

VIII.

BY the side of a rock on the hill, beneath the aged trees, old Oſcian ſat on the moſs ; the laſt of the race of Fingal. Sightleſs are his aged eyes ; his beard is waving in the wind. Dull through the leafleſs trees he heard the voice of the north. Sorrow revived in his ſoul : he began and lamented the dead.

How haſt thou fallen like an oak, with all thy branches round thee ! Where is Fingal the King ? where is Oſcur my ſon ? where are all my race ? Alas ! in the earth they lie. I feel their tombs with my hands. I hear the river below murmuring hoarſely over the ſtones. What doſt thou, O river, to me ? Thou bringeſt back the memory of the paſt.

THE race of Fingal stood on thy banks, like a wood in a fertile soil. Keen were their spears of steel. Hardy was he who dared to encounter their rage. Fillan the great was there. Thou Oscur wert there, my son ! Fingal himself was there, strong in the grey locks of years. Full rose his finewy limbs ; and wide his shoulders spread. The unhappy met with his arm, when the pride of his wrath arose.

THE son of Morny came ; Gaul, the tallest of men. He stood on the hill like an oak ; his voice was like the streams of the hill. Why reigneth alone, he cries, the son of the mighty Corval ? Fingal is not strong to save : he is no support for the people. I am strong as a storm in the ocean ; as a whirlwind on the hill. Yield, son of Corval ; Fingal, yield to me.

OSCUR

OSCUR stood forth to meet him ;
 my son would meet the foe. But Fin-
 gal came in his strength, and smiled at
 the vaunter's boast. They threw their
 arms round each other ; they struggled
 on the plain. The earth is ploughed with
 their heels. Their bones crack as the boat
 on the ocean, when it leaps from wave to
 wave. Long did they toil ; with night,
 they fell on the sounding plain ; as two
 oaks, with their branches mingled, fall
 crashing from the hill. The tall son
 of Mornny is bound ; the aged over-
 came.

FAIR with her locks of gold, her
 smooth neck, and her breasts of snow ;
 fair, as the spirits of the hill when at
 silent noon they glide along the heath ;
 fair, as the rain-bow of heaven ; came
 Minvane the maid. Fingal ! she soft-
 ly saith, loose me my brother Gaul.
 Loose me the hope of my race, the ter-
 ror

ror of all but Fingal. Can I, replies the King, can I deny the lovely daughter of the hill? take thy brother, O Minvane, thou fairer than the snow of the north!

SUCH, Fingal! were thy words; but thy words I hear no more. Sightless I sit by thy tomb. I hear the wind in the wood; but no more I hear my friends. The cry of the hunter is over. The voice of war is ceased.