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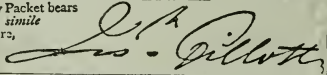
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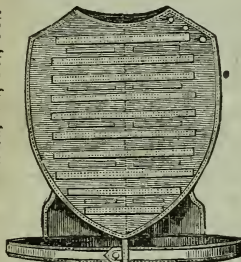
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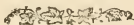


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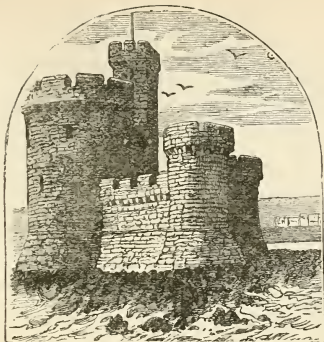
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LET us suppose that the summer tourist has embarked on board the *Ben-my-Chree* from Liverpool, or the *Manxman*, from Barrow-in-Furness; that, in the one case, he has passed the miles of docks and the forest of masts which line the entrance to the Mersey, or that, in the other, he has bidden farewell for a time to as much of new and old England as are represented by the almost brand-new town and spacious docks and basins in the north of Lancashire, which aspire to rival Liverpool itself some day—the Barrow folks devoutly believe that they will have not long to wait—and by the old Piel castle, that venerable representative of the times when steamers and docks and railroads were undreamed of, when knights and barons found it necessary to erect such fortresses to protect themselves and their belongings, and when Cistercian monks sang matins and vespers, or walked gravely in the cloisters of the abbey. magnificent even now, though mouldering and roofless, which the traveller saw at Furness, a few miles before he reached the pier at Ramsden Dock station, Barrow.

Whichever port is chosen for departure, very soon England is left behind us, and we are bound for an island, increasing familiarity with which scarcely divests it of its romance and mystery. It is not English, Irish, or Scotch; indeed it is doubtful whether it can strictly be called a part of Great Britain, although the Registrar-General includes it in the United Kingdom, and informs us, with statistical accuracy, that at midnight on the 4th of April, 1881, 53,492 persons slept—or lay awake, as the case might be—within the limits of the island. He does not tell us how many hardy Manxmen were at sea that night, gathering in the “harvest of the sea,” but we know that they are mighty fishermen; and if we did not know, we should not be very long on the island before we discovered the fact.

Neither does the Registrar-General inform us how many authentic Manxmen with three legs we shall be likely to meet with. Such wonderfully constructed beings must exist, or else all the island booksellers and bazaar-keepers are in a league to deceive the unsophisticated visitors from England; for, before we have wandered a dozen yards up Victoria Street, Douglas, not to mention Strand Street or Athol Street, our eyes will rest upon innumerable portraits of this tripos of the island. Mr. Threelegs is having his three boots cleaned, to the wonder of the juvenile shoeblack; he is taking a ticket at a railway station and being charged a fare and a-half; he is running a race, and of course mere two-legged competitors are nowhere; indeed Mr. Threelegs is doing many wonderful things, and yet we are as little likely to see him in the flesh as we are to meet with the mermaids on the phantom bull we shall hear something about presently; or, to speak more practically, with Fenella, or Richard Christian, or the famous Countess of Derby, or Julian Peveril, whom the genius of Scott has so inseparably associated with the Isle of Man. It is probable that some fellow-tourist, with a weak sense of moral responsibility, may remark that a Manxman has three legs, but only one calf; and when, after making excursions on the island, or reading the following pages, we arrive at a knowledge of the fact that there is a little island named the Calf of Man, we may be able to understand that our misguided companion intended a joke.

Another celebrity of the island, the tailless cat, which also figures very conspicuously in the shop windows, may perchance be seen; but is more likely to be met with in the more rural districts than in Douglas or the other towns. Manx cats are objects of *virtu*, and visitors pay fancy prices

for them; consequently, when a kitten has arrived at an age when it would like, after the manner of little cats generally, to run after its own tail, but cannot do so for obvious reasons, it is sold by its owner (not unfrequently, it is unkindly said, by somebody else, who has not asked the owner's leave) to an enthusiastic collector of such curiosities.

Whether starting from Liverpool or Barrow, we shall be riding on the waves of the Irish Channel for two or three hours before we see the long line of hills against the western sky which lets us know that we are nearing the island. Sometimes, in crossing, a veritable channel passage is encountered. The noble steamer rises and falls on the broad billows of the Irish Sea, the steward is in demand, and many most estimable and attractive persons, but bad sailors, become for a time despondent, if not personally disagreeable. In calm weather the passage is delightful; we might almost fancy ourselves afloat on the Atlantic, so grand is the effect of the rise and fall of the huge waves which meet us, and now and again break over the bows of the steamer. Very soon land is lost to our view, and there is the waste of waters, with an unbroken horizon melting, as it were, into the calm of the sky on all sides far away. Sitting under the awning, let us give a little attention to the history, the legends, the people of the Isle of Man. We shall find enough to talk about to fill up the time before we see Douglas Head standing grandly out above the busy piers, and the handsome houses on the Loch Parade, and the noble semicircular sweep of the bay with its background of wooded hills, and in the bay the little castellated Tower of Refuge, for fishermen in danger and for shipwrecked mariners, which we may accept as a symbol of the kindness and hospitality of the Manxmen.

One of the first questions that suggests itself is, how came the island to be named Man? Surely there could have been no period in its history when it was not an isle of woman also. The island, we are told by all visitors, abounds in beauty; the harmoniousness of nature demands that lovely woman should be among the native attractions. We must refer, it would seem, to etymologists and archæologists for the information we seek; and we have ample variety from which we can select according to our taste. Manxmen, in their own language, name the place *Mannin* (*Meadhon-in*), or middle island, which, considering its position, enclosed as it were by England, Scotland, and Ireland, appears at first to be satisfactory; but Bishop Wilson (a celebrity of the island, respecting whom we shall have much to say farther

on) derives the word from the Saxon *mang*, or "among," although it is not easy to see why the islesmen should borrow a word from what was to them a foreign language. Ptolemy, the Greek geographer, who wrote about A.D. 139, some five hundred years before the Saxons set foot in Britain, named it *Monæda*, or further *Mona*, to distinguish it from Anglesea, the *Mona* of Tacitus. There is an old British word, *Mon*, signifying, according to Owen's dictionary, "isolated," and perhaps Cæsar and Tacitus, when they wrote of *Mona*, only Latinized an old British name. Mr. J. M. Jeffcott, who, in 1873, published a little book, "Mann; its Names and their Origins," derives the name of the island from a tribe or race of the Manapii, by whom it is occupied. The Celtic, *macn*, a stone, or *monadh*, a hill, may have had something to do with the origin of the name.

One learned writer has discovered that Maune was the surname of St. Patrick, and was therefore adopted for the island; but Mr. Cummings, a local antiquary, goes farther: "I am of opinion that the name anciently given to it in common with Anglesey had to do with the reputed holy character of the isle, as the *Sedes Druidorum*, the abode of the holy wise men; and that it has the same connection with the Sanscrit root, *Mân*, in reference to religious knowledge, as our word *monk*; so also *moonshee*, and the names of ancient lawgivers, as *Manu*, son of Brahma, *Menu*, *Minos*, and *Menes*." Here we may well pause. It is a long flight from India, Greece, and Egypt to the island in the Irish Sea; and if, after all that we have quoted, the intelligent tourist is still uncertain as to the origin of the name, it is a consolation that he is in no worse case than many learned men have been in before him.

Boetius, the author of King Alfred's favourite book, "The Consolations of Philosophy," is, in one historical sketch of the island, credited with the assertion that the Isle of Man was "the fountain of all pure learning, and the acknowledged residence of the Muses." If Boetius was really the author of this remark, he must have referred to the condition of the island at the beginning of the fifth century, for the writer was almost a contemporary of St. Patrick. Perhaps, however, the quotation was really taken from the history of Scotland by Hector Boece, or Boetius (the Latinized form of the name), who wrote in the early part of the sixteenth century, and who was far more likely to refer to the Isle of Man than the other Boetius, the Roman philosopher who invented the waterclock, and was prime minister to Theodere,

King of Italy. But it is tolerably certain that there was a considerable amount of civilization in the island at the time when England was under the Roman rule. St. Patrick probably established Christianity there, and appointed Germanus (St. German) bishop and ruler; and after his death other bishops succeeded. One of these prelates was St. Maughold, who had been captain of a band of robbers in Ireland, but who, according to tradition, having repented of his evil ways, caused himself to be bound hand and foot, placed in an open boat, and left to drift whithersoever it might please Heaven to direct it. He was cast ashore on the Isle of Man, where, we may suppose, some kind-hearted islander released him from his boat, and then he retired to the mountains and became a hermit, and was afterwards appointed bishop. The renown of his sanctity reached the island of his birth, and induced many of the devout-minded to resort to him; the most famous of these pilgrims being, it is said, St. Bridget, who received the veil from his hands, and afterwards founded the Nunnery, the site of which (the name being retained for the estate) we shall reach, after a short and most delightful walk, when we are making our excursions from Douglas.

From the beginning of the sixth to the tenth century, Welsh chiefs, kings they are called, are said to have ruled in the island; but it appears to be more authentic that, about 580, one Brennus, the descendant of a branch of the royal family of Scotland, obtained the supreme authority, and after his death the island was considered to be a part of the Scottish kingdom. The Scots and the Northumbrians were continually quarrelling in those troublous times, and about 614 Edwin, the powerful king of Northumbria, invaded and took possession of the island. Then comes a blank which not even legend offers to fill up, except by asserting that about the end of the ninth century, Harold Haarfager, one of the "hardy Norsemen," whose "home of yore was on the foaming wave," landed and for a time was master of the island. A few years afterwards a more authentic personage appeared upon the scene, Orry, son of the king of Denmark and Norway, who gained the favour of the inhabitants, and was chosen king. In moving about the island we shall hear a great deal about this Orry, who seems to have been an able as well as a warlike king. He had subdued the Orcades and the Hebrides, and fixed his seat of government in the Isle of Man, where he reigned long and prosperously; and to him is due the foundation of the Manx constitution and the establishment of the House of Keys or island Parliament,

the Tynwald Courts, and the division of the island into "sheadings."

Some of the successors of Orry appear to have got the worst of it in their quarrels with the English, for among the captive kings who rowed in King Edgar's boat on the Dee was Macon or Hacon, King of Man. At the time of the Norman conquest, 1066, Godred, son of Sybrie (Godred with the white hand) ruled in the island, and after him came his three sons, the elder of whom, having put out the eyes of his next brother as a punishment for rebellion, repented, went to the Holy Land, and there died. The younger brother being a youth, some of the principal men of the island asked Murrugh O'Brien, King of Ireland, to send them a king. He selected his nephew, Donald MacTeige, but the Manxmen soon had enough of him and he was expelled. A Norwegian chief, Ingemund, attempted to seize the island, and obtained a partial support, the result being a war in which the north took part against the south, the women of the south taking part in the fight, and acquitting themselves so well, that the privilege was granted to them of bequeathing half of their property independently of their husbands.

We find a record of one MacManus, "governor" about 1096, who founded a Cistercian Abbey at Rushen, which existed for some time after the general suppression of the monastic houses in Great Britain. In 1098, Morgan, king of Norway, subdued the island and proceeded to invade Ireland, but was killed immediately he landed. The young prince, Olave, was the acknowledged king, and for forty years, it is said, reigned prosperously; but at length an ambitious nephew, Reginald, raised a rebellion, and with his own hand killed the king in an encounter near Ramsey. So run some of the histories, more or less authentic, but it is difficult to make the dates given fit nicely. Reginald "the usurper," it is stated, did homage to King John of England for the Isle of Man, and in the letters of the English king, Reginald is styled "Lord of Man;" but in 1219, when he acknowledged the supremacy of Pope Honorius, he is styled "King of the Isle of Man." This must have been about eighty years after the death of King Olave by the hand of Reginald, according to the dates given; and when we further read that another Olave, Reginald's brother, fomented a civil war, in the course of which Reginald was killed in a battle near Tynwald Hill, and that this Olave died in 1287, six or eight years later still, we find it still

more difficult to reconcile dates. That there was such a King Olave is certain, for in a document dated "Windsor, April 13, 1235," it is stated, "We have taken under our safe and sure conduct our beloved friend, Olave, King of Man and the Islands, whilst coming into England to confer with us, and whilst tarrying there and departing thence." Olave left three sons, the first, Harold, was wrecked near the Shetland Isles when bringing home his bride; the second, Reginald II., was murdered at Rushen Castle after two weeks' reign; and the third, Magnus, was the last of the Scandinavian kings of the Isle of Man. The dynasty came to an end in 1266, when Magnus, King of Norway, ceded the island and the Hebrides to Alexander III. of Scotland, as a result of the failure of the expedition of Hacon of Norway against the Scots, three years previously.

When King Alexander of Scotland injudiciously rode over a precipice and killed himself, in 1286, the Manxmen asked the protection of "the great Plantagenet, Edward I.," otherwise "the hammer of the Scots," and a formal submission was duly signed in 1290. Edward did not actually annex the island as part of the English dominion, but granted it to various royal favourites, and they no doubt had to fight for the possession against the Scots, who were not willing to give up anything to the English.

As another specimen of the imaginary manner in which popular history is written, it is stated that Edward supported the claims of Alfrica, wife of Sir Simon de Montacute, and daughter of Godred of the white hand. That monarch having been dead nearly a hundred years, the story can scarcely be veracious, unless, indeed, we substitute "descendant" for "daughter." The lady, whoever she was, gave her husband the title of "Lord of Man," and her son and grandson, Earls of Salisbury, succeeded to the government, but the last, being in want of money, mortgaged the island to the Bishop of Durham. Edward the Second seems to have set aside any private arrangement, and nominated successively three of his favourites, the clever but infamous Piers Gaveston, Gilbert Maxall, and Henry de Beaumont, as rulers of the island, which, however, soon came back to the Salisbury family.

According to a chronicle preserved in Castle Rushen, on the island, "In the eighth year of King Edward the Third, William Montague [Montacute], Earl of Salisbury, conquered the Isle of Man out of the hands of the Scots, which isle the King gave unto the said Earl, and caused him to be

crowned and entitled King of Man, 1344." Some years afterwards the island was sold to Sir William Scrope, who was attainted in 1399. Afterwards Percy, Earl of Northumberland, father of Henry Hotspur, was for a short time King of Man; but Henry IV. granted the island to Sir John Stanley, one of his prominent supporters, on condition that he and his descendants should present a cast of falcons to the kings of England on their coronation.

One of the oldest records in the Rolls Office, Castle Rushen, printed in the Statute Book of the island, states that Sir John Stanley succeeded his father in 1414, and before he held a Court of Tynwald he was officially instructed how he ought to conduct himself in his office: "This is the constitution of old time which we have given in our day, how you should be governed on your Tynwald day. First, you shall come thither in your royal array, as a king ought to by the prerogatives and royalties of the Land of Man, and upon the hill of Tynwald sit in a chair covered with a royal cloth and cushion, and your visage unto the east, and your sword before you, holden with the point up." If any "obstructives" showed themselves at the Tynwald Court, they were dealt with by a very effectual form of *clôture*; for a standing law was "that no man make any disturbance or stir in the time of Tynwald, or any murmur or rising in the King's presence, upon pain of hanging and drawing."

Twelve lords of Man were of the famous Stanley line, Earls of Derby most of them, the title having been given in 1485, by Henry VII., after the battle of Bosworth, where Sir William Stanley had done such good service to him by deserting crook-backed Richard. The most famous of the race was James, the seventh who bore the title, "the great Earl" of the troubled times of the Parliamentary war. He would probably have done great things for the island by introducing manufactures and establishing a university, and he wrote a history of the Manx antiquities; but the Royalists and Parliamentarians were crossing swords, and the Earl soon found occupation enough in England. He had a brave wife, the Charlotte Countess of Derby who in 1644 made the memorable three months' defence of Latham House against the Parliamentary troops, holding out until relieved by Prince Rupert. This is the Countess of Scott's "Peveril of the Peak," the grand-mannered, energetic, indomitable woman, who startled little Julian Peveril and his playmate, Alice Bridgnorth, by her sudden appearance at Peveril Castle, and who figures so conspicuously in the

story. After her lord, who had surrendered at the battle of Worcester, on the promise of honourable treatment, had been treacherously beheaded at Bolton-le-Moors, in 1650 "fair-haire." William Christian, the receiver-general of the island, having raised an armed force, surrendered the island to Cromwell's soldiers, and General Fairfax was appointed governor. On the restoration of the Stuarts, the Stanleys were reinstated, and William Christian found how rash he had been in rousing the anger of the indomitable Countess. He was charged with insurrection, and as he refused to submit to a trial, was summarily shot at Hango Hill, near Castletown.

James, the tenth Earl of Derby, died in 1735, and the lordship of the island passed to the Duke of Athol, a descendant of the daughter of the great Earl; but thirty years afterwards, in 1765, the British Government purchased the sovereignty for £70,000, the chief object being the suppression of smuggling, carried on most extensively in the island, to the great detriment of the English revenue. The desired result was achieved, to the great vexation of the Manx folk, who had made an uncommonly good thing of the contraband trade. A verse of a song of the time, popular at Douglas and Castletown, expresses the general feeling:—

"The babes unborn will rue the day
That the Isle of Man was sold away;
For there's ne'er an old wife that loves a dram
But what will lament for the Isle of Man."

The Duke of Athol, whose son was appointed Governor-in-Chief, and held that office for more than fifty years, still retaining certain manorial rights, Church patronage, and other privileges; but in 1829, on consideration of the receipt of £416,000, all rights were relinquished to the British Crown. A Lieutenant-Governor was appointed; but, as we shall have occasion to see, the ancient and peculiar laws and customs of the island were maintained almost intact. The island has its own Parliament, its own laws, and its own judges; generally speaking, it settles its own affairs without appealing to England, and contrives to thrive and be happy without making its liberal share of "home rule" troublesome to anybody.

It is always agreeable, when we are on the eve of visiting a place, to know a little about it beforehand—not to know too much of details, for then we should lose the attractive element of surprise when we reach our destination; but to have such a general acquaintance with it as shall help us the better to

enjoy its beauties and to appreciate the character of the hosts who will entertain us and the guides who will show us about. Let us, then, while yet the waves are beating against the bows of the good steamer, and occasionally sending a shower of spray on to the deck—while yet the outlines of Snaefeld and South Barrule and the other mountains are but a thin misty line against the western sky—pick up a few waifs and strays of information about the Isle of Man and the men of Man.

