequun-
tur,
Ut

cloud: night gathering round on the mountain, while the unrequent blast ** roared
in

Ut quae mane refert, et quae surgentibus
astris.

Ille ubi nascentem maculis variaverit ortum
Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit
orbe;

Suspecti tibi sunt imbres,

Virg.

Above the rest the sun, who never lies,
Foretels the change of weather in the
skies.

For if he rise, unwilling to his race,
Clouds on his brow and spots upon his
face;

Or if thro' mists he shoots his fullen beams,
Frugal of light, in loose and straggling
streams:

Suspect a drifling day.

Dryden.

** Continuo ventis surgentibus aut freta
ponti

Incipiunt agitata tumescere; et aridus altis,
Montibus audiri fragor, aut resonantia
longe

Littora misceri, et nemorum increbescere
murmur.

Virg.

For ere the rising winds begin to roar,
The working seas advance to wash the
shore;

Soft

in narrow vales, At length the rain beats
 hard; and thunder rolls in peals. Lightning
 glances on the rocks. Spirits ride on beams of
 fire. And the strength of the mountain
 streams* come roaring down the hills. Such
 was the noise of battle, maid of the arms of
 snow. Why, daughter of the hill, that
 tear? the maids of *Lochlin* have cause to
 weep. The people of their country fell,
 for bloody was the blue steel of the race of
 my heroes. But I am sad, forlorn, and
 blind; and no more the companion of heroes.
 Give, lovely maid, to me thy tears, for I
 have seen the tombs o' fall my friends.

It

Soft whispers run along the leafy wood;
 And mountains whistle to the murmuring
 flood.

Dryden.

* — *ruunt de montibus amnes.*

The rapid rains descending from the hills,
 To rolling torrents swell the creeping rills,

Dryden.

H

It was then by *Fingal's* hand a hero fell,
 For his grief — Gray-haired he rolled in the
 dust, and lifted his faint eyes to the King.
 And thou hast fallen, said the son of *Conhal*,
 thou, friend of *Agandecca*! I saw thy tears
 for the maid of my love, in the halls of the
 bloody *Starnos*. Thou hast been the foe of
 the foes of my love, and hast thou fallen by
 my hand? Raise, *Ullin*, raise the grave of
 the son of *Mathon*, and give his name to
 the song of *Agandecca*; for dear to my soul
 hast thou been, thou darkly-dwelling maid
 of *Arduen*.

Cuchullin, from the cave of *Cromla*
 heard the noise of the troubled war. He cal-
 led to *Connal* chief of swords, and *Carril*
 of other times. The grey-haired heroes
 heard his voice, and took their aspen spears.
 They came, and saw the tide of battle, like
 the crowded waves of the ocean, when the
 dark

dark wind blows from the deep, and rolls
the billows through the sandy vale.

Cuchullin kindled at the sight, and dark-
ness gathered on his brow. His hand is on
the sword of his fathers: his red rolling
eyes on the foe. He thrice attempted to rush
to battle, and thrice did *Connal* stop him,
Chief of the isle of mist, he said, *Fingal* sub-
dues the foe. Seek not a part of the fame
of the King! he himself is like a storm.

Then *Carril*, go; replied the chief, and
greet the King of *Morven*. When *Lochlin*
falls away like a stream after rain, and the
noise of the battle is over, then be thy voice
sweet in his ear; to praise the King of swords.
Give him the sword of *Caithbat*! for *Cuchul-
lin* is worthy no more to lift the arms of his
fathers.

But O ye ghosts of the lonely *Cromla*!
ye souls of chiefs that are no more! be ye
the companions of *Cuchullin*, and talk to

him in the cave of his sorrow. For never more shall I be renowned among the mighty in the land. I am like a beam that has shone! like a mist that fled away, when the blast of the morning came, and brightened the shaggy side of the hill. *Conna!* talk of arms no more: departed is my fame. — My sighs shall be on *Cromla's* wind, till my footsteps cease to be seen. — And thou, white bosom'd *Bragela*, mourn over the fall of my fame; for vanquished, I will never return to thee, thou sun-beam of *Dunscaich*,

F I N G A L
AN ANCIENT EPIC POEM.

B O O K V.

A R G U M E N T.

Cuchullin and Connal still remain on the hill. Fingal and Swaran meet; the combat is described. Swaran is overcome, bound and delivered over as a prisoner to the care of Ossian and Gaul the son of Morni; Fingal, his younger sons, and Oscar, still pursue the enemy. The episode of Orla a chief of Lochlin, who was mortally wounded in the battle, is introduced. Fingal touched with the death of Orla, orders the pursuit to be discontinued; and calling his sons together, he is informed that Ryno, the youngest of them was killed. He laments his death, hears the story of Lamdarg and Gelchoffa, and returns towards the place where he had left Swaran. Carril, who had been sent by Cuchullin, to congratulate Fingal on his victory, comes in the mean time to Ossian. The conversation of the two poets closes the action of the fourth day.

The fourth day still continues. The poet, by putting the narration in the mouth of Connal, who still remained with Cuchullin on the side of Cromla, gives propriety to the praises of Fingal. The beginning of this book, in the original is one of the most beautiful parts of the poem. The versification is regular and full, and agrees very well with the sedate character of Connal. — No poet has adapted the cadence of his verse more to the temper of the speaker, than Ossian has done. It is more than probable, the whole poem was originally designed to be sung to the harp, as the versification is so various and so much suited to the different passions of the human mind.

