The poems of Ossian

in two volumes ; to which are prefixed dissertations on the æra and poems of Ossian

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London, 1807

Temora, Book II.

urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-63332

TEMORA:

AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT

TO BOOK II.

This book opens, we may suppose, about midnight, with a soliloquy of Ossian, who had retired from the rest of the army, to mourn for his son Oscar. Upon hearing the noise of Cathmor's army approaching, he went to find out his brother Fillan, who kept the watch on the hill of Mora, in the front of Fingal's army. In the conversation of the brothers, the episode of Conar, the son of Trenmor, who was the first king of Ireland, is introduced, which lays open the origin of the contests between the Caël and Firbolg, the two nations who first possessed themselves of that island. Ossian kindles a fire on Mora; upon which Cathmor desisted from the design he had formed of surprizing the army of the Caledonians. He calls a council of his chiefs; reprimands Foldath for advising a night attack, as the Irish army were so much superior in number to the enemy. The bard Fonar introduces the story of Crothar, the ancestor of the king, which throws further light on the history of Ireland, and the original pretensions of the family of Atha, to the throne of that kingdom. The Irish chiefs lie down to rest, and Cathmor himself undertakes the watch. In this circuit, round the army, he is met by Ossian. The interview of the two heroes is described. Cathmor obtains a promise from Ossian, to order a funeral elegy to be sung over the grave of Cairbar; it being the opinion of the times, that the souls of the dead could not be happy, till their elegies were sung by a bard. Morning comes. Cathmor and Ossian part; and the latter, casually meeting with Carril, the son of Kinfena, sends that bard, with a funeral song, to the tomb of Cairbar.

TEMORA:

AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK II.

FATHER[c] of heroes! O Trenmor! High dweller of eddying winds! where the dark-red thunder marks the troubled clouds! Open thou thy stormy halls. Let the bards of old be near. Let them draw near with songs, and their half-viewless harps. No dweller of misty valley comes! No hunter unknown at his streams! It is the car-borne Oscar, from the fields of war. Sudden is thy change, my son, from what thou

[c] Though this book has little action, it is not the least important part of Temora. The poet, in several episodes, runs up the cause of the war to the very source. The first population of Ireland, the wars between the two nations who originally possessed that island, its first race of kings, and the revolutions of its government, are important facts, and are delivered by the poet, with so little mixture of the fabulous, that one cannot help preferring his accounts to the improbable fictions of the Scotch and Irish historians. The Milesian fables bear about them the marks of a late invention. To trace their legends to their source would be no difficult task; but a disquisition of this sort would extend this note too far.

wert on dark Moi-lena! The blast folds thee in its skirt, and rustles through the sky! Dost thou not behold thy father, at the stream of night? The chiefs of Morven sleep far distant. They have lost no son! But ye have lost a hero, chiefs of resounding Morven! Who could equal his strength, when battle rolled against his side, like the darkness of crowded waters? Why this cloud on Ossian's soul? It ought to burn in danger. Erin is near with her host. The king of Selma is alone. Alone thou shalt not be, my father, while I can lift the spear!

I rose, in all my arms. I rose, and listened to the wind. The shield of Fillan [d] is not heard.

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

I tremble for the son of Fingal. "Why should the foe come by night? Why should the dark-haired warrior fail?" Distant, sullen murmurs rise: like the noise of the lake of Lego, when its waters shrink, in the days of frost, and all its bursting ice resounds. The people of Lara look to heaven, and foresee the storm! My steps are forward on the heath. The spear of Oscar in my hand! Red stars looked from high. I gleamed along the night.

I saw Fillan silent before me, bending forward from Mora's rock. He heard the shout of the foe. The joy of his soul arose. He heard my sounding tread, and turned his lifted spear. "Comest thou, son of night, in peace? Or dost thou meet my wrath? The foes of Fingal are mine. Speak, or fear my steel. I stand not, in vain, the shield of Morven's race." "Never mayst thou stand in vain, son of blue-eyed Clatho! Fingal begins to be alone. Darkness gathers on the last of his days. Yet he has two[c] sons who ought to shine in war. Who

[c] That is, two sons in Ireland. Fergus, the second son of Fingal, was, at that time, on an expedition, which is mentioned in one of the lesser poems. He, according to some traditions, was the ancestor of Fergus, the son of Erc or Arcath, commonly called *Fergus the second*, in the Scotch histories. The beginning of the reign of Fergus over the Scots, is placed, by the most approved annals of Scotland, in the

ought to be two beams of light, near the steps of his departure."

