

# In the Heart of Connaught

Standish O'Grady

1921

In the heart of Connaught, a deep trackless forest, and in the heart of the forest a rude booth of timber, rudely roofed with rushes and heather. Brushwood grew above it and around it, so that one might pass many times and almost touch the house without discovering it. In this booth, one wild December evening, half a dozen old men — very old men — sat crouched around a small fire of sticks. They were clad in ancient rags, and in skins ; their faces were thin and hunger-bitten ; their fingers long, lean, and crooked. The meanest of them looked a king. Fate had pressed very hard on these old men, but had not conquered them, and their eyes shone under most rigid brows. Who were these noble old men clad in rags and skins, nourishing here in poverty and famine some unconquerable resolution ? I shall tell you.

The captain of the Fians in his time was Cool, son of Trenmor, the mightiest of the Fian captains down to his time, and Cool, remember, was the father of Finn. Then the sons of Morna revolted against him, saying that Goll mac Morna, their brother, was the better man and should be captain. Each party drew together an army, and the battle for the Fian leadership was fought on the banks of the Liffey. There Cool was defeated and slain ; the sons of Morna triumphed and raised their brother Goll to the leadership. Luchat Mael was the champion who slew Cool and took from him his satchel, which contained the jewels of sovereignty and right leadership. He slung it to his own girdle. While he kept that bag, the tyranny of the sons of Morna was secure, and it was supposed that there was not a champion in the world who could conquer Luchat Mael. What these jewels were is not rightly known, but there was great power and virtue in them.

After the battle, the sons of Morna went through Ireland exterminating all the breed and seed of the overthrown family. Nearly all the warriors of Cool who escaped from the battle were obliged to make terms with the new tyranny, and swear allegiance to Goll mac Morna. A very few did not. These were the old men whom we saw, clad in rags and skins, crouching around their feeble fire in the booth in the forest.

At first they lived by hunting, poaching it might be called, for all the forests and all the game belonged now to Goll mac Morna. They shifted from mountain to mountain and forest to forest, from lake to river and river to lake, for the trackers and searchers of the sons of Morna were on their traces. Finally they were pressed into greater confinement, so that they could only hunt by night and by stealth, and while one man speared a salmon, there was another who kept watch, and oftentimes they were acquainted with the soreness of famine. Yet even thus they refused to make terms with the new tyranny. " To the sons of Morna," they said, " we will oppose a resolution which hunger and death shall never break." But hardship and years began to tell upon their iron frames, and their great limbs wasted away. Then some of them grew too old to do anything but sit by the fire and keep it alive, while those who were not so old set traps and springes near the cabin, and sometimes snared a few birds and small game, and sometimes did not. Often the very old warriors turned hungry eyes on the others as they came back empty-handed, but no word of reproach was ever uttered, nor at any time one word signifying that famine had expelled their heroic determination from their hearts.

This night the younger men returned, bringing with them a red-winged thrush. Silently they plucked the bird and suspended it over the red embers by a twine of twisted grass. Grimly the seniors smiled as the small bird revolved over the glowing embers and dropped its

scant fatness, which hissed slightly as it met the fire. They thought of nights in the Speckled House on Hill of Allen long ago, the feasts there, the strong carousing, and all the joyous and glorious days and nights of their youth, when Cool, son of Trenmor, their captain, was strong and unsubdued,

“ Brothers, we are coming very near the end,” said one noble elder. “ There is little nourishment in this thrush, and yesterday and the day before we had not even a thrush. Be it so, but I would like to die hearing that the tyranny of the sons of Morna was shaken.”

“ Dear friend, that thou shalt both hear and see,” answered the one relative of Cool who had escaped the fury of the Clanna Morna and the hosts of their trackers. His name was Crimall, son of Trenmor ; he was chief over them. “ It was surely foretold to me, how, by a friendless and solitary youth, a banned, outlawed child of the wilderness, the sovereignty of the sons of Morna would be overthrown.”

“ That we believe,” they said, “ for it was surely prophesied, but not that the youth in skins would arise in our time.”

The bird being now roasted, Crimall made an even division of the same, viz. a seventh part to each man. Then he said, “ my coevals, listen to me. I now tell you tidings which I have concealed for a dark hour like this. The youth of many prophecies has appeared and there is perplexity in the councils of Goll mac Morna. He and his fierce warriors are already looking for the end.”