Now Connal, on Cromla's windy side,
 spoke to the chief of the noble car. Why
 heart gloom, son of Semo! Our friends are
 the mighty in battle. And renowned art
 thou, o warrior! many were the death o
 thy steel. Often has *Bragela* met with blue-
 rolling eyes of joy; often has she met her
 hero, returning in the midst of the valiant;
 when his sword was red with slaughter, and
 his foes silent in the fields of the tomb.
 Pleasant to her ears were thy bards, when
 thine actions rose in the song.

But behold the King of *Morven*; he
 moves below like a pillar of fire. His strength
 is like the stream of *Lubar*, or the wind of
 the echoing *Cromla*, when the branchy
 forests of night are overturned.

Happy are thy people, o *Fingal*, thine
 arm shall fight their battles; thou art the
 first in their dangers; the wisest in the days
 of their pelace. Thou speakest and thy thou-

sands obey, and armies tremble at the sound
of thy steel. Happy are thy people, *Fingal*,
chief of the lonely hills.

Who is so dark and terrible, coming in the
thunder of his course? who is it but *Starno's*
son to meet the King of *Morven*? Behold
the battle of the chiefs: it is like the storm
of the ocean, when two spirits meet far di-
stant, and contend for the rolling of the wave.
The hunter hears the noise on his hill; and
sees the high billows advancing to *Arduen's*
shore.

Such were the words of *Connal*, when
the heroes met in the midst of their falling
people. There was the clang of arms! there
every blow, like the hundred hammers
of the furnace! Terrible is the battle of the
Kings, and horrid the look of their eyes.
Their dark-brown shields are cleft in twain,
and their steel flies, broken from their hel-
mets. They fling their weapons down.

Each

Each rushes* to the grasp of his foe,
 Their sinewy arms bend each other: they
 turn from side to side, and strain and stretch
 their large spreading limbs below. But
 when the pride of their strength arose, they
 shock the hill with their heels; rocks tumble
 from their places on high; the green headed
 bushes are overturned. At length the
 strength of *Swaran* fell; and the King of the
 groves is bound.

Thus have I seen on *Cona*; (but *Cona* I
 behold no more) thus have I seen two dark
 hills removed from their place by the strength
 of the bursting stream. They turn from side to

H 5 side

* This passage resembles one in the twenty third Iliad.

Close lock'd above their heads and arms
 are mixt;

Below their planted feet at distance sixt;
 New to the grasp each manly body bends;
 The humid sweat from ev'ry pore descends;
 Their bones resound with blows; sides,
 shouldres, thighs,

Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumours
 rise.

Pope.

side and their tall oaks meet one another on high. Then they fall together with all their rocks and trees. The streams are turned by their sides, and the red ruin is seen afar.

Sons of the King of *Morven*, said the noble *Fingal*, guaid the King of *Lochlin*; for he is strong as his thousand waves. His hand is taught to the battle, and his race of the times of old. *Gaul*, thou first of my heroes, and *Offian* King of songs, attend the friend of *Agandecca*, and raise to joy his grief. — But, *O'car*, *Fillan*, and *Ryno*, ye children of the race. Pursue the rest of *Lochlin* over the heath of *Lena*; that no vessel may hereafter bound on the dark-rolling waves of *Inistore*.||

They flew like lightning over the heath.
 He slowly moved as a cloud of thunder,
 when the sultry plain of summer is silent.
 His sword is before him as a sun-beam,
 terrible as the streaming meteor of night.
 He

He came toward a chief of *Lochlin*, and
spoke to the son of the wave.

Who is that like a cloud at the rock of
the roaring stream? He cannot bound over
its course; yet stately is the chief! his bossy
shield is on his side; and his spear like the
tree of the desert. Youth of the dark-brown
hair, art thou of *Fingal's* foes?

I am a son of *Lochlin* he cries and strong
is my arm in war. My spouse is weeping
at home, but *Orla** will never return.

Or fights or yields the hero, said *Fin-
gal*, of the noble deeds? foes do not con-
quer in my presence: but my friends are
renowned in the hall. Son of the wave,
fol-

* The story of *Orla* is so beautiful, and
affecting in the original, that many are in
possession of it in the north of *Scotland*, who
never heard a syllable more of the poem. It
varies the action, and awakes the attention
of the reader, when he expected nothing,
but languor in the conduct of the poem, as
the great action was over in the conquest of
Swaran.

follow me, partake the feast of my shells, and pursue the deer of my desert.

No: said the hero, I assist the feeble: my strength shall remain with the weak in arms. My sword has been always unmatched, o warrior: let the King of *Morven* yield. I

I never yielded, *Orla*, *Fingal* never yielded to man. Draw thy sword and chuse thy foe. Many are my heroes.

And does the King refuse the combat, said *Orla* of the dark-brown hair? *Fingal* is a match for *Orla*: and he alone of all his race. — But King of *Morven*; if I shall fall; (as one time the warrior must die;) raise my tomb in the mist, and let it be the greatest on *Lena*. And send, over the dark-bloe wave the sword of *Orla* to the spouse of his love; that she may shew it to her son with years, to kindle his soul to war.

