

“MADE MYSELF AT HOME IN THE FARMHOUSES AND OUT OF THE WAY DISTRICTS”

HENRY IRWIN JENKINSON AND MANX FOLKLORE
(1874)

“Sundry legends which are to be found in Waldron,” was the response of John Corlett, the chaplain of St Johns, Patrick parish, to Henry Jenner’s postal questionnaire to the clergy of the Isle of Man in 1874 and 1875 enquiring about the contemporary status of Manx Gaelic, as well as any knowledge they possessed of Insular vernacular culture.¹ Corlett was referring Jenner to George Waldron’s “A Description of the Isle of Man,” part of *The Compleat Works, in Verse and Prose, of George Waldron* published posthumously in 1731 in London,² more likely though to the recent edition edited by William Harrison for the Manx Society that had appeared in 1865.³ Writers of guidebooks to the Island responding to the developing visiting trade in the early nineteenth century regularly drew upon Waldron to fill out their passages on Manx folklore, such was the richness of the material available to them.⁴ It was Sir Walter Scott who had been responsible for a wider exposure of Waldron as he drew upon him in his *Peveiril of the Peak* (1822), a novel that was part-set in the Island and which used genuine characters and incidents from Manx history as part of its plot.⁵

However, by the 1860s, fatigue (for some) had set in as seen in William Peacock’s *Everybody’s New Guide ... to the Isle of Man* (1863): “I do not intend to occupy these pages with those worn-out legends, which have been printed year after year in the

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- ¹ Henry Jenner, *Information respecting the State of the Manx Language in the years 1874–5 obtained from the Clergy of the Diocese of Sodor & Man*, British Library, Add ms 29894, fol. 30. He later visited the Island in person resulting in Henry Jenner, “The Manx Language: Its Grammar, Literature, and Present State,” *Transactions of the Philological Society* 1875–76 (1877).
 - ² George Waldron, “A Description of the Isle of Man,” *The Compleat Works, in Verse and Prose, of George Waldron*, ed. Theodosia Waldron (s.l. [but London]: s.n. [“Printed for the Widow and Orphans”], 1731).
 - ³ William Harrison, ed., *A Description of the Isle of Man* (Douglas: Manx Society, 1865).
 - ⁴ For an example of the sales such guides could command, see the Introduction to *Jefferson’s Isle of Man New Guide* (1840): “The rapid sale of four editions of ‘Jefferson’s Guide through the Isle of Man,’ consisting of 10,000 impressions, is a convincing proof of the estimation in which this little work has been held by the public [...]” *Jefferson’s Isle of Man New Guide* (Douglas: G. Jefferson, 1840) iii.
 - ⁵ Walter Scott, *Peveiril of the Peak*, 4 vols. (Edinburgh: Printed for Archibald Constable & Hurst and Robinson, 1822).

Guide books, until the very mention of them becomes distasteful.”⁶ He further stressed, “[b]e pleased to observe that I have in this chapter, given *living* examples.”⁷ Henry Jenkinson in his *Practical Guide to the Isle of Man* (1874) wrote in his preface that he had strove “to make it in every way a practical book for the tourist; and with that object in view I have travelled on foot over every inch of ground, and made memoranda on the spot.”⁸ He later added that “I have associated as much as possible with the peasantry, all of whom were remarkably kind and hospitable, and have made myself at home in the farmhouses and out of the way districts.”⁹ This pair, though, were to be the proverbial exception to the rule and the numerous guidebooks and directories produced throughout the nineteenth century contain little, if any, direct observations of Manx folklore of any value. Jenkinson did reproduce material from Waldron, such was the expectation as he commented: “The home of the following story of a mermaid, which ends rather simply, is Port Erin; but as other guide writers have inserted it when speaking of Port Soderick, we suppose we must do likewise, or some readers might be disappointed.”¹⁰

Henry Irwin Jenkinson (1838–91), was the author of a number of guidebooks serving the burgeoning tourist trade in the nineteenth century, all of which went through numerous reprints and editions. His first guide covered the Lake District and appeared in 1872, published by Edward Stanford of London. The Isle of Man was next, published in 1874, and there were to be later guides to the Isle of Wight and North Wales, as well as a number of smaller ones. Whilst his *Practical Guide* is what it says it is, contained within its pages are numerous items of folklore, and these are extracted here. As ever, one wishes for more, and it is clear that Jenkinson had the ability to compile a work on Manx folklore, but here we need to settle for what we have.

STEPHEN MILLER RBV

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⁶ Chapter xiv, “Manx Belief in the Supernatural,” in William F. Peacock, *Everybody’s New Guide [...] to the Isle of Man* (Manchester: John Heywood, n.d. [but 1863]) 63.

⁷ Peacock, *Everybody’s New Guide [...] to the Isle of Man* 67. Emphasis as in original.

⁸ Henry Irwin Jenkinson, “Preface,” *Jenkinson’s Practical Guide to the Isle of Man* (London: Edward Stanford, 1874) iii.

⁹ Jenkinson, “Preface,” iii–iv.

¹⁰ Henry Irwin Jenkinson, *Jenkinson’s Practical Guide to the Isle of Man* (London: Edward Stanford, 1874) 44.

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JENKINSON'S PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE ISLE OF MAN

MANX FOLKLORE COLLECTED BY JENKINSON

THE "FAIRY BRIDGE" AT GLENCRUTCHERY

[22] A few yards from Bemhague the tourist will pass the Deemster's or Heywood's Bridge, so named owing to the late Deemster Heywood, who lived at Bemahague, having possessed land in the neighbourhood. This bridge is, however, often called Glencrutchery Bridge, from an adjoining estate of that name, and some people call it also the "Fairy Bridge." The small glen which it spans is named in some histories the "Harper's Glen."

BALDWIN

[36] Visitors with time at their disposal will do well to loiter about in this out-of-the-way district, and have a chat with some of the inhabitants. They will soon discover that they have entered a land replete with ghost and fairy tales, and that the people are exceedingly credulous, and believe implicitly in the existence of spirits and fairy elves, which disport themselves and play fantastic pranks on dark or moonlight nights.