In spite of sore famine the old men dropped their morsels and gazed upon the withered senior. “ Yes, dear and faithful brothers,” continued Crimall, “ he has appeared ; now from one point, now from another, he descends upon them out of the wilderness to burn and to slay, and again the wilderness covers him. He has the strength of a hundred men ; he is swifter than a deer, terrible as a dragon, and glorious as the sun on his fiery wheels. So much I know for a certainty ; the end truly draweth nigh. We, the few and faithful, will again sit at the right hand of our own Fian-captain, in the flashing hall of the Tech Brac, on the flat-topped hill.”

“ Oh, that we could believe thy words, Crimall, strong-hearted and wise, but even while we speak, the trackers of the Clanna Morna may be at the door, and the youngest of us has not the strength even to raise the heavy swords, which were like switches in our hands while our power and manly force were still with us.”

“ Hark,” said one of them, “ even now I hear some man bursting through the brushwood and young trees. Stand to your weapons, my brothers ; it is an enemy, for friends in all broad Erin we have none.”

#### THE OLD MEN HAVE A STRANGE GUEST.

It was pitiful to see the response to this challenge, for, though all stood up and sought to arm themselves and stand on their defence, they were not able. With difficulty they raised their mighty shields, and their huge swords trembled in their ancient and nerveless hands.

Someone knocked at the door, and, as it seemed, with the butt-end of a great spear, the weak door was splintered with the blow. The strongest and youngest of the Fians stood behind the door and cried, “ Art thou a friend or an enemy ?”

“ A friend,” answered a young, cheery, and laughing voice from without.

“Unbar the door,” cried old Crimall.

“Deceit is not an attribute of the Clanna Morna — I will do them that justice. There was no lying or treachery found amongst them at any time. Unbar the door.”

“There is mockery in the voice,” said the old Fian. “It is the voice of one who laughs.”

“Nay, not mockery,” answered Crimall, “but laughter only. It is the laughter of a young and happy heart. Unbar the door.”

The old Fian unbarred the door, and a young man, large and mighty-thewed, entered the booth laughing, his whole face suffused with sparkling tides of some great joy. He was white and ruddy, his bright face lit up the whole gloomy chamber of age and sorrow. His lips and cheeks were smooth, the golden masses of his hair rolled over his wide shoulders. He wore a huge rough mantle of many skins of wild-boars sewn together ; his shirt was of deer-skin laced with leathern thongs ; his knees bare, and his moccasins of untanned hairy ox-hide. He carried a great shield and spear ; the bright end of a scabbard projected below his black skin-cloak. He came straight to Crimall and bending low in reverence said —

“Noble elder, I am a hunter lost in these woods. I seek supper and a bed, for I am homeless and supperless.”

“Thou art right welcome, O youth,” said Crimall. “We too are hunters, but fortune has not smiled on our labours this day. Nevertheless what we have with us in the booth is thine.”

A sylvan seat, which, indeed, was only the sawn end of a tree, was set before the fire for the young hero, and while he conversed with Crimall, the others contributed their small fragments. Then a platter containing the just dismembered bird was given to him.

“Would we had better to offer thee, illustrious youth whom the gods love, but we can give thee pure water from the spring and a pleasant bed of heather and rushes, and our young men will rise early in the morning and search the snares and springes. Haply some birds or animals may be taken therein on which thou mayest break thy fast well. Music we cannot give thee, for music hath not been heard amongst us for a long time ; but there is one amongst us who is a good historian, and will entertain thee with stories of old times till sweet sleep makes heavy thine eyelids.”

The laughing light died out of the young man’s eyes and lips, as the glittering sunshine glancing on a million waves fades from the sea when a black cloud comes over the sun. He looked at the wretched repast upon the beechen platter, the little fragments in number the same as the number of the old men. He marked their hollow gray faces and their eyes bright with famine, bright too just then with the light of kindness and goodwill. He laid the platter on the ground beside him, and put his great hands before his face, and bowed down his head and wept. The old men preserved silence. Youth, they thought, hath many sorrows which cold age cannot comprehend.