Son of the mournful tale, said *Fingal*, why dost thou awaken my tears? One day the

the warriors must die, and the children see
 their useless arms in the hall. But, *Orla*,
 thy tomb shall rise, and thy white-bosomed
 spouse weep over thy sword.

They fought on the sheath of *Lena*, but
 feeble was the arm of *Orla*. The sword of
Fingal descended and cleft his shield in twain.

It fell and glittered on the ground as
 the moon on the stream of night.

King of *Morven*, said the hero, lift thy
 sword, and pierce my breast. wounded and
 faint from battle my friend have left me here.
 The mournful tale shall come to my love
 on the banks of the streamy *Loda*; when
 she is alone in the wood, and the rustling
 blast in the leaves.

No, said the King of *Morven*, I will
 never wound thee, *Orla*. On the banks of
Loda let her see thee escaped from the hands
 of war. Let thy gray-haired father, who
 per-

perhaps is blind with age hear the sound of thy voice in the hall. — With joy let the hero rise, and search for his son with his hands.

But never will he find him, *Fingal*; said the youth of the streamy *Loda*. — On *Lena's* heath I shall die; and foreign bards will talk of me. My broad belt covers my wound of death. And now I give it to the wind.

The dark blood poured from his side, he fell pale on the heath of *Lena*. *Fingal* bends over him as he dies, and calls his younger heroes.

Oscar and *Fillan*, my sons, raise high the memory of *Orla*. Here let the dark-haired hero rest far from the spouse of his love. Here let him rest in his narrow house far from the sound of *Loda*. The feeble will find his bow at home, but will not be able to bend it. His faithful dogs howl on his hills, and his boars which he used to pursue,

re-

rejoice. Fallen is the arm, of battle; the
mighty among the valiant is low.

Exalt the voice, and blow the horn,
ye sons of the King of *Morven*: let us go
back to *Swaran*. and send the mighty away
on song. *Fillan*, *Oscar* and *Ryno* fly over
the heath of *Lena*. Where, *Ryno*, art thou,
young son of fame? Thou art not wont to
be the last to answer thy father.

Ryno, said *Ullin* first of bards, is with
the awful forms of his fathers. With *Tra-*
thal King of the mighty deeds. The youth
is low, — the youth is pale. — he lies on
Lena's heath.

And fell the swiftest in the race, said
the King, the first to bend the bow? Thou
scarce hast been known to me; why did
young *Ryno* fall? But sleep thou softly on
Lena. *Fingal* shall soon behold thee. Soon
shall my voice be heard no more, and my
footsteps cease to be seen. The bard's will
tell of *Fingal's* name; the stones will talk
of

of me. But, *Ryno*, thou art low indeed, — thou hast not received thy fame. *Ullin*, strike the harp for *Ryno*; tell what the chief would have been. Farewel thou first in every field. No more shall I direct thy dart. Thou that hast been so fair; I behold thee not — Farewel.

The tear is on the King; for terrible was his son in war. His son! that was like a beam of fire by night on the hill; when the forests sink down in its course, and the traveller trembles at the sound.

Whose fame is it that dark-green tomb, begun the King of generous shells? four stones with their head of moss stand there and mark the narrow house of death. Near it let my *Ryno* rest, and be the neighbour of the valiant. Perhaps some chief of fame is here to fly with my sons on clouds. O *Ullin* raise the songs of other times. Bring to memory the dark dwellers of the tomb. If in the field of the valiant they never fled from dan-

danger, my son shall rest with them, far
 rom his friends, on the heath of *Lenā*.

Here, said the mouth of the song,
 here rest the first of heroes. Silent is *Lam-
 derg* * in his tomb, and *Ullin* King of
 swords. And who soft smiling from her
 cloud, shews me her face of love? Why,
 daughter, why so pale art thou, first of
 the maids of *Cromla*? Dost thou sleep with
 the foes in battle, *Gelchoffa*, white-
 bologed daughter of *Tuathal*? — Thou hast
 been the love of thousands, but *Lamderg*
 was thy love. He came to *Selma's* mossy
 towers, and striking his dark buckler
 spoke:

Where is *Gelchoffa*, my love, the daugh-
 ter of the noble *Tuathal*? I left her in the
 hall

* *Lamh - dhearg* signifies *bloody hand*.
Gelchoffa, *white-legged*. *Tuathal*, *surly*, *Ul-
 fadda*, *long-beard*. *Ferchios*, *the conqueror
 of men*.

hall o *Selma*, when I fought with the gloomy *Ulfadda*. Return soon, o *Lamderg*, she said, for here I am in the midst of sorrow. Her white breast rose with sighs. Her cheek was wet with tears. But I see her not coming to meet me; and to sooth my soul after battle. Silent is the hall of my joy; I hear not the voice of the bard. — *Bran* * does not shake his chains at the gate, glad at the coming of *Lamderg*. Where is *Gelchossa*, my love, the mild daughter of the generous *Tuathal*.

Lamderg! says *Ferchios* the son of *Aidon*, *Gelchossa* may be an *Cromla*; she and the maids of the bow pursuing the flying deer.