First of all, our Imperial Parliament, with its dignified House of Lords and its loquacious and combative House of Commons, has no jurisdiction in the island. Our High Court of Justice, with its august divisions, Queen's Bench and the rest of them, is no doubt highly respected by the law-abiding Manxmen; but, in a legal sense, they have nothing to do with it. They have a Parliament and law courts of their own. Their legislative body is the Court of Tynwald, presided over by the Lieutenant-Governor, and composed of the Council and the House of Keys. The Council consists of the bishop, attorney-general, two deemsters (the judges), the clerk of the rolls, the water bailiff, and the vicar-general, a combination which, it must be admitted, seems rather odd, but which works admirably. The House of Keys consists of twenty-four members, elected since 1866 every seven years, by the people of the island, the electoral qualification being, in the country, the possession of real estate of the annual value of £8, or occupation of the value of £12; and in the towns, the occupation of property of the yearly value of £8. Women are entitled to vote. The Council is the upper branch of the legislature; the House of Keys the lower. As in England, a bill is separately considered by each branch; and when it has received the royal assent, it must be formally read in the English and Manx languages, on Tynwald Hill, where the Council and the Keys united form a Tynwald Court, before it becomes law. The House of Keys is popularly supposed to derive its name from its office as interpreter of common law; but we cannot help thinking that is an unsatisfactory derivation. The House of Keys was established in 1417, as a continuation of a more ancient assembly named "Taxi-axi," a strange title which we cannot pretend to explain. One irreverent and, it must be admitted, vulgar joker, suggested that "perhaps it 'axed' for taxes, Parliaments always do;" and a youthful etymologist recognized an association with the "taxy-waxy" of school-dinners. For many years, indeed until lately, the Lieutenant-Governor of the island was Sir

Henry Loch, and the fact that at the beginning of each session Loch opened the Keys, a reversal of the usual process, only adds to our mental confusion.

Another apparent anomaly is that the arms of the island are legs; that is, to speak with some approach to heraldic precision, in 1270, the old coat of arms, representing a ship in full sail, was superseded, by order of Alexander of Scotland, by *gules* three legs of a man in armour conjoined in fesse at the upper part of the thighs, flexed in triangle, garnuled and spurred, *or*, with the motto on garter surrounding, "*Quocunq̄ue jeceris stabit.*" The translation of the motto is, "Whithersoever thrown, I shall stand." This is, of course, the origin of the popular pleasantry about the three-legged Manxmen. The present arms of the island were undoubtedly copied from those of Sicily. Dr. Snaith says, "The three legs on the Sicilian coins were the type of the three seasons [we have always thought there were four], probably taken from the most ancient religion of the Chinese." Man is evidently, though an island, not cut off from the world. We have already seen it linked with Egypt and India, and now find a connection between it and China.

The island is divided for civil purposes into a northern and a southern district, with subdivision into six "sheadings," a word possibly derived from the Manx *shey*, six, and the Scandinavian *thing*, a judicial assembly. The sheadings are again divided into parishes, of which there are seventeen in the island. The names of the sheadings are—*Northern*, Ayre, Garff, Michael; *Southern*, Middle, Glanfaba, Rushen.

The island is the diocese of a bishop, with its own canons and an independent convocation; but, for certain purposes, the diocese is attached to the archiepiscopal province of York. Very probably some of our readers may have asked, without getting a satisfactory answer, what is the meaning of the title, "Bishop of Sodor and Man"? Sodor is a contraction of Sudoreys, or Sodorenses, "southern isles," the ancient name of the Hebrides, which, as we have seen, King Orry subdued, and which at one time acknowledged the sway of the Bishop of Man. If in some of the preceding remarks we have laid ourselves open to the charge of levity, we may plead episcopal example; for the following verses, attributed without contradiction to one of the bishops, were sent in reply to an inquiry as to the meaning of "Sodor":—

"What does the title 'Sodor' mean?
Pray tell me, if you can;
So strange are many facts we glean
About the Isle of Man.

- “That all the cats are wanting tails,
 We hear for evermore;
 It may be this accounts for tales
 Which reach the British shore.
- “Well, ‘Sodorenses’—Southern Isles—
 Is what the title means;
 Although perhaps you say with smiles,
 ‘Tell that to the Marines!’
- “For in the palmy days of old,
 When things went harum-skarum,
 The Bishop did the title hold
 Of Man ‘et Insularum.’”

The geographical features of the island may be briefly described. It is about thirty-three miles long, and the greatest breadth is twelve miles, with an area of nearly 150,000 acres, two-thirds under cultivation. At the south-western extremity is an islet, known as the Calf of Man, containing 800 acres, a large portion of which is under cultivation. A chain of lofty hills, reaching the highest point in Snaefeld (2,024 feet), traverse the island longitudinally. The coast line is very fine, with bold lofty headlands and beautiful sweeps of bay. The sea has a clearness rarely seen on the coast of Britain. The climate resembles that of South Devon, moist and mild, and the vegetation is peculiarly abundant. Flowers which in the greater part of England require shelter in winter, flourish in the open air all the year round, and attain extraordinary dimensions. Hydrangeas are almost trees, and we shall see hedgerows of fuschias. Wild flowers are of course abundant, lining the roads and lanes; and there are few of the little cottages in the rural parts which are not almost imbedded in flowers.

Before the beginning of this century—indeed, we might almost say before the publication of Scott’s “Peveril of the Peak” in 1823—English people generally knew very little, and cared very little, about the Isle of Man. Scott revealed it to them, as, in the “Lady of the Lake” and “Rob Roy,” he revealed the Scottish Highlands, with their passes and lakes. In 1744, George Waldron, the author of some poems and political and historical tracts, had published a small octavo volume, “Isle of Man, History and Description of its Antiquities, etc., the whole carefully collected from original papers and personal knowledge during over twenty years’ residence there.” Waldron had a great taste for the marvellous; and the bulk of his book consists of a collection of stories about witches, fairies, mermaids, strange monsters, and supernatural matters generally. There is, indeed, a sprinkling of more authentic information; but during the author’s twenty

years' residence he must have thought he was dwelling on an enchanted island. When, in the course of our tour, we reach some of the localities mentioned by him, we shall notice the stories he told and apparently believed.

Waldron seems to have had no doubt that the fairies habitually held high jinks, and he collected some amusing anecdotes of their revels. On one occasion, he tells us, a peasant was led away by invisible musicians, not being able to resist the melodious fascination. At length he arrived at a place where the fairies were assembled, and was invited to drink. As he was about to drink from the offered goblet, "one of them, whose features seemed not unknown to him, plucked him by the coat, and forbade him, whatever he did, to taste anything he saw before him, "for if you do," added he, "you will be as I am, and return no more to your family." Taking the advice, he refused the draught, the fairies disappeared, and he got back safely to his home, taking with him the fairy cup, which he devoted to the service of the Church, "and this very cup, they told me, is that now used for the consecrated wine in Kirk Merlugh."

It was common for fairies to substitute fairy babies for human infants. But fairies have everywhere been addicted to that trick from the time of Shakespeare's "Titania." Waldron either knew, or had heard of, the supposed mother of one of these elfs, a beautiful child, but thin and weak. The woman went out to work early one morning, postponing the washing and dressing of the infant till she had time to attend to it. When she returned, she found that he had been carefully washed, and "his hair combed with the utmost exactness and nicety." It was not uncommon for women expecting to be confined to see troops of seven or eight little women come into the chamber at night bearing a baby.

Waldron, too, had heard, on excellent authority, of phantom horsemen and hunters, who without ceremony took horses from stables, and next morning replaced them, "all in a sweat and foam, and tired almost to death;" and he asserts, "A gentleman of Ballafletcher assured me he had three of his best horses killed on these nocturnal journeys." The fairies or spirits, however, were sometimes good-natured and neighbourly, and would acquaint people when visitors were coming, very useful assistance when, perhaps, "potluck" would give but meagre fare, and better entertainment needed time to provide. "That this is a fact," says Waldron, "I am positively convinced by many proofs; but how or wherefore it should

be so, has frequently given me much matter of reflection, yet left me in the same uncertainty as before."

Many legends about mermaids were quite at the service of Waldron, or anybody else who chose to believe them. One of these composite beauties was, he tells us, caught in a fisherman's net, but returned to the sea. Another ventured on land, and immediately fell in love with a young shepherd, to whom she brought corals, pearls, and shells of great beauty. She meant to drag him into the sea, but he, not being ambitiously disposed, resisted, and broke away. Then the loving mermaid turned spiteful, and threw a stone at him, inflicting an injury from the effects of which he soon died.

The all-believing Waldron had heard, too, of a phantom bull of enormous size, with eyes shooting forth flame, and which ran with such force that the ground shook under it as in an earthquake; and of a portentous wolf which "filled the air with its terrible howlings." We have reason to believe that, out of consideration for the interests of the island, and the convenience of tourists, these fearful monsters have now retired from business. Waldron ends his book with an assertion which many visitors will perhaps endorse, making a liberal discount of course for limited knowledge and generous enthusiasm, "I think it will not be loss of time to those who travel in search of the wonders of nature, to take a trip to it [the island], since I believe there is no place whatever in the known world which abounds with more than the Isle of Man."

A very long period of time, much intercourse with the world, and the work of education spread over many generations, are required to eradicate superstitions and the legends of folklore in places even less isolated than the island we are on the way to visit. Some of the beliefs, long cherished, have a touch of imagination and pathos in them which makes them poetical. Even now (or at any rate, not long ago) in many cottages in the more secluded districts, the housewife, before going to bed on New Year's Eve, spreads the ashes of the grate smoothly on the floor, and on awaking next morning, looks for the track of a foot. Should it be found with the toes pointing towards the door, it is believed a member of the family will die within the year; but should the heel of the fairy foot point in that direction, then it is firmly believed that the family will be augmented within the same period. With such an issue of death or life in the balance, how wearily the long winter night must be passed, and how

anxiously, fear struggling with hope, the dawn must be awaited!

Hunting the wren was a favourite amusement on St. Stephen's day, and when the poor bird was captured, its feathers were distributed as guards against witchcraft.

So recently as 1837, Baal-fires were kindled; and in December, 1843, a trial equivalent to a trial for witchcraft took place before a jury of Manxmen. While a female witness was under examination, and questioned as to whether she ever came "in any shape or form," to do injury to a person interested in the case, somebody let loose a rabbit in the court; and the jury, "with eyes staring, hair on end, and mouths dilated," exclaimed, "The witch! the witch!" and the uproar was not quelled till one of the crowd seized and killed the animal.

At the meeting of the Archæological Association in January, 1867, the Rev. J. C. Cumming read a paper, in the course of which he stated that "There is still on the island a prevalent belief in the effect of the evil eye; and that when a person wishes to purchase an animal, but will not give the price demanded, the owner of the beast lifts the earth or dust from the footprint of the person trying to make the bargain, and rubs the creature all over to prevent the ill effects of overlooking." According to the same authority, the Manx folk resort to the hot well of St. Maughold, on the first Sunday in August, and carry away bottles of water to be used during the year as a cure for the afflicted beasts. If a beast die from the supposed effect of the evil eye, the carcass is publicly burnt at four crossways, and the first person who passes that way after the fire is kindled is fixed upon as the author of the disease. Tourists, look out, if you see smoke rising near the junction of four cross-roads.

Not very many years ago, one of the best-known characters in the island was a "fairy doctor," who had a large practice; and he is remembered by many not yet past middle age. If anybody was supposed to be bewitched, Teare was sent to, and the messenger was strictly charged neither to eat nor drink by the way, nor to tell any person his mission. The recovery of the bewitched person was firmly believed to be secured from the moment the "Doctor" was made acquainted with the case. Farmers delayed sowing crops till Teare could come to bless the seed. He is described by one who knew him, as a little man, who used to ride about on a Manx pony. On one occasion, when the chief magistrate of Castletown introduced a visitor to Teare, he first called upon him to

swear that he never called evil spirits to his assistance; at the same time saying, "I know that by probing the secret springs of nature you can accelerate, return, or turn aside, at pleasure, the natural course of events."

So much by way of introduction to the island and its traditions, but what about the people? We are nearing port; the mountain ridge is definite in outline; the headlands which mark the limits of Douglas harbour stand out against the sky; Douglas itself is becoming visible. The waves are less boisterous; passengers are coming on deck, pale, but convalescent, and looking wistfully towards the land. The English are descendants of the sea-kings, and our country is mistress of the sea; but it is astonishing how soon the ordinary "Britisher" finds he has had enough of it.

In the brief time that remains to us before reaching Douglas pier, let us inquire what manner of men the Manxmen are. We give fair warning that we shall be very business-like indeed in succeeding sections of this book, allowing, of course, for just a little wayside gossip. About the end of the last century, there were residents there (not Manxmen, but visitors), who brought the place into evil repute. The island, affording immunity from arrest for debt, was a favourite haunt of broken-down gamblers, worn out *roués*, and generally of those who had lived "not wisely, but too well;" and who had much less fear of the fairies, mermaids, or even of the supernatural monsters which Waldron believed in, than of English bailiffs and Bow-street runners. Perhaps the presence of so ornamental, if disreputable a brigade occasioned a spiteful epigram, often repeated, representing the devil as claiming to retain possession of the island, though willing to give up his dominion elsewhere:—

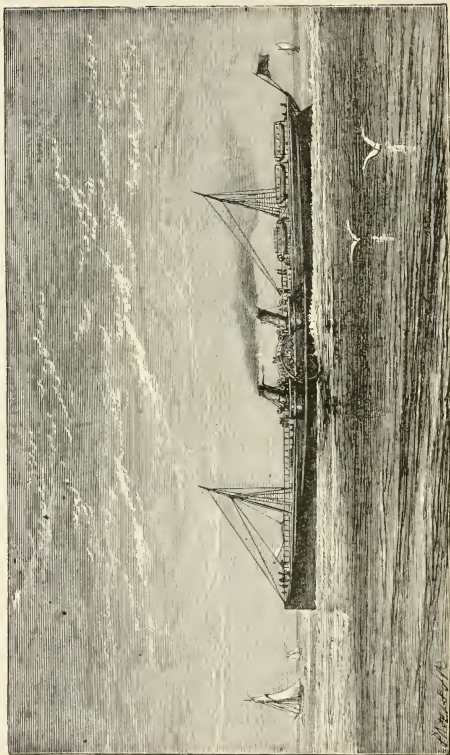
"Though bare it is, and scarce a span,
By mortals called the Isle of Man,
That little spot I cannot spare,
For all my choicest friends are there."

True Manxmen, however, are of a very different stamp. William Camden, the historian and antiquary, wrote concerning them, more than two centuries and a half ago, "They are orderly civilized people, very courteous to strangers, and if they have been otherwise represented it has been by those who knew them not; or perhaps it is because they have sense to see when strangers, who are apt to have a mean opinion of them, would go about to impose on them. The richer sort and those that have estates imitate the gentry of Lancashire in splendid living and integrity. The people are very religious and zealously conformable to the Church of

England. They are likewise great enemies to the disorders as well civil as ecclesiastical, of their neighbour countries.' Camden says also, "No small stir was raised among the ancients in deciding to which of the territories (England or Ireland) they belonged. At last the difference was adjusted. As the venomous animals that were brought out from England for experiment's sake would live here, Man was generally thought to belong to Britain. Yet the inhabitants are very like Irish, both in their speech and manners." To explain this allusion of Camden's it is necessary to remember that St. Patrick "banished all the varmin" out of Ireland.

In appearance the Manx folks unquestionably bear a resemblance to the Irish. The dark eyes and rich complexions are of the Iberian type ; but the sedate, self-possessed manner, and calm, resolute bearing, have little in common with the impulsiveness and vivacity commonly attributed to the Irish.





W. H. Wood



ISLE OF MAN.

GREAT REDUCTION OF FARES

BY THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS OF THE

ISLE OF MAN STEAM PACKET CO., Limited

(OLD MANX COMPANY. Established 1830).

They will sail, on and after Monday, 16th May, daily (Sundays excepted):
LIVERPOOL to DOUGLAS - At 1 afternoon,
DOUGLAS to LIVERPOOL - At 9 morning.

FLEETWOOD to DOUGLAS daily (*Sundays excepted*), on and after SATURDAY, 28th MAY, on arrival of the through train due at 2 p.m., and FROM DOUGLAS every week-day at 8.30 a.m. Trains arrive and depart alongside steamer at Fleetwood, and passengers' luggage is transferred free of charge.

The above sailings are subject to alterations.

For further particulars, see "Bradshaw's Guide," page 414, or newspaper advertisements, and apply to THOS. ORFORD AND SON, Tower Buildings, Water Street, Liverpool, or to

THOS. P. ELLISON, Manager, Douglas.



TRAPDA HEAD.

HOW TO REACH THE ISLE OF MAN.

SITUATED as the Isle of Man is in the northern part of the Irish Sea, it is readily reached from Liverpool, Fleetwood, and Barrow, in Lancashire; from Holyhead, Whitehaven, and Silloth; from Glasgow, Greenock, and other Scottish ports; and from Dublin and Belfast, in the "sister isle." From these places, steam-packets ply to the island more or less frequently; and in connection with them the various railway companies issue tourist tickets all through the summer months, at very low fares. We cannot give the fares from every "populous place" in the United Kingdom (if we did, we should have to publish a large volume of fares only), but they can readily be obtained on application at the booking offices in the towns where intending tourists reside. It will perhaps be sufficient to say that, from every London station, the charges are—First class, 68s. 3*d.*; second class, 51s. 6*d.*; and third class, 34s. 6*d.* Children under three years of age travel free; those above three and under twelve at half-fare. Holders of third-class tickets, who wish to use the saloons of the steamers plying between Liverpool, Fleetwood, and Barrow and the Isle of Man may purchase, when they take their tourist tickets, special supplementary boat tickets, which will entitle them to the privilege; the

charge for these tickets is 3s. for the single, and 5s. for the return journey. Tourist tickets enable passengers to break their journey at various interesting spots, without restriction as to period, except that the return journey must be completed within the two months for which the tickets are available; the time can, however, be extended to the last day of the year on payment of the difference between the return fare and the cost of two single journey tickets. Those issued by the companies having stations in Liverpool, do not include the cost of conveying luggage to the steamers; but at Fleetwood and Barrow the trains run on to the pier, and obviate this inconvenience.

The time-tables of the railway companies give accurate information as to the hours and minutes occupied by the trains in reaching the spots where passengers embark on board the boats; but although it is generally believed that "Britannia rules the waves," her sons are unable so to guarantee the good behaviour of the said waves as to be in a position to prognosticate the exact minute at which the vessels will reach their desired havens. However, to assist our friends in arriving at a satisfactory solution of the difficulty, we present them with a table showing the distance between the various ports, and the time which, in ordinary weather, the voyages occupy:—

From	Miles.	Average time.
Liverpool to Douglas	80	Four hours and a half.
" " Ramsey	86	Five hours and a quarter.
Silloth to Douglas	66	Five hours.
Barrow to Douglas	52	Three hours.
Holyhead to Douglas	60	Four hours and a half.
Fleetwood to Douglas	56	Three hours and a half.
Whitehaven to Douglas	48	Three hours and a half.
" " Ramsey	30	Two hours and a half.
Dublin to Douglas	94	Six hours and a half.
Belfast to Douglas	80	Five hours and a half.
Glasgow to Douglas	165	Eleven hours.