#### THE GUEST PROVES HIMSELF A EXPERT HUNTER.

When the boy had made an end of weeping, he stood up and said — “Noble old men, good fortune in hunting doth not fall to every one each day, but sometimes one man meets with it, and sometimes another. Ill fortune was yours to-day and may be mine to-morrow, but this day success has attended my hunting, and there is with me a sufficiency of food for all. Put on the

fire, I pray you, fresh timber, not little sticks but big logs, and make a good fire, for we shall all feast well to-night."

So saying he left the booth, while the old men, wondering, gazed at one another, and he presently reappeared bending in the low doorway and bearing a deer on his shoulders, the two fore legs caught in one hand on his breast, and the two hind legs in another, while the head, with lolling tongue and branching antlers, hung down on one side. It was no fallow-deer, but a great red-deer of the forest, a buck, very large and fat. Out over his head then he flung the huge carcass, which fell with a heavy dull sound and a clash of the clattering antlers on the floor of the booth, and went out, and returned carrying in his right hand a tusked boar held by the bristling hair, and in his left a sow grasped by a leg, and flung them down beside the deer. He returned once more trailing behind him a long string of small game, hares and badgers, wild geese and swans, fastened together by a stout cord of cut and twisted hide, so that all the farther end of the booth was heaped with birds and beasts.

"Truly thou art a mighty hunter, brave and generous youth," said Crimall, "but bring in now thy hounds. Why shouldst thou leave them without? We too, alas! love hounds, and thine will be most welcome at our hearth."

"Truly there are no hounds with me," said the lad. "Whatever be the powers that fashioned me, they have made my limbs swift and tireless, so that even the red-deer are not apt to escape from me when I get upon their traces. Yet, why should I boast? You, too, have doubtless in your day run down swift game. Verily, the tongue of youth is apt to be loud in declaring its own glory. Here I think is a sufficiency of meat, and I chance to have bread too, for I am not a hunter only, but a warrior and spoiler; I sacked a lime-white noble Dûn this day, and have brought with me some of the spoil."

FINN.

"Hast thou any other surprises in store for us, O youth, beloved of the gods?" said Crimall, who trembled as he spoke, for fear and hope made him like ice and fire.

"What thing above all other things in the world wouldst thou see with greatest joy, son of Trenmor, son of Basna?" And Crimall answered straight — "The bag that was at my brother's girdle in the battle of Cnocca, with his jewels of sovereignty and power within it, and the head of Luchat Mael, and both in the hands of my brother's only son."

"I have them with me," cried the lad, as he threw back his boar-skin mantle, and held out the jewel-bag in one hand and a huge black head in the other. "Here is Cool's treasure-bag and the treasures in it, and here is Luchat Mael's head, whom I met and slew this day in fair fight, and I am Cool's youngest son whom the druidesses bore away after the battle, and I am waging war on the Clanna Morna and rending their tyranny, and all Ireland is a shaking sod under my feet."

Then the old men all together cried aloud for joy, yea, they screamed together like eagles or the sea-gulls of the cliffs of Erris when they wheel and cry in their multitudes between the gray cliffs and the sea, so the old men cried; and they flung their arms around the youth and kissed his head and his cheeks, and his shoulders, his hands, and feet, and wept till their voices were choked with lamentation, and their eyes became like rivers of salt water, and a third part of the night went by before they made an end.

Afterwards they washed their faces in pure water, and laughed as much as before they wept. Then they turned their minds to supper, and skinned and cut up the game, and roasted great

steaks of venison on the red embers. Also they cleared out the old disused Fian oven, and stewed and seethed great quantities of flesh in steam, and if they had any bright attire left, or any ornament, it was brought forth, and they ate, and drank, and caroused, and related to each other their many adventures, and the old men ever kept their eyes upon Finn and noted every word that came from his mouth.

When they had conversed for a long time, Finn said : “ Now, if it is pleasing to you, I will play for you on my *clairseach* and sing, for what is a feast without music and singing ?” From his great boarskin mantle then he produced a little harp and removed the sheath of fine soft white doeskin, and, when he had turned the pegs and brought the strings to the correct tone, he said : “ I will sing you my own songs, that you may judge of my proficiency in poetry, as I learned it from the six poets with whom I associated in the woody dells of Slieve Crot.” He sang for them a song in praise of the wind, beginning —

Sweet to me is the voice of the wind,  
Alike when he whispers in the leaves  
And when he sounds his strong *dord* in the tree tops,  
Bending the forests in his wrath.

He sang a second song in praise of the sea, “ the boundless unconquerable realms of Lir,” and a third in honour of the sun, and a fourth in honour of the earth.