Fer-

* *Bran* is a common name of gray-hounds to this day. It is a custom in the north of Scotland, to give the names of the heroes mention'd in this poem, to their dogs; a proof that they are familiar to the ear and their fame generally known.

Ferchios! replied the chief of *Cromla* no noise meets the ear of *Lamderg*. No sound is in the woods of *Lena*. No deer fly in my sight. No panting dog pursues. I see not *Gelchoffa* my love, fair as the full moon setting on the hills of *Cromla*. Go, *Ferchios*, go to *Allad*** the gray haired son of the rock. His dwelling is in the circle of stones. He may know of *Gelchoffa*.

The son of *Aidon* went; and spoke to the ear of age. *Allad!* thou that dwellest in the rock, thou, that tremblest alone, what saw thine eyes of age? I saw, answered *Allad* the old, *Ullin* the son of *Cairbar*. He came like a cloud from *Cromla*; and he hummed a surly song, like a blast

I 2

in

** *Allad* is plainly a druid: he is called the son of the rock, from his dwelling in a cave; and the circle of stones here mention'd is the pale of the druidical temple. He is here consulted as one who had a supernatural knowledge of things; from the druids, no doubt, came the ridiculous notion of the second sight, which prevailed in the highlands and isles.

in a leafless wood. He entered the hall of *Selma*. — *Lamderg*, he said, most dreadful of men, fight or yield to *Ullin*. *Lamderg*, replied *Gelchoffa*, the son of battle is not here. He fights *Ulfadda* mighty chief. He is not here thou first of men. But *Lamderg* never yielded. He will fight the son of *Cairbar*.

Lovely art thou, said terrible *Ullin*, daughter of the generous *Tuathal*. I carry thee to *Cairbar's* halls. Three days I remain on *Cromla*, to wait that son of battle, *Lamderg*. On the fourth *Gelchoffa* is mine, if the mighty *Lamderg* flies.

Allad! said the chief of *Cromla*, peace to thy dreams in the cave. *Ferchios*, found the horn of *Lamderg*, that *Ullin* may hear on *Cromla*. *Lamderg* * like a roaring

* The reader will find the passage altered from what it was in the fragments of ancient poetry. — It is delivered in a very different manner by tradition, and the translator has chosen

aring storm ascended the hill from *Selma*. He hummed a furly song, as he went, like the noise of a falling stream. He stood like a cloud on the hill, that varies its form to the wind. He rolled a stone the sign of war; *Ullin* heard in *Cairbar's* hall. The hero heard with joy, his foe, and took his father's spear. A smile brightens his dark-brown cheek, as he places his sword by his side. The dagger glittered in his hand. He whistled as he went.

Gelchossa saw the silent chief, as a wreath of mist ascending the hill. — She struck her white and heaving breast; and silent, tearful, feared for *Lamderg*.

Cairbar hoary chief of shells, said the maid of the tender hand; I must bend the bow of *Cromla*; for, I see the dark-brown hinds.

I 3

She

chosen that reading, which favours least of bombast.

She hasted up the hill. In vain! the gloomy heroes fought. — Why could I tell the King of *Morven*, how wrathful heroes fight! — Fierce *Ullin* fell. Young *Lamderg* came all pale to the daughter of generous *Tuathal*.

What blood, my love, the soft-haired woman said, what blood runs down my warrior's side? — It is *Ullin's* blood the chief replied, thou fairer than the snow of *Cromla*! *Gelchoffa* let me rest here a little while. The mighty *Lamderg* died.

And sleepest thou so soon on earth, 'o chief of shady *Cromla*? three days she mourned beside her love. — The hunters found her dead. They raised this tomb above the three. Thy son, o King of *Morven*, may rest here with heroes.

And here my son shall rest, said *Fingal*, the noise of their fame has reached my ears. *Fillan* and *Fergus*! bring hither *Orla*,
la,

la, the pale youth of the stream of *Loda*.
 Not unequalled shall *Ryno* lie in earth, when
Orla is by his side. Weep, ye daughters
 of *Morven*; and ye maids of the streamy
Loda. Like a tree they grew on the hills;
 and they have fallen like the oak * of the
 desert; when it lies across a stream, and
 withers in the wind of the mountain.

Oscar! chief of every youth! thou
 seest how they have fallen. Be thou, like
 them, on earth renowned. Like them
 the song of bards. Terrible were their
 forms in battle; but calm was *Ryno* in the
 days of peace. He was like the bow of
 the shower, seen far distant on the stream;
 when the sun is setting on *Mora*, and si-

I 4,

len-

* — ὡς ὅτε τις δένδρον ἤγειρεν — Hom.
 II. 16.

— as the mountain oak
 Nods to the ax, till with a groaning sound
 It sinks, and spreads its honours on the
 ground.
 Pope.

lence on the hill of deer. Rest youngest
of my sons, rest o *Ryno*, on *Lena*. We
too shall be no more; for the warrior one
day must fall.

Such was thy grief, thou King of hills.
What must the grief of *Ossian* be, for thou
thyself art gone. I hear not thy distant voi-
ce on *Cona*. My eyes perceive thee not.
Often forlorn and dark I sit at thy tomb;
and feel it with my hands. When I think
I hear thy voice; it is but the blast of the
desart. — *Fingal* has long since fallen asleep,
the ruler of the war.