"Son of Fingal," replied the youth, "it is not long since I raised the spear. Few are the marks of my sword in war. But Fillan's soul is fire! The chiefs of Bolga[f] crowd around the shield of generous Cathmor. Their gathering is on that heath. Shall my steps approach their host? I yielded to Oscar alone, in the strife of the race, on Cona!"

"Fillan, thou shalt not approach their host; nor fall before thy fame is known. My name is heard in song: when needful I advance. From the skirts of night I shall view them, over all their gleaming tribes. Why, Fillan, didst thou speak of Oscar? Why awake my sigh? I must forget[g] the warrior, till the storm

fourth year of the fifth age; a full century after the death of Ossian. The genealogy of his family is recorded thus by the Highland Senachies; *Fergus Mac-Arcath, Mac-Chongael, Mac-Fergus, Mac-Fion-gäel na buai'*; i. e. Fergus the son of Arcath, the son of Congal, the son of Fergus, the son of Fingal *the victorious*. This subject is treated more at large, in the dissertation annexed to the poem.

[f] The southern parts of Ireland went, for some time, under the name of Bolga, from the Fir-bolg or Belgæ of Britain, who settled a colony there. *Bolg* signifies *a quiver*, from which proceeds *Fir-bolg*, i. e. *bowmen*; so called from their using bows more than any of the neighbouring nations.

[g] After this passage, Oscar is not mentioned in all Temora.

is rolled away. Sadness ought not to dwell in danger; nor the tear in the eye of war. Our fathers forgot their fallen sons, till the noise of arms was past. Then sorrow returned to the tomb, and the song of bards arose. The memory of those who fell, quickly followed the departure of war: when the tumult of battle is past, the soul, in silence, melts away for the dead.

"Conar[h] was the brother of Trathal, first of

The situations of the characters who act in the poem are so interesting, that others, foreign to the subject, could not be introduced with any lustre. Though the episode which follows, may seem to flow naturally enough from the conversation of the brothers, yet I have shewn, in a preceding note, and more at large in the dissertation annexed to this collection, that the poet had a farther design in view.

[h] Conar, the first king of Ireland, was the son of Trenmor, the great grandfather of Fingal. It was on account of this family-connexion, that Fingal was engaged in so many wars in the cause of the race of Conar. Though few of the actions of Trenmor are mentioned, he was the most renowned name of antiquity. The most probable opinion concerning him is, that he was the first who united the tribes of the Caledonians, and commanded them, in chief, against the incursions of the Romans. The genealogists of the north have traced his family far back, and given a list of his ancestors to *Cuan-mór nan lan*, or Conmor of the swords, who, according to them, was the first who crossed the *great sea* to Caledonia, from which circumstance his name proceeded, which signifies *great ocean*. Genealogies of so ancient a date, however, are little to be depended upon.

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

"The chiefs[1] of the south were gathered, in the darkness of their pride. In the horrid cave of Muma they mixed their secret words. Thither often, they said, the spirits of their fathers came; shewing their pale forms from the chinky rocks; reminding them of the honour of Bolga. "Why should Conar reign," they said, "the son of resounding Morven?"

"They came forth, like the streams of the desert, with the roar of their hundred tribes. Conar was a rock before them: broken they rolled on every side. But often they returned, and the sons of Selma fell. The king stood, among the tombs of his warriors. He darkly bent his mournful face. His soul was rolled into itself; and he had marked the place, where

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

he was to fall: when Trathal came, in his strength, his brother from cloudy Morven. Nor did he come alone. Colgar[k] was at his side; Colgar, the son of the king, and of white-bosomed Solin-corma.

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

"When peace returned to the land: when his blue waves bore the king to Morven: then he remembered his son, and poured the silent tear. Thrice did the bards, at the cave of Furmono, call the soul of Colgar. They called him to the hills of his land. He heard them in his

[k] Colg-er, *fiercely-looking warrior*. Sulin-corma, *blue eyes*. Colger was the eldest of the sons of Trathal: Comhal, who was the father of Fingal, was very young when the present expedition to Ireland happened. It is remarkable, that of all the ancestors of Fingal, tradition makes the least mention of Comhal; which, probably, proceeded from the unfortunate life and untimely death of that hero. From some passages concerning him, we learn, indeed, that he was brave, but he wanted conduct.

mist. Trathal placed his sword in the cave, that the spirit of his son might rejoice."