Crimall said, “ Those are good songs, my son. I like thy verses well and especially those in honour of the firm, strong, rocky, and all-supporting earth. We, the Fians of thy sire, were accustomed to kiss the earth three times before we went into any battle.”

“ That custom shall be maintained,” said Finn; and then he said, “ I have a wonder with me, that is to say, a man and a woman, and they are not seen. The man’s height is the span of my hand, and the woman’s somewhat less, and there are not in the seen worlds, or in the unseen, a pair of singers and musicians like them. Cnu-Derole and Blana, sing and play for the noble Fians, who were my father’s dear friends and comrades.”

Thereat the Fians heard slow, sweet, fairy music and singing, strange, unearthly harmonies and songs in an unknown tongue, low, faint, and remote. The Fians wept hearing them.

“ They are husband and wife,” said Finn ; “ and they never cease to be in love with each other. They are with me always, and I am as dear to them as they are to me.”

“ You have another wonder at your girdle,” said Crimall, “ though you know it not. I mean the inexhaustible horn that is in thy father’s treasure-bag. Wash thy hands, my son, and be not afraid to remove it. It is wrapped in the skin of an ermine.” Finn washed his hands, and took out the horn, and removed the ermine skin. The horn was rimmed with silver and had little breastplates of crystal, like eyes. “ Fill the horn,” said Crimall, “ and hand it to me.” Finn did so, and Crimall took a long, deep draught out of it, and handed it to the old man who sat next him, who did the same, and handed it to a third. So it came to Finn last, who thought that he surely would empty the horn ; but when he gave over, the horn was not half empty, and when he put it again in Crimall’s hands it was full to the brim and overflowing. Crimall took the goblet and emptied it into the fire. There went up from the fire a thick blue smoke, shot with stars and lightnings, and a sweet perfume filled the whole booth.

“ That is indeed a wonder,” said Finn; “ this goblet must be one of the marvels of the earth.” “ It is,” said Crimall ; “ the name of it is Elba. I shall tell thee its story another time. I have shown thee its properties now to teach thee the nature of the treasures contained in that

bag, in order that you may cherish and safeguard it. That horn has other properties also. If it is filled with water, he who drinks will find in it the liquor that he likes best, and this will happen whether the horn be filled with fresh water from the spring or with salt water from the sea. That bag is filled with instruments of enchantment.” Finn carefully wrapped up the goblet and put it back into the bag.

Finn, of course, told the old men all his history. The following is his account of the way in which he won his wife.

#### FINN’S LOVE STORY.

“After I escaped from the watery stronghold of that robber who had slain my friends and tutors, the six poets, I was with the two heroines once more in the Slieve Bloom forests. I used to hunt for them continually, and our larder was never empty. When I next went abroad, I came to Bantry, on the shore of the great bay of Bera in the south. I offered my services to the King of Bantry. He asked me what I could do, and I said I could hunt. The King of Bantry made me his hunter. I used to hunt for him in the woods and mountains of the wild adjoining country. There was one spot there very dear to me on account of its beauty ; it is called the Rough Glen (Glen-gariffe). There are beautiful little bays and inlets of the sea there, and overhanging mountains and streams, and delightful woods. The birds sing there in the winter. Once while I was hunting at a distance from home, I saw a number of people assembled, kings, and nobles, and noble ladies in holiday attire — a very gay and delightful scene. I came to the assembly and mingled with the wild people of the district who were onlookers. No one knew me in that place, nor was it known anywhere, save to my two benefactresses, that I was the lost son of Cool, son of Trenmor. Amongst the noble ladies was one seated on a throne, with others in attendance on her, and guards. She was young, but looked proud and disdainful. Never before in dreams or with my waking eyes had I seen any maiden so beautiful. I turned to a bystander and said, “Who is this princess who is like the morning star, and what is the meaning of this assembly ?” She heard me, for there was a waiting silence upon the assembly, and turned her eyes towards me. Then she started, as I thought, and blushed and looked away quickly.

