

Charles Roeder

Skealyn
Cheeil-Chíollee

Manx Folk-Tales

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Skealyn Cheeil-Chiollee—Manx Folk-Tales



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Charles Roeder

Skealyn Cheeil-Chiollee
Manx Folk-Tales

Edited by
Stephen Miller

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INTRODUCTION

Skealyn Cheeil-Chiollee gathers together a selection of traditional folk narratives collected in the last quarter of the nineteenth century by Charles Roeder (1848–1911). These tales and stories originally appeared, together with other folklore material, in the pages of *Yn Lioar Manninagh*, the journal of the ‘Isle of Man Natural History and Antiquarian Society.’

Only the briefest details of Roeder’s life are known to date. He was a German, born in Gera, Thuringia, in 1848, who came to Manchester in 1869 to work as a clerk in a shipping firm. Later, he appears to have become a patents agent, still working and living in Manchester where he remained until his death in 1911.

It seems that he first visited the Island in 1882, when he was in his early thirties, and from that year on returned, how often it is not known, to collect folklore. Roeder was evidently an energetic collector, travelling the whole of the Island to find informants. At some stage he came across ‘Ned Beg Hom Ruy’ (Edward Faragher) then living at Cregneash and working as a fisherman-crofter.

Faragher was a native speaker of Manx who also spoke English. Unusually, however, he was literate in both languages. ‘Ned Beg’ was persuaded by Roeder to act for him as a folklore collector. Faragher drew his material from relatives and friends who lived at Cregneash and nearby Fistard. Recently, a number of notebooks in Faragher’s handwriting have come to light which contain some of the folklore material collected by him for Roeder. The greater part of the material published by Roeder in his ‘Manx Notes and Queries’ column, which appeared in the *Isle of Man Examiner* between 1901 and 1903, is likely to have come from the notebooks sent to him by Faragher.

Roeder and Faragher certainly became very close friends and exchanged letters frequently with each other. This correspondence only ended upon Faragher’s death in 1908. Unfortunately, the only surviving letters are those received by Roeder. They can only represent a small number of the letters that must have passed between both of them. It is a similar situation with regard to the notebooks. Sadly, the whereabouts of Roeder’s papers, if they have survived since his death in 1911 and also that of his sister in 1916, are unknown.

A large part of the material presented here is concerned with ‘fairylore,’ the Island, like its sister Gaelic-speaking areas of Ireland and Scotland, having maintained an oral repertoire of fairy legends of some considerable size within recent memory. The fairy legends in this collection have been brought together (so far as is possible) under the same headings as those used in Seán Ó hEochaidh, *Fairy Legends from Donegal*

INTRODUCTION

(Dublin, 1977). These headings provide an excellent schema and readily facilitate a comparison between Irish and Manx fairy legends.

The collection opens with a piece written by Faragher on the folk beliefs of Cregneash which includes a good deal of material about fairy beliefs in general and this sets the scene for the material to follow.

Besides the fairy beliefs, the remainder of the material deals with the other supernatural inhabitants of land and sea—the *glashtin*, the *tarroo-ushtey*, the *buggane*, mermaids and mermen, giants, and ghosts. Roeder was nothing if not comprehensive in his collecting.

A listing of all Roeder's known writings on Manx folkways has been appended. Doubtless there are any number of newspaper articles which a more comprehensive reading of Island newspapers would bring to light. Note of any such material is very welcome. Likewise any information on Roeder himself or the whereabouts of any of his or Faragher's papers will be equally well received.

Stephen Miller

1 SEPTEMBER 1993

A Note on the Texts

The material is drawn from items 1–3 of the bibliography and arranged as described above. The typography has been brought into line with house style. As can be seen, some of the texts are worded in an attempt to 'mimic' the spoken English of the period—these have been left unaltered and published as found. Traditional tale-bearers rarely titled their narratives and the 'titles' given to the pieces here are of my own devising. All the texts, it is assumed, were recorded in English.

CREGNEASH FOLKLORE

I have seen some of the old men getting very angry if anyone would whistle at sea; they allowed it was bothering the wind, and I don't like whistling at sea myself, although I have no belief that it will make more wind to come.

They used to say that a woman with red hair was a very unlucky person to meet at starting on a journey.

Fairies are very light, I suppose the strong winds have blown them away, as they are not allowed to come into the houses in stormy weather as they used to do, for they get no *Shee dy vea*—'Welcome.'

Fairies don't show themselves to the present generation as they did to the old folks, but it is not to be wondered at, for the people are now so sinful, and impudent, and wicked, that the fairies themselves make no acquaintance with us; and every generation gets worse, for the faith of many is waxing cold.

I have not heard anything about fairies this long time. There is no one hearing them but the woman in the little shop. She was telling me the other day that she went out one night this winter about twelve o'clock and she heard them among the elder trees, and they were talking away in some language that she could not understand, and they came as near to her that she could hear them whisper in her ears, but could not understand what they were saying. So she got very fearful, and got in the house as fast as possible and shut the door after her. I fancy they must be foreign fairies that are visiting the Island, for all the fairy tales I have heard from the old folks was Manx. But it appears the Manx fairies are gone away, or have changed their language like the Manx people, and it is no wonder when the people gave over talking Manx. Perhaps the fairies could not understand English, and changed their language as well for spite, for I have heard that some of them were very spiteful when offended.

The old fishermen when leaving their crofts to prepare their boats for the herring season, I have heard, could tell whether the season would be good or bad by the kind of fairies they saw on their way home in the evening, but the fairy days are over, and I don't think many people wish them to come back again.

All the old folks that were familiar with the fairies in Cregneish are gone to their rest, and the young ones gave no credit to their stories, and the most of them is lost and I cannot recall them, for I only laughed at their tales though they were telling them in earnest and believed it was the truth.

The old fairy tales are almost forgotten, and there are few new ones. It appears the fairies in these days are more shy and do not like to be seen, though I am told they

are hear often, but I don't hear of any one that can understand their language. I suppose it will be the language of fairyland, and whether that land is under the earth or above it nobody knows and nobody can tell.

I cannot imagine what was the cause of bugganes, or why they don't make a noise or shew themselves in our days. I suppose there are not so many murders now-a-days as there used to be, and the murderers are very often paying the penalty with their lives in our days. When in the old days they used to murder there was no justice to be found, and the ghosts of the murdered persons were howling for revenge until the time of their natural life was expired, then they seemed to be at rest—or perhaps the murderer had died and they had their revenge.

It seems that the ghosts are like the fairies, and don't like to show themselves as they did formerly. The old folks believed that every ghost came back with a peep at the house and its inmates the third night after burial, but if they came now-a-days they shew themselves but very seldom. I have heard of ghosts coming home very often when I was young, and I was afraid to go out at night, but I never came across any of them.

Ned Beg Hom Ruy—Edward Faragher

Published as "Folk-Lore Notes—Cregneish," *Mannin*, No 3, 1914, 176–77.

FAIRY LEGENDS

THE FAIRIES

FAIRIES

They have been described to me as both small and big, they have little eyes, and very agile and vindictive if annoyed, and if you make them *corree* ('angry') their impishness and spite know no bounds. They wear red caps and are mostly dress in green; there are men and women fairies, they are not credited with the use of stone or flint arrows. They dislike any nasty, evil smell, and you must be careful to serve them out every night with clean water, and leave some broken victuals for them. If you are good to them, they are very good friends to you, and do you many a good service. The fairy women are great kidnappers, and the confined women require great circumspection and the use of many charms to cross them in their cunning tricks.

Charles Roeder

(1) FAIRIES WEAR LEATHER CAPS

"I have heard an old man telling about the fairies coming into his house about sunset in the evening, and he said it was leather caps they had on them."

(2) FAIRIES WEAR LEATHER CAPS (2)

"Mr Collister told me once, when sitting in his armchair, he saw coming in lumps of boys and leather caps, and all jumping and gambolling about in the room."

(3) FAIRIES HAVE NO WEIGHT

"A woman at Port St Mary said she had a visit from the fairies; she was frightened, though, and she felt them go on her body, walking as light as cats."

(4) FAIRIES RIDING ON THE BRANCHES OF THE ELDER TREE

An ear is growing on the *tramman* tree, supposed to be fairies' ears, and on a windy night, when the branches of the tree are shaking and bending, they fairies are riding on them."

(5) FAIRIES AT THE MEAYL YET

“The fairies are visiting the Mull yet. The woman that keeps the little shop at Cregneish was telling me this morning the fairies were at her house last week one night when she was up until a late hour; another young man was with her, and they could hear them jumping among the shrubs and flowers in front of the house, but they seemed to be talking some foreign language, for they could not understand a word of their talk. The young man, as he was going home afterwards, heard them at their sport again, not far from his master’s house, but he could not understand a word, although they were talking and shouting very loud.”

(6) FAIRIES LAYING OUT A RAILWAY

“There was a man from Santon told me last night that an uncle of his used to see the fairies very often, while he was alive, and knew a great deal about them. He was often telling the people about the railway line, more than twenty years before anyone thought about it. He was seeing the fairies very often, practising on it in the moonlight, and he could point out where the line was to be, as he was seeing fairy trains going along so often. He always could see them about his house in the evenings, dancing and jumping. He would tell the people if it was to be a good fishing season or a bad one by the different kind of fairies he saw. There were some good ones and some bad ones; but the good ones were seen in the evening, but the bad ones late at night. The man said the railway line was made on the very spot he told them, more than twenty years before it was proposed.”