HARM FOLLOWS AFTER LEVELLING A TREEN CHAPEL (I)

[36] We had gleaned, when in casual conversation with the landlord of the small inn close to St Trinian's church, that at Ballalough, near Baldwin, an old treen chapel

had lately been levelled to the ground by a farmer, and that the unseen spirits had revenged the sacrilege by the death of the farmer and his family. The narrator of this legend being evidently in earnest, and a firm believer of its truth, we were induced, being near the spot, to ascertain the origin of the story; and more especially were we stimulated by a hint the man had thrown out that there was a stone there which had some curious straight letters on it that no one could read. Thinking, that this might prove to be an ancient Runic [37] monument, we went in search up a lane on the left hand, a short distance before arriving at the Baldwin village.

THE THRASHING MACHINE BUILT WITH STONE FROM A TREEN CHAPEL (1)

[37] The person residing at the farm where we found the Runic stone is not a Manxman, and had not been there long. He maintained he was not a believer in ghost stories, but he could tell strange things connected with the thrashing machine, which he had seen with his own eyes. He also said that whilst living on the farm he had lost four head of cattle and three horses, and the neighbours all attributed it to the agency of the insulted spirits. He was now going to leave the farm, and everybody said that the owner of the land, who was coming to reside there himself, would also be a sufferer. On questioning him further respecting the thrashing machine, he said that originally a small windmill was erected for driving the machine, some portion of which was built of stones from the old chapel; but immediately it was set to work it went with tremendous fury, and shook the whole premises; the consequence was it had to be taken down. Since then the machine has been worked by horses, but it has been of little or no use, for it is constantly out of order, and when repaired and set to work again it immediately breaks. He further stated that it was at that moment in a useless, broken condition; [38] and the person who was coming to occupy the farm had requested him not to make the neighbours conversant with the state of the machine, as they would attribute it to the agency of the spirits.

THE THRASHING MACHINE BUILT WITH STONE FROM A TREEN CHAPEL (2)

[38] On arriving at Baldwin village, we entered into conversation with many of the inhabitants; they all told the same story, that the man who dared to level the graveyard soon died, as did his son; and the wife expired a lunatic; but, strange to say, those members of the family who were from home, and thus did not assist with the work, were still alive. It was also well known in the district that the thrashing machine would never work. These things one and all considered signal punishments for the act of desecration.

ROOFING TAKEN FROM THE TREEN CHAPEL LEADS TO UNEARTHLY NOISES

[38] The landlord of the public-house, in the Baldwin village was evidently a true believer. His grandfather had lived at the same farm when the ruins of the chapel

were standing, and his grandmother had found in a window of the ruin a stone ring, which the wife has now in her possession, and religiously treasures as a precious relic. We saw the ring; it is small, but smooth and well shaped. If an ancient wedding-ring, the lady who originally owned it has evidently had beautiful small fingers. The man said that once a portion of the roof of the chapel was removed to a farmhouse, but owing to unearthly noises it had to be taken back before it had been away a fortnight.

HARM FOLLOWS AFTER LEVELLING A TREEN CHAPEL (2)

[38] He told a similar history of the Camlork Treen chapel, the remains of which may be seen on the southern side of the [39] Race Course, close to the Baldwin road. It is now a circular mound of earth and stones, with a hollow in the centre, overgrown with gorse. Before the ground was inclosed for the races, the field in which the ruins stood was called "Chapel Field." The farmer who commenced levelling this chapel "took a pain in his arm, and had to stop work some days." Afterwards he continued his task, assisted by his wife and daughter; the consequence was the two latter died soon after, and the man became insane, and expired after living in that state some time. This story we found attested by dozens of people in the valley, and by others in Strang village, close to the Race Course.

STONE TAKEN FROM THE TREEN CHAPEL LEADS TO UNEARTHLY NOISES

[39] The landlord of the inn, continuing his chat, told of an old stone which was removed from the neighbouring Church of St Luke to a farmhouse; but it had to be taken back, as those who lived in the house could not sleep at nights for noises, sometimes resembling a calf bleating, and at other times like a cart of stones being upset. At one time it was placed on the earthen fence of an adjoining field, but the fence would never stand, and the stone had to be removed again to the church.

MEETING THE FAIRIES AT NIGHT

[39] Hearing that an old man residing at a farm some distance farther up the valley, near Injebreck, had seen the fairies with his own eyes, we went in search of him, and found the old gentleman in a field close to his house. He was hale and hearty, and soon showed that he was one who believed implicitly in the existence of fairies. he said that when a lad, he and a companion were travelling one fine moonlight night in the East Baldwin valley, and hearing something in a gill they stopped, and on looking up saw little creatures like small dogs, with red caps, running about. On asking him if he and his companion both saw the same sight, and if they were not afraid, he replied that the other youth, who is now dead, saw exactly the same, and they were not terrified, knowing that if the fairies were not disturbed, they would not hurt them.

FAIRIES TRY TO STEAL THE CHILD FROM THE HARVEST FIELD

[40] On another occasion the man had heard the fairies shouting, and a child crying on the East Baldwin hills. Knowing that one of the old Manx superstitions is that infants are often changed in their cradles by the fairies, we supposed this would have reference to some such story; but the man said he never heard more of it. However, he at once told of a woman, who, during harvest, was in a field helping her husband to stook the corn, when she heard her child crying. She had previously placed it behind one of the stooks, and when she arrived at the spot it was missing, and another child in its place, it having been exchanged by the fairies. Soon afterwards, hearing this child cry, she began to run to it; but her husband, knowing it was not the voice of their own child, held the woman back, and would not let her go until the cry had ceased. She then went and found her own child. The fairies having heard their child in distress, and seeing it uncared for, had taken it away and left the woman her own.

THE DOONEY-OIE

[40] The Night-man, or *doinney-oie*, is also a strange character well known to Manxmen. Before the approach of a storm he is often heard on the mountains giving a dismal shout of howlaa! howlaa! howlaa! The old gentleman, continuing his chat, said he heard the Night-man shouting close to him one night at eleven o'clock in West Baldwin, when he was going home, and being questioned by us he maintained that at the time he was perfectly sober. Another person, the shoemaker in Baldwin village, told us, in all seriousness, that he and some companions once heard the Night-man, and one of the party turned round and shouted some insulting expression. Quickly they were saluted by a shower of stones, and on gaining a house there was a regular tumult, and even the cattle broke loose and bellowed as if in great fear.

TALES AND LEGENDS WIDELY KNOWN AND TAKEN AS TRUE

[40] These narratives may seem childish, but we found that they are well known, and credited by many.