“The bystander answered, ‘Thou art surely a stranger in this country. That princess, who is like the morning star for beauty, is the only daughter of the King of Rushy Ciarraí. Many noble youths and famous champions have sought her in marriage, but from the first she declared that it was a *ges* to her’ (a druidic commandment) ‘not to marry any man who could not leap yonder deep cleft in the mountain side ; and truly it is an awful leap, and those who have attempted it are at the bottom of the cleft. There has been no relenting in her, and no compassion, so powerful is the *ges*, as some think, or so great is her love of virginity, as others say. This morning a king’s son named Crimthann hath promised to leap the chasm or perish there like others.’

“I pressed through the wild people, and knew that she was ever aware of my doings even when pride restrained her from looking towards me. I was clad in my skins, and these fastened together in any wise. I came to the nobles, and saluting them respectfully, asked whether I might pass through that presence and examine the cleft. For answer two of them undertook to push me back, but I stood like a rock against them, and they and others at the same time raised against me their voices and their weapons. The maiden was agitated and alarmed at this, and said, “Let the hunter youth examine the cleft if it be pleasing to him. See you not that he is a stranger?” All in my skins as I was, truly a wild spectacle, I bowed low to the maiden, and thanked her for her courtesy, and went to the chasm’s edge. Far below, a torrent ran through the ravine, so distant that it was dumb ; and at the other side were sharp crags and crooked points of rock. I measured the distance with my eye, and felt certain that I

could make the leap, for, owing to my manner of life, I was truly a good leaper. I returned, and, because I had found favour in her eyes, came and took my stand amongst the nobles and men of war, and was well received by them on this second occasion.

“ Then from the west there came a splendid company, led by a young man nobly attired, wearing a brooch of gold in his five-times-folded mantle ; a very graceful youth, whose form and shapely limbs seemed to promise success in that venture, so that the blood seemed to stand still in my heart, for fear that he might succeed, and when I looked to the maid she was pale, too, fearing that the young man might accomplish the leap.

“ He approached, and having made her a reverence, and addressed her and her people in an eloquent manner, he withdrew, and stripped off his mantle and jerkin of fine satin, so that there was upon him only a close-fitting light shirt. He took off his shoes, too, and put on others carefully prepared for such a feat. Then, when he was in readiness, a trumpet sounded, and he ran towards the chasm, having the fleetness of a deer and the gracefulness of a fawn, so that I said, ‘ Surely the man will leap the cleft and I shall die.’ But when he neared the chasm and saw the crooked rocks and crags at the other side, and became aware of the dark, fearsome depths of the ravine, he hesitated and swerved, baulking the leap. Then the maiden looked at me, and from her two eyes, and her lips, and her whole countenance, I saw love for myself pour forth in torrents, and she saw the same flow from me to her, for no one observed us on that occasion.

“ The young man, Crimthann, after he had been encouraged by his people, addressed himself to the leap a second time, and yet a third, but he ever swerved, baulking the leap ; and in the end broke into tears and went away. Then I arose, and, taking courage, stood before the throne and offered to take the leap which Crimthann had refused, if the maid would accept me for her husband. She was silent and pale with terror, and did not answer. Her father and the attendant nobles told me that she would not, and, laughing, they bade me save my neck for the service of my king, and that whole bones were better than broken ones, and other such-like speeches.

“ I said that I would not take an answer from them, only from the damsel, that it was her and not any of themselves I desired to marry. She said somewhat in a low voice to her father. He raised his head and said, laughing —

“ ‘ She says that she never saw anyone worse dressed.’

“ That may be,” I answered, “ but it is not my skins that I propose as a husband, but myself, and my question is not answered.”

“ After a further colloquy her father spoke again and said —

“ ‘ My daughter is sorry to have taunted thee with thy attire, and she could wish her husband in other things to resemble thee, but will not consent to the leap.’

“ Then,” said I, “ if the damsel will not give me the same promise that she made to others, I shall leap the chasm notwithstanding, and having reached the far side I shall return to my lord.”

“ When she heard that, and saw that I was fully determined, she burst into tears and consented, and her father said —

“ ‘ I am truly sorry for thee, O brave youth, and how shall I make an excuse to thy lord, who is my foster-brother, when he learns that between us we have killed his man?’

“ Then rejoicing, I chose my distance from the chasm’s edge, and I threw off none of my attire, only laced it with a thong close to me that the skins might not impede me in my flight over the cleft. And I ran to the edge and sprang, though a woman’s scream rang in my ears, and rose with an airy bird-like motion, and lighted with my two feet on the other side on smooth ground beyond the rocks, and in like manner I sprang back, and I approached the noble company and asked them whether that was sufficient, speaking deliberately, for I was in no way exhausted or out of breath. They were astonished and pale, but when I offered to do it again they said that it was enough.