And now we will enumerate the various services of packets to the island, and state the days on which they sail and the hours, so far as this can be done (but as some of them are dependent on the tide, our friends will do well to consult Bradshaw, or some other good time-table, and not place too much reliance on our information in this respect), at which they start:—

Liverpool and Douglas.—The Isle of Man Company has a fine fleet of royal mail steamships, one of which (easily recognized by the Manx arms, the three legs, on the paddle boxes) leaves the Prince's Landing Stage, Liverpool, at one o'clock in the afternoon, except on Sundays, for Douglas, and returns from Douglas at nine o'clock in the morning, except on Saturdays and Mondays in July and August, when it is an hour earlier, starting at eight o'clock. An extra steamer—"the husband's boat"—also leaves at four o'clock every Saturday afternoon in July

and August, returning from Douglas at one o'clock on Monday morning. Single fares—Cabin, 6s.; steerage, 3s. Return fares, available for two months.—Cabin, 10s. 6d.; steerage, 5s. 6d. Half fares under twelve years of age.

Liverpool and Ramsey.—Every Friday, the steamer to Douglas goes on to Ramsey, after landing her passengers, &c.; and on Mondays, a special boat leaves Liverpool for Ramsey at hours varying from ten in the morning to three in the afternoon, according to the state of the tide. The steamer starts from Ramsey, on her return voyage, at three or nine on Saturday mornings. Fares—Same as to Douglas.

Fleetwood and Douglas.—The new steamer *Mona's Queen*, daily, from Fleetwood, on arrival of train due at two, in the afternoon; from Douglas, at half-past eight in the morning. Fares—Same as from Liverpool.

Barrow and Douglas.—The new steamer *Manx Queen*, the steamer *Manzman*, or another steamer, plies in connection with through Midland trains from all parts of England. The trains run alongside the steamer, and passengers' luggage is conveyed to and from the steamer, free of charge. In the tourist season, the steamer leaves Barrow daily (Sundays excepted) at 1.40 p.m., and Douglas daily (Sundays excepted) at 8 a.m. During the months of July and August, a second steamer runs from Douglas at a quarter to eleven in the morning, and from Barrow at half-past five in the evening. Single fares—Saloon, 6s.; steerage, 3s. Return—Saloon, 10s. 6d.; steerage, 5s. 6d.

Whitehaven and Ramsey.—On alternate Tuesdays, each way. From Whitehaven, about ten at night; from Ramsey, about ten in the morning. Single fares—Cabin, 6s.; steerage, 3s. Return fares, available for a calendar month—Cabin, 10s.; steerage, 5s. Return tickets issued at the Whitehaven station are available *via* Liverpool, on payment of the difference of fare.

Silloth and Douglas.—For days and hours of sailing, see time-bills or Bradshaw. Fares—10s. and 5s.; return, 15s. and 7s. 6d.

The Clyde and Douglas, calling off Ramsey, going and returning.—From Glasgow and Greenock every Wednesday; from Greenock only, every Thursday (for hours, see Bradshaw). From Douglas for Greenock and Glasgow, every Tuesday, at nine in the morning; for Greenock only every Thursday, at eight in the morning. Fares—Same as from Silloth.

Belfast and Douglas, by the Barrow Company's Paddle Steamers.—From Belfast, every Tuesday and Saturday, at twelve noon; from Douglas, every Monday and Friday (for hours, see Bradshaw). Single fares—Cabin, 8s.; steerage, 4s. Return—Cabin, 12s.; steerage, 6s. *The Isle of Man Steam Packet Company* also run a weekly service of steamers between the two ports; in July and August there are additional sailings each way. During the sail up and down Belfast Lough, a distance of twelve miles, a very fine view of the country on each side is obtained. The vessels call at Ramsey.

Dublin to Douglas.—From Dublin, Mondays and Thursdays. From Douglas, Sundays and Wednesdays. For times, see local tables for the month. Single fares—Cabin, 10s.; steerage, 5s. Return—Cabin, 15s.; steerage, 7s. 6d.

Boats also sometimes run between Douglas and Holyhead, Douglas and Whitehaven, Douglas and Londonderry, Douglas and Greenore, and indeed between the Isle of Man and nearly every port on the opposite coasts; and a service between Barrow and Ramsey is contemplated.





DOUGLAS HEAD AND LIGHTHOUSE.

HOW TO GET ABOUT THE ISLAND.

HAVING reached the island, the tourist has the choice of travelling about by the roads, or by

The Island Railways.

There are two local companies in the island—the Isle of Man Railway, whose line consists of two branches, one running from Douglas to Port Erin, in the south-west corner of Mona, and the other from Douglas to Peel, about midway on its western coast; and the Manx Northern Railway, whose line runs from Foxdale, in the southern interior (with a junction with the other line at St. John's station, three miles from Peel), to Ramsey, the chief town in the north of the island. We subjoin a list of the stations, with the objects of interest which may be visited from each:—

THE CASTLETOWN LINE.

From the Port Soderick station, the road by the cliffs, eastward, leads you towards Douglas, and westward toward Castletown.

Santon station will allow you to explore the coast. Westward from Greenock Bay will take you to Cass-na-Howin.

Ballasalla station will give you a nice walk into Derbyhaven and Langness, thence to Castletown; or by Rushen Abbey and Malew church to Castletown.

From Castletown, you can make a variety of charming excursions to Langness, Poolvash (where you will find fossils in the limestone).

If you stop at Colby station, a visit to the glen will repay you; and if you follow the stream to its source in the mountain and then strike to the left, the view will be well worth all the trouble, and you can then descend to Port Erin. After dining at Port Erin, ascend the hill to your left by a lane that goes up from the village; this will lead you to the fine Druidical circle on the top of the hill, you can then keep on for Creig Neish, a remarkably quaint little village, and the Chasms, and then down to Port St. Mary, where you will get the train for Douglas.

THE PEEL LINE.

At Union Mills, you alight on the main road to Peel. To the left a road leads to the Straug Lunatic Asylum, &c., and the many pleasant excursions which radiate from it. You can also take the road between the two churches and then keep to your right, which will lead you past the Vicarage House into the Cooil and Foxdale road. When you come to the pretty little Wesleyan chapel at the end of the Vicarage road, turn to your left and on to Douglas; the road to your right will lead you to Foxdale mines and village.

From Crosby station, one of your finest walks would be to ascend the main road on your left from the village, and scale the heights of Greeba mountain. Leaving it and steering due north, you will come in at the Rhenass Waterfall, descend to Glen Helen and take evening coach and train to Douglas. If you keep on the ridge to the right from Greeba mountain, you could get down to Baldwin Glen. If you cross the rails when at Crosby station, you would strike the Foxdale road, and might visit the mines or walk back by the Cooil to Douglas. Visiting the former, any one in Foxdale would put you on the road for St. John's station.

At Glen Helen station, you will find a 'bus, or you can walk to that lovely place. If you go on to the next station, which is St. John's, you will be at Tynwald Hill, from which you can descend into the valley and have a beautiful walk to your right towards and into the Glen Helen road, or to your left into Peel.

THE MANX NORTHERN RAILWAY.

From Sulby Bridge, Sulby Glen can be reached by taking the road past the *Ginger Hall Inn*, and crossing the Claddagh. This forms a pleasant ramble. St. Jude's Church and the Fort at Ballachurry are about a mile and a quarter from this station. Kirk Andreas is about three miles distant. The roads in this neighbourhood are good either for walking or 'cycling, and the return can be made to Ramsey by the road, *vid* Regaby, and affords a pleasant change of route.

Sulby Glen is the station for Tholt-e-Will pleasure grounds and falls, and Snaefell. Cars are always in attendance at the station, and the fare to Tholt-e-Will is sixpence each person. If an ascent of Snaefell has been determined upon, visitors will find it less fatiguing and more enjoyable to drive to Tholt-e-Will.

From Ballaugh station, the glen at Ballaugh is well worth a visit. The main road after passing Ravensdale is the mountain road to Injebreck, Druidale, Montpellier. It also branches off, to Kirk Michael. From Ballaugh to Bishop's Court is a pleasant walk of about a mile and a half.

Glen Wyllin and the Spooyt Vane are a short distance from the Kirk Michael station, and are reached by taking the road to the left after passing the Mitre Hotel.

St. Germain's is about two miles and a half from Peel; but Peel Road station, formerly Poortown, is the nearest to this ancient city.

At St. John's station, conveyances are always in attendance to convey passengers to Glen Helen and Glen Meay, or to Rushen Abbey and Castletown.

Foxdale station will permit of a visit to Glen Meay, the ascent of South Barrule, an inspection of the mines, or a walk or ride to Castletown.

The Cars,

or wagonettes, as we might be disposed to call them, are very favourite conveyances. The following table shows the legal cost of hiring them for excursions from Douglas to places of prominent interest, and the charge for the driver. Cars stand on the Parade or near the Pier until the full number of passengers have taken their places, and the fare of each person is proportioned to the whole legal amount.

NAMES OF PLACES.	To carry				Driver.*
	Four	Six	Eight	Ten	
To Ramsey, <i>viâ</i> Kirk Michael, or Sulby and Keppel Gate, returning by Laxey, or <i>vice versâ</i>	<i>s. d.</i> 17 0	<i>s. d.</i> 24 6	<i>s. d.</i> 29 6	<i>s. d.</i> 34 6	<i>s. d.</i> 3 6
Ramsey, <i>viâ</i> Laxey and back	14 6	20 6	24 6	29 6	3 0
Laxey "	8 6	13 6	15 6	19 0	3 6
Kirk Michael "	13 6	18 6	20 6	23 6	3 6
Kirk Michael and Rhenass "	13 6	18 6	20 6	23 6	3 6
Peel "	8 6	14 6	16 0	19 0	3 0
Peel and Glenmeay "	11 6	18 0	20 6	22 6	3 6
Peel and Rhenass "	11 6	18 0	20 6	22 6	3 6
Glenmeay "	9 6	15 0	16 6	19 6	3 0
St. John's "	8 6	13 6	15 0	16 6	3 0
Injebreck "	8 6	13 6	15 0	16 6	3 0
Rhenass "	8 6	14 6	16 0	19 0	3 0
Peel and Castletown "	14 6	20 6	24 6	29 6	3 0
Peel, Port Erin, Port St. Mary, Castletown, and back to Douglas	17 0	24 6	29 6	34 6	3 6
The same, <i>viâ</i> Dalby and back	19 6	27 6	32 6	37 6	3 6
Foxdale "	9 6	13 6	15 0	18 0	3 0
Snaefell "	9 6	13 6	15 0	18 0	3 0
Keppel Gate, Snaefell, & Laxey ..	14 0	21 0	23 0	25 0	3 0
Castletown "	8 6	14 6	16 0	19 6	3 0
Castletown, Port St. Mary and Port Erin "	12 0	19 6	22 6	24 6	3 6
Ballasalla "	7 6	13 6	14 0	15 6	3 0
Port Solerick "	5 0	7 0	10 0	12 0	2 0
Baldwin village "	5 0	7 0	10 0	12 0	2 0
Onchan Village "	3 0	5 0	6 0	7 0	
Injebreck and Pen-y-pot, by Baldwin Village, and returning by Keppel Gate, or <i>vice versâ</i>	12 0	18 6	20 6	23 6	3 6

BY DISTANCE.—For cars drawn by one horse and carrying four passengers.—Not exceeding half a mile, one or two persons, 1s.; three persons, 1s. 6d.; four persons, 2s. Exceeding half a mile, and not exceeding one mile, one or two persons, 1s. 6d.; more than two persons 2s. For every additional mile or fraction of a mile over one mile, any number of persons, 1s. *Two-horse cars, six or eight passengers.*—For one mile, or fraction of a mile, 3s. For every additional mile, or fraction of a mile over one mile, any number of persons, 1s. 6d. *Ten passengers.*—For one mile, or fraction of a mile, 4s. For every additional mile or fraction of a mile over one mile, any number of persons, 2s.

BY TIME.—*Four passengers.*—First hour, or fraction of an hour, any number of persons, 2s.; every additional half hour, or fraction of half an hour, 1s. *Six or eight passengers.*—First hour, or fraction of an hour, any number of persons, 3s.; every additional half-hour, or fraction of half an hour, 1s. 6d. If a six passenger car is detained more than two hours and a half, or an eight passenger more than two hours, it is to be charged by time. *Ten passengers.*—First hour, or fraction of an hour, any number of persons, 4s.; every additional half-hour, or fraction of half an hour, 2s.

Fares from or to the Steamer.

For a car or carriage drawn by one horse, to or from the stands used by hackney cars or carriages on the arrival of or departure of the steamers to or from any part of the town within the limits named in the following boundaries, viz. :—Along the North Quay, up Bridge Hill, along Athol Street, Prospect Hill, Finch Road, and Church Road to the shore, along the shore to the pier, including any of the above-named streets, the sum of 1s. 6d.; and to or

* The driver's charge, when the car carries only four persons, is for each journey sixpence less.

from any part of the town outside the above-named boundaries, except the Crescent Road northward beyond Castle Mona, and except Victoria Road northward beyond the bridge next Marathon, the sum of 2s. ; and to or from any part of the Crescent Road between Castle Mona and the extreme limits of the town, or to or from any part of Victoria Road between the bridge next Marathon and the extreme limits of the town, the sum of 2s. 6d. No extra charge for luggage. Double the fares for two horses.

A child under seven years of age, accompanied by an adult, is not counted as a passenger ; but two children under seven years of age (unless one is an infant in arms) are charged as one adult passenger, and so on in the same proportion for any greater number of children.

If the proprietor or driver agree to take less than the fare laid down in the table for any journey, and afterwards exact or demand more than the sum so agreed upon, he is liable to a penalty of £2. He is liable to a similar penalty if he exact more than the legal fare ; and any agreement to pay more than the legal fare is not binding on the party making it, and the sum paid beyond the proper fare may be recovered.

If a driver refuse to carry the number of persons for which his vehicle is licensed—which number must be painted on the car—or if he neglect his duty when hired, or refuse or neglect to drive to the place arranged for, he is liable to a penalty of £2, and he incurs the same penalty if the distance which he carries the passengers be under that which he had agreed to go. Penalties of £5 are inflicted if he is drunk or behaves rudely, or uses offensive or indecent language, or refuses to produce a copy of the bye-laws or of his license when called upon to do so. Luggage left in a vehicle must be taken by the driver to the police station.

PORTERAGE.

Car drivers and porters carry badges with numbers on the right arm above the elbow. The following are the charges for portorage :—

For every box, portmanteau, trunk, or other large package, to or from on board of any steamer or boat, to or from the car-stand used on the arrival or departure of the steamers, 3d.

For every hat box, gun case, or other small package, to or from the above-named places, 1d.

For every such large package to or from any place within the town boundaries, 6d.

For every such small package to or from any place within such boundaries, 2d.

For every such large package to or from any place within the town outside of such boundaries, 9d

For every such small package to or from any place within the town outside of such boundaries, 4d.

TRAMWAY.

A tramway with commodious cars runs along the Parade and road skirting Douglas Bay as far as Castle Douglas. *Fare, 2d.* Other lines are projected.



DOUGLAS BRIDGE.

THE TOWN OF DOUGLAS

As we approach the island, the dim outline of rocks crowned with a lighthouse, the lines which indicate the piers, the club buildings, the wooded heights which mark the broad sweep of the bay, and the grey mountains beyond, grow into distinctness, and there is revealed to us a picture of remarkable beauty. On the left is Douglas Head, a lofty and rugged projection of laminated shale, against which the waves dash and seem to dissolve in spray. Near the foot of the projecting mass is the Battery Pier, with a lighthouse at the extremity, and between that and the curved pier, at which we shall land, is the mouth of the harbour, in which are fishing boats and barques of larger size. Handsome hotels and long terraces of showy houses stretch to the right, overlooking the sands, and from the hills, thick with foliage, skirting the bay, peep out towers and turrets, which we shall know more about before we have been long in the place. The northern limit of the bay is Onchan Point, closing the view in that direction.

We shall presently wander along the shore of this charming bay, noting, step by step as we go, the various points of attraction. Now we are content to glance at the noble sea-wall of the Loch Parade, the broad sands, the exquisitely clear water, and, as a central figure of the picture, the castellated Tower of Refuge on a little island of rock.

As the *Ben-my-Chree*, or the *Manxman*, or any other steamer of the fine fleet engaged in the service, discharges

its load of humanity on the pier, the passengers—many of whom have had quite enough of the sea for the present, and are little disposed to enjoy the picturesque until rest and refreshment have revived their drooping spirits—press forward, anxious to find a place where they can obtain a temporary home. Large hotels face them; houses where good apartments may be secured stretch along the Parade; cars and wagonettes are waiting at the end of the pier, with drivers asking the visitors to employ them, and porters who apparently live for no other object than to carry their luggage. Active lodging-house keepers, male and female, press through the crowd, insinuating their cards into the hands of the wearied arrivals; and it will be hard indeed if in a very short time all these tired tourists will not be comfortably housed, refreshed inwardly and outwardly, and discussing how they may best enjoy the beauties and wonders of the picturesque island. We may say with Prospero,

“Sit still and hear the last of our ~~see~~ sorrow,
How in this island we arrived.”

Douglas, now the seat of government, is the most important, as it is by far the handsomest, town in the island. Like the great historical family of Scotland, Douglas takes its name from a combination of two Celtic words, the names of the little rivers which, united, form the harbour. The Dhoo, “black,” river, which rises near St. John’s, towards the western side of the island, unites with the Glass, or “grey” river, flowing gently in a southward course from the eastern slope of the great range of central hills. The streams unite about ten miles from Douglas, and then, receiving an addition from a little stream near the head of the harbour, flow into the sea. The older part of the town, the original Douglas, very different indeed in aspect from the wide streets with splendid shops which now welcome the visitor, grew up on the northern side of the harbour, and a narrow street, Strand Street, skirted—and still skirts—the nearer portion of the bay. The old town is little better than a labyrinth of alleys, except the Quay, by the side of the harbour, which extends to Douglas Bridge. The larger Douglas of to-day, handsomely built, with broad thoroughfares, some of them lined with shops which might compare favourably with those of many of our large towns, plentifully stocked with goods of every description, at fair and moderate prices—the Douglas which has skirted the bay with fine terraces, and climbed the hills behind—the Douglas which has a large suburb, almost exclusively devoted to the accom-

modation of visitors—is a very different place. This Douglas has, among its many provisions for the comfort of tourists a large number of fine

Hotels,

the chief of which are :—

Castle Mona Hotel, on the margin of the bay, formerly the residence of the Duke of Athole.
Villiers' Hotel, at the junction of Victoria Pier with the Loch Promenade and Victoria Street.
Belvedere (Temperance) Hotel, Promenade.
Granville Hotel, Promenade.
Grand, Victoria Street, near the end of the Victoria Pier.
Peveril Hotel, at the shore end of Victoria Pier.
Fort Anne Hotel, on the hill on the left-hand side of the bay.
Regent Hotel, Promenade.
Athol Hotel, Promenade.
Railway Hotel, at the railway station, top of the harbour.