THE FAIRY HILL

CRONK-NY-MOOAR—THE FAIRY HILL

It stands in the *Lheanee Cronk-ny-Mooar* (‘Meadow of the Cronk-ny-Mooar’), and is surrounded by the *Craggan Conney* (a stoney patch of gorse or wince land), the *Magher Guilcagh* (‘Broom Field’), the *Curragh* (marsh or bog), and the *Lheanee Runt* (‘Round Meadow’). It is situated in a low morass, partly indicated already by the name of one of the fields (*Curragh*) and still un-explored, and stands to the west of Rushen Church. The hill, which, as shown by its physical structure and composition, is an artificial erection, is 450 feet in circumference and 40 feet high, and was surrounded still at a time not so far remote, from what old men tell me, by a deep water moat, now almost filled up and less distinct.

Charles Roeder

MANX FOLK TALES

(7) HOW THE FAIRY HILL WAS MADE

“It is said a woman made the Fairy Hill, and threw all the stuff in her apron; her husband was killed and buried there, and the woman made that hill over him.”

(8) FAIRIES SEEN ON THE FAIRY HILL

“The fairies have often been seen on the top.”

(9) FAIRY FUNERALS ON THE FAIRY HILL

“Funeral processions have often been seen winding their way to the Fairy Hill.”

(10) HARM FROM THE FAIRIES ON THE FAIRY HILL

“A little boy once went to play in the precincts of Fairy Hill, and he never grew afterwards to any size, and had his mouth twisted to one side.”

(11) FAIRY HUNTERS ON THE FAIRY HILL

“At Cronk-ny-Mooar there used to be such cracking of whips and hunting, and they went away like a regiment.”

(12) STEALING THE SILVER CUP FROM THE FAIRIES IN THE FAIRY HILL

“The tale I want to tell you, it is about the man that had been strolling in the night, and he came into an entrance. There was a great merry-making going on, and killing of beef. As the cup of drink was going around it came to him, too, and it was said to be a silver cup, and the man’s name Donagher Lowy. He made away as fast as he could with the cup, and they followed him. There was lots of water round the Fairy Hill, more than now; but he was not minding the water at all, but running through it, and they were shouting after him: *‘Donagher Lowy, cur dty chass er cloch, as na cur ’sy phoyll’*—‘Put thy foot on the stone, don’t put it in the puddle of water.’

The fairies could not sweep through the water, so he gained on them. It was said he got into a cowhouse and *spreie ny mooin ’sy voalley*, and when the daytime came he got the cup put into the church, and it was used for a communion cup, and brought to London afterwards.”

(13) STEALING THE SILVER CUP FROM THE FAIRIES IN THE FAIRY HILL (2)

“It appears that the fairies had a ball on the Fairy Hill, and Donaghue Lowy, a manservant in the Vicarage, he went to them and danced with them, the ladies, and when he was going to leave they gave him a silver cup to drink to their health, and he drew the wine away and run off with the cup; and the fairies gave chase, and were shouting after him in Manx: *‘Donaghue Lowy, cur dty chass er cloch, as na cur ’sy phoylley,’* and he was running through the water and mire and everything, as hard as he could, and he ran till he got in the cowhouse in the Vicarage, and he got a spade, and threw out the cow’s *moonin*, and the fairies could not get across that. He put the cup in Rushen Church, and it is still there.”

FAIRIES MET BY NIGHT

(14) A FAIRY SMELLING A MAN

“There was once a man, Tom Gordon, coming from Peel to Surby, and as he came across the mountains at night, he saw a light before him, and he came at last to a fine house, and there was one man in the house. Tom told him, the man in the house, that he was tired and wary, and wished for lodgings. So the man said, he might stop with him for the night, as he expected a company, and he was glad that he had come, as he wanted help to go to fish. So they went down the cliff, pulled a small boat down, and went out to sea a little bit. Gordon was paddling with his two oars, and the man was fishing. They had a line and a hook on board, on both ends of the line, and when he was letting one fish in, he let him run out the other side. (The fairy man was fishing, you understand), and in a few minutes they had a basket full of fish. So they came to the house then, and the man began to cook the fish for supper, for that party that was coman; there was a big barral at the corner of the fire, one end out of the barral; so the fairy man put Gordon under the barral, for the company would not see him. After a while Gordon was looking out through the bung hole, and seed a great company of ladies and gentlemen coming to the house, and so they all sat down to suppar. There was an old gentleman among the company like, and he sang out: ‘I smell a man.’ So they went and looked all over the room for the man, but no man was found. They sat down to supper again, and this old gentleman smelled a man again; so they went and turned over the barral where Gordon was underneath, and Gordon sang out: *‘Shee Yee orrim, ta mee gotch,’* and presently he was left by all the company in the dark in a moment, and the house and men and ladies and all was gone, and Gordon awoke out of a dream, and he was lying on a bank of moss in a mountain, and the sun shining on in the morning.”

(15) FAIRIES WARMING THEMSELVES AT THE KILN

“There were three men from Mull went to the North of the Island to buy some peas. They had a horse each, and when coming back, late in the night, they saw a very bright light in an old kiln in some of the glens in the mountains. One of them would have a peep, and went up to the old kiln, and put his head in at one of the holes, and saw a great many ladies and gentlemen round the light in the centre. Soon as he looked in, the light was extinguished, and the man was taken suddenly ill. And they had to unload one of the horses, and put the man on the back, for he could not walk a step. So one horse had to bring the two sacks of peas until they came to some house, and the man was so bad, they thought he would have died before they got him home; and he was some time before he got over it. I remember the three men myself, but they were old men when I was a boy—60 years ago.”

(16) WATCHING THE FAIRIES FIDDLE AND DANCE

“As the husband and an ould man, coming home over the mountains, passed a ruined cottage, which serves now for a cow-stable, they heard music, and such carryings-on. Well, they could not fancy who it was, the windows of the cottage being stuffed with sods. So the auld man goes and puts one of his eyes to the keyhole, and see the fairies dancing and fiddling away, an’ one of the fairies put his fiddle-stick right through his eye, an’ he has never seen since, an’ that’s true.”

(17) MEETING A FAIRY PROCESSION

“My father, who is dead now many years, used to tell me as a boy, that one night, after twelve o’clock, when coming home on the road from the Howe, and going towards the Chasms, he met at a spot, a thousand or two of little girls, some had a song, saying: ‘We met to part no more, Mary Oir.’ They had no lights in the hands.”

(18) MEETING THE FAIRIES ALL ON HORSEBACK

“The old Clerk of the parish met a whole lot of little men on horseback, dressed in green jackets and scarlet cap, ride down the hill and pass Mrs —’s cottage and disappear.”

(19) MEETING A FAIRY ARMY

“Two young men from the Mull (they were very old when I remember them) were coming up from the Howe one night, at a late hour, and they saw an army of fairy men and horses. They got over the hedge and let them pass. They had all red caps

and coats, and there was a great number of them. They had to wait a long time until the road was clear again.”

(20) FAIRIES OUT HUNTING

“Formerly the road from Belle Vue Hotel, Port Erin, was not what it is now, and very narrow and bad, and one night my father was coming home late at night, and there was such a terrible, thundering noise and cracking of whips and barking of dogs, and the whole host passing, and he was frightful, and just got out of the road and slipped in the doorway, and he could not see them.”

(21) FAIRY HORSEMEN ON THE HOWE ROAD

“It is said that coming from Port St Mary, at the narrow row, from the Howe, there used to be a terrible crash of horsemen, with flat red caps.”

(22) FAIRIES MET AT NIGHT (?)

“Up Spaldrick one night, one o’clock, there was a sudden noise in the road, and like rattling of chains, and such harassing and tearing away, and the man who met them just shouted: ‘Lord bless me, what’s that?’ and no harm was done to him.”

(23) MEETING THREE FAIRY GIANTS

“Some men were coming along the Howe and met three fairies, after twelve o’clock, in the bright moonlight; yes, three big men, walking side by side with caps, as wide as a wheel—terrible caps! They could not hear their feet, and the caps were after them—no foot. There was a big one in the middle. They passed them, and thought they were lifted up the earth, and felt terrible curious.”

FAIRY ABDUCTIONS

(24) DANCING TWELVE MONTHS WITH THE FAIRIES

“Well, I heard a man tell about two men in a farm house. They went to the smithy with a plough-iron both together, on Holy Eve, and when they were coming back from the smithy, they came to a house in the mountains, and they went ot the door to listen, and there was dancing and carrying on of music in the house. There was some young ladies come out, and invited them to come in, so they both went, and one of them went to dance with a young lady, and they had a cup of wine going

about like. This chap that was dancing, took a drink of the cup, and he was dancing away with the ladies after that; the other wouldn't taste it, so he got tired looking on, and he was wanting the chap who was dancing to come on. He didn't come at all, and he had to go away himself alone, and leave his companion dancing. Well, there was no more sight seen of him for the twelve months, and Holy Eve this chap went to the smithy again, and on the way back came to the same house again. He got invited by the ladies to come in, and so he went, and saw his companion that he had left twelve months before, dancing with the ladies all the time, and the plough-irons on his shoulder. He went up and put his arm on his shoulder, and asked him to come home, and so he came, and he had been there these twelve months."