WHY THE MANX BELIEVE IN TALES AND LEGENDS (I)

[40] Perhaps the belief in the calamities resulting from the levelling of the treen chapels is only carrying to an extreme a veneration for the dead which exists among all races. It would be curious to trace the origin of the traditions peculiar to the Manx people. All men are more or less addicted to superstition; with some it is active and obvious to all; with others it is latent, and its existence hardly known, and some times ignored. But there it is, and it may have its source in the mystery connected with our very existence, and with an uncertain future, and the undiscovered country

“from whose [41] bourne no traveller returns.” Do our friends who have departed this life still live as unseen spirits amongst us, and take an active interest in our affairs? These are questions which occur to most minds, and are perhaps the origin of the belief in ghosts and fairies.

WHY THE MANX BELIEVE IN TALES AND LEGENDS (2)

[41] Probably we may attribute much of their tradition, which in so many instances borders on the marvellous, to the existence all over the Isle of Man of ancient rude monuments resembling the graves of a race of giants; and to the mystery connected with these relics, and the early history of the island. If the Manx had their giants, represented by Mannanan MacLear, the Greeks, too, had their Cyclops, and the Persians, Irish, Scotch, and other nations had similar wonderful engineers of antique monuments.

Much of the superstition of the Manxman may be accounted, for if we recollect that he dwells on an island surrounded by a tempestuous ocean, across the broad expanse of which he may discern, through the haze, the four neighbouring coasts. It has been said, and it is true in more senses than one, that “distance lends enchantment to the view”; and he would naturally enough people those far-off lands with an imaginary race, more especially when tradition would hand down that from those countries arrived people who conquered and took possession of his island home.

By nature he is of a highly poetic and romantic disposition, and he dwells amid rocks of the most fantastic shapes, among which the murmurs and sighings of the summer breeze need but little stretch of the fancy to be transformed into the song of the siren or the mermaid.

NORA CAIN AND THE ENCHANTED ISLAND

[45] According to tradition, there is an enchanted island near Port Soderick, which a mighty magician, who, for some insult he had received from the people living upon it, cast his spell over it, and submerged it to the bottom of the ocean, transforming the inhabitants into blocks of granite. It was permitted them, once in seven years, to rise to the surface for the short space of thirty minutes, during which time the enchantment might be broken if any person had the boldness to place a Bible on any part of the enchanted land when at its original altitude above the waters of the deep. On one occasion, about the end of September, on a fine moonlight night, a young woman, named Nora Cain, was sauntering along the little bay in sweet converse with her lover, when she observed something in the distance which continued to increase in size. It struck her to be none other than the enchanted isle she so often had heard of. It continued gradually rising above the surface of the water, when, suddenly disentangling herself from the arm of her lover, hastened home with all the speed she could, and rushed into the cottage, crying out, breathless with her haste, “The Bible,

the Bible, the Bible!” to the utter amazement of the inmates, who could not at the moment imagine what had possessed her. After explaining what she had seen, she seized hold of the coveted volume and hastened back to the beach, but, alas! only just in time to see the last portion of the enchanted isle subside once more to its destined fate of another seven years’ submersion. From that night poor Nora gradually pined away, and was soon after followed to her grave by her disconsolate lover. It is said that no person has since had the hardihood to make a similar attempt, lest, in case of failure, the enchanter in revenge might cast his club over Mona also.

THE PHYNNODDEREE AND THE ROUND MEADOW (1)

[50] The scene of another legend, “*The Phynnodderee*,” which may be placed in the same category as the preceding, is laid about a mile from St Trinian’s church, in a field called *Yn Cheance Rhunt*, or the ‘Round Meadow.’ Some say the Round Meadow is close to St Trinian’s church, on the opposite side of the road.

THE PHYNNODDEREE

Account on pp. 51–52 a clear paraphrasing from Train (1845).

FOLKLORE RECOUNTED BY THE LANDLORD OF THE HIGHLANDER INN

[53] If the stranger enter the small inn close to the church, and hold a gossip with the landlord, he will hear some strange ghost and fairy stories; and happily for the listener the old man is a firm believer in their truth. He is certainly a fit resident for a spot so haunted.

HARM COMES FROM REMOVING A STONE FROM ST TRINIANS (1)

[53] It is interesting to notice his serious manner when he is relating how, at one time, a young man, a stonemason, who was lodging at his house, having removed a stone from St Trinian’s church, and inserted it into the wall of a neighbouring outbuilding, became suddenly ill, with his body covered all over with sores, and remained in that state for many months. At last the cause of the young man’s illness was discovered; the stone was taken back to die church, and the result was a speedy recovery, and a return of health and strength.

HARM COMES FROM REMOVING A STONE FROM ST TRINIANS (2)

[53] He will also tell of a boy who resided at a mansion at the foot of Greeba, who gradually pined away, and for a long time no one could discover the cause. At last it became known that the boy had once taken a small stone from the church when in sport with his companions. Search was [54] made for the stone; it could not be found, and the youth died.

“MAY A STONE OF THE CHURCH BE FOUND IN A COMER OF THY DWELLING”

[54] These stories serve to show with what veneration the natives look on their religions relics, and enable us to understand the force of the following curse handed down by their ancestors: “May a stone of the church be found in a comer of thy dwelling.”

KEEILS—REFLECTIONS ON FOLKLORE

[54] A solitary tumulated ruin remaining for years undisturbed in a field, merely because it is called a Keeil, is a striking instance of the veneration with which the Manx regard such things. A veneration for ante-historic superstitions is a certain indication that an element of religion and the fear of God is powerfully implanted in the mind, either for good or for evil, and inspires a man with a conviction that he is designed for higher ends than he is able to comprehend. This Principle, which everyone possesses, more or less, when well cultivated elevates the moral condition of man; but without education, produces grovelling superstition and obstinate bigotry, often of the most destructive kind.

THE PHYNNODDEREE AND THE ROUND MEADOW (2)

[54] When 6½ miles from Douglas, a smithy will be observed on the wayside, opposite to which a road crosses the valley, and leads in the direction of Ballacurry glen. On the right-hand side of this road, and about a hundred yards from the smithy, is the “Round Meadow,” previously referred to as the field where the *Phynnodderree* mowed the grass.

THE GIANT’S GRAVE AT TYNWALD

[59] Numerous remains have at various times been found in the neighbouring fields, supposed to have been those killed in the various conflicts. In 1847, when widening the road at the west end of the Tynwald Mount, a tomb was discovered, consisting of four upright stones with a large stone above. It is called the Giant’s Grave, in which there was nothing except a little black mould; but 50 yards distant another was found, containing a battle-axe, stirrup, and beads of various colours, shapes, and sizes.