Royal Hotel, close to the pier.
Victoria Hotel, Prospect Hill.
Derby Castle Hotel, Crescent.
Falcon Cliff Hotel, on the margin of the bay.
Alephi Hotel, top of Church Street.
British Hotel, in the Market Place.
Derby Hotel, Castle Street.
Douglas Head Hotel, on Douglas Head.
Douglas Hotel, in the Market Place.
Falcon, Promenade.
Queen's Hotel, The Crescent.
Shakespeare Hotel, Victoria Street.
Star Hotel, Prospect Hill.
Sun Hotel, Victoria Street.
Sheffield Hotel, on the Parade.
Talbot Hotel, Athol Street.
Thistle Hotel, Parade.
York Hotel, Parade.

And many others, of less note, perhaps, but, like the above, clean, comfortable, and not extortionate in their tariffs. The same may be said of the large number of

Boarding Houses

to be found in all parts of the town, and especially on the Promenade. Indeed, wherever a more than usually pleasant view or abundant supply of the health-giving breezes from the sea, or from the everlasting hills that keep watch and ward over the place, can be had, there is provided a comfortable home for the tourist, either in the shape of a first-class hotel or a well-appointed boarding house.

Previous to 1872, visitors were landed at low water from the steamers in small boats, at no time an agreeable process to those not accustomed to the sea, and particularly unpleasant even to more experienced travellers when the sea is rough; but in 1867 the construction of

The Victoria Pier

was begun, and on the 1st of July, 1872, it was opened. It is a magnificent piece of work composed of large concrete blocks, is 1,100 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 31 feet above low-water level. The pier extends along a promontory formerly known as Pollock Rocks, on which stood an ancient fort





PROMENADE AND PIER, DOUGLAS

believed by some antiquaries, on very slight evidence, to have been erected by the Romans, and certainly of considerable antiquity. There was an underground dungeon, having no entrance but a hole covered by a large stone; and a local historian, possessed of vivid imagination and great capacity of belief, tells us that a nephew of Boadicea was here concealed by her, to save him from the fury of the Romans. If the unfortunate youth was shut up in such a dungeon, he would very soon have ceased to be a trouble to the Romans, his kind aunt, "the British warrior queen," as Cowper styles her, or anybody else. The fort was removed when the pier was constructed.

The large steamers from Liverpool and Barrow generally land passengers at this pier, but occasionally, at high water, and especially in winter months, the

Old Red Pier,

constructed between 1793 and 1800, at a cost of £22,000, and 520 feet long by 40 feet wide, is made available. At the extremity of this pier is a lighthouse.

Another stone pier is of recent erection—the Battery Breakwater (between which and the Victoria Pier small steam ferry-boats are continually crossing), so named from a small battery constructed near the foot of Douglas Head in 1813, when it was thought on the Isle of Man, as elsewhere, that "Boney was coming." This breakwater, erected from the plans of Sir John Coode, C.E., protects the harbour, and enables vessels to anchor inside with safety during any state of the weather. In 1857 a breakwater, formed of piles and rubble, was constructed, but was swept away in one night by the sea, stirred to fury by a gale.

Stretching along the bay from the entrance of the Victoria Pier is the

Loch Promenade,

so named from the late Lieutenant-Governor of the island, and one of the finest marine parades which any watering-place can boast. The sea wall is formed of concrete blocks, and the inside walls of pieces of rock set in Portland cement, the fillings in being entirely of rock. This promenade, nearly half a mile long, is the fashionable resort of Douglas, and some of the best hotels—the *Villiers*, *Belvedere* (temperance), *Athol*, *Granville*, *Regent*, and *Falcon* among them—the *Masonic Hall*, and mansions where apartments can be had, are on it, the sea view making the houses especially attractive.

On the promenade are stands of cars and other carriages for

the use of excursionists, and it is traversed by the tramway which runs nearly to the further extremity of the bay. Flights of stone steps lead to the sands below, when the tide is out, and give access to the pleasure boats and yachts always available for short excursions. Of course the usual seaside entertainments are to be found on the promenade—instrumental bands, solo vocalists, the blackened artistes who (though in a different sense from that in which Hood used the words) “rattle their bones over the stones,” very juvenile female violinists, and singers of comic ditties. As there is plenty of room in the roadway for these various artists, the promenaders are not incommoded, and can, if they prefer to do so, enjoy the ever-changing beauties of the sea, or criticize the costumes of the visitors, as their fancy may incline. At the end of the promenade is the

Iron Pier,

stretching 1,000 feet into the sea, and 17 feet wide, with a pavilion at the extremity, in which, at stated times during the season, a good band plays. The pier, supported on cast-iron pillars, was erected at a cost of £6,500. Mrs. Loch opened it on the 19th of August, 1869. One penny, each person is charged for admission to the pier, and it is a very favourite resort. Besides the extensive coast and sea view, the town and its surroundings present a charming picture as seen from the pier-head. Beyond the Iron Pier are the bathing machines.

Before reaching the pier, at the beginning of the esplanade, is the *Life-boat House*, containing the boat purchased by the offerings of Sunday-school children of Manchester and Salford, and another boat presented in 1874 by a widow lady, as a memorial of her husband; and between the boat-house and the pier is *Villa Marina*, once used as the Government House.

It will be strange indeed if, before the Iron Pier is reached, the visitor's eye is not attracted by the towers and battlements of what would appear at time of high water to be a submerged castle, opposite the promenade, and about a quarter of a mile from the Victoria Pier. When the tide is low, however, it is evident that the little fortress is built on a small rocky island; and one is disposed to ask whether it is really a fort for the protection of Douglas from pirates or invaders, (if so, it is rather a little one,) or if it is the residence of a recluse, not sufficiently weary of the world to desire to be far away from his fellow-creatures, but desiring to occupy a nearly inaccessible residence. It is nothing of the kind, but a

Tower of Refuge,

erected in 1834, by a subscription, raised through the exertions of Lady Hillary, wife of Sir William Hillary, a resident. Near the entrance to the harbour, a small rocky islet, known as Conister, or St. Mary's Isle, had been a cause of many disasters to mariners and fishermen, and a source of constant danger to vessels crossing the bay; and Lady Hillary and her husband succeeded in raising funds sufficient for the erection of the tower, which serves at once as a warning and a refuge. In rough weather the doors are never closed, and, instead of being shipwrecked on a sunken rock, the mariner, unable from the stress of weather to reach the harbour, finds security and necessary refreshment. Boats are continually plying between the Loch Promenade and the tower, and in a few minutes the visitor steps upon the rock, and then, entering the arched doorway, finds himself in the presence of a refreshment counter, purchases at which entitle him to ascend to the summit of the tower. If refreshments are declined, a small fee is required, and then a very pleasant half-hour may be enjoyed, seats being provided, and the view on the bay, across which steamers, pleasure yachts, fishing and row boats are moving, being very charming. Looking to the right, the piers and the rugged outline of Douglas Head, with the adjacent mansions and shrubberies, and the busy harbour, present another striking and animated picture.

Having returned from the tower, and continued our course round the bay, we see, beyond the Iron Pier, fine rows of mansions, *Clarence Terrace*, *Derby Terrace*, *Castle Terrace*, mostly devoted to the accommodation of visitors; and then we reach, about the centre of the grand curve of the bay,

Castle Mona Hotel,

built by, and formerly the residence of, John, the fourth Duke of Athol, who, as our readers were reminded in our preliminary chapter, was, after the surrender of the island to the Crown, appointed governor. The Duke, who had previously resided at Port-e-Chee ("haven of peace,") about three miles from Douglas, completed the fine residence in 1802, at a cost of £40,000. It is built of freestone brought from the Isle of Arran. The fine residence, which is surrounded by grounds twenty acres in extent, was the only property not sold to the Crown, when, in 1825, the Duke of Athol finally surrendered his rights in the island. The castle, large as it is, is somewhat dwarfed in appearance by the wooded hill rising immediately behind. It is now a fashionable hotel.

On the summit of the hill behind Castle Mona, and almost appearing to be supported by the magnificent fir trees in the castle ground, is another castellated structure,

Falcon Cliff,

which, originally erected as the residence of one of Manchester's merchant princes, has lately been altered into an hotel. Attached to it are extensive pleasure grounds, a theatre, concert hall, and other attractions; and though, as its name implies, it is perched on the top of the cliff, in a spot somewhat inaccessible from the shore, this difficulty has been got over by the addition of an inclined tramway, or lift. Its front door faces, and is on a level with, one of the main thoroughfares of the upper part of the town.

A little farther on is another large hotel, the *Queen's*, and shortly beyond, the road, lined with pretty residences and gardens, divides, the way to the left rising rather steeply to Burnt Mill. Following the shore road, we reach

Derby Castle,

owned by the Derby Castle Hotel and Pleasure Grounds Company. This, like Falcon Cliff, is a very popular pleasure resort. Good instrumental bands are engaged, and so great is the space allotted to dancing, that we are told as many as three thousand persons can enjoy the amusement at once.

Fêtes on a large scale occur often in both these places; and it is strange if a season passes without its being discovered that there is an anniversary of some event in which King Orry the Dane was concerned, which deserves commemoration. In the day-time, and when no particular fête is arranged for, the extensive grounds attached to both of them afford delightful promenades.

On the hill above Derby Castle is *Strathallan Park*, and near it is the *Victoria Tower*, in which are a camera obscura, telescopes, electrical and galvanic machines, and other attractions. From the summit of the tower, it goes without saying, a glorious prospect can be obtained. The tram-cars (*fare, twopence*) run from the beginning of the Loch Promenade nearly to Derby Castle.

Returning to the end of Victoria Pier, before making a nearer acquaintance with the town itself, we may look across the mouth of the harbour, at the fine residences clustered on the side and around the base of the hill, surmounted by the *Douglas Head Hotel*. Close to the entrance to the harbour is a block of lodging-houses, known as *Fort William*, and

near it is *Fort Anne Hotel*, built by one of the gay companions of the Prince Regent, a Mr. Whalley, an Irish gentleman, known among his boon companions as Buck Whalley. In this mansion afterwards resided Sir William Hillary, one of the originators of the movement for the establishment of life-boats, to whose lady (as stated in a previous page) is due the first suggestion of the Tower of Refuge. Two other fine houses, seen above the Battery Breakwater, are *Ravenscliffe* and *Harold's Tower*, the latter a castellated building, the property of a relative of Martin, the painter of "Belshazzar's Feast," and many of the wonderful conceptions of that most original and in many respects great artist took shape on the canvas in the house.

It is a stiffish climb—more agreeable to young and active than to elderly and obese visitors—to the *Douglas Head Hotel*, the tower of which is a landmark for vessels out at sea; but the view obtained is ample reward for the exertion, and an interesting collection of curiosities may be inspected. The summit of Douglas Head is 300 feet above the sea level; but the *Lighthouse*, built in 1833, was erected on a projection somewhat lower down. The light can be seen fifteen miles out at sea. The lighthouse is open to visitors, and just below it is *Port Skillion*, the (free) popular bathing resort for gentlemen who are stout swimmers. A little creek flows into the sea, and there are small caves utilized as dressing rooms, concrete piers from which a good header may be taken, and enclosed places where persons unable to swim may bathe in safety. We find the ferry boat awaiting us (*fare, one penny*), and landing at the Victoria Pier, we next visit the business part of the town. We therefore make our way, past the *Peveril Hotel*, to

Victoria Street,

formed a few years since, by clearing away some of the most crowded part of the old town. The shops are large, handsome, and well stocked, and few streets in any of the large English towns make a finer display. The *Villiers' Hotel*, one of the largest in the island, occupies the whole of the right-hand corner, with entrances to it and to the Promenade; and opposite this is the *Grand Hotel*, with the new *Grand Theatre* adjoining it. Victoria Street is about 350 yards in length; about half-way along it we cross Duke Street (*see p. 40*). At the head of the new street we reach the foot of Prospect Hill, a steep road leading to Bucks Road and the suburbs of the town, where lodging

houses of various grades abound. In Victoria Street is a large *Wesleyan Chapel*, and near the foot of Prospect Hill a handsome building occupied by *Dumbell's Banking Company*. The *Gaiety Theatre* is nearly opposite. A short distance up the hill, on the left hand, is *Athol Street*, and as that is a thoroughfare of considerable importance, we must give it a little special attention.

At the corner of Athol Street and Prospect Hill, formerly stood a building known as St. George's Hall, which was sometimes a theatre—Mrs. Siddons and Kean, we read, occasionally performed there—at one time a Roman Catholic chapel, at other times a Congregational chapel, an auction room, and a printing office. The building was long since pulled down and new premises erected, the upper part of which, a spacious room, has been converted into a billiard saloon. A little way up the street, on the left-hand side, is the *Post Office*, with which all visitors will desire to make an early acquaintance. A short distance farther on is the *Court House*, a handsome building, having a portico with Corinthian columns. It was erected by the Isle of Man District Order of Oddfellows, Manchester Unity. The Oddfellows' Hall, as it was then named, was afterwards a theatre, and when new law courts and public offices were required, was purchased by the Government. The High Bailiff's office, where a record of the title-deeds of all real property in the island, and the mortgages thereon, is preserved, and the Police Station, are in this building. The two branches of the legislature met here until a few years ago, but now sit in a new building at the corner of *Finch Road*, a fine thoroughfare on the opposite side of Prospect Hill. Near the Court House, in Athol Street, are the offices of the *Insular Board of Education*, the *Manx Law Society*, and the *Manx Society for the Publication of National Documents*. *St. James' Hall* (used for concerts, lectures, &c.), a *Public News Room*, the *Isle of Man Banking Company*, and the publishing offices of two newspapers, the *Isle of Man Times* and *Mona's Herald*.

Athol Street is the legal centre, the Lincoln's Inn or the Temple (on a very small scale, of course) of Douglas. Almost every other house bears the name of Mr. So-and-so, "Advocate," which means a lawyer, not exactly a barrister, nor yet a solicitor, as English folks understand the terms, but a combination of both, entitled to conduct cases in the island courts. Another Manx peculiarity is conspicuous here, as in other parts of the town, and indeed in Douglas generally—the frequent repetition of the same surname, and that

frequently of a rather strange kind. The great majority of names on the island appear, at first, to begin with C, K, or Q, the last being very uncommon in English names. Christian, Caine, Clucas, Kelly, Kissack, Quayle, Quilleash, Quilliam, and many others having the same initials, appear to be ubiquitous. They are advocates, grocers, druggists, and butchers, keep bazaars, and let out carriages and boats. If there is a place in all the world to find "Q in a corner," it is Douglas. These names appear to be corruptions of Celtic names having the prefix "Mac," the "c" sound only being retained, with various modifications. The Clucas is (Ma)c Lucas; and Quilliam, (Ma)cWilliam. Many names begin with Myl, an abbreviation of Macil, "son of." The most common names in all parts of the island are probably Christian and Kelly. The first Scott has made familiar to all readers of "Peveril of the Peak." If names indicated anything, the island ought to be the most "Christian" country in the world; but we find in the local records several entries showing that possessors of the name were not exempt from the frailties of human nature. In 1701, for instance, a clergyman named Thomas Christian, curate of the church at Rushen, was fined five pounds for "clandestinely buying of wreckt goods, and for cutting and taking away part of the wreckt timber, to the great scandal of his character and function, thereby giving bad and pernicious example to others." The name Kelly has passed into a catchword, with which visitors are tolerably sure to be saluted by the Manx boys and girls in all the country roads. There is a story, authentic or otherwise, that an English visitor had engaged a man named Kelly to meet him at the pier for the purpose of carrying his luggage, but not seeing him in the crowd, shouted lustily, "Hi! Kelly!" The response was a rush of fifty (more or less) active individuals who bore that name, and since then "Hi! Kelly!" has resounded through the island.

Athol Street leads to the

Railway Station,

reached by flights of steps. The booking office is a neat little wooden structure. This is the terminus of the Castletown and Peel lines, and passengers can be booked for Ramsey, through carriages being attached to all the trains. Beyond the station is *Douglas Bridge*, consisting of two arches across the little river which forms the harbour, and close to it is the *Railway Hotel*, a large and comfortable hostelry.

Returning to Prospect Hill, we pass the *Victoria Hotel*, and arrive at Finch Road, a handsome street, leading into Windsor Road, which has a steep descent to the Esplanade, near the boat-house. At the right-hand corner of Finch Road is *St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church*, conspicuous for its handsome spire (*services on Sunday at 11 and 6.30, and on Wednesday at 7 in the evening*). On the opposite side of the road is the *Government Office*, a handsome structure, with columns in front. It formerly belonged to the Bank of Mona, a branch of the unfortunate City of Glasgow Bank.

In the Finch Road is a handsome *Drinking Fountain*, the gift of Mr. Melly, of Liverpool, and erected on the old Finch well. At No. 4, John Martin, the painter, previously referred to, died in February, 1854. At the end of the road, near the sea, is

St. Thomas's Church.

a striking edifice, in the Early English style, built in 1850, from the design of Mr. Ewan Christian, the funds being provided partly by a grant from the Church Building Society, and partly by private subscription. The interior is very handsome, and there are a thousand sittings, one half free. This church possesses a peal of eight bells, the only peal in the island, presented by the Rev. G. Catley (formerly the curate) and his wife.

Beyond Finch Road, in Bucks Road, at the corner of Hill Street, and extending back to Myrtle Street, is

St. Mary's Roman Catholic Chapel,

consecrated in 1859, by Dr. Goss, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool. The clergy house adjoins the church.

A little further along the road, is the *Skating Rink*, formed at the time when the "Plympton" mania was at its height, and still a popular place of entertainment.

At the corner of the Circular Road, a short distance beyond Myrtle Street, is *Finch Hill Congregational Church*, a large building with a spire. There are many free sittings (*services on Sundays at 11 and 6.30*). On the right-hand side of Bucks Road, Albert Street, Mona Road, and Christian Road run down the hillside to Finch Road, and from these streets pleasant glimpses of the sea can be gained. In these streets, as well as in Prince's Street, and other streets on the opposite side of Bucks Road, comfortable and economical lodgings can be obtained.

Higher up the Bucks Road, on the right-hand side, is

Windsor Road, already mentioned, which descends the hill to the seaside and St. Thomas's Church, and between this road and *Derby Road*, an almost parallel thoroughfare, are *Derby Square* and many roads where pleasant apartments are at the disposal of visitors. *Derby Road* runs, at its lower end, into the *Broadway*, which leads direct to the Esplanade, at a point opposite the Iron Pier.

