

VI.

SON of the noble Fingal, Ofcian,
 Prince of men ! what tears run down
 the cheeks of age ? what shades thy
 mighty soul ?

MEMORY, son of Alpin, memory
 wounds the aged. Of former times are
 my thoughts ; my thoughts are of the
 noble Fingal. The race of the king re-
 turn into my mind, and wound me with
 remembrance.

ONE day, returned from the sport of
 the mountains, from pursuing the sons
 of the hill, we covered this heath with
 our youth. Fingal the mighty was here,
 and Ofcur, my son, great in war. Fair
 on our sight from the sea, at once, a
 virgin came. Her breast was like the
 snow of one night. Her cheek like the
 bud

bud of the rose. Mild was her blue rolling eye: but sorrow was big in her heart.

FINGAL renowned in war! she cries, sons of the king, preserve me! Speak secure, replies the king, daughter of beauty, speak: our ear is open to all: our swords redress the injured. I fly from Ullin, she cries, from Ullin famous in war. I fly from the embrace of him who would debase my blood. Cremor, the friend of men, was my father; Cremor the Prince of Inverne.

FINGAL's younger sons arose; Carryl expert in the bow; Fillan beloved of the fair; and Fergus first in the race. — Who from the farthest Lochlyn? who to the seas of Molochasquir? who dares hurt the maid whom the sons of Fingal guard? Daughter of beauty, rest

secure ; rest in peace, thou fairest of women.

FAR in the blue distance of the deep, some spot appeared like the back of the ridge-wave. But soon the ship increased on our sight. The hand of Ullin drew her to land. The mountains trembled as he moved. The hills shook at his steps. Dire rattled his armour around him. Death and destruction were in his eyes. His stature like the roe of Morven. He moved in the lightning of steel.

OUR warriors fell before him, like the field before the reapers. Fingal's three sons he bound. He plunged his sword into the fair-one's breast. She fell as a wreath of snow before the sun in spring. Her bosom heaved in death ; her soul came forth in blood.

OSCUR my son came down ; the
 mighty in battle descended. His armour
 rattled as thunder ; and the lightning of
 his eyes was terrible. There, was the
 clashing of swords ; there, was the voice
 of steel. They struck and they thrust ;
 they digged for death with their swords.
 But death was distant far, and delayed
 to come. The sun began to decline ;
 and the cow-herd thought of home.
 Then Oſcur's keen ſteel found the heart
 of Ullin. He fell like a mountain-oak
 covered over with glistering froſt : He
 ſhone like a rock on the plain.—
 Here the daughter of beauty lieth ; and
 here the braveſt of men. Here one
 day ended the fair and the valiant.
 Here reſt the purſuer and the pur-
 ſued.

SON of Alpin ! the woes of the aged
 are many : their tears are for the paſt.
 This raiſed my ſorrow, warriour ; me-
 mory

mory awaked my grief. Ofcur my
 son was brave; but Ofcur is now no
 more. Thou hast heard my grief, O
 son of Alpin; forgive the tears of the
 aged.