THE LOST WIFE OF BALLALEECE

[60] When over the bridge, the Ballaleece farmhouse will be observed on the right hand. It is the scene of a fairy legend, related to us by three or four persons residing in different parts of the island. It appears the fairies came and stole away the farmer’s wife. After some time, the man took to himself a second partner, and then the first paid him a visit, in company with a troop of sister fairies, riding on small horses. She

arranged with the husband that they should come again at a stated time, when she would be on the second horse, and he was therefore to seize hold of the bridle and detain her; but it was stipulated that he should not succeed in doing so, unless he swept the barn floor so clean that there was not left a single bit of straw. The man made everything in readiness for the meeting, but in the meantime told the secret to his second wife, and she, through jealousy, and in order to circumvent her rival, placed a single straw secretly under a bushel on the barn floor. The result was, that when the fairies came, the farmer seized hold of the second horse by the bridle, as prearranged, but could not detain it, and away went all the troop; not, however, according to one or two relaters of the story, without doing a dark deed, by murdering their unsuccessful sister, for blood was discovered next morning on the threshold of the barn.

THE ROUND MEADOW (3)

[64] The "Round Meadow," or *Yn Cheance Rhunt*, where the reprobate fairy, the *Phynnodderee*, formerly played his wicked pranks, is situated about 80 yards on the right-hand side of the railway, close to the Ballacurry stream, on the south-west side, and about one mile from St Trinian's church.

ST PATRICK'S CHAIR

[66] [B]ut most persons will desire to see "St Patrick's Chair" which stands ½ mile off, and is reached by continuing along the road beyond the church for some distance, and then turning up a lane on the right. It is discovered in the third field on the left, called *Magher-y-Chiarn* or the Field of the Lord. It consists of a few upright stones, on a stone platform, forming a seat. Two upright stones have crosses carved on them facing to the west. The chair, in which St Patrick is traditionally said to have sat to bless the people, stands in a commanding position, allowing a prospect which embraces a wide extent of undulating country, through which flows the river Dhoo, with the heights of Slieu Chiarn and Mount Murray on the right, and on the left Greeba, Golden, Carraghan, Pen-y-Pot, and the Cairn.

FOLKLORE RECOUNTED AT LITTLE LONDON

[70] At the hamlet of Little London may be heard strange fairy [71] tales, and an account of manners and customs of the Manx country people which are only just dying out, but which seem to carry us back to antediluvian times; and, curious to note, they are related by some elderly resident farmers of the name of Cain. An old gentleman of that name told us he well remembers the time (some fifty years ago) when to one plough, which was made of wood, with the exception of a small piece of iron for the sock, they used to yoke two oxen and three horses, attended by three men; one man holding the handles, one sitting on the plough to keep it in or lift it

out of the ground, and one leading the horses. The harness was made of straw and old stockings. In the harrows, instead of iron, they used pins made of the stems of gorse. They had no carts, and carried all their lime and manure in cradles made of twisted straw, which were fastened to a piece of wood and then placed on the horse, one cradle thus being on each side. Our readers may find it difficult to credit these statements, but we can assure them they are quite correct and free from exaggeration, for we heard the truth of them attested in many other parts of the island.

THE GIANT'S GAVE AT KEW HILL

[72] Those who desire to drive from Glen Helen to Peel must turn to the right before crossing the river. The distance is about 4 miles. Pedestrians going to Peel may, by taking a shorter but rather out of the way course, visit a remarkable grave, called the Giant's Grave, situated on the Kew hill, near Rock Mount, the residence of William Harrison, Esq. Though little known, it is perhaps the largest and most perfect ancient tomb to be met with on the island.

THE FAIRY BRIDGE AT BALLALONA

[74] The small stream is now crossed which enters the sea in the Greenwich bay, and presently the road runs over the railway, and crosses the river Santon Burn at the Ballalona, or Fairy Bridge, a spot where tradition has rendered sacred to the revels of the fairy elves, those tiny mischievous people who play so important a part in the domestic life of the [75] Manxman.

THE FAIRIES ALSO KNOWN AS THE "GOOD PEOPLE"

[75] There are still living hundreds of persons on the island who firmly believe that they have seen the "good people," but the superstition is fast dying out and succumbing to the ridicule and scepticism of the rising generation. Now the railways are being made, and the land is being overrun every summer by tourists, the last haunts of the fairies will be invaded, and those interesting little folks will have to betake themselves to some more congenial sphere.

LEAVING CLEAN WATER AND FOOD OUT FOR THE FAIRIES AT NIGHT (I)

[75] A very respectable farmer's wife told us that she was a girl her mother and family seldom retired to rest without first seeing that water was in the house, in the crock, ready for the fairies, and a thin cake broken and spread on the table for them. One night her mother could not sleep, being disturbed by disagreeable noises; but remembering she had forgotten to leave the cake, she went down stairs and threw it on the table, saying at the same time, "There, eat that;" and when she returned to bed she fell asleep in the happy consciousness that her nocturnal visitors were then satisfied.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE FAIRIES

[75] She always maintained she had once actually seen the fairies, and described them as young girls, with scaly, fish-like hands and blue dresses.

LEAVING CLEAN WATER AND FOOD OUT FOR THE FAIRIES AT NIGHT (2)

[75] The custom here described of leaving water and bread for the fairies, was common over the whole of the hilly part of the island until within the last few years.

TALES AND LEGENDS RECOUNTED HERE VERBATIM

[75] We prefer giving these stories as they were told to us, and with out exaggeration, in order that our readers may obtain a just insight into the actual workings of this curious phase of credulity.

THE FAIRY WELL AT THE CROGGA

[75] One and a half miles farther the Crogga stream is passed, close by the railway, and a pretty peep had down the tiny glen to the northern portion of the bay of Port Soderick and the rocky promontory of Little Ness. In the glen, behind a stone quarry, and 20 yards on the right of the railway, is the Fairy Well, a small and rustic but neglected grotto, with water trickling down it, which must have been in former [76] times a most suitable place for elfin games. To this spot the natives used to resort to drink the water, and it was the custom to leave a small piece of silver, or some such articles as pin and buttons, as a payment to the fairies. there are people still living who remember the observance of this custom.