(25) DANCING TWELVE MONTHS WITH THE FAIRIES (2)

"Two young lads were travelling away after courting, and coming across the fields they saw a light in a house, and they went to the door, and there was music and dancing and wonderful things, and drinking and cups going round. One of them was pulled out to dance with the rest, and they were going on a wonderful with the one he danced with, and the other fellow wanted to *mooïn*, and went outside and did so against the house, and as soon as he'd done this, *Vaik oo, Whush!*—the house and all was gone, and the one inside gone, too, sir. In the course of seven years, this other young fellow was coming home the same fields, and he seed a light the same way as before, and he went in, and there was his companion dancing on the floor regular, so he looked on a while how the performance was going on, and it was said, he went to the fellow, his companion, and told him to come out, he wanted to talk to him. He went out, and he said: 'What in the world did you come so soon?' And he got a hould of him, and *ren ushtey* on the house and man, and as soon as he had done, sure, sir, all was gone, and the chap had been dancing away for seven years."

(26) LED ASTRAY BY THE FAIRIES AT NIGHT

"There was a man living in Fleshwick, and before going to bed on a winter's night he went outside to *mooïn*, but he could not find the house again, and he said he was sure he never went over a hedge, but when daylight came he was on top of Bradda mountain."

(27) TOOK BY THE FAIRIES AT NIGHT

"My grandfather was going home Fleshwick. There is a steep hill, and there used to be a quag in the highroad, and it was dangerous to sink in it. He thought, therefore, he would go over the hedge, and not through the quag; so over he went, and on, going over he went over so quick he did not feel going over. He felt himself going

running down across the field as fast as feet would serve him, but thought his feet scarcely touched the ground. There was bog in the field, and when he was going across the bog he knew himself where he was. Again he went away as fast as he could, and he was not feeling his feet touching the ground; and went on in that way better than half-a-mile, till he came to a field of a man named Cashin, who had a house in a field. He knew where he was again, and away again, and no stop till he came to the top of Milner's Tower. And when he was there he heard the sea under him. He was left there by the fairies, because there was the cliff and water, so he said."

(28) A WOMAN TOOK BY THE FAIRIES

"Once a woman was living down the Howe, and she was taken away in her confinement, and a dead carcass left in her place. Well, she was a long time, that they never thought more of her, and thought she was buried at them. The husband got married again, and he was one night outside pretty late, and he met the first wife, and she told him all about it, that she was with the fairies, and she asked him to sweep the barn, and not leave one straw, the fairies were intending to ride through his barn some night soon, and he was to stand in the middle of the barn, and catch hold of her hand while she was going passing through the barn. Well, he told what happened to his second wife, and she put some straw under an empty barrel without the husband's knowledge, so when the fairy crowd came through the barn, she (the former wife) told her husband who was standing there, it was of no use, as there was some straw under a barrel, and he could never get her any more."

(29) FAIRIES TRYING TO STEAL A WOMAN

"I was told of a woman at the far end of Bradda that was confined, and two women were with her in the house for company for a night, and one of them had the baby in her lap, sitting at the fire in the kitchen. It began late on the night, and a candle was burning in the parlour, where the woman was. The sleep, it seems, was coming on when whilst sitting near the fire, so when they just were beginning to fall asleep the candle was beginning asleep too, and to got out, and when they just seed it they were frickened up, and the candle would blaze up again. By and bye they fell asleep, though, and they were frickened, and run in the parlour, and got the candle, and lit it; and this woman that was confined was nearly out of bed. And there was a row begun outside, and you might have thought for the world that what they said—the fairies—was, 'Only for thee, only for thee, we might have had her,' and so again and again."

(30) FAIRIES TRYING TO STEAL A WOMAN (2)

“There was a woman one day with me who began to tell me about her father when he was a lump of a youngster, and his mother was confined, and his grandfather was standing at the fire, and it was getting on in the evening, in the summer, about seven or eight o’clock, on a fine day. While he was there, he just saw a woman coming in, and she went down the parlour, where his mother was. Well, he saw her clear enough, and he knew the description of the cloth she had on, and every woman who was coming in was getting bread and cheese, when a woman was in confinement. So the young fellow would be watching his time, when one would go, to run down to get a piece. His grandfather was holding him a while, and he was anxious to get off to get a ‘cheer,’ so he broke off straight into the parlour, and found his mother was near half way out of bed. ‘Ah, my dear boy,’ she said, ‘why did not you come sooner? because I was nearly pulled out of bed by that wicked woman,’ and as soon as he went down, she left his mother and disappeared—and that was a fairy woman.”

(31) FAIRIES TRYING TO STEAL A WOMAN (3)

“A friend of mine ... had been confined, and her husband was bad with *jough*, and he was lying alongside her and she could not get him awakened. A voice came to the window, should: ‘Nancy!’ (she fancied it was one of her sisters come to see her) and she gave an answer at once—which she ought not have done until the third call—and at once a man stood bending over her. He was lifting her shoulders off the bed, and the husband was fast asleep, and she could not get him awake. Says he to her: ‘*Lhiams dt’eill, as lhiams dt’uill*’—‘Thy flesh is mine, and thy blood is mine.’ She did not know what to say, and ejaculated: ‘*Shee Chris’ orrim, cre shoh.*’ As soon as she said that he was gone and left her, and then she awoke her husband in a minute.”

(32) THE BISHOP OF THE FAIRIES

“A woman living up on Barrule was taken sick, and her husband went for the doctor. All at once the woman called. ‘Mother, mother, do come here quick.’ Well, her mother ran to see what it was, and just when she got on the stairs she saw a big man standing, with a three-cornered cocked hat. So, she thought it must be the doctor. She passed on to her daughter’s bedroom, and asked her what she wanted, and she said:—‘The Bishop of the Fairies has been here, and he took out a cake and broke it in two, and gave me half.’”

(33) TOOK BY THE FAIRIES AT NIGHT FOR A MOUNT

“I always heard them say the fairies were dressed in green, with red caps, and with very small eyes. It appears they were very little and very light, for I have heard of

many men, and some women as well, that have been for horses for them at night, but they could feel no weight in them. I knew an old man that had been wandering all night with them, but they allowed him to go home in the morning.”

(34) TOOK BY THE FAIRIES AT NIGHT FOR A MOUNT (2)

“A poor man had two sons. After they had been put to bed, one began to grow fearfully thin; they were sleeping near the floor, so she changed them and stayed up to watch, and found a lot of fairies came into the room and took him out of bed, and began to ride him like a horse, and after, when they day began to dawn, put him back to bed again, and thus he grew thin. So she found out it was the fairies; she gave him an herb, and so the fairies did not come again.

(35) GOING WITH THE FAIRIES AT NIGHT

“Old people were often telling about *Nan y wyllar vollagh* (‘Nan the Daughter of the Rough Miller’), how she was going away with the fairies at night, and coming home again in the morning. The fairies, in those days, were often visiting farmhouses and other houses as well, and if a house had no water for them to drink they always made a great noise. There was one man who got up in the night intending to put a stop to their merriment, and as he had just got out of bed in his shirt, he got such a slap on his *thoin* as made him jump into bed again. Next morning Nan came to see him, and told him never to get up any more to disturb the fairies; that they intended last night to make him into some animal, and Nan said only she gave him the slap, he would have been taken away by them.”

(36) LHEIM GARMIN—THE LEAPING WEAVERS BEAM

“I will tell you, sir, of the wonderful ‘leaping bame,’ since you are curious to know and bothar me about the thing. It was about the man that was practically going out to ride with the fairies; he knew where to meet them, and got acquainted, and an old hand meeting with them. Well, he had a neighbour that would have him to go with a ride with him, and the man told him he had no horse. Says the man, ‘Don’t bothar about having no horse, take the bame wis’ you’—for he was a weaver. Well, so we goes! He met, I suppose, the ‘crowd’ (the fairies) before he started, so away he goes on the bame, and he comes to a certain hollow where he wanted to leap over. So it appears they were all leaping together with them, and the bame lept over, like any of the horses, as sure as I am here, sir. ‘So,’ he says he, ‘that’s a brave bame leap.’ So he made a blunder that was not suiting them, and he was left where he was, and had to trot carrying the bame home on his shoulder.”

LHIANNOO CAGHLAAIT—FAIRY CHANGLINGS

(37) FAIRIES STEAL A CHILD

“In the Crammah there lived a woman, and she went out at dark and left the child in the cradle. When she came in again the child was crying awfully, and the first thing she did she took him out of the cradle, and turned his *thoin* and front up. He was quite rough, like an old man, and as she saw that she went and put him lying across a pot of *moon* in it; they can’t stand that, and she got away and hid herself out of sight, and she was listening. It was not left long till she heard a different cry, and it was her own child. Then she run back, and caught her own child, and examined it, and found it all right.”

(38) FAIRY CHANGLING LEFT IN THE HARVEST FIELD

“I was told of a woman that had the baby brought to get a suck, and they laid him by near the stooks for a short time. The baby began to scream awful. She went to go to the baby again, and the farmer, who was in the field, kept her from going; and the baby screaming so, the mother was in a troubled way. At last he let her go. Well, the woman did not see the fairy at all, but the farmer had seen her coming, and take up the baby from the stook, and left another in its place. That was the baby which was roaring, and which the fairy woman left, and when the farmer kept her from going to the baby at all, then the fairy woman came again, and exchanged it again, and took up her own again, because the farmer had seen her.”

(39) THE TAILOR AND THE FAIRY CHANGLING

“An old man was coming here often, and my daughter would be giving him a penny to tell her some fairy tale, and he come in one day and told her about a young woman who went to be churched. She left her baby in the cradle, and a tailor sitting by, and when she was gone the tailor goes to the baby and asks it to come and dance and he would play a tune, and the baby got up on the cradle and commenced dancing till the tailor went off fiddling away with the baby. When the woman came back she looked in the cradle for the child and could not find it nowhere, so it became a fairy child—that’s what they were saying.”