So much for a brief glance at the newer part of Douglas, which will probably be sufficient as a general guide to the visitor, who will soon make a more intimate acquaintance with the aspect of the place. Let us now make a start from the foot of Bucks Road, and turning round by the Roman Catholic Chapel, proceed up Hill Street, when we shall find ourselves in *Upper Church Street*, at the entrance to the churchyard of

St. George's Church,

the second oldest church in Douglas. The exterior is very plain, with a square tower; the interior is handsomely and commodiously fitted, and there is accommodation for 1,000 persons. A fine stained window was the gift of Mr. Henry Bloom Noble. The church was completed in 1780. Professor Edward Forbes, the eminent naturalist, a native of Douglas, who died at Edinburgh in 1854, is commemorated by a bust in the church. The service is choral, with a surpliced choir; but the congregation effectively join in the singing, and here, as in other churches on the island, the visitor can scarcely fail to be impressed by the fine sonorous voices of the deep-chested Manx folks, guided by correct ears and devotional feeling. The addition to the Litany thanksgiving for "the kindly fruits of the earth," of the words, "and the blessings of the sea," reminds the casual worshipper that he is in the land of fishermen.

In the spacious churchyard, in which are some fine trees, are many interesting memorials, marking the resting places of members of families the names of which we meet with so frequently in the town. One of the latest records is that of the interment of a foreigner, Pierre Henri Josef Baume, who died in 1875. He had lived for many years apparently in the most abject poverty, and after his death all the clothes he had possessed were sold for thirteence; but it was found that he had left property of the value of more than £50,000 to be devoted to benevolent objects connected with the island.

Lower Church Street leads into Athol Street, which we have

already visited, and passing the Railway Station, but not crossing the bridge, we turn to the left along the *North Quay* by the side of the harbour, and so begin an exploration of

The Old Town,

differing widely in aspect from the town of terraces, hotels, and broad thoroughfares, which has grown up by its side. The old houses on the Quay, irregularly built, but picturesque from the very irregularity, are separated from the harbour by a narrow road, paved with cobbles. Small trading vessels and fishing boats lie in the harbour, which is nearly dry at low tide, and presents a not very attractive display of mud. At high tide a ferry-boat affords means of communication with the opposite quay. The most attractive feature of this part of the town is the

Market Place,

which, especially on Saturday, the market day, presents a novel and pleasing aspect. It is very small, and closed in on three sides by dilapidated houses and the little old church, St. Matthew's. There are stalls for the sale of meat, vegetables, fruit, fish and many other articles. Thither many of the visitors wend to buy their dinners; and to carry away three or four mackerel, with a twig through their gills, is rather "the right sort of thing." The fish sold are fresh from the sea, and in all the beauty of colour. Mackerel, even in inland towns, a day after they have quitted "the briny," are handsome fish, and herrings are silvery bright even in London or Manchester; but the real beauty of mackerel is only exhibited when they are first taken, and on the stalls of Douglas market they show all their beauty of colour. Other fish, too, in great variety are there, some quite strange to the visitor from England; and while the purchaser is making a selection, and bargaining with the stall-keepers—not much bargaining is required, for they are singularly fair-dealing—up comes, in hot haste, a burly sun-tanned fisherman, with a fresh catch, some still wriggling in the death agony. In the market-place, as elsewhere in the town, we have abundant opportunity for noting the fact that the herring is the great staple of the island. Here (and still more so at Peel, as we shall see in good time) the herring is almost ubiquitous. Carts laden with the fish, resplendent in its silver sheathing, traverse the streets; housekeepers buy herrings by hundreds at a time, for pickling purposes; in open sheds by the Quay, and in the back streets, dozens of

women may be seen preparing the fish ; and in the shops are piles of boxes of bloaters and kippered herrings, each box containing five-and-twenty (price two shillings), conveniently packed, ready for returning tourists.

The catch of herrings is sometimes extraordinary. Looking over some old notes relating to the island, we find such entries as these—"Oct. 9, 1807, the catch of herrings to-day valued at £10,000 ;" "Sept. 23, 1793, £5,000 worth of herrings brought into Douglas harbour alone, independent of what was carried to other markets : following night, fishery quite as good."

The Saturday appearance of the market has been pleasantly and faithfully described by a lady visitor :—

"The market is supplied from the neighbouring farms, and, with its comely women and wealth of colour, reminds one of a fine Flemish picture. Stands of glittering mackerel, pearly oysters, and crimson lobsters make wondrous contrasts. Fair young women in scarlet shawls and blue dresses and snow-white aprons, with baskets of golden butter and eggs, and young pullets, or a *kishow* of potatoes, or a plate full of tender mushrooms, appeal to your eye and your taste."

Some of the rustic vendors come fifteen or even twenty miles to attend the market, where they stand in rows, and easily find purchasers for butter, cheese and other dairy products.

One of the old houses in the market-place was, we are told, built by a man who had made a snug little fortune by smuggling, and determined to build "the finest house in Douglas." If we only took our notions of "bold smugglers" from romances and melodramas, we might suppose they generally lived in caves ; but in Douglas, as in many other places, a hundred or more years ago, smuggling and open trading were "considerably mixed up," and some of the consignees of "run cargoes" lived in good houses and were highly respectable. It seems something like the irony of fate that this house should have been afterwards the residence (previous to the erection of Mona Castle) of the Duke of Athol, the lord paramount of the island, and, at a later date, occupied as the custom house. Until recently it was the Douglas Hotel.

The little old church, *St. Matthew's*, occupying one side of the market-place, was the only place of worship in Douglas. It was erected in 1711, and consecrated by the good Bishop Wilson, who might almost be considered (if good Protestant Churchmanship permitted such a designation) to be the modern patron saint of the island. A chair, known as the bishop's throne, is preserved in the church. The con-

gregation consists chiefly of the dwellers in the immediate neighbourhood, and fishermen. It has been proposed to remove the edifice, for the purpose of effecting local improvements, and to erect a larger church on a more suitable site; but the opposition to the project, arising from attachment to the old church, has, as yet, saved it.

The romantic, but extremely inappropriate name, *Fairy Ground*, is given to a passage leading from the quay, a cluster of narrow streets and alleys. Near the market-place are the *Royal*, the *British*, *Redfern's*, and the *York* hotels. The most important thoroughfare of the old town is *Duke Street*, a narrow but very busy street communicating with and crossing the new *Victoria Street*. Many old-established and well-supplied shops are in *Duke Street*. In *Lord Street*, near it, Professor Forbes was born; and beyond *Victoria Street* is *Wellington Street*, in which are the *Theatre Royal* and the large *Wellington Hall* and the *Primitive Methodist Chapel*.

In *Fort Street*, another narrow thoroughfare of the old town, taking its name from the fort which stood on the rock facing the foundation of the *Victoria Pier* (see p. 28), is the *Isle of Man General Hospital and Dispensary*, a valuable institution supported by voluntary contributions, a fact which visitors may as well remember. In *Fort Street*, too, is—

St. Barnabas Church,

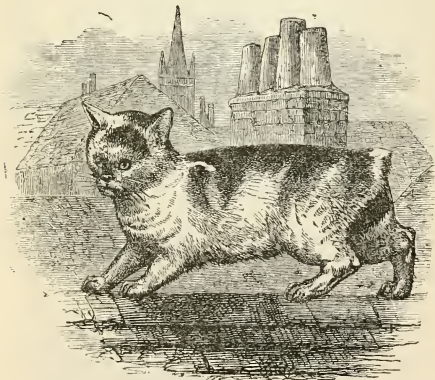
erected in 1832, by subscriptions raised in England, and intended especially for the poorer inhabitants of the town, the site being given on condition that five hundred free sittings should be reserved. It is very well attended. The tower and spire, 140 feet high, form a conspicuous object from the bay.

The handsome new *Victoria Street*, as we have already noted, cut through one of the most densely packed portions of the old town, and we are therefore prepared to find, as we pass up the broad thoroughfare from the *Pier* to *Prospect Hill*, that there are narrow busy streets, bearing the mark of antiquity, on the right hand or on the left. The most notable of these is *Strand Street*, running behind and parallel to the *Loch Promenade*. Bazaars, provision shops, fruiterers, fishmongers, wine merchants, and confectioners abound here, but the side-walks are very narrow, and the roadway also very narrow, and paved with cobbles, is as much a footpath as that which is supposed more correctly to deserve the name. From the centre of *Strand Street*, a broad opening, the *Central*

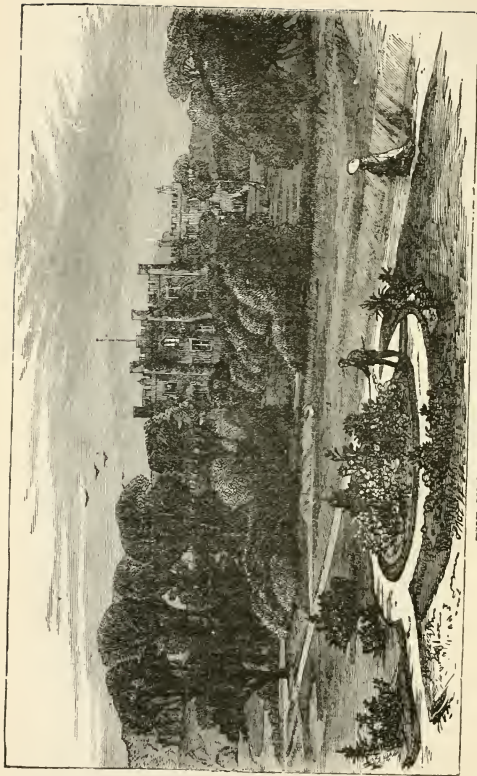
Avenue, leads directly to the Loch Promenade ; the *Primitive Methodist Chapel* being at the corner.

Having thus sketched an outline of the principal features of Douglas, viewed topographically, we have only to add that it is not an expensive place. Apartments may, even in the height of the season, be obtained on reasonable terms, and the price of necessary provisions, bread, butchers' meat, poultry, &c., is lower than in most of the large towns of England. Lamb is so abundant, that some visitors have been induced to wonder why sheep are not allowed to grow up in the island. There is no scarcity, however, of mutton, and both are sold at a price below that charged by the butchers of the metropolis.

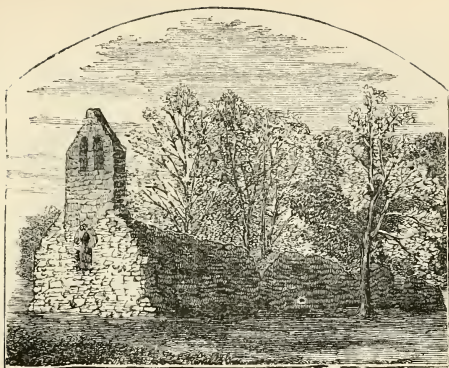
Douglas wears its gayest aspect on Saturday evenings and Mondays, so many visitors coming from Liverpool on Saturday afternoon, with the intention of staying until Tuesday.



MANX CAT (see pp. 2-3).



THE NUNNERY HOUSE AND GROUNDS.



ST. TRINIAN'S CHURCH (see p. 100).

SHORT WALKS FROM DOUGLAS.

TO THE NUNNERY AND KIRK BRADDAN.

BEFORE undertaking longer trips, it will be interesting to cultivate an acquaintance with some of the natural beauties and objects of interest lying within the limits of a moderate morning's walk, not too exacting for the pedestrian powers of a lady. To the question, "Where can we go for a pleasant walk?" the answer in nine cases out of ten will be, "The Nunnery Grounds and Kirk Braddan;" and it would not be easy to suggest a more delightful ramble.

Having crossed Douglas Bridge, reached by way of Athol Street from the newer parts of the town, we turn to the right up a lane, with the river on the right hand below. On the left are some very pretty white cottages, with gardens stretching up the hillside. A little farther on, on the opposite side, we can look down (for the road has been gradually rising) into the garden of a charmingly situated cottage residence, rich in flowers and with beehives. A little farther on are the iron gates through which we pass into a beautiful avenue, the public having a right of way through the Nunnery grounds. At the end of the avenue are the gardens belonging to the estate, separated from the footpath by a light iron railing,

which does not obstruct the view. Just within the railing, on the left hand is a cannon taken from the Russians in the Crimea, and close to it is a memorial in the form of an obelisk with this inscription :—

“Erected by public subscription, in memory of Brigadier-General Thomas Leigh Goldie, of the Nunnery, Lieutenant-Colonel of Her Majesty’s 57th regiment. He commanded a brigade of the British Army in the Crimea, and fell in the battle of Inkerman, Nov. 5th, 1854, in the 47th year of his age. *Post funera virtus.*”

The last phrase of the epitaph may console some of us, who fancy our merits are not sufficiently recognised ; after death may come appreciation.

The large castle-like edifice, now known as the Nunnery, is a modern building, the property and residence of Major J. S. Goldie Taubman, uncle of the distinguished soldier whose memorial has just attracted our attention. The extensive mansion, as will be seen by the illustration, is almost covered with ivy, and the grounds are laid out with great taste. We can catch a glimpse, and but a glimpse, of some fragments of the old Nunnery, the name of which is preserved in the estate. We read in the legends of the island, that good St. Bridgetta, or Bridget, established a nunnery here about 567, or nearly thirty years before St. Augustine was sent by the Pope to preach Christianity to the people of England. St. Bridget, it may be remembered, was the beautiful Irish maiden who prayed that she might be made ugly, so that she might be holier ; and if for no other reason than that, certainly deserves to be celebrated as a most remarkable woman. If St. Bridget really founded the Nunnery (and it is averred that she did, and lived and died there), the date given for that event is probably incorrect, for the good saint would have been at that time about 114 years old, and there is no record that she attained such a great age. But the dates in ecclesiastical legends are generally open to correction, and we may as well credit the saintly Irishwoman with the foundation of the nunnery, as any other benefactor to the early church of the island. All accounts agree that, if not at first, yet subsequently, it was a magnificent structure. Governor Sacheverell, who commanded the island in 1692, described the cloisters, some portions of which remained in his time, as very fine, the ceiling being sculptured with representatives of national objects. “Nothing in the whole creation (!) but what is imitated in curious carvings on it.” The pillars were of immense size, and the edifice generally built in the most substantial manner ; but in the turmoils of later times the hand of man effected more than could be done by “Time’s effacing

fingers." Governor Sacheverell says, "It doubtless has suffered much from the outrage of the soldiers, as may be gathered by the niches yet standing in the chapel, which has been one of the finest in the world, and the images of the saints repositied in them torn out. Some pieces of broken columns are still to be seen, but the greatest part have been removed." Nothing remains of the great convent but a portion of the chapel, now used as a coach-house, with a Gothic window above the large doors; and the piscina, in which the priests washed the sacred vessels, is said to be fixed in the kitchen of the gardener's house. The remainder of the ruins of the old building were removed by General Goldie, a former proprietor, no doubt a gallant officer, but apparently not greatly influenced by archæological reverence.

The Prioress of the Nunnery was a person of considerable importance, a baroness of the island, possessing temporal as well as spiritual power, and who held her own courts. No doubt discipline was well preserved among the holy sisterhood, and if any of them were unholy, they were promptly punished. Tradition affirms that there were underground caverns to which refractory nuns were sent, that they might meditate on their offence and mend their naughty manners. It is, of course, just probable that some of them came out again, and it is to be hoped were the better for the enforced seclusion. A punishment even more terrible was sometimes awarded. Waldron tells us, in the curious book quoted in the introductory chapter, that if any nun of the Nunnery was suspected of misconduct, she was taken to the How [Head] of Douglas, forced to climb to a hollow called a chair, where she sat till the tide ebbed and flowed. If she descended unhurt, she was cleared of the aspersion. "In my opinion," remarks Waldron, sensibly enough, "the number of the fortunate could not be very great; for, besides the danger of climbing (which few men can do above thirty or forty paces), the extreme cold when you come to any height, the horror of being exposed alone to all the fury of the elements, and the horrid prospect of the sea roaring through a thousand cavities, and foaming around you on every side, is enough to stagger the firmest resolution and courage, and, without all question, has been the destruction of many of those unhappy wretches."

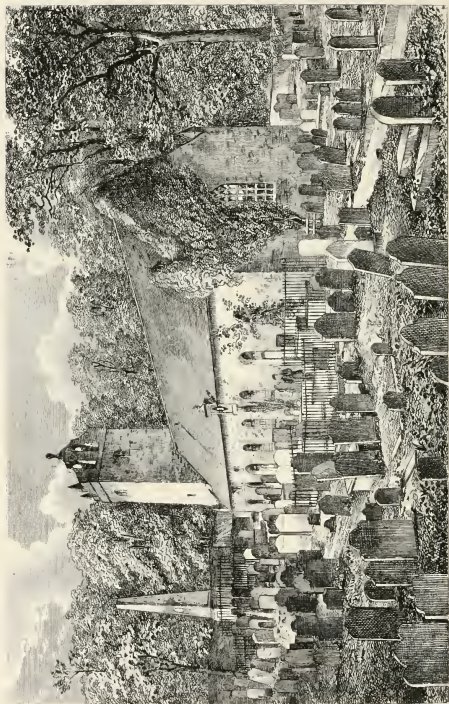
Many eminent persons appear to have been interred within the precincts of the building. Two memorial stones are preserved in the gardens, portions, it is supposed, of the tombs of Matilda, daughter of Ethelbert, King of Wessex, and of Cartesmunda, the "fair nun of Winchester," who fled to the

island to escape the unhallowed importunities and threatened violence of King John.

Following the path through the grounds, we pass beautiful lawns, studded with trees and large rhododendrons, and pieces of water, on the right hand, and beyond the Nunnery gates is what is popularly known as the "lover's walk," resorted to probably on account of its retirement and freedom from listeners to sweet converse and plighted vows, not for the beauty of the scenery, for what lover worthy of the name would have eyes for that? Trees overhang the little stream below, for the path runs along a steep bank, the united Dhoo and Glass, exquisitely clear as it flows over the pebbles, but with some deeper parts, tempting, we may suppose, to the angler, for a prosaic notice board announces that "Tickets allowing to fish in the Nunnery stream can be obtained at the Railway Hotel."

The railway is crossed on the level, but a little further on the single line runs through a pretty cutting. Another path by the river-side and *Pulrose Mill*, with water-wheels, close at hand; beyond, clumps of trees, half hiding a picturesque house, flowering hedges on the hillside, and, far away, the dark line of the mountain masses, and then passing through an iron gate and crossing a little bridge over a brook, the way lies across the meadow, and through a swing gate into the road leading to Peel road, and so to Douglas, a short way back for those who are easily tired. Most persons, however, will prefer to extend their walk. If they choose, they can diverge a little to the left, and rest and refresh in the *Pulrose Fruit Garden*; but if they are on Kirk Braddan bent, they will climb the stile and pass on to the place where the two rivers unite. Some pretty little cottages, with attractive flower gardens, are at Spring Valley, and then we cross the road which leads by way of *Quarter Bridge* to the Peel road, and go down the narrow pathway leading to Kirk Braddan. By the wayside are some cottages on the summit of a bank, and access is gained by large blocks of stone serving as steps. One of these blocks projects from the bank, but is not used now, the cottage to which it led having probably been removed some centuries since. That it was in former times constantly used is evident from the wearing away of the stone on each side, the footsteps of those who availed themselves of it giving to the block a rounded form remotely resembling a saddle. The Manx rustics are an imaginative race; and as "it runneth not in the memory of man" that it was ever actually a stepping-stone, of course it must be a saddle.