THE GIANT'S GRAVE AT BALLAKELLY

[76] A mile from the Crogga stream there will be observed, in a field to the right, on the Ballakelly farm, a dozen large upright stones which are placed rather irregularly. They appear to form a grave some 10 yards long and 3 or 4 yards wide. The stones are unhewn, and 3 or 4 feet high, placed almost due east and west; but what now appears to be the head is to the west. The natives call it a Giant's Grave, and in one stone is a number of round holes about ½ inch deep, which they say were made by the giants with their fingers when the stones were being brought to the spot. It is scarcely to be wondered at that ignorant, superstitious people should look with awe on these wonderful monuments of an unknown past, which are perhaps more plentiful in Man than in so limited an area in any other part of the world.

THE FAIRY HILL AT CRONK MOOAR

[80] A mound in the fields on the right hand is called Cronk Mooar, and sometimes Fairy Hill, as being traditionally the favourite resort of those elfin people—the natives supposing that the interior of the hill was formerly the palace of the fairy

king. It is 450 feet in circumference, and 40 feet high, and at the base are the remains of a wide ditch. On the summit there is an area upwards of 21 feet in diameter, surrounded by elevated edges, in the form of a parapet, 5 feet high.

ST CATHARINE'S WELL AT PORT ERIN

[81] On the sands, close to a row of cottages, is St Catharine's Well, which is kept in excellent order. In former times it was much frequented, and like those at Douglas Nunnery, Maughold Head, Peel Hill, and other places, was held in much reverence, and considered to be endowed with many good properties.

THE GIANTS' QUOITING-STONES

[87] Half a mile farther, at the Ballacreggan farm, a road on die left conducts to Castletown, and one on the right ascends to Craignais, and near to the "Chasms." In a field in front of the farmhouse will be observed erected a large slab, 10 feet high, and another is perched on the breast of the adjoining hill, called Cronk Skibbylt. They are known as the Giants' Quoiting-stones, the tradition being that two giants tossed them thither in their games on the top of the Mull Hills. They may, however, have marked the situation of graves, as many ancient burial-places have been discovered in the neighbourhood.

THE FAIRY WELL AT THE CROGGA

[88] The line now runs through the Crogga glen, a narrow and prettily-wooded glen, in which, on the right hand, about 20 yards distant, is the Fairy Well, much frequented by the natives in former times. This was a favourite haunt of the [89] fairies, but as they love quiet and seclusion we suppose they will have been disturbed by the late desecration, and have had to remove to some more favoured nook.

THE FAIRY BRIDGE AT BALLALONA

[89] After leaving Santon station, the line winds and passes the Santon Burn stream, a short distance above Ballalona or Fairy Bridge; [...].

CRONK MOOAR: THE "FAIRY HILL"

[89] During the next mile the Rushen parish church, and a small mound called Cronk Mooar, and some times Fairy Hill are seen on the right, and then Port Erin is entered.

THE PHYNNODDEREE

[91] If the traveller remember that he is approaching the neighbourhood of Glen Rushen, famed in days of yore for being the favourite haunt of the *Phynnodderee*, he will hardly be surprised to discover, should he converse with some of the inhabitants

residing hereabouts, that they have many stories, both respecting that wonderful mythical character, and the more dwarfish, but not less important people, the fairies. At Baldwin we had often been informed that the *Phynnodderee* used to thrash the corn and gather the sheep for the owners of the Lanjaghan farm, situated between Baldwin and Onchan, and even at the present day, when anyone is quarrelling and having high words with those residing on that farm, they taunt them with being connected with the "hairy one." Afterwards, in other districts, we found it very generally stated that the same work had also been done for the people residing at the Gordon farm, situated close to the road on the right-hand side between St Patrick's church and Glen Meay, and about a mile distant from the church. As we were now passing the place we made inquiries and found the story well known. If the corm were unbound and placed in the barn and the flails hung upon the nails ready for use, the *Phynnodderee* would come at nightfall and thrash all the corn before the following morning. When a storm was approaching, the *Phynnodderee* would gather the sheep from the mountains, and bring them home. Once however, amongst the sheep there was a hare, and on being questioned respecting it he said it was a *loaghtyn* yearling, and the dogs having been unable to catch it, he himself had to chase it round Slieu Whallin three times. In Baldwin we had the same story, but with this difference, Snaefell was substituted for Slieu Whallin. Perhaps the *Phynnodderee* was excusable for mistaking the hare for a lamb, as the native Manx sheep, the *loaghtyns*, are remarkably small. They are now fast disappearing, and being replaced by a larger and more mixed breed.

As an instance of the strength of the satyr, it was stated he met the blacksmith one night as he was going from the shop, and on accosting him and requesting to shake hands, the blacksmith gave him hold of the iron sock of a plough which he happened to have with him, and the strange visitor instantly squeezed it just as though it were a piece of clay.

THE FAIRIES AND FOOD

[91] The fairies often come into the neighbourhood; and late [92] one night, when two brothers were returning home, they saw through the window the unwelcome visitors in the kitchen eating the crowdy which had been left for their suppers. When the fairies had eaten the whole they spat on the empty plates, and instantly the suppers reappeared. One young man afterwards ate his meal, but the other objected; the consequence was, the former took no harm, but the latter died next day.

THE FAIRIES ATTEMPT TO ABDUCT A NEW BORN CHILD

[92] Another person, a fisherman, who maintained that he had only a slight belief in the existence of ghosts and fairies, told us that his mother, who was a very pious person, and would on no account tell an untruth, was accustomed to relate that when a young woman, she went to sleep with an aunt, who had recently been

confined, and whose husband was absent at sea. During the night she was lying awake, and saw something like the form of a human being enter the room. Her aunt immediately became uneasy, and exclaimed, "The Lord bless us," and then awoke, and said that something had wanted to tear the child out of her arms.

DALBY

[93] At Dalby village is a schoolhouse serving as a chapel of ease in St Patrick's parish. There is no inn, but the tourist can put up his horses at a farmhouse, where he will see "rumpy" cats and "rumpy" poultry, taste barley bread, observe the lady of the house spinning the wool shorn from the sheep bred on the farm, and hear the Manx language spoken in all its purity. It is a curious fact and worthy of note, that around Glen Meay and Dalby we also found there were "rumpy" dogs and "rumpy" pigs. We had previously heard [94] there were still on the island, but had been rather sceptical; however, now our doubt was converted into a certainty.