(40) HOW TO STOP THE FAIRIES FROM STEALING THE BABY

“At Cregneish, in the south, a mother never leaves her baby before putting the tongs or the poker over the cradle, nor the man his wife in child-bed without placing the drawers over the bed.”

FAIRY REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS

(41) THE REVENGE OF THE FAIRY BEGGAR MAN

“Some years ago, well, I’m thinking it was shortly after I met William Teare, a friend, a very nice young woman got married to a farmer, and he had a good dale (deal) of money, so he went out often with her, but he was not half such a nice body as herself, not so generous; she was so ready for helping everyone. Well, one day he takes her for a walk, and they had not gone very far on their road before they met a little man all with crooked legs and clothes all in rags, who asked for a sixpence, so the woman puts her hand in her pocket, but finds her purse was left at home at her, so she asked her husband, and he turns so nasty to her—‘No,’ says he, ‘do you think I have nothing to do but put my hand in my pocket?’ and he turns the old man off. ‘Well, good day to yer both, and may my curse be on you and yours for your unkindness; and you will see.’ The woman was terribly frickened; when she came home she told one of the women what had happened to her, and looked so bad. ‘Don’t take on,’ says the farm servant, ‘he can’t do no harm, its only his jaw. Why din’ed, (did not) yer give him yer handkerchief, I have heard that is as good as money?’ Two years passed, and Annie got her first baby; and, dear me, when he came he had dreadful bad legs, worse than the little beggar man. Well, they tried and tried no end of cures, but the child staid weak in its legs—and she have five sons and three girls, and every one of the boys were crooked, and the girls quite straight. Yes, an’ they’re saying all the boys were made so because their father had been so stingy; and if they had left the first boy’s legs and not broken them after God once made them, the other sons would have been quite right. I know this is to be true, because she was quite an auld friend.”

(42) FAIRIES REWARD THE GOOD WOMAN FOR THE GIFT OF BREAD

“This old woman was coming home at night and she heard great music. It was a very lonesome place, and she was so delighted to get company she ran as hard as she could after them—length of the road—till she got tired, and she at last got near them, and they said, ‘Good night, mother!’ Well she stood, she knew that they wern’t right people. They asked her to see what she had in the basket. ‘Will you part with some of it?’ and she said ‘Yes’ and she broke one of the cakes and put it on the hedge (she could not see anyone, only hear the voice). They asked. ‘Did you put salt in it?’ for if she did they could not touch it. And as she did not, they said, ‘Since you have been so kind, you will always get bread in your chest.’”

(43) FAIRIES REWARD THE GOOD WOMAN FOR THE GIFT OF MEAL

“One day, long years ago, my mother was sitting by the fire preparing dinner (‘peelin taters’) when the door was suddenly opened, and a little old woman came in. She had a red skirt and a kind of petticoat just thrown over her head like, and dear me, she looked queer. ‘Good morn to you mothy,’ says she, ‘I’ve come to borrow a grain of male (meal) from yer,’ and she pointed to a small bowl of meal on the plate-shelf, and she says, ‘P’raps yer can spare this.’ ‘Well,’ says my mother, ‘you may have it, an’ welcome.’ ‘Thank yer, mothy, for yer great kindness, I will return every grain,’ an’ off she goes, and soon father comes home, and mother says, ‘John, there’s been a fairy woman,’ but father he laughs at mother, and goes out to his work smiling. Next day the same queer little woman comes, and says she, ‘I’ve brought the male, mothy, and if yer take this and wrap it in a clean cloth, and put it in a hole in yer room, you will always have as much male, and you and yours will never want.’ Well, every day they turned out good, and one day the fairy woman came and said, ‘Mothy, I have not seen yer for some time, but I’ve come to ask you to do something more for me. Go to your stable, and turn your cows’ faces to where their tail is, because the dung come right through our house (she lived underground), and if yer do this with a good heart your cows will never fall sick.’ Now, mother was frickened, because she knew father would never go to the bother of putting up new troughs; so when he came home she told him what the fairy woman said, and he got angry and said he was not going to do it. Well, the cows grew sick, and mother cried and persuaded him, and at last, after some days, he went and turned the cows’ heads where the tails were, and everything went on terrible well.”

FAIRIES AND FOOD

(44) FAIRIES REFILLING THE BOYS COWREE DISHES

“The fairies were very fond of *cowree*. Two men-servants were coming home late in the night, and they saw a light in the kitchen window and went to it to have a look, and they saw the kitchen full of fairies, and saw them take one of the *cowree* dishes, and they began to eat until the dish was empty. Well, one of the fairies spit in the dish, and all the rest followed, and spit, too, and the dish was full again. Well, one of the servants said he would not taste the *cowree* at all, so one took a supper of it, and the other would take none, and the follow who took no *cowree* got sick as soon as he got to bed, and was terrible sick and died, and the other was left all right.”

(45) FAIRIES EATING UP THE BOYS SUPPER

“One night when the boys were coming home for supper, they happened to look through the window, and saw the fairies eating up their supper. So one of the boys said to the other fellow, ‘Will you cut away that’s been left over?’ ‘No,’ says he, ‘will you?’ ‘Well, yes I don’t see the good of leaving my supper,’ and its said the fellow who would not touch his supper died before the year was over, and other was all right.”

(46) GIVING A PIECE TO THE FAIRIES

“When I was a little girl I remember my aunt telling that once, at the harvest at Glen Meay, when all the company were making merry over the feast, bread and butter was not broken, and all at once they saw an old little woman going backward and forward, and there was such a row. They found out soon enough their mistake and cut off a piece, and put it aside for them, and then everything was all right.”

(47) FAIRIES AFTER THE BAKING

“Do you know that little cottage down Loch-ny-guiy side, said Mrs G—, a little, little thatched house by the river; well, Casheens was the name of the man living there, and when he was a lump of a boy he remembers one day before Chrisermus, being sent to bed, and he was terribly cross, because his mother was making a grand bonag, an’ he kept his eyes open, not wanting to sleep. He slept in his parents’s bed, and after they were in bed, he crep’, an’ he crep’, an’ he got to the oven at last without waking his father and mother, an’ when he got theer he was dreadfully frickened, for theer was one of the ‘little uns’ sitting up before the oven, with his han’s like claws put up as like he was going to scratch him, and his great red eyes a-starin, and starin’ vicious at him; well, he rushed back to bed midlan’ quite, and he was glad to goodness gracious to get theer, like enough too—I wouldn’t have gone to the oven by night, not if I’d been starving, and I’m thinkin’ it ’ud be a long time before he’d go pokin’ his nose theer again.”

FAIRIES AND HOUSE-WATER

(48) NO WATER FOR THE FAIRY CHRISTENING

“The man that was telling this story said he knew the house and the young men as well, and that the house was haunted by the fairies. It was a farmhouse in Kirk Onchan, and he said that soon after the young man died. There was one night and there was no water in the house, and one of the servant-girls refused to go and get

water, as the hour was late, and there was an old beggar-woman lodging in the house that night, so she kept awake, and the rest of the family were asleep. And the fairies had a christening, but had no water to baptize the baby, and they made much noise, they came at last to the bed and took the foot of the girl that refused to get water and bled it under the nail of the big toe, and put the cup with the blood in under a flag near the hearth; so the girl began to pine away, and when this old woman came again on her rounds the girl was very poorly, and she told them about the cup, and they lifted the flag, and took it out, and the young woman got well again, and if she is not dead she is alive yet."

(49) LEAVING OUT BREAD AND CLEAN WATER FOR THE FAIRIES

"When the fairies are coming in the houses in the night, you are always obliged to keep a broken cake, if not they make a great row; if there was no water in the crock they made a row all night. A man in Colby, 'Big Charlie,' a fisherman, had retired to bed, but had neglected to put their water in, so he would get no rest at all and he was terrible mad, was the man. Well, there was a bucket-well by the house, and do what he could the wife would not let him rest, and bothered him awfully to get up and get them water. At length, in a rage, he slap his clothes on, and out he goes to the bucket-well—and so cold the night—and in a thrice he got a bucketfull and the man goes in and nips the water in the crock, and says he: 'There devils, drink and piss away,' and growled a little, but it was soon quiet, and he was soon snoring and sleeping."

(50) FAIRY REVENGE FOR DIRTY WATER

"The people in olden times was terrible for making *cowree*, and I doubt, sir, if the like is yet. They steeped it in a crock, and had a big dishful, in some of the houses they had *cowree* for supper for all the men. Well, some of the gells threw a bit for fun at the men-servants, and there stood a crock of water, and a spoonful went in ther. After this they took rest. In the night something cum to the gell an said, in Yallick, 'There is not one handful of clean wattar in the night,' and he struck her in the cheek with his hand with a whiz, and the mouth was crooked as long as she lived.' 'Was he a fairy man, then?' I asked. 'Of course, sur,' he said, 'and they war great ones in them days.' 'And where are they now?' I enquired. 'Qhuere they are now?' 'I cannot tell. They are not to be seen nowhere now in this parish, an' I think there are too many warldly men now in our time, and the gospel that they cannot stand.' 'And what language, you think, did they speak?' 'Yallick would be at them,' my friend quickly rejoined."

LHIANNAN SHEE—THE FAIRY WOMAN

(51) MEETING A LHIANNAN SHEE

“They are like a woman and chase men. Some man was living in Surby, and his wife was from home one evening, and he went to meet her at night across the fields. He met a woman and thought it was his wife, and spoke to her, and she followed him long enough afterwards. He got clear of her somehow, but I forget the charm.”