"Colgar,[1] son of Trathal!" said Fillan, "thou wert renowned in youth! But the king hath not marked my sword, bright-streaming on the field. I go forth with the crowd. I return, without my fame. But the foe approaches, Ossian! I hear their murmur on the heath. The sound of their steps is like thunder in the bosom of the ground, when the rocking hills shake their groves, and not a blast pours from the darkened sky!"

Ossian turned sudden on his spear. He raised the flame of an oak on high. I spread it large, on Mora's wind. Cathmor stopt in his course. Gleaming he stood, like a rock, on whose sides are the wandering of blasts; which seize its echoing streams, and clothe them over with ice. So stood the friend[m] of strangers!

[1] The poem begins here to mark strongly the character of Fillan, who is to make so great a figure in the sequel. He has the impatience, the ambition, and fire, which are peculiar to a young hero. Kindled with the fame of Colgar, he forgets his untimely fall. From Fillan's expressions in this passage, it would seem, that he was neglected by Fingal, on account of his youth.

[m] Cathmor is distinguished by this honourable title, on account of his generosity to strangers, which was so great as to be remarkable even in those days of hospitality.

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

"First of bards," said Cathmor, [n] "Fonar, call the chiefs of Erin. Call red-haired Cormar: dark-browed Malthos: the sidelong-looking gloom of Maronan. Let the pride of Foldath appear. The red rolling eye of Turlotho. Nor let Hidalla be forgot; his voice, in danger, is the sound of a shower, when it falls in the blasted vale, near Atha's falling stream. Pleasant is its sound, on the plain, whilst broken thunder travels over the sky!"

They came, in their clanging arms. They bent forward to his voice, as if a spirit of their fathers spoke from a cloud of night. Dreadful shone they to the light; like the fall of the stream of Brumo, [o] when the meteor lights it, before the nightly stranger. Shuddering he

[n] *Fonar, the man of song.* Before the introduction of Christianity, a name was not imposed upon any person, till he had distinguished himself by some remarkable action, from which his name should be derived.

[o] Brumo was a place of worship (Fingal, B. VI.) in Craca, which is supposed to be one of the isles of Shetland. It was thought, that the spirits of the deceased haunted it, by night, which adds more terror to the description introduced here. *The horrid circle of Brumo, where often, they said, the ghosts of the dead howled round the stone of fear.*

stops in his journey, and looks up for the beam of the morn!

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

"Not unmarked," said Foldath, "were my steps before thy race. In light, I met the foes of Cairbar. The warrior praised my deeds. But his stone was raised without a tear! No bard[r] sung over Erin's king. Shall his foes

[p] From this passage, it appears, that it was Foldath who had advised the night attack The gloomy character of Foldath is properly contrasted to the generous, the open Cathmor.

[q] By this exclamation Cathmor intimates that he intends to revenge the death of his brother Cairbar.

[r] To have no funeral elegy sung over his tomb, was, among the Celtæ, reckoned the greatest misfortune that could befal a man; as his soul could not otherwise be admitted to the *airy hall of his fathers.*

rejoice along their mossy hills? No: they must not rejoice! He was the friend of Foldath! Our words were mixed, in secret, in Moma's silent cave; whilst thou, a boy in the field, pursuedst the thistle's beard. With Moma's sons I shall rush abroad, and find the foe, on his dusky hills. Fingal shall lie, without his song, the grey-haired king of Selma."

"Dost thou think, thou feeble man," replied Cathmor, half-enraged; "Dost thou think Fingal can fall, without his fame, in Erin? Could the bards be silent at the tomb of Selma's king? The song would burst in secret! the spirit of the king would rejoice! It is when thou shalt fall, that the bard shall forget the song. Thou art dark, chief of Moma, though thine arm is a tempest in war. Do I forget the king of Erin, in his narrow house? My soul is not lost to Cairbar, the brother of my love! I marked the bright beams of joy, which travelled over his cloudy mind, when I returned, with fame, to Atha of the streams."