Then *Gaul* and *Ossian* sat with *Swa-
ran* on the soft green banks of *Lubar*. I
touched the harp to please the King! But
gloom was his brow. He rolled his red
eyes towards *Lena*. The hero mourned
his people.

I lifted my eyes to *Cromla*, and I saw
the son of generous *Semo*. — Sad and
flow

slow he retired from his hill towards the lonely cave of *Tura*, He saw *Fingal* victorious, and mixed his joy with grief. The sun is bright on his armours, and *Connal* slowly followed. They sunk behind the hill, like two pillars of the fire of night; when winds pursue them over the mountain, and the flaming heath resounds. Beside a stream of roaring foam his cave is in a rock! One tree bends above it; and the rushing winds echo against its sides. Here rests the chief of *Dunscailch*, the son of generous *Semo*. His thoughts are on the battle he lost; and the tear is on his cheek. He mourned the departure of his fame, that fled like the mist of *Cona*. O *Bragela*, thou art too far remote to cheer the soul of the hero. But let him see thy bright form in his soul, that his thoughts may return to the lonely sunbeam of *Dunscailch*.

Who comes with the locks of age?
 It is the son of songs. Hail, *Carril* of other
 times, thy voice is like the harp in the halls
 of *Tura*. Thy words are pleasant, as the
 flower that falls on the fields of the sun.
Carril of the times of old, why comest
 thou from the son of the generous *Semo*?

Ossian King of swords, replied the bard,
 thou best raigest the song. Long hast thou
 been known to *Carril*, thou ruler of batt-
 les. Often have I touched the harp to lo-
 vely *Evirallin*. Thou too hast often accom-
 panied my voice in *Branno's* hall of gene-
 rous thells. And often, admidst our voices,
 was heard the mildest *Evirallin*. One day
 the sung of *Cormac's* fall, the youth that
 died for her love. I saw the tears on her
 cheek, and on thine, thou chief of men.
 Her soul was touched for the unhappy,
 though she loved him not. How fair among
 a thousand maids was the daughter of the
 generous *Branno*!

Bring

Bring not, *Carril*, I replied, bring not
her memory to my mind. My soul must
melt at the remembrance. My eyes must
have their tears. Pale in the earth is she
the softly - blushing fair of my love. But
sit thou on the heath, o Bard, and let us
hear thy voice. It is pleasant as the gale of
spring, that sighs on the hunter's ear; when
he wakens from dreams of joy, and has
heard the music of the spirits of the hill.

FIN-

F I N G A L
AN ANCIENT EPIC POEM.

B O O K VI.

A R G U M E N T.

Night comes on. Fingal gives a feast to his army, at which Swaran is present. The King commands Ullin his bard, to give the song of peace; a custom always observed at the end of a war. Ullin relates the actions of Trenmor, great grandfather to Fingal, in Scandinavia, and his marriage with Inibaca, the daughter of a King of Lochlin, who was ancestor to Swaran; which consideration, together with his being brother to Agandecca, with whom Fingal was in love in his youth, induced the King to release him, and permit him to return, with the remains of his army, into Lochlin, upon his promise of never returning to Ireland, in a hostile manner. The night is spent in settling Swaran's departure, in songs of bards, and in a conversation, in which the story of Grumal is introduced by Fingal. Morning comes, Swaran departs; Fingal goes on a hunting party, and finding Cuchullin in the cave of Tura; comforts

forts him, and sets sail, the next day for Scotland; which concludes the poem.

This book opens with the fourth night, and ends on the morning of the sixth day. The time of five days, five nights, and a part of the sixth day is taken up in the poem. The scene lies in the heath of Lena, the mountain Cromla on the coast of Ulster.

The

The clouds of night come rolling down,
 and rest on *Cromla's* dark-brown steep. The
 stars of the north arise over the rolling of the
 waves of *Ullin*; they shew their heads of
 fire through the flying mist of heaven.
 A distant wind roars in the wood; but
 silent and dark is the plain of death.

Still on the darkening *Lena* arose in my
 ears the tuneful voice of *Carril*. He sung
 of the companions of our youth, and the
 days of former years; when we met on the
 banks of *Lego*, and sent round the joy of
 the shell. *Cromla* with its cloudy steeps,
 answered to his voice. The ghosts of those
 he sung, came in their rustling blasts. They
 were seen to bend with joy towards the
 sound of their praise.

Be thy soul blest, o *Carril*, in the
 midst of thy eddying winds. O that thou
 wouldst come to my hall, when I am alone
 by night! And thou dost come, my friend,
 I hear often thy light hand on my harp;
 when

when it hangs on the distant wall, and the feeble sound touches my ear. Why dost thou not speak to me in my grief, and tell when I shall behold my friends? But thou passest away in thy murmuring blast; and thy wind whistles through the gray hair of *Ossian*.

Now on the side of *Mora* the heroes gathered to the feast. A thousand aged oaks are burning to the wind. — The strength* of the shells goes round. And the

* By strenght of the shell is meant the liquor the heroes drunk: of what kind it was, cannot be ascertained at this distance of time. The translator has met with several ancient poems, that mention wax-lights and wine as common in the halls of Fingal. The names of both are borrowed from the Latin, which plainly shews, that our ancestors had them from the Romans, if they had them at all. The *Caledonians* in their frequent incursions to the province, might become acquainted with those conveniencies of life, and introduce them into their own country, among the booty which they carried from South-Britain.

the souls of warriors brighten with joy. But the King of *Lochlin* is silent, and sorrow reddens in the eyes of his pride. He often turned towards *Lena*, and remembered that he fell.