(52) MEETING A LHIANNAN SHEE (2)

“I was once coming from Port Erin Chapel, and came across the hill from the old gate leading to the mountain; it was a very fine night and I was on top of the hill. I met a young lady in a yellow silk dress rustling, as she passed me by, she had a white parasol in her left hand hanging down by her side, but neither of us spoke, so the people were telling me it was a *lhiannan shee*, and if I would have spoken to her she would have followed me.”

(53) MEETING A LHIANNAN SHEE (3)

“I remember going to sea with a man of the name of Maddrell, when I was young, and he told me he was once a long time from home, and a last got a freight for Castletown. They arrived there at 11 o'clock at night, and it was very windy, but moonlight, so he made up his mind to walk home. He lived at Fistard, and when he came to Kentraugh Bridge there was a young girl walked up alongside, and he wondered what would she be there for at such an hour, thought she must have strayed, so he asked her, but she only looked up in his face; but she gave him no reply, and he asked her many questions, but no word from her. When they got to Ballacreggan he turned down the road towards Port St Mary, and she came that way too, so he thought she must be a *lhiannan shee*; he spoke to her again, saying: 'If you don't tell me what you are, I'll make a sacrifice of you, by God,' and she grinned in his face and was gone like a flash of lightning.”

(54) LHIANNAN SHEE AT STRUAN-DY-SNAIL

“There was a *lhiannan shee*, a white woman, over at Struan dy Snail, living with a man, and she was as a partner continually, and they had children. They were not seen, though the boys would hear them talk and tell their children to keep quiet and go away. He could know in an instant that they were listening, she could tell him. She and the children could not be seen.”

(55) HAUNTED BY THE LHIANNAN SHEE

“I remember an old man, they called him Harry Ballahaue, he was haunted by a *lhiannan shee*. He was heir to a nice little farm, but he never did but very little work. [...] He was ... a very good seaman before the *lhiannan* came to him. He had an elder brother, and the *lhiannan* haunted him, until he died. After his death she haunted this Harry. He once went out herring-fishing with some other men, and they left him on deck to keep watch, and he had a line, fishing hake. One of the men heard him talking, and he said: ‘*Jerk oo faagail mee ayns shoh bene, cre t’ou laghal, ny scaddan t’ou laghal?*’—‘Will you leave me here itself, what do you want, is it the herring you want?’ and he took a herring in his hand and offered it to her, but the man that was looking on, and listening, could not see nor hear her. Harry was sitting in the cabin next morning, and one of the crew was coming down, and there was no one seen but himself in, he was telling her to ‘shift and make room for the man to sit down.’ The man that was to be heir to the farm got married when very young, in dread that Harry would die, and the *lhiannan shee* haunt him; but I suppose she did not want a third husband, for she must have been old when Harry died.”

(56) LHIANNAN SHEE

“I heard my mother say, when she was a young woman, at Barrule, they were getting peat, and in the middle of the day it began quite foggy, and cleared up after a little while, and they saw an old gentleman, dressed very fine, and his lady, walking side by side; she had no bonnet on, but a cap; they thought it was a minister of the parish like, but they disappeared so sudden down the brough or cliff, that she believed it was a *lhiannan shee*, a man and a woman.”

(57) LHIANNAN SHEE (2)

“A ‘Lady in Silk’ walks in the Mountain Pass in evening time, as soon as you go after her, and she comes to the water or running brook, she changes, she does not go on, as she cannot pass. Fairies cannot pass running water.”

FAIRIES OF THE AIR

(58) THE FAIRIES OF THE AIR

“Long years ago, I cannot remember rightly the exact time, but it was when I was a young girl, Ballacaine was not the big house it is now; no, no, everything is changes since those days. One evening, just as the sun was setting, and the clouds had turned

quite red, signs of a fine day, I was leaning out of the window looking at the sunbeams through the trees, when, as true as I am here, some little tiny things, dressed in little green jackets and red caps, with one of our hen's feathers stuck in the side, and they had wings too, were playing on the sunbeams. Well, my breath was nearly gone, withholding it for so long, for do you understand, man, if they had once seen my eye on them they would 'a flown up the sunbeam, and I should 'a lost sight of them. 'Good gracious,' says I, 'they are the good people from the sunset land.' Dear me, the pranks they played was something terrible; one little fellow, with bright, bright eyes, hung on the tree bough and kicked his tiny legs about, till the little gawk gave the fairy queen such a bang right on her lovely crown. I thought he would be killed, they kicked him about so. One took a ride on a twig, and I cannot for the world of me tell all the capers they were up to. Missis' voice, calling Mary, stirred me up. I am for thinking the fairies must have heard, for they opened their wings and flew up in to the sky. At six I went to milk the cows, the craters were calling and calling, and some bad fairies nipped my arms fearful, so that, dear the me, the pain was terrible—I was for letting go the milk can. When I got home the Missis gave me some salve to put on; it is a cure for fairies. Yes, man, I can feel their nips now." And the poor old woman stroked her arm with her hand, and looked very frightened when I arose to go—her daughter coming in, however set her mind at rest.

FAIRIES OF SEA AND SHORE

(59) THE FAIRY BOAT

"Some men were hunting one night in the cliffs near the Sound for rabbits, and the night was clear enough to see any object around them. They both could hear men rowing, and the splash of the oars, but could see no boat. They said they were sure the boat was passing, and it must have been a Fairy Boat, or they could have seen it."

(60) THE FAIRY FLEET OUT FOR A SAIL

"I was sailing with a man once, and he told me there were three of them in a boat going to Whitehaven to get coals, and some time in the night they saw a very great light in the channel like a lighthouse, and when passing by, it seemed like a very high tower, and they saw a big man, like a giant on the top beside the light, working himself as he had been pumping; in a very short time afterwards the sea was all in lights round about as far as they could see—I suppose that was a fairy fleet out on a pleasure excursion."

MANX FOLK TALES

(61) THE FAIRY PEARL

“There was a boat one night shot their nets near Fleshwick Bay, when they got to hauling them they came to one spot which was very heavy, but they got it pulled up to the surface of the water, and it shone upon the mountains and made more light than the moon, and the fishermen were so frightened that they cut away their nets and let them sink to the bottom again. They said it was a pearl, but no one has happened to get hold of it since that time, though the boats have been shot there hundreds of times, beside dredgers and trawlers.”

(62) FAIRY FLEET AT THE HERRING FISHING

“There is a creek to the east of Douglas, called Port Onchan, but the Douglas people call it North Bay at present, and I heard a man telling he heard once a great stir below, as if they were pulling up their boats, and he went down to the beach to see how was the boats coming in there, as there was no harbour but a few yawls. It was the herring fishing season at Douglas. And he saw a great number of large fishing boats on the beach, and a great crowd of fishermen pulling their boats up from the sea. And he gave them a hand and helped them until all the boats were above the tide line, and they thanked very much. He asked them if they had caught many herrings, and they answered that the worldly fleet had done very well, but their fleet had done very little, so they all disappeared by daybreak, boats and all, and the man was left to make the best of his way home.”

FAIRY HORSES

(63) FAIRY HORSES

“I have heard an old shipmate of mine telling me about fairy horses without any riders on. He was coming over Mull Hills one night, and met a great number of horses of every size, some big, and some little ponies of every description, and they were snorting and bending back their ears, while he had to stand, and dared not move until they had all passed by, with his knife open in his hand. He tried to hit the last one, and the horse turned upon him, and he thought he had been devoured by the last one, who kept going round, and trying to bite, until he was wearied out facing him with the open knife. At last, the morning dawned, and the horse galloped away.”

(64) FAIRY HORSES AND BENIGHTED FOLK

The 'Spirit Horse' travels on the roads and takes up belated travellers, and puts them down at their door, but people they don't care for, she tosses off.

(65) FAIRY HORSES (2)

"Yes, theer's night horses; a man was tellin' me he was for riding one, and it is quite true, bekase I know the man very well, and he would not be for tellin' me a lie, at all. One night he was comin' home, and he was fellin' very tired—its like he could scarcely go on much further—an' just as he was turning round the corner of the road, near by Christian of Milntown, he seed a fine horse, a terrible beauty of a horse, and he gets quicker like in walkin', and soon gets near to it; the truth, there was no one near about, and the horse was main and beautiful, and theer was a splendid saddle on, so he jumped in theer saddle and the horse flew oft wid' him like mad just, and he was thinking surely he would be home soon, when the horse it gives an awful leap right up in the air, an' he was frickened, but gives a regular plump on the airth (earth) again, and, sudden like, he finds himself kicked on to the growand (ground); he got up middlin' quick, but theer horse was gone, and he said it wearnt one of our horses at all he had been ridin' so easily, but a night-horse."

(66) FAIRY HORSES (3)

You see it in the evening time. People who want to get across, she takes over, but some it takes down with them. Her father never allowed them to go down the river in moonlight.

(67) FAIRY HORSES (4)

"Now, theer's a relation of mine, Jim Quirk by name. He's a real smart one, and terrible fine, not the man to be afeard of anyone, but one night his senses were near taken away from him; he was tellin' it many times in this house. One winter's night, two years ago, when all the ground was covered with snow, my relation Jim in the evening came into the cottage, covered with snow and as pale as a sheet, like as if he had been frickened. 'Well, Jim,' says I, 'what's been your work to-day?' He looked at me so strange, I began to tremble. Then he laughs, queer like, an' says, 'I had work enough to last me some time to come. I left home six o'clock this evening to go to mend Farmer S—'s barn. It took me two hours before I got to the river. I could not see the bridge at all, at all, and the couth (cold) was something terrible, I did not know what to do, when I saw good luck, an old mare, with bit already in its mouth; so I catches hold of it and jumps on its back. He, without my leading, plunges right

into the water, and takes me along under, and the water, woman, was as cold as ice. I thought I should never see the land again, when all of a sudden the sleech plunges out on the other side, and before I could give it a taste of my stick, it had gone under the water again. I was terrible frickened, and it will be a long time before I get on the back of a water horse again.”