Tall they removed, beneath the words of the king; each to his own dark tribe; where, humming, they rolled on the heath, faint-glittering to the stars: like waves, in a rocky bay, before the nightly wind. Beneath an oak, lay the chief of Atha. His shield, a dusky round, hung high. Near him, against a rock, leaned

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

"Crothar,"[t] begun the bard, "first dwelt at Atha's mossy stream! A thousand[u] oaks, from

[s] By *the stranger of Inis-huna,* is meant Sulmalla, the daughter of Conmor, king of Inis-huna, the ancient name of that part of South Britain, which is next to the Irish coast. She had followed Cathmor in disguise. Her story is related at large in the fourth book.

[t] Crothar was the ancestor of Cathmor, and the first of his family who had settled in Atha. It was in his time that the first wars were kindled between the Fir-bolg and the Caël. The propriety of the episode is evident; as the contest which originally rose between Crothar and Conar, subsisted afterwards between their posterity, and was the foundation of the story of the poem.

[u] From this circumstance we may learn, that the art of building with stone was not known in Ireland so early as the days of Crothar. When the colony were long settled in the country, the arts of civil life began to increase among them, for we find mention made of the *towers of Atha* in the time of Cathmor, which could not well be applied to wooden buildings. In Caledonia they begun very early to build with stone. None of the houses of Fingal, excepting Ti-foirmal, were of wood. Ti-foirmal was the great hall where the bards met to repeat their compositions annually, before they submitted them to the judgment of the king in Selma. By some accident or other, this wooden house happened to be burnt, and an ancient bard, in the character of Ossian, has left us a curious

the mountains, formed his echoing hall. The gathering of the people was there, around the feast of the blue-eyed king. But who, among his chiefs, was like the stately Crothar? Warriors kindled in his presence. The young sigh of the virgins rose. In Alnecma[x] was the warrior honoured: the first of the race of Bolga.

"He pursued the chase in Ullin: on the moss-covered top of Drumardo. From the wood looked the daughter of Cathmin, the blue-rolling eye of Con-láma. Her sigh rose in secret. She bent her head, midst her wandering locks. The moon looked in, at night, and saw the white-tossing of her arms; for she thought of the mighty Crothar, in the season of dreams.

"Three days feasted Crothar with Cathmin. On the fourth they awaked the hinds. Con-láma moved to the chase, with all her lovely steps. She met Crothar in the narrow path,

catalogue of the furniture which it contained. The poem is not just now in my hands, otherwise I would lay here a translation of it before the reader. It has little poetical merit, and evidently bears the marks of a later period.

[x] Alnecma, or Alnecmacht, was the ancient name of Connaught. Ullin is still the Irish name of the province of Ulster. To avoid the multiplying of notes, I shall here give the signification of the names in this episode. Drumardo, *high ridge.* Cathmin, *calm in battle.* Cón-lamha, *soft hand.* Turloch, *man of the quiver.* Cormul, *blue eye.*

The bow fell at once from her hand. She turned her face away, and half hid it with her locks. The love of Crothar rose. He brought the white-bosomed maid to Atha. Bards raised the song in her presence. Joy dwelt round the daughter of Cathmin.

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

"Battle on battle comes. Blood is poured on blood. The tombs of the valiant rise. Erin's clouds are hung round with ghosts. The chiefs of the south gathered round the echoing shield of Crothar. He came, with death, to the paths of the foe. The virgins wept, by the streams of Ullin. They looked to the mist of the hill: no hunter descended from its folds. Silence darkened in the land. Blasts sighed lonely on grassy tombs.

"Descending like the eagle of heaven, with all his rustling wings, when he forsakes the blast, with joy, the son of Trenmor came; Conar, arm of death, from Morven of the groves.

He poured his might along green Erin. Death dimly strode behind his sword. The sons of Bolga fled from his course, as from a stream, that bursting from the stormy desert, rolls the fields together, with all their echoing woods. Crothar[y] met him in battle; but Alnecma's warriors fled. The king of Atha slowly retired, in the grief of his soul. He, afterwards, shone in the south; but dim as the sun of autumn, when he visits, in his robes of mist, Lara of dark streams. The withered grass is covered with dew: the field, though bright, is sad."

"Why wakes the bard before me," said Cathmor, "the memory of those who fled? Has some ghost, from his dusky cloud, bent forward to thine ear; to frighten Cathmor from the field,

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

with the tales of old? Dwellers of the skirts of night, your voice is but a blast to me; which takes the grey thistle's head, and strews its beard on streams. Within my bosom is a voice. Others hear it not. His soul forbids the king of Erin to shrink back from war."