Fingal leaned on the shield of his fathers. His gray locks slowly waved on the wind, and glittered to the beam of night. He saw the grief of *Swaran*, and spoke to the first of Bards,

Raise, *Ullin*, raise the song of peace, and sooth my soul after battle, that my ear may forget the noise of arms. And let a hundred harps be near, to gladden the King of *Lochlin*. He must depart from us with joy. — None ever went sad from *Fingal*. *Oscar*! the lightning of my sword is against the strong in battle: but peaceful it lies by my side when, warriors yield in war.

Trenmor * said the mouth of the songs
li-

**Trenmor* was the great grand - father to *Fingal*. The story is introduced to felicitate the dismissal of *Swaran*.

lived in the days of other years. He bounded over the waves of the north! companion of the storm. The high rocks of the land of *Lochlin*, and its groves of murmuring sounds appeared to the hero through the mist; — he bound his white bosomed-sails. — *Trenmor* pursued the boar, that roared along the woods of *Gormal*. Many had fled from its presence; but the spear of *Trenmor* slew it.

Three chiefs that beheld the deed, told of the mighty stranger. They told, that he stood like a pillar of fire in the bright arms of his valour. The King of *Lochlin* prepared the feast, and called the blooming *Trenmor*. Three days he feasted at *Gormal's* windy towers; and got his choice in the combat.

The land of *Lochlin* had no hero, that yielded not to *Trenmor*. The shell of joy went round with songs in praise of the

He saw the heaving of her breast. It was the sister of the King. — She had seen him in the halls of *Gormal*; and loved his face of youth. — The spear dropt from the hand of *Trenmor*; he bent his red cheek to the ground, for he had seen her like a beam of light, that meets the sons of the cave, when they revisit the fields of the sun and bend their aching eyes.

Chief of windy *Morven*, begun the maid of the arms of snow; let me rest in thy bounding ship, far from the love of *Corlo*. For he, like the thunder of the desert, is terrible to *Inibaca*. He loves me in the gloom of his pride, and shakes ten thousand spears.

Rest thou in peace, said the mighty *Trenmor*, behind the shield of my fathers. I will not fly from the chief, though he shakes ten thousand spears.

But I will retire, replied the youth,
with the sword of *Trenmor*; and exult in
the sound of my fame. The virgins shall
gather with smiles around him who conque-
red *Trenmor*. They shall sigh with the sighs
of love, and admire the length of thy spear;
when I shall carry it among thousands,
and lift the glittering point to the sun.

Thou shalt never carry my spear,
said the angry King of *Morven*. — Thy
mother shall find thee pale on the shore
of the echoing *Gormal*; and, looking over
the dark blue deep, see the sails of him
that slew her son.

I will not lift the spear, replied the
youth, my arm is not strong with years.
But with the feathered dart I have learned
to pierce a distant foe. Throw down that
heavy mail of steel; for *Trenmor* is covered
all over. — I first will lay my mail on earth.
— Throw now thy dart, thou King of
Morven.

and my eye full of tears for the maid. —
Or dost thou chuse the fight? The combat
which thy fathers gave to *Trenmor*, is thi-
ne; that thou mayest depart renowned like
the sun setting in the west.

King of the race of *Morven*, said the
chief of the waves of *Lochlin*; never will
Swaran fight thee, first of thousand heroes!
I saw thee in the halls of *Starno*, and few
were thy years beyond my own. — When
shall I, said I to my soul, lift the spear like
the noble *Fingal*? We have fought here-
tofore, o warrior, on the side of the
shaggy *Malmor*; after my waves had carried
me to thy halls, and the feast of a thou-
sand shells was spread. Let the bard send
him, who overcame, to future years, for
noble was the strife of heathy *Malmor*,

But many of the ships of *Lochlin* have
lost their youth on *Lena*. Take these,
thou King of *Morven*, and be the friend
of

Three days he waited on the shore; and sent his horn abroad. He called *Corlo* to battle from all his echoing hills. But *Corlo* came not to battle. The King of *Lochlin* descended. He feasted on the roaring shore; and gave the maid to *Trenmor*.

King of *Lochlin*, said *Fingal*, thy blood flows in the veins of the foe. Our families met in battle, because they loved the strife of spears. But often did they feast in the hall, and send the joy of the shell. — Let thy face brighten with gladness, and thine ear delight in the harp. Dreadful as the storm of thy ocean, thou hast poured thy valour forth; thy voice has been like the voice of thousands, when they engage in battle. Raise, to-morrow thy white sails to the wind, thou brother of *Agandecca*. Bright as the beam of noon she comes on my mournful soul. I saw thy tears, for the fair one, and spared thee to the halls of *Starano*; when my sword was red with slaughter,

And some hunter may say, when he leans
 on a mossy tomb, here *Fingal* and *Swaran*
 fought; the heroes of other years. Thus
 hereafter shall he say, and our fame shall
 last for ever.