OLD KIRK BRADDAN

By a similar process of reasoning, as no human being would be likely to use it as a saddle, stone blocks, firmly fixed in a bank not being readily available for that purpose, equally of course it must have been used by the fairies; and in the old book already quoted, the inquisitive Waldron wrote, "Not far from Ballafletcher is the Fairy Saddle, a stone so called, I suppose, from the similitude it has to a saddle. It seems to be loose on the edge of a small rock, and the wise natives of Man will tell you it is every night made use of by the fairies, but on what kind of horses I could never find any one who could inform me."

Before going down the lane leading to Kirk Braddan, our attention will probably be directed to a little wood on the left hand, in which are a number of rough unhewn blocks of stone, mostly scattered about, but some arranged in a more regular manner. An island tradition asserts that one of the old Manx kings began the erection of a large tower at this spot, and began with an outer wall of unhewn stones, enclosing a long area, but died before the work was completed. It seems more probable that some of the local antiquaries are correct in supposing that here we have traces of one of those strange circular enclosures of vast stones, with an avenue and surrounding ditch, of which larger and more important specimens exist in Wiltshire and Brittany. Popular history credits the Druids with the erection of these open-air temples; but, in truth, we know as little authentic about them as we do about the Druids themselves.

A pretty footpath leads to the gate at the western end of Kirk Braddan churchyard. The old church, erected in 1773, on the site of a much older building, is not now used, having been in its turn superseded by a new structure beyond the boundary of the churchyard. The church, as its predecessor was, is dedicated to St. Brandon (in course of time corrupted into Braddan), respecting whom we know little more than that he was, according to ecclesiastical tradition, bishop of the island in 1025, was much honoured in the Hebrides, and that several churches in Britain are dedicated to him.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the gifted author of "The House of the Seven Gables" and several other famous novels, visited the Isle of Man when he was consul at Liverpool for the United States, but he only gives a brief note of what he saw, and that note has reference to Kirk Braddan churchyard, the quiet rural appearance of which and the surrounding belt of tall trees he greatly admired; and as Hawthorne was one of those Americans who found very little to admire in

the old country, his approval of Kirk Braddan is rather noteworthy.

The first monument which attracts the eye on entering the churchyard, and that on account of its size rather than from any other reason, is a tall obelisk, erected to the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Henry Murray, by the officers of his regiment, the Royal Manx Fencibles. Lord Murray, fifth son of the Duke of Athol, died in December, 1805. Near this obelisk is the grave of Henry Hutchinson, the brother-in-law and cousin of the poet Wordsworth, a sailor, who, according to the inscription on the headstone (written by Wordsworth), "being of a thoughtful mind, obtained great skill and knowledge of his profession, and endured, in all climates, severe hardships with exemplary courage and fortitude." One inscription on a grave (near the eastern door of the church), that of the Rev. Patrick Thomson, vicar of the church, will attract attention, from the recorded fact that it was set up eleven years before the death (in 1689) of the good vicar, who seems to have had a fancy for having his grave and epitaph ready. He left to the parish a legacy of three pounds—not much certainly, but perhaps all he had to leave; and, fearful that the donation might lead to extravagance, desired that two pounds of the same should be banked, and the interest only received "from time to time during time." In what way the eighteenpence or two shillings annually received by the churchwardens is applied to the good of the parish we are unable to say. Another vicar, the Rev. Robert Brown, a man of poetic taste, and author of a poem, "Kirk Braddan by Moonlight"—a pretty subject—is also buried in the churchyard.

There are in the churchyard some interesting Runic relics commemorating Scandinavian nobilities once prominent in the island. Visitors may have been prepared, by photographs ingeniously taken, and by published views, to find some Runic crosses of great size, probably from fifteen to twenty feet high. What he will see are three crosses, or rather broken pillars of black stone, the tallest about five feet high and nine inches wide, erected on a mound about a yard high. They are very interesting, but certainly not big. They bear rude sculptures of fish-like animals, or, it may be, dragons, scroll and knot-work. The inscriptions, very much defaced, have been deciphered by Professor Müneh, of Copenhagen, and other scholars versed in the old Scandinavian dialects. That on the larger cross may be translated, "Thorlaf Neako erected this cross to Fjak, his son, brother's son to J. or..

The other inscriptions are also memorials of Danes or Norwegians, no doubt eminent in their day, but now mere phantoms of history. A round-headed cross, with only a few inches of the shaft remaining, is near the church door on the south side. It bears figures of dragons or other strange animals, and the arms of the cross are filled up with a knot-work pattern. Another cross of blue flag-stone, very much worn (it having been for many years used as a stepping stone), is near the stile by which we entered the churchyard.

It is to be regretted that no means have been available to prevent the silly practice of scribbling names and addresses (mostly Lancashire) on some of the newer gravestones. Why anybody should find amusement in such disfigurements is one of the problems which reasonable persons find it difficult to solve.

The old church is not now used, and during the erection of the new church divine service was frequently held in the open air, the clergyman standing on a tombstone to preach.

The tower, with its battlemented belfry, is evidently older than the body of the church, and is probably a relic of the older building. A venerable ivy, with thick stem, is creeping over the sides and eastern end of the church, and in the interior is the cracked and mouldering woodwork of the pews and gallery, the pulpit and reading desk, on which lie old books apparently long out of use. On the dismal-looking walls are some interesting monuments of local interest; but one affects us more strongly. It is in memory of the children of Thomas and Mary Cubbin, who "were drowned in each other's arms in the surf on the coast of Madagascar, on the 20th of March, 1868, after enduring very great privation and suffering eleven days in a small open boat, through the foundering of the ship *Serica* after an awful hurricane on the Indian Sea." Another monument near the pulpit is also suggestive of the perils of the seas. It records the death of "the Rev. John Kelly, LL.D., J.P., and rector of Copford, near Colchester," and "compiler of a polyglot dictionary in the Manx, Gaelic, and Erse languages. Whilst conveying the manuscript of this laborious work to England, he was wrecked between Ramsey and Whitehaven; but with great fortitude he supported himself in the sea, and held the manuscript at arm's length above the waters for the space of five hours." He certainly deserved a monument.

There must have been a church here at an early period, for in 1291 Bishop Marcus held a synod in it, and enacted thirty-six canons for the ecclesiastical government of the island.

Until recent times, the town of Douglas was included in the parish of Kirk Braddan.

The *New Church* is a handsome Gothic building, the steeple of which was erected in 1884. It will accommodate a thousand persons, and three hundred sittings are appropriated to the use of visitors. Its site was presented by Lady Laura Buchan, and the cost of the building, £4,500, was defrayed chiefly by subscription. *Services at half-past 10 and 3.*

Near the church is *Kirk Braddan Cemetery*, in which are many interesting epitaphs, marked by a spirit of earnest piety; and it would do good to some English folks, troubled with rather too strong a sectarian spirit, to see the graves of Churchmen, Dissenters, and Roman Catholics, side by side in this consecrated ground. In Man, we are told, "all sects agree to differ." There are many memorials of those who have died at sea; and one of Captain James Scaddan and his two sons, "whose remains lie buried in the deep." The tomb which will perhaps attract most attention is inscribed, "In memory of John Martin, historical painter, born at Haydon Bridge, Northumberland, 19th July, 1789; died at Douglas, Isle of Man, 17th Feb., 1854."

Near the cemetery is the *Parochial Schoolhouse*, and at a short distance a fine building, the *Isle of Man Lunatic Asylum*, erected at a cost of £20,000. It has accommodation for a hundred patients, and is supported by a rate upon property of fivepence in the pound. The asylum is managed by a committee of the legislature of the island. It is quite a mile north of Kirk Braddan Church, and not far from the village of

Strang,

in which are the *Union Mills*, established by the Messrs. Dalrymple, where woollen cloths and blankets are manufactured and corn ground. The farmers of the island bring their wool here to be worked up, the garments being made by itinerant tailors, who go about through the island from house to house. An *Independent* and a *Wesleyan Chapel* are in the village.

The mills give the name to a railway station, from which we can ride back to Douglas. If we go thither by the road, we shall pass *Kirby*, the residence of the chief deemster, or judge of the island, a house formerly occupied by Colonel Wilks, who was governor of St. Helena at the time of Napoleon's arrival there as a captive. On the other side of the road is *Port-e-Chee*, "the haven of peace," where the Duke

of Athol resided before Castle Mona was built. The name was derived, geologists are of opinion, from the fact that, at some remote period, the sea flowed through the valley between Douglas and Peel.

We must pause a moment or two at *Quarter Bridge*, where is a pretty little inn, and look down upon the charming flower gardens on either side of the *Glass* river, a delightful little stream, the water crystal in its clearness, like Tennyson's brook, going on for ever, and its pebbly bed gleaming in the sunshine, and not without a fish or two darting backwards and forwards, or making bubbles in the rippling water. We can also enjoy beauty of a grander kind for, if we turn our eyes in an opposite direction, there are the everlasting hills, the long range of mountains with their flattened summits, and a glorious stretch of landscape over meadows and woodlands.

TO PORT SODERICK.

To enjoy this very pleasant ramble, cross Douglas Bridge, but instead of turning to the right, up the road to the Nunnery, follow the Castletown road, for nearly a mile under the shadow of fine trees which nearly meet overhead, with ferns and wild flowers by the wayside, and with a concert of birds most musical above. Beyond this beautiful avenue there is a junction of two roads marked by a spring and water trough. The left-hand road must be kept, the other being the new road to Castletown. Before we have got far we see, in a field on the right hand, two hillocks or mounds which have an historical and judicial interest. In ancient times the two parties to a quarrel were permitted, if they wished, to have recourse to the ordeal of battle—a method of settling a dispute which did not tax the legal acquirements of judges, and, no doubt, saved some trouble. The weapons employed were bows and arrows. One of the disputants took up a position at one hillock, and his opponent at the other. Then they began to shoot at each other, and went on shooting till one was killed, the survivor being, of course, entitled to the verdict, and the loser having the privilege of burial—a result considered to be entirely satisfactory and in strict accordance with justice. A very charming residence, *Ellenbrook*, is next reached, with a pretty garden in the valley below the road, and running through it, a brook with many little falls. Having crossed the Douglas and Castletown railway, we see on the right, *Oak Hill*, a handsome mansion with well-laid-out grounds. A stile in the

opposite hedge leads to a field path to Port Soderick. Most persons, however, if they do not mind a tolerably steep hill, known as Quine's Hill, will keep straight on for the sake of the fine views to be obtained. Near the summit of the hill is a square stone house, the property of Mr. Paul Lecce, a member of the House of Keys. Near it are the remains of a stone circle and tumulus, the latter nearly twenty feet long, and in which were recently found a funeral urn and other antiquities. A large mass of quartz is supposed to mark the grave of some person of importance. Two other fine residences, *Sea-view House* and *Hampton Court*, are passed, and then the way lies along a rugged but picturesque road to Port Soderick, by the side of the little river Crogga. The glen of Port Soderick, as this lovely path is named, is one of the most charming spots in the island. Many pedestrians, however, prefer the upper road over the cliffs, from which extensive views over land and sea can be obtained.

The coast of Port Soderick is very rocky, and on the south side of the bay are three caves. One is entered by a very narrow crevice, and we are led to suppose that if, as local tradition affirms, it was the resort of contrabandists, they could not have been "stout smugglers" in the corporeal sense of the word. Certainly portly visitors are generally satisfied to hear about the cave, without undergoing the amount of compression necessary to enable them to enter it. The other caves can only be reached by boat, except at low water. The larger one extends for several hundreds of yards under the land.

There are two or three routes, presenting varied attractions, by which the pedestrian can return to Douglas, but each longer than that by which Port Soderick was reached. If wearied, the return may be made by railway; and pleasure yachts and boats are also available for those who can enjoy rather a rough sea round Douglas Head. It was in Soderick Bay that a lovely mermaid was once caught—at least, so it is said.

Port Greenock, or *Greenwick*, is not far from Port Soderick, and may be reached by a pleasant walk by the side of a brook, near which ferns of a rare kind are abundant. On the cliffs above is an ancient barrow, or tumulus, forty feet long and twenty feet wide. It bears the melancholy name of *Cronk-ny-Murroo*, or Hill of the Dead.

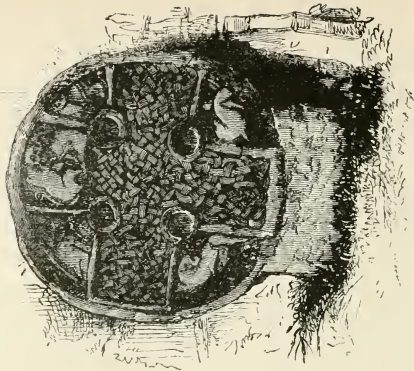
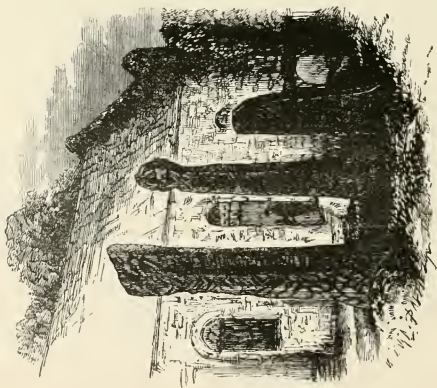
TO GLEN DARRAGH AND ST. PATRICK'S CHAIR

A tolerably good walker will thoroughly enjoy a ramble starting from Union Mills, already mentioned, taking the road past the little Wesleyan Chapel, and ascending the hill in front. There is good climbing, but the view from the summit is superb, and "the pleasure we delight in physics pain." On one side is the vale of Douglas, with mansions, woods, fields, and homesteads; on the other, Greeba Castle and the village of Crosby. Descending the hill, *Glen Darragh*, the vale of oaks, is reached, but we may now look in vain for the oaks which gave the name. Passing through a gate, we enter a field in which a part of the old stone circle commonly described as Druidical yet remains. Dr. Cumming, a learned and industrious local antiquary, is clearly of opinion that the Druids had nothing whatever to do with these stones, but that they mark ancient places of burial, and may be either British or early Scandinavian in origin. Many of the stones once standing here have been removed for building purposes, and the rich earth around taken for manure.

A short distance farther, about a mile from the old church of Marown, is a field named in the Manx language *Magher-y-Chiarn* (the field of the Lord), near the foot of the mountain *Slieu Chiarn* (the Lord's hill). In this field are five upright slabs of blue slate, mounted on a platform of loose stones, and known from time immemorial as *St. Patrick's Chair*. From this position it is faithfully believed the saint used to give his blessing to the people. On some of the stones are marks, which archæologists suppose to be inscriptions; but if so, they are utterly undecipherable.

A little farther on is the *Old Church of Marown*, where there is an ancient carved font, the fragments apparently of a cross. The churchyard may almost be considered the *campo santo* of Man, for it is a fairly well ascertained fact, that three of the early saintly bishops, Conachan, Lenvanus, and Rowney, were interred here. From these canonized bishops the parishes of Conchan, Lonan, and Marown were named.

The old church is but a short distance from Crosby railway station, and, unless an extension of the ramble is desired, the return to Douglas may be made by train.



RUNIC CROSSES IN KIRK BRADDAN CHURCHYARD.

TO ONCHAN, ST. CATHARINE'S, GROWDALE,
&c.

A ramble from Douglas in a northward direction is quite as pleasant as either of those we have described. To enjoy it, we walk nearly to *Derby Castle*, and having climbed the cliff behind it, and visited *Strathallan Park* and *Victoria Tower* (already noticed on p. 32), walk along the rocks beyond to the beautiful bay and beach, called *Port-e-Vadda*. Hence we find a pathway leading along the top of the cliff. It is, however, a not very smooth one, a few awkward stiles having to be climbed; but it commands one of the best views of the town and bay, and it is rich in wild flowers. The walk will repay the fatigue attending it; and those who, for any sufficient cause, do not care to venture along it can drive to Onchan Churchyard, where we will rejoin them. Presently, we cross a merry little stream, wending its musical way to the sea through a sequestered valley, which seems to have been placed where it is, purposely for the accommodation of picnic parties; and there we reach another charming creek—*Onchan Harbour*, surrounded by chasms and caves, which tell us plainly enough that old Neptune is not always in the good humour he displays to-day. Having gazed, to our hearts' content, at the scene spread out before us, we turn to our left, and following the upward winding road, reach

Onchan Parish Church,

which is quite as well worth visiting as is the better known church at Braddan. It stands in an elevated position, in the neighbourhood of luxuriant trees; and its churchyard commands an extensive look-out. The church was originally dedicated to St. Concha, the mother of St. Patrick (the name of the village is an evident corruption of that of the saint), but it is now known as St. Peter's, though when and by whom the change was made, and for what reason, is uncertain; it is certainly not an alteration that commends itself to one's approval. The building is in the Perpendicular style of architecture; and its lofty spire has an unfinished appearance, in consequence of the absence of the cross or vane as a termination. Its interior is capacious and neatly pewed, the western end having a gallery for the organ and choir; while adjoining the chancel are the Governor's chapel and a vestry.

"In this churchyard, now free from earthly woes,
Lie many strangers to fair Mona's isle;
Here young and loving hearts have found repose,
Whose presence was a beauty, and whose smile
Would aching bosoms of their grief beguile.

Sweet monuments of love fond mottoes bear,
 Telling of goodness, piety, erewhile.
 Here placid grief ne'er yields to wan despair :
 Bright amaranthine wreaths the silent sleepers wear."

So Ouseley wrote of another island churchyard, and his words are quite as applicable to this, in which his body awaits the archangel's summons. His headstone tells us that he "departed this life, May 7th, 1874, aged sixty-nine years." This God's-acre is evidently a resting-place greatly in favour with the many strangers who visit Mona. It has



ONCHAN CHURCH.

besides some old-world monuments worth examining. Resting against the north wall of the tower, is an ancient Scandinavian cross, deeply carved with knotwork on both sides, but without an inscription; and not far from it is another, bearing intricate knotwork, and the representation of two monstrous animals, somewhat similar to weasels.