(68) FAIRY HORSES (4)

“Two men were coming from Douglas, walking in the night, and there was two of these horses meeting them on the way, and they were standing across the road like, and they could not pass them. Well, they took their garters off and made bridles of them and mounted the horses apiece, and in a few minutes they were in a place called *Yn Nennagh*—‘The Ennagh.’ Well, the horses seemed to be getting tired when they came there, and the horse was asking one of them what their women would say, when they were sneezing, and the man said: ‘Ride on, Devil’; the horse after this went down to the beach, towards the sea, and the man had to say: ‘God bless us,’ and they were left sitting on the sea beach, and the horses were gone.”

FAIRIES BANISHED

(69) CHASING THE FAIRIES AWAY

“The wife’s grandfather got once up to the door for something, during one or two o’clock in the night, and he heard and saw, I think, a lot of fairies passing the door, trotting like sheep, and he shouted ‘Sthir bjoy’ after them, as he used to when letting the dog after sheep, and a row was heard after that in the haggard behind the house.”

(70) FAIRIES BANISHED FROM BALLACRAINE

“The old lady, after drawing our stools near a nice fire, began, with growing excitement, to tell of the fairies antics. She was a servant at Ballacaine, when it was not half as big as it is now. When the sun set the fairies used to scamper about in the rosy light, and they wore green hats and gaudy red fancy dresses, and nobody would go out after dark for fear the fairies would catch them and turn them into fairies like themselves, for they said these fairies were mortals transformed into fairies. At last they bothered the farm servants so that the master complained of their stupidity, and told them to leave a good supper spread for the fairies, and in an undertone to himself—‘I’ll soon polish them off.’ The night draws near, and the farm servants are busy getting their supper. At last the clock strikes twelve. Everybody, we will hope, is in the land of dreams; then hush—the sound of small feet begins to go it,

pat, pit pat. The large farm kitchen is filled with beautiful little spirits, who poke their little impertinent noses into the jugs, into everything they can see. Then the supper arrests one more greedy than curious, and the little things think it would be best to satisfy their hunger before they begin their midnight revelry. While all this is occurring the canny master is working his brain how he will best rid himself of these sprites, for to his miserly disposition, supper every night was a great expense, so was broken crockery, because, if no supper was set, in the morning a terrible spectacle met his gaze—smashed cups and saucers, the coal scuttle overturned, and lots of sundry misfortunes. At last a deadly thought entered the master's mind—if he could only startle them in the midst of their supper, get a large beer barrel and tumble them all in, hammer them down tight, and then roll them into the sea. How happy he felt as he looked at them munching away, muttering to himself—'Eat away, my little men, for the fishes will get a good meal when I get you.' They had nearly finished, so he crept upstairs and got one of the strongest servants men up, ordered him to get a large barrel, and when they were in the midst of their munching, gently rolled it in. The fairies expected no treachery. Oh! the agony of the poor sprites, for the big monster of morals rushed in and caught ever so many in his hands. All of them shared the same fate, they were packed up tightly and rolled into the sea, and the farmer and all the occupants of old Ballacaine never more were troubled with fairies, and that is the reason we don't see any fairies now."

(71) KEPT AWAKE BY THE FAIRY FIDDLES

"The fairies at Ballacaine were very mischievous. They did not even respect old age, and used to play such abominable pranks on one of the oldest men on the farm, that no wonder he was cross. You can just fancy the poor old man going tired to bed after a hard day's work, and then to be suddenly awake, while just dozing off, buy the horrible sound of cronk, cronk, for the fairies were putting the strings of their fiddles in order. One night, being damp, the strings were worse than usual; so was their cronk, cronk, Poor old man! No sleep again for him to-night. A bright thought struck him; should he humour them. Poor old fellow, although his limbs were stiff with rheumatics, he hobbles out of bed, feeling very cold, begins dancing about, saying in a cheery tone, 'Play away, my little fellows; I am dancing.' They played for some time, and did not leave off until the old man was fairly done for. Then they made a polite bow, and for an instant a clear light filled the barn, where the old man slept, and the next minute fairies and fiddles all disappeared, and the old man fell into a beautiful dream, and was never disturbed by fairies. So you see good humour got the best. If he had stormed, he might have stormed to his dying day, and never been any the better for it."

GLASHTINS

GLASHTINS

The *glashtins* are described as big, strong, powerful men; they are represented as hairy and dark. There are 'she' and 'he' *glashtins*. They are generally good-natured creatures, ready to help and protect the farmers. Of their intelligence not much can be said; they are downright stupid and uncultivated. If vexed, they resent quickly. Ballachrink, in Kirk Arbory, appears to have been a proper haunt, and thick with *glashtins*. That place was once invaded by strange *glashtins* from another part; they went away to Glen Reagh, Rushen, when they found they could not hold out. The *glashtins* are not always of human form, but appear in the shape of horses, and even of the Tarroo Ushtey. The *glashtins* are known as extremely coarse, though simple-minded, beings, and I have a few stories in Manx which I should like to give were they not too offensive.

Charles Roeder

(72) GLASHTINS AT BALLACHRINK

"My father, who lived at Ballachrink, Kirk Arbory, told me whatever sheaves the people would loose in the barn, all would be found threshed in the morning."

(73) GLASHTINS AT BALLACHRINK (2)

"There were lots of *glashtins* at Ballachrink, Arbory. They were filling a barn with corn, and in the morning it would be all thrashed; and they went to watch them one night, so they were big men, like giants, and stark naked. So they went and made clothes for them, and when they seed there was clothes made for them they went away."

(74) GLASHTIN GATHERING IN THE SHEEP

"There was one or two of them *glashtins* in some farm house near North Barrule, and it was coming on snowing in the afternoon, and the farmer said to the sons that they had better go and gather the sheeps in the fold like, for fear of the snow. Well, it appears, that when they went just at night, the *glashtin* had gathered all the sheep in the fold when they came, and he had a hare in among the sheep; and he said: '*My shiaght mollagh er in oasht veg loghtan*'—'My Seven Curses on the little loghtan sheep—she was worse than all the rest to get into, she was three times round big Barrule before I got her driven in.'"

(75) GLASHTIN AT NARRADALE

“The *glashtin* was haunting the houses near Ramsey, toward Barrule. There was a man living in the North, in a place called Glen Naredale, and the *glashtin* haunted the house. It was a beggarman going about that told the yarn. The beggarman was there one night getting lodgings. At bedtime the farmer brought a lot of peat in, and made a great fire, and the man asked him why he was making such a fire at bedtime, and he said, ‘There were friends of his wanting to come in to warm to-night.’ So they went all to bed, and the beggarman got up after a little while, and he saw two big naked men lying in the hearth before the fire. Next morning he inquired about them, and the farmer said they had been in the house in the time of his father and grandfather. They never did any harm to anything about the farm, and if he was from home, and late at night, there was always one of them accompanying him home, but he never spoke a word to any of them.”

(76) GLASHTINS MET AT NIGHT

“My father told me John Creer was going to Douglas market to sell pork. He was going in the night, and there was two horses following the cart, and trying to catch the pork, and he had to stand in the cart and scutch with his whip all the time to keep them off; but he could not hit them at all. As soon as daylight came they was off, and it was supposed them were *glashtins*.”

(77) GLASHTIN ABDUCTING A WOMAN

“Somewhere in the north of the Island, I forget the place, there lived a *glashtin*, and he got hold of a woman’s apron in his hand, and threw her on his shoulder or back like, and went away with her; while they were on the road the woman loosed her apron string, and she fell off his back. He did not know till he was at his journey’s end. When he saw that the woman had left, he said: ‘*Rumbyl, rumbyl, cha vel aymys agh yn sampyl*’—‘The edge or skirt of the garment, I have but the sample.’”

(78) GLASHTINS WORKING AT THE KILN

“There used to be many kilns over the Island, I remember one at Bradda. I once heard of a kiln left with grain on to dry for the *glashtins* to look to; for it used to be said of them that they would do all sorts of work left for them, if it was begun, and during the night when keeping fire under the kiln some one, for curiosity, would try to look over the wall down on them, and the ‘he-one’ heard something, and the ‘she-one’ said it was a mouse; but the other made leap and caught him, and threw him in the fire, but the other caught him out, as she was more merciful.”

(79) GLASHTIN ROASTING FISH AT THE KILN

“At Cregneish, in former years, they used to have a kiln for drying the corn, which they fired. Well, once the wife of a *glashtin* was seen roasting a piece of fish, and she was saying to him: ‘*Roas, Kissack veg, Roas*’—telling the fish to roast.”

(80) DRIVING THE GLASHTIN AWAY

Yer know we have night-men, too, big fellars, and they wear no clothes on them. Many years ago, when I was a lump of a girl like our Kitty theer at one of the farms, cloas (close) where I was livin’, a night-man used to come every night and grind the corn for the farmer; he was a terrible big chap, and so awful strong, yer never saw the like; one day the farmer was thinkin’. ‘Now the couth (cold) was comin’ he would give the fellow some clothes,’ and his wife made the clothes, and in the evenin’ the farmer put them dowan (down) so that he could see them; in he came, and surely he seed them clothes, and cathin’ hould on them, he muttered something, and puttin’ on their clothes, he went away and never came back again.”