THE BURYING-PLACE OF THE OLD KINGS OF MAN

[94] A few yards from Dalby village a branch road to the right leads down into the glen, designated Dalby Lhag, and then makes a steep rugged ascent up the Carran hill, and along to the breast of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, leaving a hollow called Lhag-ny-Keeilley some distance on the right, close to the sea at the foot of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, where are the ruins of a treen chapel, said to be the burying-place of the old Kings of Man. This burial-ground is in a most romantic situation, and it is difficult to find without the aid of a neighbouring peasant.

GODDARD CROVAN'S STONE

[96] After descending about a mile in the direction of Castle-t town a road turns off on the left to St Mark's. Entering this the tourist will see boulders of granite strewn on every hand, which appear to have come from their parent source, the granite hill on the left, and he will perhaps recall to mind the story told of Goddard Crovan's Stone, a famous granite boulder, weighing between 20 and 30 tons, which formerly stood in a field near to St Mark's, but has recently been broken to pieces, and part of it built into the parsonage. The legend is that Goddard lived with his termagant wife in a great castle on the top of South Barrule. Unable to endure the violence of her tongue he at length unceremoniously turned her out of doors. After descending the mountain some distance, imagining herself out of his reach, she turned round and began to rate him so roundly at the full pitch of [97] her voice, that in a rage he seized on this huge granite block, and hurling it with all his might, killed her on the spot.

LACK OF RESPECT FOR THE ANTIQUITIES OF THE ISLAND

[103] The popular belief is that it is the burial place of King Orry (the founder of the Norwegian dynasty on the island, and the originator of the House of Keys), the most noted personage in Manx history. Such being the traditionary account of the place, it argues little for the conservative feeling with which the Manx people are said to be so strongly imbued, when they leave a spot, around which centre so many associations, utterly uncared for, and at the mercy of the neighbouring villagers or any passing traveller. But this is no solitary [104] instance, for the writer met with similar neglect in many other parts of the island. Almost within sight of this spot are two notable instances, the old parish church of Lonan, previously noticed, and the antiquities at Maughold Head. At the latter place, one of the most sacred spots on the whole island, many of the stone crosses, old Norwegian swords, and other mementoes which have made Kirk Maughold so famous in Manx history, have been broken to pieces, taken away, built and covered in the walls of cottages, or stowed in barns, utterly regardless of their historical and antiquarian value. Fortunately the present Vicar is interesting himself in the preservation of the relics. Whilst referring to this subject we cannot refrain from dwelling upon the unpardonable neglect evinced in this respect by all classes of Manxmen, a neglect which will be apparent to every reader when they learn that there does not exist a single museum on the island, although few people possess more precious relics suitable for such a collection. If they are alive to the benefit of such an institution it behoves them to establish it at once, for owing to the great number of visitors resorting to the island, the increasing value of such relics, and the constant reclamation of waste lands, perhaps more damage is now done to antiquities in one year than during a century previously. Those who take little notice of such matters would throw off their lethargy, and give a helping hand, if they were made aware that that neglect will eventually recoil on themselves and injuriously affect their pockets, by depriving the island of those antiquities and historical places which are so interesting to many visitors.

THE FAIRIES DRIVEN AWAY FROM GLEN DRINK

[105] On the right hand, close below, is the Agnaish stream, and near to a building connected with the mine a small glen is observed, called Glen Drink, which the inhabitants say was formerly a favourite resort of the fairies. About fifty years [106] a Primitive Methodist minister began to hold a service every other Sunday in a private house in the glen, and at this the fairies, not admiring Dissent, appear to have taken umbrage, for they then departed, and have not since revisited the neighbourhood.

THE FAIRIES TAKE THEIR LEAVE

[106] We suppose their flitting would resemble that made by a troop of the little folk in another part of the island, and which is thus described:

“Early one spring morning, being employed in household duties, there came floating on the air a low murmuring wailing noise. When going to the door to see what occasioned it, behold there were multitudes of the good people passing over the stepping stones in the river, and wending their way up the side of the hill until they were lost in the mist that then enveloped the top of the mountain. They were dressed chiefly in Loaghtyn, with little pointed red caps, and most of them were employed in bearing on their shoulders articles of domestic use, such as kettles, pots, pans, the spinning-wheel, and such like, evidently having ben disturbed, and seeking fresh and more quiet quarters.”

THE APPEARANCE OF THE FAIRIES

[106] The old couple residing at the farm are firm believers in fairies, and can tell some funny stories. The woman once saw two of the little people, like little boys, dressed in red trousers and blue coats; [...].

THE PHYNNODDEREE OF LANJAGHAN

[120] The Lanjaghan farmhouse, which is seen some distance on the left, up the hill-side, is the place where the wonderful *Phynnodderree* used to thrash the corn, and bring home the sheep from the mountains on the approach of a storm; and the occupants of that and the neighbouring farms can tell many strange stories of this creature of the Manx imagination.

BEN-VEG-CARRAGHAN: THE LITTLE WOMAN OF CARRAGHAN

[128] The stranger must hasten from the summit of Carraghan before dark, or he may happen to meet with the ghost of *Ben-veg-Carraghan*, the “Little Woman of Carraghan,” who, until within the last few years, is said to have haunted this mountain. Many of the inhabitants of the adjoining village of Baldwin firmly believe in her existence, and we were much interested when the story was told us, with an air of earnest simplicity, by a man who never for a moment doubted its truth.

In former times there were people who made a living by going from house to house to work with their spinning-wheel, receiving in payment board and lodging, and a shilling per week. Between one and two o'clock in the afternoon the inhabitants of Baldwin had often seen a young woman sitting on the side of the Carraghan mountain, with her wheel on her shoulder, and resting her head on her arm, as if in great trouble. No one could account for the apparition, but it came to be generally considered that a young woman from Maughold Head had been walking over the mountains on her way to spin in the Baldwin valley, and had been murdered on Carraghan. A few years ago the uncle of the person who told us the tale, was returning home, about two o'clock one afternoon, when he saw the woman on her favourite haunt. He determined to endeavour to solve the mystery, and

started in pursuit with some dogs, and sent three other persons, one on each side and one to the top of the mountain. The woman, being thus surrounded, made many ineffectual attempts to escape, and at last came close to one of the men and the dogs. The latter could not be persuaded to touch her, but seemed in great trouble, and *shed tears*. When she had previously been seen it had been noticed that on reaching [129] a small gill she immediately vanished, and she now managed at last to gain that spot and disappeared, and has never since been seen by any of the inhabitants of the neighbouring valleys; but some one in the north of the island afterwards affirmed that at the same day and hour they had observed her hastening over North Barrule, in the direction of Maughold Head. The man who had been with the dogs, and close to the woman, at once fell ill, and was not able to do any work for more than six months afterwards.

