

Manx Notes 341 (2018)

“WAIF AND STRAY NOTES”

(1899)

MEETING THE BUGGANE AT NIGHT

[2g] My allusion to the “good old days” reminds me of the time when I used to sit in the jingle, or by the *chiollagh*, by the glowing turf fire, listening to legendary yarns, one of which was to the effect that “once upon a time “ a Dalby farmer was coming from Peel rather boozy—or “slewed”—having in his hand the coulter of a plough. It was at the witching hour of night, and his homeward path lay along Peel Hill. Suddenly he became aware that he was accompanied by a personage, accosting him by name who seized him by the hand. Fortunately, instead of the hand, the *phynnodderee* grasped the iron coulter, crushing it into a shapeless mass, at which the farmer exclaimed “*Hiarn vie, livrey shin!*” (“Good Lord deliver us!”) He had no sooner uttered the words that the *phynnodderee* took flight in the direction of Peel Castle, leaving the farmer to pursue his way home with his disfigured implement.

Pseud [signed as “Buggane”]. “Waif and Stray Notes.” *Manx Sun* 27 May 1899: 2f–g. The author is mistaken in the figure of the *phynnodderee*, the story is about meeting a *buggane*.

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