Proceeding down the hill from the church, the road takes the visitor past the old *Schoolhouse*, into the village of *Onchan*, with its nursery gardens, occupying some fifteen acres. At the end of the village is another *Schoolhouse*, of more recent erection. Descending the hill beyond the

church, and, taking a path to the right, we reach the beautiful retired creek of

Growdale,

where a little stream comes tumbling down from the *White Bridge* at Onchan. The bay was anciently called *Eskedavik* (the "cove of Eskedale"). On our way, we pass the remains of the old *Parish Church* of *Lonan*, one of the smallest and most primitive in the island, roofless and fast falling into decay. In the churchyard is a monumental cross, about six feet high, and nearly three feet broad at the top. With its "gentle purling burn" and its quiet sheep-walks, Growdale is a charming little place.

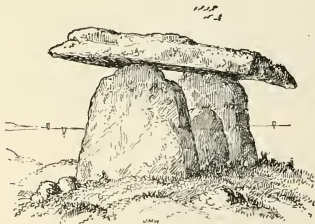
And now we return to Douglas, taking the high-road to the right after leaving the nursery gardens. On our way, before leaving the village, we pass a pretty little house, called

St. Catharine's,

in the garden of which are some curious ancient remains. One is a mere fragment, forming part of some rock-work; and the other is very similar to that in the churchyard. On it are represented monstrous animals, intended for dogs. There is no inscription on either of them; but close by will be found a slab of blue clay schist, described by Dr. Cumming as being very rudely carved with crosses and scrawled over with Runes, running up and down irregularly on both faces of the stone. The maker, "Thurith," was evidently a rough country artist, who needed lessons in writing and spelling. The inscriptions are much worn and partly broken off. At the head of the stone on one face we have, very distinct, the word "CRU," for *erus*, "cross;" just below, in the upper limb of the inscribed cross, written downwards, the Runes, "ISUCRIST," "Jesus Christ." On the left side, at the foot of the cross, is "THURITH," the maker's name; and considerably below, towards the edge, the words, "RAIST RUNE," "engraved the Runes." On the other face of the slab, on the left-hand side of the shaft, near the edge, running upwards, is "SUNR: RAISTI: AFTIR: SUN: SINA:" *i.e.*, "N. N.'s son erected this to his son;" and then, running downwards, the name, "MURKIBLU." On the right-hand side of the shaft, running upwards, are apparently the words, "UGIGAT: ASUIR: ATHIGRIT:" and then, running down again, very faintly, the letters, "AM: I." These Runes have also been translated as follows by Mr. W. Kneale: "(A. B.) son of (C. D.) erected (this) cross to Mirgiol, his wife, mother of Hugigud, Haukr,

(and) Athigid. . . . Thurid engraved (these) Runes. . . . Jesus Christ."

Leaving St. Catharine's, the road to the right conducts us past *Bemahague*, or, as it is now called, "Government House," from the fact that his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor resides there. A little farther on, *Glencrutchery Bridge*, by some called the "Fairy Bridge," is passed. In the road to the left is the handsome residence, called *Sunnyside*, passing which we see the *Tower of Falcon Cliff* on the left. Before reaching Falcon Cliff Tower we may, if we choose, take one of two roads to the left, which will lead us to a charming spot, called *Switzerland*, commanding a glorious view and descending to the shore. But continuing on the main road, after passing the brewery, we cross a bridge spanning the glen which leads from Castle Mona grounds to its extensive and beautiful gardens. And now we are in Victoria Road and Woodville. Of the four cross roads at the end of Victoria Road, that to the left leads down to Broadway and the Iron Pier, that to the right Stanley Terrace, while by going straight ahead Derby Road and Square are reached, and we are led back to Douglas by Woodbourne and West View, and re-enter the town by Buck's Road.





PORT SODERICK (*see pp. 51-2*).

THE ROADS IN THE ISLAND.

SO much for the town of Douglas and its surroundings. The walks we have enumerated, we need scarcely remind our readers, may be varied to almost any extent, as the tastes or the powers of endurance of the pedestrian dictate; but we have described the chief objects of interest in the neighbourhood of the capital of the island, and any resident will willingly instruct a stranger as to the many pleasant variations he may make in his morning's walk—indeed, they are, many of them, so patent to the ordinary observer that they scarcely need any pointing out. And now we will proceed further a-field, and in a series of excursions by rail or carriage, conduct our friends through the rest of the island, visiting, as we proceed, everything of unusual interest in it. But though, for the sake of those who are tied to time, or whose physical strength will not permit of long walks, we in every case suppose our readers to have recourse to conveyances of one kind or another, a stout pedestrian may easily and without over-fatiguing himself, visit all the nooks and corners of this lovely isle in the course of an ordinary summer's holiday, and thus learn far more of its beauties than his luxurious comrade, who rides about at his ease. And here we may note that good roads—

with, in many instances, pleasant by-paths—intersect the Isle of Man in every direction. Thus, as we shall hereafter have reason to know, and as a glance at our map will inform us, two roads run from Douglas southwards to Castletown, and is continued thence to St. Mary's and Port Eriu. From Castletown, another highway runs almost due north to Ballaugh, and then crosses the island to Ramsey, next to Douglas, its principal town; whence a third skirts the eastern coast and enables us to regain the capital. Another main road connects Douglas with Peel, the Yarmouth of this little kingdom, crossing that from Castletown to Ramsey at St. John's; while available roads link Ramsey with the Point of Ayre and every other spot worth visiting in the extreme north of the island. The chief objects of interest are within reach of these roads, as will be seen by the following

Itineraries.

DOUGLAS TO CASTLETOWN (NEW ROAD).

Miles from Douglas.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ The Nunnery, where King Robert Bruce spent a night.
- 1 Ruins of St. Bridget's Chapel.
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ Junction with the old road.
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Kewalgue.
- 2 Middle Hill. The road on the right leads to Kirk Braddan, &c.
- 3 Richmond Hill.
- $3\frac{1}{4}$ Mount Murray Mansion, which formerly belonged to Lord Henry Murray.
Two roads branching to the right conduct to Glen Darragh, &c.
- $4\frac{1}{2}$ Road on the right leading to Old Fort, on the estate called Ferk.
- 5 Road on the left, conducting to Greenwich.
- 6 Ballaloney Bridge.
- 8 Ballasalla Village; Rushen Abbey; Abbot Stone of Rushen; ancient bridge called the "Crossag;" road leading to Casnahown, Derbyhaven, Langness, St. Michael's Islet and Derby Fort, and to the ancient battle-field of Ronaldsway.
- 9 King William's College; Hango Hill.
- 10 Castletown.

DOUGLAS TO CASTLETOWN (OLD ROAD).

- $1\frac{1}{4}$ Junction of old and new roads.
- $2\frac{1}{4}$ Oak Hill; new church.
- 3 Hampton Court.
- $3\frac{1}{2}$ Path on the left leading to Port Soderick.
- $5\frac{3}{4}$ Stone Circle on estate, called Ballakelly.
- $6\frac{1}{4}$ Path on the left conducting to Greenwich, Cronk-ny-Marrc, two old forts, &c.
- 7 Santon Church.
- $9\frac{1}{2}$ Ronaldsway.
- 11 King William's College; Hango Hill.
- 12 Castletown.

DOUGLAS TO PEEL.

Miles from Douglas.

- 1 Ballabrooie ("the place of river banks"), where a spa was discovered.
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Quarter Bridge; Port-e-Chee Mansion on the right, one of the first residences of the late Duke of Athole in this isle.
- $1\frac{3}{4}$ Kirby, formerly the property of Colonel Wilkes, governor of St. Helena, is on the south side of the road; Braddan Church (Runic Crosses); road leading to the new cemetery, to Strang, to Lunatic Asylum, to Baldwin, and to Injebreck.
- $2\frac{3}{4}$ Dalrymple Union Mills; Dalrymple Memorial Chapel (Congregational); road on the left conducting to stone circle on Mount Murray.

Miles from Douglas.

- 4 Road on the left leading to Glen Darragh, to Treen Chapels, to stone circle, to old forts at Balla Nicholas, to St. Mark's, &c. Slieu Chiarn ("mountain of the Lord") may here be seen.
Marown New Church; Aitken's Castle.
- 4½ Crosby Village: the south road leads to Marown old Church, to St. Patrick's Chair, &c.; the north road conducts across the mountains to Little London, Rhenass Waterfall, &c.
- 5½ Ruins of St. Trinian's Church; the Round Meadow.
- 5¾ Greeba Mountain.
- 6 Northop.
- 7½ Ballacraigne; junction of roads conducting respectively to Castletown, Douglas, Ramsey, and Peel.
- 8 Tynwald Hill; Cairn; Church of St. John the Baptist; Slieu Whallin ("mountain of the whelp").
- 9½ Peel Cemetery.
- 10½ Peel.

PEEL TO MICHAEL.

Miles from Peel.

- 1¾ Road on the left conducting to the shore.
- 3 Glen Brough.
- 3¾ A circular mound may be seen on an eminence to the right. Under it is a "kist-vaen."
- 4 Glen Cam ("crooked glen"). It forms the ecclesiastical boundary between German and Michael.
- 5½ Glen Mooar; Cronk-y-Berry, where the cinerary urns have been found; road on the right leading to Spooyt Vane Waterfall, &c.
- 6½ Glen Wyllan, the Montpellier of the island.
- 7 Michael Court House, village, and church.

CASTLETOWN TO PEEL.

Miles from Castletown.

- 1½ Malew Church; road leading to Port Erin, Arhory, Colby, &c.
- 2¼ Ruins of Rushen Abbey.
- 4¼ Road conducting to St. Mark's, to forts at Balla Nicholas, &c.
- 5 In this neighbourhood formerly stood the "Black Fort," mentioned by Sir Walter Scott in *Peveril of the Peak*; South Barrule.
- 6 This milestone is 692 feet above the sea level.
- 6½ Foxdale Mines.
- 7½ Waterfall at Hamilton Bridge.
- 9 Ballacraigne.
- 9½ St. John's Church and Tynwald Hill.
- 11 Cemetery.
- 12 Peel.

DOUGLAS TO RAMSEY (via LAXEY).

Miles from Douglas.

- 1 Castle Mona, formerly the residence of the Duke of Athole; Falcon Cliff recreation ground.
- 1½ Strathallan Crescent and Park; Derby Castle recreation grounds.
- 2 Onchan Village; St. Catherine's Runic Crosses; Nursery Gardens; Onchan Church (Runic Crosses); road on the right leading to Growdale; road on the left conducting to Glendhoo, Cronk-ny-Mona, Ballacreech, and Tromode.
- 3½ White Bridge and White Bridge Hill.
- 5 Road on the right leading to old Church of Lonan (Runic Cross) and to Growdale.
- 5¾ Cloven Stones; ancient fortified hill; path leading to Garwick.
- 7 New Church of Lonan.
- 9 Laxey Village, Mines, and Great Wheel; Lord Henry's Well; King Orry's Grave; Stone Circle; road conducting to Snaefell Mountain.
- 11½ Road on the right leading to Ballaglass Waterfall, Cornah, Maughold Church, Port Lewaigue, &c.
- 15 Ballure Glen; Ballure Bridge; Albert Tower.
- 16 Ramsey.

DOUGLAS TO RAMSEY (*viâ* BALLACRAINE).

Miles from Douglas.

- 1 Ballabrooc.
- 1½ Quarter Bridge; Port-e-Chee; Kirby; Braddan Church, &c.
- 2½ Union Mills; Congregational Chapel.
- 4½ Crosby.
- 5½ Ruins of St. Trinian's Church.
- 5½ Greeba Mountain.
- 7½ Ballacraine.
- 8 Glen Mooar and Glen Helen.
- 9½ Rhenass Suspension Bridge; path to Rhenass Waterfall.
- 10½ Summit of Craig Willie's Hill.
- 11 Cronk-y-Voddy ("hill of the dog"); church of St. John the Evangelist; road on the left leading to the old fort, on estate called Corvally, to Mannanan's Chair, to Spooyt Vane Waterfall, to the Treen Chapel, &c.
- 11½ Glen Cannell.
- 12½ Ballaskyr Glen.
- 13 Bergarrow, where the Rev. J. Wesley stayed when on this island; road on the left conducting to Spooyt Vane Waterfall, Cronk Chukeley, Cronk-y-Berry, and Glen Mooar.
- 13½ Cronk Urleigh ("hill of the eagle"), where the laws of the island were formerly promulgated.
- 14½ Michael Village and Church (Runic Crosses and Bishop Wilson's tomb); roads conducting respectively to the Glen Wyllan, Glen Balleira, and Glen Trunk.
- 15 Michael Vicarage.
- 15½ Cronk-y-Crodda.
- 16 Bishop's Court and Chapel, the residence of the Bishop of Sodor and Man; road on the left leading to Orrisdale, Kiel Pharlaine, &c.
- 17½ Ballaugh Village and Church; Runic crosses at the old church; road on the right conducting to Druidale and Ravensdale; mountain road thence to Injebreck.
- 19½ Sulby, with its romantic Glen (Snacfell may be ascended from this glen); road on the left leading to Jurby, Andreas, &c.
- 22 Lezayre Church.
- 23 Sky Hill, famous in Manx history; Milntown.
- 24 Ramsey.

We have already (on pp. 22-3) enumerated the excursions to be made from the various railway stations.

The Mountain Roads.

Another series of good roads—many of them available for carriages—have been constructed by the Disafforesting Commissioners through the "commons," as the mountainous districts of the island are called; and by means of them the whole of the Highlands of Mona have been rendered accessible to all tourists. These roads are comprehended in three divisions—those on the northern, the midland, and the southern commons of the island—and altogether measure from twenty-eight to twenty-nine miles.

The roads along the northern commons are by far the most interesting to the tourist. They consist of a main road and four branches. The former commences at the Keppel Gate, about three miles and a quarter from the Douglas Market Place. It is formed at a high elevation, say from a

thousand to fourteen hundred feet above the sea-level, and skirts the range of northern mountains to the northern boundary of the gate of Park Llewellyn, a distance of twelve and a half miles from Douglas. The termination of this road is about two miles from the Ballure Bridge, which is distant some two miles and a half from Ramsey.

The first of the branch roads leads off to the right, about a mile and a half beyond the Keppel Gate. It is but short, being mainly intended as an outlet from the mountains to Riversdale, Glenroy, and the southern parts of Lonan. It is usually known as *Noble's Road*, and its gradients are very steep. It joins the main road between Douglas and Laxey at the Halfway House. The walk thence into Douglas is an easy one of about three miles and a half; and this round will be found an agreeable first attempt for the tourist who wishes to get his walking powers in order for longer rambles.

The second branch leaves the main road to the left at Bein-y-Phot Iron Gate, at a distance of seven and a half miles from Douglas Market Place. It passes along the north-west side of Bein-y-Phot mountain, which is 1,772 feet high, and thence through the Turbary, to a place near the junction of the road to Druidale, called in Manx, *Cannan Biddin*, or "the Baregarrow Mountain Gate," and leads direct into the parish of Michael. It is about three and a half miles long. Decidedly the most interesting view on this line is at the point where the road overlooks the charming valley of West Baldwin. From the end of this branch, at the Baregarrow mountain, there is another branch line, measuring nearly two miles and seven-eighths, leading almost directly across the commons to Awhallin, in the West Baldwin Valley. This road is intended to connect the highlands in Michael (Druidale included) with Douglas, by the West Baldwin Valley.

The third and principal by-road leads from the old main line to the left, the point of divergence being at the southern side of Snaefell, where travellers from Douglas usually commence the ascent of the mountain. This is nearly eight and a quarter miles from Douglas Market Place. This branch road leads down the shoulder of Snaefell mountain, in Sulby Valley, to Corolly Mountain Gate, the commencement of Sulby Glen proper. It is only two miles and fifty-two yards long, and its termination is four miles from the village of Sulby. Snaefell is easy of access from this road, which has of late years taken the place of the main road, on account of the bad state of repair into which the latter has been allowed to

fall. The latter is almost impassable for carriages now, but the pedestrian will find it a short cut into Ramsey; as he nears which town he will obtain splendid views of the whole of the north of the island.

The ascent from Douglas to the Keppel Gate is interesting in the extreme. It commands a magnificent view of Douglas and of the southern portions of the island, and on the east of parts of the parish of Lonan; while from the Keppel Gate, as far as the Bein-y-Phot Iron Gate, the view on a fine day is expansive and very enjoyable. The tourist has on his right hand the range of mountain land, called the Cairn Gharjohl (1,461 feet high), and a part of the Slieu Mullagh Oure; while on the left hand the view is almost boundless. The beautiful valleys of the Baldwin lie immediately beneath the traveller's gaze. Enclosing these valleys, on the opposite side, are the mountains of Bein-y-Phot (1,772 feet high), Carraghan (1,520 feet), and Craigwine. In the distance are the Greeba mountains and South Barrule, down the gorges between which the eye sweeps over a great portion of the southern parts of the island. From the Bein-y-Phot Iron Gate, which is the summit level of the mountain route, to the northern end of the new mountain road (at Park Llewellyn mountain gate), about two and a half miles from Ramsey, the traveller has on his right hand the northern portion of the Slieu Mullagh Oure and the ridge, called Slieu Choar (1,809 feet high), and North Barrule (1,842 feet). At a portion of the road, about eight and a half miles from Douglas, the tourist has a magnificent view down the Laxey Valley, and the big wheel can be plainly seen in the distance. On the left hand again, from Bein-y-Phot Iron Gate, the Sulby branch is first met with. After passing the junction the tourist comes to Little Snaefell and Big Snaefell mountains; and farther on, at a point ten miles and three furlongs from Douglas, he can descend by the road to Glenaldyn, Narradale, and Ginger Hall, or by that leading over Skye Hill, which commands an extensive view of the northern portions of the island. Arrived at the farmhouse at Park Llewellyn, the tourist can choose between the path to the left through the wood and Elfin and Ballure Glens (*see* pp. 170-3), or, keeping more to the right or eastward, can arrive at Ramsey by way of the Albert Tower road and Cloughbane. This road, being inaccessible to conveyances, is only used by pedestrians, but it is one that should not be omitted. Conveyances with parties from Douglas, and they sometimes number hundreds per day, take the Sulby Glen

road. Arrived at Tholt-e-Will, an agreeable rest will be enjoyed, and the walk to Sulby Glen station is three miles and a half.

The mountain roads on the midland commons are in the parishes of Marown and Patrick, with a small length in the parish of Malew. In all there are five roads, but they are so short that their total length is less than five miles. The most important one is that which forms a portion of the road from Foxdale to Castletown, *via* St. Mark's.