Swaran said the King of the hills, to-
 day our fame is greatest. We shall pass
 away like a dream. No sound will be in
 the fields of our battles: Our tombs will
 be lost in the heath. The hunter shall not
 know the place of our rest. Our names
 may be heard in song; but the strength of
 our arms will cease. O *Ossian*, *Carril*, and
Ullin, you know of heroes that are no
 more. Give us the song of other years.
 Let the night pass away on the sound, and
 morning return with joy.

We gave the song to the Kings, and
 a hundred harps accompanied our voices.
 The face of *Swaran* brightened like the full
 moon of heaven, when the clouds vanish
 away

of *Swaran*. And when the sons shall come
to the mossy towers of *Gormal*, the feast
of shells shall be spread, and the combat
offered on the vale.

Nor ship, replied the King, shall *Fin-
gal* take, nor land of many hills. The
desart is enough to me, with all its deer
and woods. Rise on the waves again, thou
noble friend of *Agandecca*. Spread thy whi-
te sails to the beam of the morning, and
return to the ecchoing hills of *Gormal*.

Blest be thy soul, thou King of shells,
said *Swaran* of the dark brown shield. In
peace thou art the gale of spring. In war
the mountain-storm. Take now my hand
in friendship, thou noble King of *Morven*.
Let thy bards mourn those who fell. Let
Erin give the sons of *Lochlin* to earth;
and raise the mossy stones of their fame.
That the children of the north hereafter may
behold the place where their fathers fought.

in war; and tell him his fame shall never fail. Many have been overcome in battle, that have shone afterwards like the sun of heaven.

O *Swaran*, King of the resounding woods, give all thy grief away, — The vanquished, if brave, are renowned; they are like the sun in a cloud, when he hides his face in the south, but looks again on the hills of grass.

Grumal was a chief of *Cona*. He fought the battle on every coast. His soul rejoiced in blood; his ear in the din of arms. He poured his warriors on the sounding *Craca*; and *Craca's* King met him from his grove; for then within the circle of *Brumo* * he spoke to the stone of power,

Fierce was the battle of the heroes,
for

* This passage alludes to the religion of the King of *Craca*. See a note on a familiar subject in the third book.

away, and leave her calm and broad in the midst of the sky.

It was then that *Fingal* spoke to *Carril* the chief of other times. Where is the son of *Semo*; the King of the isle of mist? has he retired, like the meteor of death, to the dreary cave of *Tura*?

Cuchullin said *Carril* of other times, he lies in the dreary cave of *Tura*. His hand is on the sword of his strength. His thoughts on the battle which he lost. Mournful is the King of spears; for he has often been victorious. He sends the sword of his war to rest on the side of *Fingal*. For like the storm of the desert, thou hast scattered all his foes. Take, o *Fingal*, the sword of the hero; for his fame is departed like mist, when it flies before the rustling wind of the vale.

No: replied the King, *Fingal* shall never take his sword. His arm is mighty
in

hundred voices at once arose, a hundred harps were strung; they sung of other times and the mighty chiefs of former years.

When now shall I hear the bard; or rejoice at the fame of my fathers? The harp is not strung on *Morven*, nor the voice of music raised on *Cona*. Dead with the mighty is the bard; and fame is in the desert no more.

Morning trembles with the beam of the east, and glimmers on gray-headed *Cromla*. Over *Lena* is heard the horn of *Swaran*, and the sons of the ocean gather around. — Silent and sad they mount the wave, and the blast of *Ullin* is behind their sails. White, as the mist of *Morven*, they float along the sea.

Call, said *Fingal*, call my dogs, the long bounding sons of the chase. Call
whi-

for the maid of the breast of snow. The fame of the daughter of *Craca* had reached *Grumal* at the streams of *Cona*: he vowed to have the white bosomed maid, or die on the echoing *Craca*. Three days they strove together; and *Grumal* on the fourth was bound.

Far from his friends they placed him in the horrid circle of *Brumo*; where often they said, the ghosts of the dead howled round the stone of their fear. But afterwards he shone like a pillar of the light of heaven. They fell his mighty hand, and *Crumal* had his fame.

Raise, ye bards of other times, raise high the praise of heroes; that my soul may settle on their fame; and the mind of *Swaran* cease to be sad.

They lay in the heath of *Mora*; the dark winds rustled over the heroes. — A
hun-

Cromla. Soon will thy tomb be hid, and the grass grow rank on thy grave. The sons of the feeble shall pass over it, and not know that the mighty lie there.

Offian and *Fillan*, sons of my strength, and *Gaul* King of the blue swords of war, let us ascend the hill to the cave of *Tura*; and find the chief of the battles of *Erin*. Are these the walls of *Tura*? gray and lonely they rise on the heath. The King of shells is sad, and the halls are desolate. Come let us find the King of swords and give him all our joy. But is that *Cuchullin*, o *Fillan*, or a pillar of smoke on the heath? The wind of *Cromla* is on my eyes, and I distinguish not my friend.

Fingal! replied the youth, it is the son of *Semo*. Gloomy and sad is the hero; his hand is on his sword. Hail to the son of battle breaker of the shields!

Hail

white-breasted *Bran*; and the surly strength
of *Luath*. — *Fillan* and *Ryno* — but he is
not here; my son rests on the bed of
death. *Fillan* and *Fergus*, blow my horn,
that the joy of the chace may arise; that
the deer of *Cromla* may hear and start at
the lake of roes.