Abashed, the bard sinks back in night: retired he bends above a stream. His thoughts are on the days of Atha, when Cathmor heard his song with joy. His tears come rolling down. The winds are in his beard. Erin sleeps around. No sleep comes down on Cathmor's eyes. Dark, in his soul, he saw the spirit of low-laid Cairbar. He saw him, without his song, rolled in a blast of night. He rose. His steps were round the host. He struck, at times, his echoing shield. The sound reached Ossian's ear, on Mora's mossy brow.

"Fillan," I said, "the foes advance. I hear the shield of war. Stand thou in the narrow path. Ossian shall mark their course. If over my fall the host should pour; then be thy buckler heard. Awake the king on his heath, lest his fame should fly away." I strode in all my rattling arms, wide-bounding over a stream that darkly winded, in the field, before the king of Atha. Green Atha's king, with lifted spear, came forward on my course. Now would we have mixed in horrid fray, like two contending

ghosts, that bending forward, from two clouds, send forth the roaring winds; did not Ossian behold, on high, the helmet of Erin's kings. The eagle's wing spread above it, rustling in the breeze. A red star looked through the plumes. I stopt the lifted spear.

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

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

"Shall it then be forgot," I said, "where we meet in peace? Is the remembrance of battles always pleasant to the soul? Do not we behold, with joy, the place where our fathers feasted? But our eyes are full of tears, on the fields of their war. This stone shall rise, with all its moss, and speak to other years. "Here Cathmor and Ossian met: the warriors met in

peace!" When thou, O stone, shalt fail! when Lubar's stream shall roll away! then shall the traveller come, and bend here, perhaps, in rest. When the darkened moon is rolled over his head, our shadowy forms may come, and, mixing with his dreams, remind him of this place. But why turnest thou so dark away, son of Borbar-duthul?"[z]

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

"Son of Erin," I replied, "my wrath dwells not in his earth.[a] My hatred flies, on eagle wing, from the foe that is low. He shall hear

[z] Borbar-duthul, *the surly warrior of the dark brown eyes.* That his name suited well with his character, we may easily conceive, from the story delivered concerning him by Malthos, toward the end of the sixth book. He was the brother of that Colculla, who is mentioned in the episode which begins the fourth book.

[a] This reply abounds with the sentiments of a noble mind. Though, of all men living, he was the most injured by Cairbar, yet he lays aside his rage, as the *foe was low.* How different is this from the behaviour of the heroes of other ancient poems? *Cynthius aurem vellit.*

the song of bards. Cairbar shall rejoice on his winds."

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

Who[b] comes from Lubar's vale? from the skirts of the morning mist? The drops of heaven are on his head. His steps are in the paths of the sad. It is Carril of other times. He comes from Tura's silent cave. I behold it dark in the rock, through the thin folds of mist. There, perhaps, Cuthullin sits, on the blast which bends its trees. Pleasant is the song of the morning from the bard of Erin!

[b] The morning of the second day, from the opening of the poem, comes on. After the death of Cuthullin, Carril, the son of Kinfena, his bard, retired to the cave of Tura, which was in the neighbourhood of Moi-lena, the scene of the poem of Temora. His casual appearance here enables Ossian to fulfil immediately the promise he had made to Cathmor, of causing the *funeral song* to be pronounced over the tomb of Cairbar. This book takes up only the space of a few hours.

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

"Why wander the words of Carril?" I said. "Does the son of heaven mourn? He is unstained in his course, ever rejoicing in his fire. Roll on, thou careless light. Thou too, perhaps, must fall. Thy darkening hour may seize thee, struggling, as thou rollest through thy sky. But pleasant is the voice of the bard: pleasant to Ossian's soul! It is like the shower of the morning, when it comes through the rustling vale, on which the sun looks through mist, just rising from his rocks. But this is no time, O bard! to sit down, at the strife of song. Fingal is in arms on the vale. Thou seest the flaming shield of the king. His face darkens between

his locks. He beholds the wide rolling of Erin. Does not Carril behold that tomb, beside the roaring stream? Three stones lift their grey heads, beneath a bending oak. A king is lowly laid! Give thou his soul to the wind. He is the brother of Cathmor! Open his airy hall! Let thy song be a stream of joy to Cairbar's darkened ghost!"