SLIEAU WHALLIAN: A SITE OF WITCHCRAFT EXECUTIONS

[129] Slieu Whallin is said to be haunted by the spirit of a murdered witch, who every night joins her lamentations to the howling winds. This woman was put into a barrel, with sharp iron spikes inserted round the interior, pointing inwards, and thus, by the weight of herself and the apparatus allowed to roll from the top of the hill to the bottom; and many other persons of both sexes suffered here in a similar manner.

THE THORN-TREE AND THE SPRING: THE MAN UNJUSTLY PUT TO DEATH

[129] It is said that a man who was accused of murder, and condemned to suffer death on this hill [*ie*, Slieu Whallian], pleaded his innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and told his accusers that if he was not guilty, a thorn-tree would grow at his head where he was buried, and that a well or spring of water would be found at his feet, which well and thorn-tree are said to be seen to this day. And, moreover, he warned his persecutors, that as sure as he suffered wrongfully, he would continue to frequent and trouble the locality so long as grass continued to [130] grow, or water to flow; and being faithful to his word, he continued to annoy and terrify the neighbourhood in succeeding ages.

THE EXECUTION OF ILLIAM DHONE

[142] It has been said that blankets were spread on the green under his feet, that not a drop of blood should be spit when he fell; others again assert that not a drop of Christian's blood issued from his wounds when he fell.

THE CITY AT LANGNESS NOW LOST UNDER THE WAVES

[147] There is a tradition regarding the existence in former ages of a splendid city at Langness, which is supposed to be still sometimes seen from the hills, raising its gilded turrets and bristling battlements above the surface of the waves.

THE GIANT'S QUOITING STONES

[149] A large upright stone is observed in a field on the right hand, and another on the hill-side behind the Ballacreggan farm. They are designated the Giant's Quoiting Stones, and are said to have been thrown by a giant from the neighbouring heights.

CREGNEASH

[151] Craignaish is generally considered one of the most primitive spots on the island. It consists of two farms, the houses of a shoemaker and joiner, and nine fishermen's cottages.

STORIES AT CREGNEASH OF THE GLASHTIN AND THE TARROO-USHTEY

[151] At Craignaish the visitor may glean strange stories connected with the *Glashtin* or water-horse, and the *Taroo-Ushtey* or water-bull, two amphibious creatures which occupy a prominent position in the superstitious mind of the Manxman.

THE GLASHTIN SPOTTED AT BALLURE AND GLEN MEAY

[152] The wife of a respectable farmer in Ramsey told us, that fifteen years ago a person brought news into Ramsey one Sunday afternoon that the Glashtin had been seen in a field near the Ballure Glen, and immediately my informant and hundreds of the inhabitants left the town to catch a sight of the creature, but they were doomed to disappointment. The people around Glen Meay believe that the glen below the waterfall is haunted by the spirit of a man who one day met the Glashtin, and thinking it was an ordinary horse, got upon its back, when it fled to the beach, disappeared in the ocean, and the rider was drowned. These, and similar tales, which may be heard in every part of the island, seem to show that in the mind of the Manxman the Glashtin and Tarroo-Ushtey are absolutely real, and not mythical creatures.

THE STONE CIRCLE AT CREGNEASH

[152] Five hundred yards from Craignaish, in the direction of Port Erin, is a circle of stones, 15 yards in diameter. It is unlike any other stone circle we have met with, in this respect, that, instead of one, there are two rows of upright stones in the circle, about a yard apart; and these are divided into a number of oblongs, resembling graves, by stones placed about 8 feet apart. We have heard it suggested that the circle was the spot where justice was administered, and in each of these divisions sat one of the judges or jury.

THE FAIRY HOLE AT THE CHASMS

[154] The rock called the Sugar Loaf, which is detached from the cliffs, and rises picturesquely from the breakers to a height of 150 feet, is now reached, and if the sea

be tolerably calm the boat may be taken through the narrow channel; or a highly romantic voyage may be had through an adjoining water-worn cave, called Fairy Hole, entering at the opening which the natives call the front-door, and emerging from the cavern by the back-door into the Bay of Stacka. Here, if the stranger choose, he may land, and climb the cliffs to the Chasms directly above.

GIANTS' HANDWRITING AT SPANISH HEAD

[155] Spanish Head joins Black Head, and the name will remind the visitor that according to tradition this bluff headland proved disastrous to a part of the Spanish Armada. The men in the boat will also point out some markings on the cliffs, which are no doubt natural, but present the appearance of human workmanship. They are like Roman numerals, and we are asked to believe they were made by giants, whom tradition places among the early inhabitants of the Isle of Man.

THE SILVER CUP STOLEN FROM THE FAIRIES

[161] One and a half miles from the town the parish church of Malew is passed, and those who are conversant with the history of the island will probably enter the building expecting to see a cup which Waldron tells us was given to the church by a person who had received it from the fairies. The cup has disappeared, and the vicar gives it as his opinion that its existence at any time is as incredible as the origin assigned to it. [...] [162] Although this cup cannot be found, there are preserved within the church some relics which were evidently in use prior to the Reformation.

THE STORY BEHIND HAMILTON'S BRIDGE

[163] The road runs close to the lead mines and through the straggling village of Foxdale, which is occupied principally by a mining population. The spire of St John's church is a pretty object in front, but, some distance before it is reached, the Hamilton Waterfall and bridge are passed. The fall is not so beautiful as it was a few years ago, owing to the rock over which the water flows having been used as a quarry.

The natives tell a strange story about a Mr Hamilton, who is said to have built the bridge now called after him. Before his birth his mother was thought to be dead, and was buried. At night some men went to the grave to steal the rings from her fingers, when she was found to be alive. Afterwards she had twins—two sons—one of whom was the builder of this bridge. This story is known to hundreds on the island.