TARROO-USTHEY—THE WATER BULL

(81) TARROO-USTHEY AT RAMSEY

“Where there is now the Promenade in Ramsey there used to be in former times a large pool, which was inhabited by a *tarroo-ushtie* (‘water-bull’), and people never dared to go near for fear of harm and mischief.”

(82) GOING TO KILL THE TARROO-USHTHEY OR GLASHTIN

“At Ballakilpherick a *glashtin* was living, and my father was wild at him, and wanted to kill him. So he was going for that purpose, and passed to the soft place where the *tarroo-ushthey* was, and he switched his stick back at him (switching back is a good charm), and the *tarroo-ushthey* was powerless to attack him. When you fetch your blow and strike it back, it cannot get from that. He did not kill him, though!”

BUGGANES

BUGGANES

These are very polymorphous creatures, as will be seen from the variety of shapes they assume. As a strong man, and sometimes roaring awfully, with eyes big and like a pewter plate. My Manx friends tell me they are big monsters, savage and mostly black, that come in the shape of little stacks of hemp or corn, sacks of chaff, like black cats that grow bigger and bigger; like a horse, or again like a sow pig.

Charles Roeder

(83) TRIAL OF STRENGTH WITH THE BUGGANE

“There was once a man going to Peel on the mountain, and he came into a very heavy shower of rain, and he went into a cave to take shelter. Shorty after, the *buggane* came to the mouth of the cave, and looked on the man, who was very frickened. He said to the man: ‘If he could tell him three words of truth, he would let him go free,’—but what he told him was: ‘It is raining, but it will get fine again,’ that was one of the things (the others I forget). So the *buggane* said he knew that himself. So the man had the sock of the plough going to the smithy, and the *buggane* wanted to shake hands with him, and the man gave him the end of the sock, where the three prongs were on it, and he squeezed them all into one, and he said to the man: ‘There was some strong Manxman in the world yet.’”

(84) THE BUGGANE OF SAINT TRINIANS CHAPEL

“There is a church near St John’s, Keill Pharick-y-Drummagh, and there was a foul spirit brought the timber across from Ireland, and he rode on it, and he was asking them: ‘What did the woman say when they were going to milk?’ and they told him: ‘No matter to it *markee, jouyll, markee*’ [‘Ride, Devil, Ride’]. Saint Patrick was the man who made the devil ride across from Ireland. When the timber was brought across for the roof, and the walls made, and the timber put up, it was down again before it was finished. At last, it appears, the people made an agreement with a tailor to make a pair of breeches in the church, to see if the church would go on as long as he made a pair of breeches. The tailor went on as far as he could, and while he was at work the old chap made his appearance. The first part he said: ‘*Vaikoo my chione mooar?*’—‘Do you see my big head?’ *Heem, hemm,*’ the tailor relied. ‘*Vaikoo my mair mooar?*’—‘Do you see my big finger?’ The tailor went working as hard as he could. ‘*Vaikoo my cass mooar, mooar?*’—‘Do you see my big, big foot?’ *Heem, heem,*’ and the tailor just finished the breeches and run out of the church, and down it went,

and the ruins can be seen yet. So the old chap was mad, and he pulled his *kione* off, and whirled it after him in mighty rage, and there it burst like a crash, but my tailor was safe, and off like a shot, before it reached him—that was a clever tailor!"

(85) MEETING THE BUGGANE ON THE WAY TO BALLACHRINK

"Two young men were going to Ballachrink, and saw something like a black cat first, and tried to kick it, and it grew as big as a horse. They thought they would taken with them, and got over the hedge at a corner of the field, and the *buggane* was standing in the road and keeping them there. They had no chance of getting away, and crossed the road to go to the other side to get home, and he made for them, and one of the fellows got over the hedge like, but the other slipped down again, and he was so struck he shouted: '*Shee Yee orrim, ta mee gotch.*' The *buggane* went away as he said this word and that was true enough, the man would not have told a lie."

(86) MEETING THE BUGGANE ON THE WAY TO BALLACHRINK (2)

"Two young men went to Ballachrink to see their girls; as they were going up the road they saw something like a cat, and one of them lifted his foot to give it a kick. It went a certain distance with this, and began to give jumps and grow bigger. They got past it, and got to the house and went in, till they heard a row outside, like a horse with a lanket on one foot. As one wanted to leave, the two left together. So they were going across a field on the road home, and as they were crossing they heard the monstrous brute. He was going along the road, and when they came to a fence it was standing straight before them. At last they gave a rush and got past, and the brute after them. One got over, and the other slipped and shouted: '*My Yee, ta mee gotch*'; the other got hold of his hand and pulled him over the hedge, and the brute could not touch him. In Colby, the road from Ballachrink, they heard it again; he could not cross the plough butts, only on the length of the brow (the *buggane* has no power to cross the butts, only the main road, my friend explained). When they got to the main road he was before them again, and they shouted: '*Ayns ennym Yesus Chris, chass back.*' He was spell-bound then, and could not leave at the time, and they came away."

(87) MEETING THE BUGGANE ON THE WAY TO DOUGLAS

"A man was once going to Douglas with a cart and a pair of horses, and as he wanted to be there at an early hour he went early to bed. He arose and looked at his watch, but it was stopped, so he got up, thinking it was late, and got the horses ready, and started for Douglas; and all went on very well until he came to Mwyllin ny Conney Bridge, the horses shied, and would not go forward, and he stood up in the cart, and

saw some great back monster filling all the road. He lay down in the cart again for a few minutes, and then looking ahead again he saw that the fairy had vanished, and he drove the horses again, and they went alright. When he got to Douglas there was no one up, he was there so early.”

(88) MEETING THE BUGGANE ON THE WAY FROM DOUGLAS

“There was Tom Cashin, the Niarbyl chap, and he was coming from Douglas across the mountains to Dalby, and when he came to a way there was a sack of chaff, that was lying quiet in the road. That sack, man, was a *buggane!* It was lying at a *boghlane* (so called, when a hedge has been broken down to a mound, you know). Well, he struck backwards at it, and shouted: ‘*Ayns ennym Yee, as un Mac Mullach*’—‘What have you got to do there?’ Cashin was thrown away after saying that, and left senseless for a certain time. It was moonlight when he came to himself, and he was bareheaded and the staff gone too. The hat he found at a certain distance, and the staff another good bit away, sunk half in the ground, and he never saw the *buggane* after that.”

(89) MEETING THE BUGGANE ON THE BRADDA

“There was Kermode, who had his colt sick, and we went to it, and it was ten o’clock in the night. On the way up Bradda, we met something like a big sow pig in the road, within fifteen yards. I saw it well enough, but he did not see it, and it looked then like a speckled heifer, then like a white speckled dog, and turned back before us and went down the broogh, the gap way. The colt died, and was thrown down by us from the broogh.”

(90) BUGGANE AS LARGE AS A CORN-STACK

“On the Honna road from Bradda to Sulby, my great aunt saw some great *buggane* there. She was going with some other on Sunday night, and the thing was standing in the middle of the road, and he was a large as a stack of corn, filling all the road, and they could not get past, and had to back another way.”

(91) BUGGANE AS LARGE AS A HORSE

“It was a thing not bigger than a cat, like a full sack, then it grew as big as a horse. It would not let them pass. They went over the hedge and across a field, and it would not let them go along the road, so they shouted: ‘*Ayns ennuyim Chris’ my Chiarn, as my Yee; cretoor, chass ersooyl,*’ and then it let them go.”

(92) BUGGANE HAUNTING THE CURRAGH AT SPALDRICK

“Behind Spaldrick Bay, there is a bog, and the field is called the Curragh yet, and there lived a *buggane*, who would chase you, and when I was a boy I was terrible frickened for it would take me away.”

(93) BUGGANE Y CHIONE DHOO

“He was often heard roaring, the old folk said, I was once near the place pulling heather, when I was young, and I heard something roaring at the Buggane’s Cave. It was something like the sound of the fog-horn on Langness. The legend is that some pirates hid a treasure in the cave and killed a man to guard it, and it is supposed that when the time of their natural death has come they are free.”

(94) BUGGANE Y CHIONE DHOO (2)

“There was a *buggane* out there at Black Head, near Spanish Head, in this neighbourhood. He was in a cave, roaring awfully sometimes. I have seen the cave often myself, and its floor is paved with white pebbles. His head was like a big horse, and he had eyes like a pewter plate.”

(95) BUGGANE SPIRIT OF A MURDERED PERSON

“The *buggane* is a thing to frighten, as a scarecrow in a field to frighten birds. The *buggane* is supposed to be the spirit of some murdered person that haunts the place where the murder was committed.”

MERMAIDS AND MERMEN

(96) MERMAID SEEN AT CASSTRUAN

“At Casstruan, near Blackhead, two men said they had seen a mermaid, and she had web between the fingers. They used to be plentiful, and the fishermen would then throw them bread and butter and oat-cakes.”

(97) MERMAID MARRYING A MAN

“Near Niarbyl Bay, not far from Peel, lives an old fisherman, who told the people that he used to convene with a mermaid, who sang to him most beautiful and came to visit him, and that she had married a man she had taken a fancy to.”

(98) BLESSING OF THE MERMAID ON HER HELPERS

“Somewhere near Balladoole, out Castletown, some folks found a mermaid, ebbed in a puddle of water; they put her to sea again, however, and it was said she told them: ‘One butt in Ballacreggan was worth all Balladoole.’ It appears that gold and silver was in it.”

