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Tales from Rory MacKinnon, Sugar Loaf This story was told to Dr. Helen Creighton, folklore collector, in August, 1961. It is offered here exactly as it was told to her. She visited with Rory MacKinnon at his She asked him, "You home in Sugar Loaf ' have a long story?" And Rory said: Yes, about Jack the Lanteren. Did you ever hear about Jack the Lanteren long ago? Well, there was one man once, you know, he--they got married. He wasn't very good in this world. He was in an old new world, I suppose about a thousand years back, and it was long ago. Well, he said he wished the devil himself would come and give him some money or something. After awhile he seen a man walking up from the shore, up from the road. "You wished for me," he told Jack, "today?" He said, "Yes." "Well, I'm the devil," he said, "and you go look in your cashbox behind your bed. And it's full of gold, and you've got to go with me at the end of the year," he said. "You've got to go." I said I would. Well, that was good enough. He went and one look at the cashbox and here was lots of gold. Aw, he was having a great time. He used the blacksmith's tools in his forge. He worked in the forge. Oh, he was getting along fine, and lots of money and lots of everything to eat and everything you want to live on. But at the end of the year Mr. Devil came. "You going with me today?" "Oh," he says, "I got to go home first be fore I go with you, see my wife and chil? dren. " "All right," he says, "come on." I was a little astray. Little man came to him to make a lot of work at the forge. This was before the devil came back. I made a little mistake there. And they worked for a couple of days. "Well," he says, "now look, mister, what do you want? Three wishes do you say, sir, or the money for the work?" "I'll take the three wishes." He says, "All right." "Well," he says, "when I'll tell a man to catch this hammer," he says, "and straight? en the handle, the hammer stick to the han? dle, the hammer stick to the block, the block stick to the floor, the floor sticks to the earth, and he couldn't move it out of that." "That's done for," he said, "that's good enough." "Well, the next wish I want to do," he said, "when I get a man to sit down in my rocking chair at home," he says, "I can keep him there. He will stick to the rock? ing chair, the rocking chair will stick to the floor, and the floor will stick to the earth, and there he couldn't move." "That's right," he said. "Well, the next wish I want," he says, "if I get the devil to fit in a fifty-cent piece I can carry him around for a life? time in my pocket." "That's done for you, right." he said. "All Well, at the end of the year, Mr. Devil, he came. "You going with me today. Jack?" "Yes, I'm going with you today. But I've got to go over to the forge," he says. He went to the forge. He told the devil, "you beat out that piece of iron for me," he says, "you want to get back home." Well, that was all right. And he started hammering. He gave the hammer one blow with the iron and didn't he get stuck to the handle and the handle stuck to the an? vil and the anvil stuck to the floor and

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