“THE GIANT'S GRAVE”—ST PATRICK AND THE GIANT

[171] In one place under the walls is a mound called “The Giant's Grave.” Tradition states that this giant lived in the days of St Patrick, and that by his strength and ferocity he became the terror of the island. He had three legs, and deemed it a mere trifle to leap the gorge between [172] Peel castle and Peel hill. It is stated that for

amusement he seized a large block of stone, weighing several tons, and threw it against one of the opposite hills, where it broke into pieces, and where it is still visible from the castle. In the stone are pointed out the very marks of the giant's fingers which he crushed into it when he tossed it from his hand. At last, for his wicked deeds he was reprimanded by St Patrick, whereupon he attempted to kill the saint. For this act he was cursed in the name of the Virgin, and compelled to fly from the island. The legend states that he vanished at one stride over Peel hill, and was never since beheld in Man. The stones referred to are of white quartz, and are situated on the Lhergydhoo hill, in the parish of German, on the way to Kirk Michael.

ST PATRICK'S WELL ON PEEL HILL

[172] On the hill is the far-famed Well of St Patrick, now generally known as the Silver Well, and so called from an [173] ancient custom of the inhabitants, who there deposited a small piece of silver as an offering; we suppose in ancient times to St Patrick, and in later times to the fairies.

It is said to be the spot where St Patrick first planted the sign of the cross, and at the instant water issued spontaneously out of the rock, and has since continued to flow, endowed with every good to those who come to test its properties. [...]

The place is reached by following a tramway for about A mile. Just before arriving at an old unoccupied building, near a stone quarry, the well is seen close to the tramway, on the left hand. It is now in such a neglected state that it hardly deserves the name of a well. A little water oozes from the rock, and then flows under the tramway down into the sea, but there is scarcely any hollow in which it can remain. The well seems to have been filled up by stones tumbling from the rocks above, where trial appears to have been made for a quarry.

WHITE STONES ON LHERGYDHOO THROWN THERE BY A GIANT

[178] One and a half miles from the town a road branches on the left to the shore, and on the right are seen perched, near the top of the Lhergydhoo hill, a few white stones, said to have been thrown from Peel by a giant in former times.

ST MAUGHOLD'S WELL

[189] After leaving the churchyard at the north-east corner, and crossing a field, the stranger, by searching a little will find [190] St Maughold's Well, which is situated directly above the sea, a little way down the north cliff, half hidden by gorse and grass. Those who have had their expectations raised will be rather disappointed. The well is in a dilapidated and neglected condition. A few stones form a square, open to the north, and within the inclosure is a small scooped stone into which the water flows from the rock, but so slowly that it is hardly perceptible. The water is no doubt

chalybeate. The stone or rock which formed the saint's chair is overgrown or destroyed, for there is no such to be found. It is not altogether unlikely that, nearly fourteen hundred years ago, at this very font, St Maughold administered the baptismal rite. He is said to have blessed the well, and endowed it with certain healing virtues. It was formerly much resorted to by women for its health-imparting qualities. The water was imagined to derive additional efficacy if drunk sitting in the saints chair, which was scooped out of the adjacent rock. For many ages it has been the custom for the natives to make a pilgrimage on the first Sunday in August to drink of its waters, and even now, on that day, the young people in the neighbourhood pay holiday visits to the spot.

MONOLINGUALS OF MANX LIVING AT CRAIG MOOAR

[194] We had often wondered whether there were any Manx people totally ignorant of the English language, and here we accidentally heard that there lived at a farm on the summit of Craig Mooar, the height directly above the chapel, two people, a widow and her grown-up daughter, who could not speak a word of English. We questioned others, a few miles away, on the subject, and they all affirmed that it was well known these two people were conversant only with the Manx language, but some appeared to think they were acquainted with a few, but a very few English words.

MANX MERMAIDS

[201] After descending over ground covered with gorse, heather, and ferns, Garwick comes into view immediately at the traveller's feet. It is a tiny creek, but truly picturesque, about 2 miles south of Laxey. The rocks around are beautifully covered with vegetation almost to the water's edge. A trickling rill comes down a pleasant dell and enters the sea on the beach, where there is a fine bathing-ground and white pebbles shining through the clear transparent water. A fisherman's hut with one or two boat-houses are the only signs of habitation. The nets are hanging about drying, and there are a dozen small boats on the shore. The Manxman's belief in mermaids ceases to astonish, and becomes quite natural when we know of the existence around the coast of such lovely secluded coves as this of Garwick. Without too great a stretch of the imagination we can almost fancy we see these sea-nymphs disporting themselves on the beach, and combing their hair when perched in the crannies of the adjacent rocks. Stretched on the pebbly beach at high water and basking in the sun, we are almost persuaded that the sunlight flashes on the ripple of the sea wavelet are jewels, airing, and being prepared to adorn the hair of the mermaids on festive occasions. We are told that when these chains are in full sparkle, strict watch is kept on the adjacent cliff or crag that no marauder approach unawares. Should any monster of the land or sea prove too wary to be enticed away by the wiles of the syrens, or too strong to be successfully resisted, the mermaids instantly dive down to

their sparry caves, the jewels vanish, and a dark shadow is thrown over the whole line of wave. These water-sprites and fairies will, on rare occasions, unite for the protection of some mutual interest; moved either by enmity against some rude syren-despiser, or in a caprice of friendship for some fair daughter of earth's mould, and then the spell-bound shore cannot be approached, but their favour is as unstable as the elements.

MARRAM GRASS USED FOR THATCH IN THE NORTH OF THE ISLAND

[204] Five miles from Ramsey the cliffs subside into a level tracts only 20 feet higher than the sea, and a shingly beach extends round the Point of Ayre. The land is cultivated to within ½ mile of the lighthouse, and then the soil is composed of sand and pebbles, overgrown with long coarse grass, called bent, which the Islanders gather, and use for thatching houses.

“KING ORRY’S CASTLE”

[205] When the plain ends it is well to ascend the headland of [206] Blue Point, and walk along the cliffs. One spot, where there appears to be a hole in the cliff, is called by the natives “King Orry’s Castle,” or “Chashtal Ree Gorree.” There is nothing to denote that any castle or fortification existed here, but according to tradition it was the point where that ancient Scandinavian warrior first landed on the island.

LIMEKILN AT BLUE POINT

[206] A few yards further [*i.e.*, from Blue Point] a small limekiln will be observed close to the shore. The farmers collect limestones from off the sands at low tides, generally after a storm, and burn them with coals carted from Ramsey. Most of the limestones are full of perfect fossils.

ST PATRICK’S WELL ON PEEL HILL

[208] A tramway leads to a slate quarry, and close to it, and not far from an old building, is St Patrick’s Well, famed in ancient times, and then much visited, but now in a neglected state.