(99) BLESSING OF THE MERMAID ON THE KELLY FAMILY

“On the Kellys there is a charm; near shore, in Port Erin, a mermaid was ebbed, and their ancestors, out of mercy, put her to sea again. So the mermaid gave them the blessing for doing this, and never one of the women should be any time in labour, and they think the blessing is going on still.”

(100) MERMAN WARNING OF A COMING STORM

“When the merman was whistling in the night, it would indicate storm, and I have often heard it over at Maughold Head at the spring time.”

(101) BIRD TAKEN FOR A MERMAID

“There is a bird to this day, and the Manx supposed it was a mermaid, and its shouts, ‘Howla,’ and is a sure sign there will be storm in a few hours. It’s like a drake, but far bigger, black back and white belly, and the bill of a duck, and its name is *errag woodar*, the English call it shag or cormorant.”

SAINT PATRICK

(102) SAINT PATRICK DRIVING MANNANAN FROM THE ISLAND

“St Patrick came on horseback; he took some fancy that there was land near, and broke the charm that Manannan Mac Lir had on the Island. At Peel Head the impress of his horse’s feet is to be seen yet. The first bird he heard (a whistling bird) was the *collyoo* (‘curlew’), and ever since nobody would find the bird’s nest in the Isle of Man.”

(103) MANNANAN DRIVING SAINT PATRICK FROM THE ISLAND

“An old man told me that Manannan drove away St Patrick from the Island, and chased him to Ireland, and overtook him in a place in the County Down, and killed

him with a blow, and said, 'Down Patrick!' and he fell there, and was buried there, and the town built in that place is called Down Patrick."

GIANTS

(104) GIANTS QUOITING STONES

"There is a square stone near the middle of the field, twenty ton weight, facing Ballacreggan, downside, and a stone at the Four Roads, at the blacksmith's, with a hole in the top. It is said to this stone and the hole, they tied their horses to, and it was a mark for a place of worship. Another stone, seven or eight feet high, top-like and upright, is in Ballacreggan, near up the breast of the place, and supposed to be a place of worship."

(105) GIANTS THROWING CONTEST

"There were three giants on South Barrule, and they tried who could throw farthest. The one threw one to the Four Roads (now taken up), the other to a field at Ballacreggan, and the third on Cronk Skibylt, and the one who threw it to the Skibylt threw it the farthest."

SCAANYN—GHOSTS

(106) ASKING THE GHOST WHAT IT SEEKS

"A spirit can never speak unless you speak unto him first. If you meet a spirit and are forced to speak to him you'll ask: 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what's you want of me?' He'll speak to you then, and tell you all you want."

(107) LOOSENING THE KNOTS ON THE GHOSTS SHROUD

"A man met a ghos'; there were knots at the ghos'; he wanted the knots loosened. The man who spoke to him could not get rid of him, or away, and he tried to loose it, but it became tighter, and he puts his hand in his pocket to pull out his knife to cut it. As soon as done, it dropped to the ground, and he had to loose it with his teeth. He was laid up for a long time."

(108) STOPPING THE GHOST FROM LEAVING THE GRAVE

“A blacksmith in Croit-y-Kaaby, Port St Mary, was asked to put a cross of iron on the grave to prevent the spirit from coming out, but it happened the ghos’ was out, and could not get in, and he was *corree* (‘angry’) at that, and shouted: ‘*Trog shoh*’—‘Lift that,’ and the man has never done any good afterwards.”

(109) GHOST COMING AT NIGHT

“Down at the big mill, at the Ennagh, there lived a man, and he told me the following (and I believe it to be true, because he was a good man, and is dead now): There was a young woman who was haunted by a man in the night leaning over her at her bed. To protect herself she got a young man to lie the floor-side of her. The ghost came, and the young man felt the weight of the ghost passing over him, and he was lying on his back, and gives the ghost a kick-up, and he got such a slap in the face that he could not see for along while. He tormented the girl for all that, that night.”

(110) MEETING A GHOST AT NIGHT

“There was a drunken man, and there was talk that some ghos’ was coming home. So another man dressed himself like a ghost to fricken the drunken fellow. So he stood at the churchyard gate, and when the drunken man came up, he looked at him and said: ‘There is two of us to-night.’ And the man that was for the ghos’ to him looked round, and there was another ghos’ standing behind him, and he fell and fainted.”

(III) GHOST OF A SAILOR

“At the ruined chapel in St Michael Island, Derbyhaven, many vessels have been wrecked. A man says, who lives at Castletown, he had seen a sailor, in ribbon and shoes, coming up from the shore about sunset, and seen him, times, go up the land.”

(112) GHOST AT ST MICHAELS ISLAND

“A ship was struck at St Michael Island, and a company of men engaged to hack it up, and the night, about twelve o’clock, they saw a white thing, like a human being standing at the chapel door, and he was groaning, so the men refused to carry any more timber up. The ship was *James Crossfield* of Liverpool, and forty hands drowned.”

(113) GHOST GUARDING THE LONE TRAVELLER

“It appears evident somewhere there has been somethings, at any rate, stalking along in the night. There’s a man in Port Erin who told me he wanted to go early to Douglas. When he was coming up the Round Table there was a pass coming up by the water from the bogs towards the Round Table. He told me that there was a man came up alongside him in a fine starry night, and spoke to him, and got no answer. He was telling the description. He wore a long, small, swallow-tail coat, a very high drum hat on; he spoke to him, no answer either. Well, he did not know what to make of it; he was not fearful, and they came along together up the Round Table, and when they got there this man took up one way and left him, and he went on his way. Two or three o’clock, sometime before, someone had been coming along the bogs and was attacked by something like a bull, and almost in danger of life, it appears. Clague, that’s the man, supposed that it was a man-spirit who had come to put him past the danger.”

CHARLES ROEDER ON MANX FOLKWAYS

- (1) CHARLES ROEDER (1892a): “Folklore,” *Yn Lioar Manninagh*, I, 289–92.

Notes on various folklore topics collected in 1883 from the north of the Island.

- (2) — (1892b): “Manx Folk-Lore, 1882 to 1885,” *Yn Lioar Manninagh*, I, 323–28.

Variety of notes chiefly concerning fairy beliefs and drawn from the north of the Island.

- (3) — (1897): “Contributions to the Folk Lore of the Isle of Man,” *Yn Lioar Manninagh*, III, 129–91.

An lengthy account drawn from one season’s collecting trip in the south of the Island. Includes, ‘Introduction,’ 128–30, ‘Dress,’ 130, ‘Food and Drink,’ 130–31, ‘Weddings,’ 131–32, ‘Burials,’ 132, ‘Lights,’ 132, ‘Dwellings,’ 132–33, ‘Time-Keeping,’ 134, ‘Surnames,’ 134, ‘Story-Telling: Skeeals and ‘Yarns,’ 134–35, ‘Manannan Mac Lir,’ 135–36, ‘Finn Mac Cooil,’ 136–37, ‘St Patrick,’ 137, ‘Glashtins,’ 137–39, ‘Bugganes,’ 139–43, ‘Phynnodderree,’ 143–44, ‘Fairies,’ 144–56, ‘Ghosts and Spirits,’ 157–59, ‘Mermaids and Mermen,’ 159–60, ‘Giants,’ 160, ‘Wild Hunters,’ 160–61, ‘Lhiannan Shee,’ 161–62, ‘Witches,’ 162–64, ‘[Giants],’ 164–65, ‘Animals,’ 165–66, ‘Wells and Well Worship,’ 166–67, ‘Signs and Customs,’ 167–68, ‘Charms,’ 168–73, ‘Fairy and Herb Doctors,’ 172, ‘Pet Names,’ 174, ‘Nursery Tales,’ 175–79, ‘Songs,’ 179, ‘Proverbs,’ 179, ‘Festivals,’ 180–91. Several miscellaneous headings missed.

- (4) — (1898a): “Manx Folklore,” *Isle of Man Examiner*, 10 December 1898, [2]b–c.

Also appeared the same date in the *Peel City Guardian*, see next entry. Reprinted as Roeder (1899b).

- (5) — (1898b): “Manx Folklore,” *Peel City Guardian*, 10 December 1898, [4]a–b.

- (6) — (1899a): “Manx Folklore,” 38–40 in Anon. (ed.), *Manx Tales. By Various Authors* (Douglas and Port St Mary: S.K. Broadbent)

- (7) — (1899b): “Other Folk Tales,” 49–56 in A.W. Moore (ed.), *Manx Folklore Collected by A.W. Moore* (Douglas & Port St Mary: S.K. Broadbent)

Reprint of Roeder (1898a) with changed title.

- (8) — (1901): “Manx Notes & Queries Nos 1–261 [Parts 1 to 87],” *Isle of Man Examiner*, between 21 September 1901–24 October 1903.

Charles Roeder’s column with a total of 261 separately numbered contributions appeared in 87 issues of the *Examiner*. The notes are overwhelmingly concerned with folklore and were drawn from the author’s own personal collecting and that of his various correspondents (largely, but not exclusively, from Edward Faragher at Cregneash). Collected together in Roeder (1904).

- (9) — (1904): *Manx Notes & Queries* (Douglas: S.K. Broadbent)

Collects together Roeder (1901).

- (10) — & Sophia Morrison (1905): *Manx Proverbs and Sayings* (Douglas: S.K. Broadbent)

- (11) — (1908): “The Late Edward Faragher, of Cregneish [Letter to the Editor],” *Isle of Man Examiner*, 20 June 1908, 8a.

Charles Roeder’s letter announced the death of Edward Faragher and contains an appreciation of his contribution to the recording of Manx folkways.

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