The shrill sound spreads along the
wood. The sons of heathy *Cromla* arise. —
A thousand dogs fly off at once, gray-
bounding through the heath. A deer fell
by every dog and three by the withe-brea-
sted *Bran*. He brought them, in their
flight to *Fingal*, that the joy of the King
might be great.

One deer fell at the tomb of *Ryno*;
and the grief of *Fingal* returned. He saw
how peaceful lay the stone of him who was
the first at the chace. — No more shalt thou
rise, o my son, to partake of the feast of

Cro-

deeds in arms? Why did we come over the ocean, to aid thy feeble sword? Thou flyest to thy cave of sorrow, and *Connan* fights thy battles: Refign to me these arms of light, yield them, thou son of *Erin*..

No hero, replied the chief ever fought the arms of *Cuchullin* and had a thousand heroes fought them, it were in vain, thou gloomy youth. I fled not to the cave of sorrow, as long as *Erin's* warriors lived.

Youth of the feeble arm said *Fingal*, *Connan* say no more. *Cuchullin* is renowned in battle and terrible over the desert. Often have I heard thy fame, thou stormy chief of *Innisfail*. Spread now thy white sails for the use of mist, and see *Bragela* leaning on her rock. Her tender eye is in tears, and the winds lift her long hair from her heaving breast. She listens to the winds

Hail to thee, replied *Cuchullin*, hail to all the sons of *Morven*. Delightful is thy presence; o *Fingal*, it is like the sun on *Cromla*; when the hunter mourns his absence for a season, and sees him between the clouds. Thy sons are like stars, that attend thy course, and give light in the night. It is not thus thou hast seen me, o *Fingal*, return from the wars of the desert; when the Kings of the world * had fled, and joy returned to the hill of hinds.

Many are thy words, *Cuchullin*, said *Connan* ** of small renown. Thy words are many, son of *Semo*: but where are thy

L

deeds

* This is the only passage in the poem, wherein the wars of *Fingal* against the Romans are alluded to. — The Roman emperor is distinguished in old compositions by the title of *King of the world*.

** *Connan* was of the family of *Morni*. He is mentioned in several other poems, and always appears with the same character. The poet passed him over in silence till now, and his behaviour here deserves no better usage.

We sat, we feasted, and we sung.
 The soul of *Cuchullin* rose. The strength
 of his arm returned; and gladness bright-
 ened on his face. *Ullin* gave the song,
 and *Carrill* raised the voice. I, often join-
 ed the bards, and sung of battles of the
 spear. — Battles! where I often fought;
 but now I fight no more. The fame of
 my former actions is ceased; and I sit for-
 lorn at the tombs of my friends.

Thus they passed the night in the song;
 and brought back the morning with joy.
Fingal arose on the heath, and shook his
 glittering spear in his hand. — He moved
 first toward the plain of *Lena*, and we
 followed like a ridge of fire. Spread the
 sail said the King of *Morven*, and catch the
 winds that pour from *Lena*. — We rose
 on the wave with song, and rushed, with
 joy, through the foam of the ocean.* —

* It is allowed by the best Critics, that
 an epic poem ought to end happily. This
 ru-

winds of night, to hear the voice of thy
rowers ***; to hear the song of the sea, and
the sound of thy distant harp.

And long shall she listen in vain; *Cu-
chullin* shall never return. How can I be-
hold *Bragela* to raise the sigh of her breast?
Fingal I was always victorious in the battle
of other spears!

And hereafter thou shalt be victorious,
said *Fingal* King of shells. The fame of
Cuchullin shall grow like the branchy tree
of *Cromla*. Many battles await thee, o
chief, and many shall be the wounds of
thy hand. Bring hither, *Oscar* the deer
and prepare the feast of shells? that our
souls may rejoice after danger, and our
friends delight in our presence.

L 2

We

*** The practice of singing when they
row; is universal among the inhabitants of
the north-west coast of *Scotland* and the
isles. It deceives time and inspirits the
rowers;

We sat, we feasted, and we sung.
The soul of *Cuchullin* rose. The strength
of his arm returned; and gladness bright-
ened on his face. *Ullin* gave the song,
and *Carrill* raised the voice. I, often join-
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an epic poem ought to end happily. This
ru-

rule in its most material circumstances, is observed by the three most deservedly celebrated poets, Homer, Virgil, and Milton; yet I know not how it happens, the conclusions of their poems throw a melancholy damp on the mind. One leaves his reader a funeral; another at the untimely death of a hero; and the third on the solitary scenes of an unpeopled world.

Ὡς οἷγ' ἀμφίπεσον τάφον Ἑκτορος ἰπποδά-

μοιο.

Homer.

Such honours Ilium to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's
shade.

Pope.

— Ferrum adverso sub pectore condit
Fervidus. Ast illis solvuntur frigore
membra,

Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub
umbras.

Virgil.

He raised his arm aloft; and at the word
Deep in his bosom drove the shining
sword.

The streaming blood distain'd his arms
around,

And the disdainful soul came rushing
through the wound.

Dryden.

They hand in hand, with wandring steps
and slow,

Through Eden took their solitary way.

Milton.