“ In this manner I won my dear wife.

“ I went with that company to the King of Rushy Ciarraí’s palace, and I got there splendid raiment fit for a king’s son, and our marriage was celebrated with great honour. And now, dear friends, I tell you one of my secrets. There is a prophetic faculty with my wife, and the vision of unseen things. It was revealed to her that my death would come swift and bloody in any year in which I might neglect to take that leap both backwards and forwards on the first day of May, from the East to the West at the rising of the sun, and from the West to the East at his setting.”

When Finn lay down and slept that night the old men conversed with each other joyfully in low tones, but indeed that precaution was not necessary, for Finn’s sleep could not be disturbed or broken by the voices of friends.

#### THERE WAS FEAR IN TARA.

It was the Eve of Samhain, which we Christians call All Hallows’ Eve. From of old it was a night on which many strange things used to happen. In fact it was a great festival with our pagan ancestors.

The King of Ireland sat at supper in his palace at Tara. All his chiefs and mighty men were with him. This king was called Conn, and surnamed the Hundred-Fighter. He was a celebrated king, very big and strong, red-haired and blue-eyed. On his right hand was his only son. Art the Solitary, so called because he had no brothers. The sons of Morna, who kept the boy Finn out of his rights and were at the time trying to kill him if they could, were there too. Chief amongst them was Goll mac Morna, a huge and strong warrior, and captain of all the Fians ever since that battle in which Finn’s father had been killed. There is a heroic story told about this Goll which shows that he was as brave as he was strong. Once he was about to engage in a great battle, and his generals pointed out to him that by making a night attack upon the enemy’s camp, an easy victory might be won. Goll answered : “ When as a boy I first took arms of chivalry and was presented with my weapons, I swore that I would never attack an enemy by night, or use against him any stratagem or unfair advantage. That promise I have kept down to the present time; I will not break it now, and I will not break it while I live.”

You may remember that when Finn knocked at the door of the booth in which the old Fians were assembled, and called himself their “ friend,” Crimall ordered the door to be opened, for he knew that neither Goll nor any of his people could use the deceit of calling himself a friend in order to gain an unfair advantage. In fact, none of the Fians at any time were ever accused of telling a lie. “ We, the Fians, never lied,” sang Ossian ; “ falsehood was never attributed to us.”

Goll and his mightiest men were there that night. The great long table was spread for supper. A thousand wax candles shed their light through the chamber, and caused the vessels of gold, silver and bronze to shine. Yet, though it was a great feast, none of these warriors seemed to care about eating or drinking ; every face was sad, and there was little conversation, and no music. It seemed as if they were expecting some calamity. Conn's sceptre, which was a plain staff of silver, lay beside him on the table, and there was a canopy of bright bronze over his head. Goll mac Morna, captain of the Fians, sat at the other end of the long table. Every warrior wore a bright banqueting mantle of silk or satin, scarlet or crimson, blue, green, or purple, fastened on the breast either with a great brooch or with a pin of gold or silver. Yet though their raiment was bright and gay, and though all the usual instruments of festivity were there, and a thousand tall candles shed their light over the scene, no one looked happy.

Then was heard a low sound like thunder, and the earth seemed to tremble, and after that they distinctly heard a footfall like the slow, deliberate tread of a giant. These footfalls sent a chill into every heart, and every face, gloomy before, was now pale.

The king leaned past his son Art the Solitary, and said to a certain druid who sat beside Art, "Is this the son of Midna come before his time?" "It is not," said the druid, "but it is the man who is to conquer Midna. One is coming to Tara this night before whose glory all other glory shall wax dim."

Shortly after that they heard the voices of the doorkeepers raised in contention, as if they would repel from the hall someone who wished to enter, then a slight scuffle, and after that a strange figure entered the chamber. He was dressed in the skins of wild beasts, and wore over his shoulders a huge thick cloak of wild boars skins, fastened on the breast with a white tusk of the same animal. He wore a shield and two spears. Though of huge stature his face was that of a boy, smooth on the cheeks and lips. It was white and ruddy, and very handsome. His hair was like refined gold. A light seemed to go out from him, before which the candles burned dim. It was Finn.

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