The mountain roads in the south are not of great length, but afford excellent "coigns of vantage," whence to view the rocky and precipitous coast that characterizes that part of the island. They converge at the high land close to the South Barrule mountain, called the Round Table, the summit of the line from Ballasalla, Castletown, and Arbory to Glen Meay. The first of these is a branch leading from the Round Table towards Port Erin. It is usually known as the Port Erin mountain road, and measures about five miles and a quarter. It commands a very fine view of Castletown Bay and of the south of the island. From this line, at a distance of a mile and a quarter from the Round Table, there is a branch road, a little more than a mile in length, leading to the summit of South Dalby, near Carran's Hill, which is 984 feet high. South of this is the Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa mountain, which plunges into the sea from a height of 1,445 feet. From its shoulder a most magnificent view of the Castletown and Port St. Mary Bays, Langness, Derby Haven, and the south is obtained. The country stretches at the feet of the tourist in one beautiful panorama, Port Erin alone, of all the beautiful spots to the south, being hidden from view. The Dalby district is one of the most romantic in the island. The scenery is picturesque in the extreme. At Baleby, near Dalby, is a tumulus which, from excavations made and the weapons discovered, appears to be of the iron age, the latest of the eras of burial in tumuli. Dr. Cumming thinks that it is of Scandinavian origin. Dalby is provided with a school-house, which serves as a chapel of ease to the parish of Patrick. At the Nearby Point, south of Dalby, are some interesting caves. In the Lhagny-Keeihley Glen, at the foot of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, is an old ruinous Treen chapel, ten feet long by six wide, said to be the burial-place of the old kings of Man.

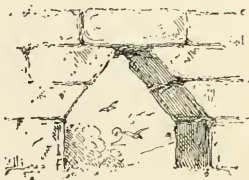
Other mountain roads lead from the Cross Vein Mine towards Glen Needle; from it to the mountain gate in Glen maye; and from the Round Table towards Foxdale.

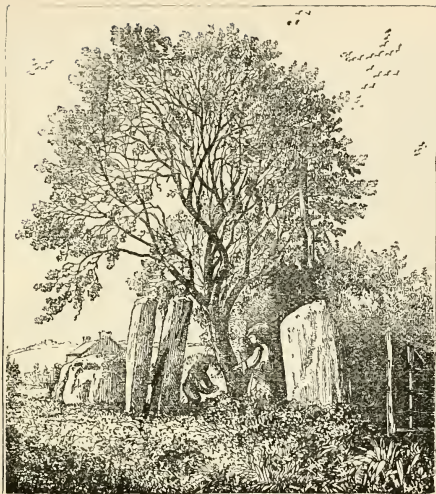
The Mountains.

While speaking of the mountain roads, our thoughts naturally revert to the mountains themselves. And here we may note, that one need not possess the strength, nerve, and agility of a climber of the Alpine heights, or, indeed, of the smaller Snowdon in Wales, or the Cumbrian range, to ascend the mountains (we believe that strict geographers will not give that distinguished title to all the Manx masses, most of which are below the regulation height which converts a hill into a mountain); but the exertion of reaching the summit of Snaefell or North Barrule is quite enough to tax the muscles of an untrained pedestrian. The heights of these rocky masses, which form, as it were, the backbone of the island, are:—

	Feet.		Feet.
Snaefell	2,024	Slieu Chairn	1,533
North Barrule	1,842	Carraghan	1,520
Slieu Choar	1,809	Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa	1,445
Bein-y-Phot	1,772	Slieu Dhoo	1,139
Slieu-ne-Fraughane	1,602	Slieu Whallin	1,086
Greeba	1,591	Carran's Hill	984
South Barrule	1,584	Slieu-e-Carnane	900
Sartel	1,560		

The ascent of Snaefell and North Barrule will probably satisfy the majority of tourists, but climbs up most of the others will well repay the exertion—and Slieu Choar, Bein-y-Phot, South Barrule, and Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa should on no account be omitted, unless the visitor be pressed for time. Local advice should be taken as to the best times for the effort. We shall in future pages notice the best routes to reach the higher peaks.





THE CLOVEN STONES.

DOUGLAS TO LAXEY AND THE SUMMIT OF SNAEFELL.

COMMENCING the excursions of which we spoke at the beginning of our last chapter, we first make this trip—one which is usually among the earliest undertaken by a visitor to Mona's Isle, and which is deservedly a favourite with every one who has experienced the pleasure it affords. At present, we must make the journey by car, unless we are sturdy enough to trust to our own legs and feet; but it is hoped that "some one day," as our Yorkshire friends have it, the iron steed will convey us all the way—nay, up to the very top of Snaefell itself, or at all events not very far from its summit. Our route in starting depends very much on the part of Douglas in which we have pitched

our tents. If we are located in the sea-front or in the lower parts of the town, we shall wend our way along the Promenade, past the Iron Pier and Castle Mona, and up Burnt Mill Hill, to the high road (literally so) from Douglas to Ramsey. If we are living in its upper portion, we proceed along Buck's Road and past the Industrial Home for Destitute Children and Glen Crutchery, a lovely spot at all times of the year, and so reach the same spot. In either case, we shall travel along the road by which we returned from *Onchan* at the close of our last ramble (*see pp. 55-8*). About a mile and a quarter to the north of the village, we cross—

The White Bridge

over the *Bibaloe* river, a small stream which affords some sport to the angler, but is more celebrated for the beauty of the scenery through which it flows than for its trout. The gorse here attains proportions sufficiently large to be made into walking-sticks—indeed, the glen is well known to most “stickologists” in the island.

Having crossed the White Bridge, and ascended the hill beyond it, we reach a spot where two or three roads meet, and where we make rather a long stay for refreshments (for we are travelling by the public car) at the two *Halfway Houses* to be found there. (We shall find as we progress that there are two *Halfway Houses* on most of the roads in the island, and that it is by no means unusual for the car-drivers to stop at both—“so as not to be partial, sir,” they will tell you.) Descending the hill about a mile further on, when at its foot, and exactly opposite the fifth milestone from Douglas, and therefore two miles from Laxey, a lane on our right conducts us to a field in which is a relic we are strictly enjoined by local advice not to miss seeing, whatever else we “cut out”—

The Cloven Stones,

two tall upright masses of stone, one of which is split nearly into two. They are presumably the remains of a cairn which, tradition asserts, was the grave of one of the early British warriors from Wales, who in very remote times, before the arrival of the Scandinavian invaders, made occasional incursions into the island. If so, it is perhaps the oldest of all the old memorials in Man. The stones appear to have formed a portion of one of those stone enclosures, so well known to antiquaries. Mr. Wood, who wrote on the

antiquities of the island rather more than seventy years ago, says that in his time twelve stones existed, forming an oval, the two tall ones (those now remaining) being situated at one end, and the whole standing on a mound nearly four feet high; and that in the centre of the oval was an excavation. An older authority says that a stone sepulchral chest was found there. Some of the Manx landowners are very proud of possessing such ancient memorials; but if they need a good-sized piece of stone to repair a wall or for building purposes, the cairn, however venerable, is likely to suffer. That such was the fate of the other ten stones is more than probable; and a Manx writer assures us that these two narrowly escaped sharing it. He tells us that the proprietor of the ground they stand on once conceived the idea of removing them, but that, when he and his assistants reached the field and were about to commence demolishing them, he chanced to look towards his home and thought he saw flames issuing from it. He therefore returned in hot haste to extinguish them; and when he reached it found his house as it should be, but saw the Cloven Stones on fire. "The man was too wise," our author adds, "to disregard so clear an omen, and the stones have ever since remained undisturbed." "A likely tale!" we think we hear some of our friends exclaim. Well, if they are sceptical, we cannot help it; we give the story as we find it, and our readers have already discovered, as Waldron did years ago, that, though genuine Manx cats are deprived of the caudal appendage common to most animals of the feline order, their owners are by no means taleless. If this marvellous account be true, it is devoutly to be wished that similar supernatural interpositions may save other monuments of antiquity threatened with destruction at the hands of the present matter-of-fact generation!

An old-world earthwork, in the *Valley of Gliongawne*, on the opposite side of the road, is but seldom visited; but it will well repay examination by those interested in such remains of bygone warfare, and certainly does not merit the neglect it has met with.

Ascending the next hill, a charming outlook bursts upon us, and not the least interesting feature in the scene is

Lonan Church

(the new church of the parish in which Laxey is situated; we have already visited the ruins of the old church, *see* p. 57), an edifice in the Early English style of architecture, which will accommodate about five hundred worshippers. Like its

predecessor, it is dedicated to St. Lovan or Lovanus (the name of the parish is an evident corruption of that of the saint), the son of Thygrida, one of the three holy sisters of St. Patrick, who succeeded St. Maughold in the bishopric of the island. We are now but two miles from our first stopping-place to-day,

Laxey

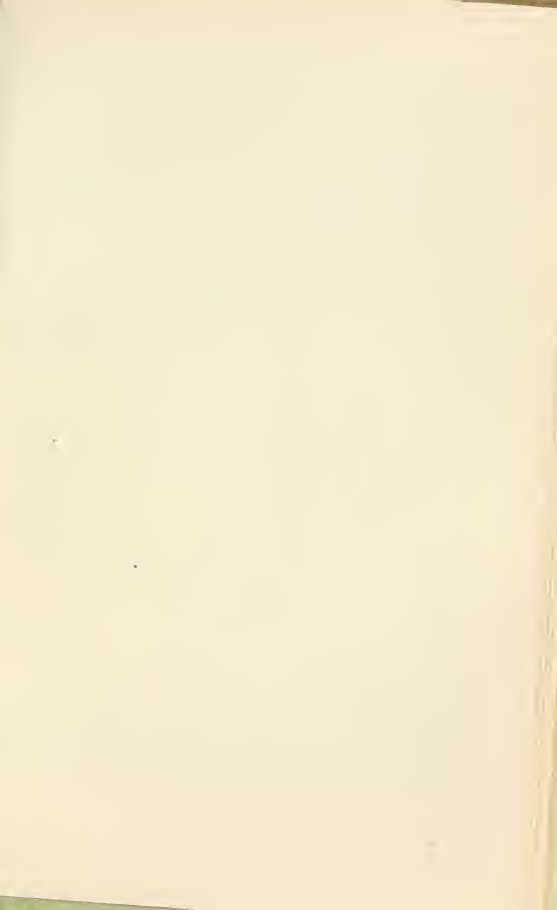
[HOTELS: *Commercial, Queen's, &c.*; in Old Laxey, *Shore Inn*], famous for its lead mines, and still more for the enormous water-wheel, the largest in the world.

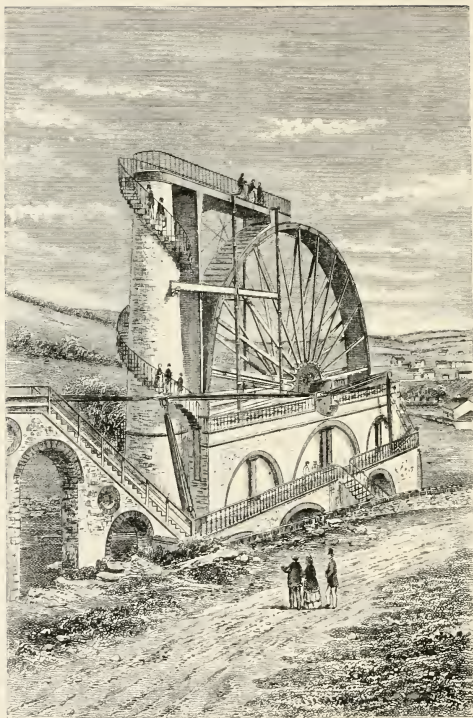
We reach Laxey by a sharp incline from the high ground over which we have been travelling, and a very striking picture is presented by the extensive mining works and the ornamental pleasure-grounds in the neighbourhood. The white cottages dotting both the precipitous sides of the glen, the giant water-wheel, with its pillar, encompassed by a winding staircase, and a gallery above, standing out against the sky, in the distance, the busy scene below on the washing-floors of the Great Laxey mine, and away up the valley the mountains of Snaefell (2,024 feet high), Sliu Choar (1,809), and Bein-y-Phot (1,772)—all combine to make a scene which, for picturesque beauty, cannot be surpassed in the three kingdoms.

The village stands on both sides of the valley through which the river of the same name flows to the sea. At its mouth is a pretty bay, on shores of which are some interesting caverns and several curiously-shaped rocks, evidently of volcanic origin, which should be visited. In the old Norse language, *Laxa* signified "salmon river," and in times by-gone the river which flows through the bottom of the glen abounded in that fish. Even in the beginning of this century they used, in the spawning season, to leap a weir situated some distance up the glen. The poisonous nature of the washings from the lead and copper have, however, driven all the salmon away, though most of the tributaries of the stream are well stocked with trout.

The Mines

were known at a very early period, and have been profitably worked for more than a hundred years; they are now the property of the Laxey Mining Company. They are more than 1,380 feet deep, and the miners take two hours to reach the lowest workings from the mouth of the mine. Eight hundred men are employed in raising the lead, blende, and





LAXEY WATER WHEEL

copper, the products of the mine ; and one of the value of £180 per fathom is not unfrequently brought to the surface; and the lead ore will sometimes yield more than 100 ounces of silver to the ton.

The large washing-floors present a scene of great activity. Here men, boys, and women are at work breaking up and carrying the ore. The masses are first broken by hammers, and then ground by machinery. The washing process follows, by which the metal is separated from the matrix, and the lead from the other metals.

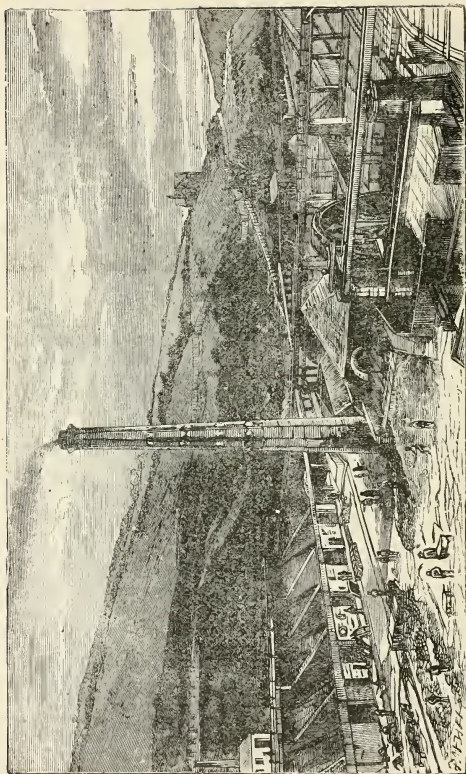
It is for the purpose of facilitating this washing process that the great wheel was erected in 1854, receiving its name, the "Lady Isabella," as a compliment to the wife of the Honourable Charles Hope, then the Governor of the island. It is 72 feet in diameter, 226 feet in circumference, and 6 feet in thickness, contains 188 buckets and 48 spokes. The balance at the wheel shaft weighs 10 tons, and the top balance 7 tons. The wheel is of 200 horse power, and will pump water from a depth of 400 yards at the rate of 250 gallons a minute. The gallery above is reached by a spiral staircase of 95 steps, round the circular white pillar, through which the water (brought in pipes from reservoirs in the mountains) ascends. Visitors subject to dizziness would do well to avoid this corkscrew-like staircase, and be content to watch the revolutions of the wheel from the high ground in the neighbourhood. The wheel was constructed by Mr. Casement, a native of the island.

The washing-floors may be inspected by permission of the captain of the mine on the spot, or by order obtained at Dumbell's Bank, in Douglas.

The village is divided into *Old* and *New Laxey*. The former is on the shore of Laxey Bay, and there, near the quay, where the ore is shipped, is the large warehouse of the Mining Company. On the beach is a well, "Lord Henry's," said to possess valuable medicinal qualities. In Old Laxey is a *Reading Room*, provided by the Company for the use of the work-people employed in the mine. Between Old and New Laxey is an old bridge, and a road up the face of the hill, supposed to have been constructed by the Romans.

In New Laxey is a pretty *Church*, erected by the Company, and opened in May 1856. In the lower part of the glen are chapels for *Methodists* and *Primitive Methodists*.

The *Laxey Glen Gardens*, laid out in a very pleasing manner with flower-beds, tennis and croquet-grounds, bowling-green and bowling-alleys, and play-grounds for children, with



THE LANEY MINES.

swings and other appliances, are very attractive to visitors. In a large refreshment saloon, dinners and teas can be enjoyed at a moderate expense. *The gardens are entered by a gate near the Commercial Hotel. They are closed on Sundays; on other days the charge for admission is threepence.*

Walking to the top of the hill on the Ramsey road, about half a mile, we reach, on the left hand, the reputed

Grave of King Orry,

marked by a tall stone, some ten feet in height, and several smaller ones. It was to King Orry that the island was indebted for the institution of that branch of its Legislature, called the House of Keys. According to the Manx tradition, he was a Dane who, having conquered the Orcades and Hebrides, arrived on the shores of Man with a strong fleet and landed at the Lhane river, in the north of the island. The Manx, glad to place themselves under so powerful a leader, received him at once as their king. It is said that when Orry landed, the Manx people asked him whence he came, upon which, pointing to that portion of the heavens called the Milky Way, he said, "That is the road to my country." Hence to this day the Manx name for the Milky Way is *Raad mooar Ree Gorree*—"the great road of King Orry!" The cairn, or tomb, originally consisted of a dome-shaped vault, composed of large slabs of schist. It was a few years since in very good preservation; but when a new road was constructed for the purpose of avoiding the steep gradient of the old Laxey road, the memorial was considerably damaged, the road being cut straight through it. But this would seem not to be the first act of Vandalism to which this old monument has been subjected, though one would have thought that the authorities of the island would have been the last to do anything to injure so interesting a memorial of the olden time. Dr. Cumming tells us that, some years ago, the owner of the property on which the grave stands, not having the fear of fairy or phynnodderce before his eyes, but seeing the stones lying convenient for a fence he was busy on, set to work to remove some of the lesser ones from the central heap of apparent rubbish in which they were fixed. In doing this he discovered a rough dome-shaped vault, in the centre of which was a kist-vaen, composed of two large slabs of schist, placed parallel to each other, in a direction nearly east and west, and inclining towards each other above, at the extremities of which seem originally to have been placed thin slabs of the same rock,

but these had been broken. Inside a few brittle bones and teeth of a horse, and a horse-shoe were found. The grim warriors of Scandinavia, we know from history, were accompanied to the grave by their favourite horses; so that the discovery proved that this was the grave of an old-world warrior—why not of King Orry? There is another sepulchral cairn in the neighbourhood.

The roads which divide near the grave, and one of them will conduct us to the *King Orry Hotel*, not many steps distant. They both lead to Ramsey; but as we have no wish to visit that rising watering-place to-day, we will make our way back to the village, in order to commence our journey to

Snaefell,

the highest mountain in the island, whither we are bound. We have a choice of routes to the top of the "snow hill," for such is the meaning of the name. We may, if so inclined, ride to its foot, driving past the big wheel, and through *Agnaish*, and so to the Snaefell mine, where we can leave our trap. The distance is but four miles—scarcely that—and the pedestrians of our party elect to walk the whole way, the more especially as by doing so they have an opportunity of getting closer to the banks of the stream and enjoying more of its scenery, which at one particular spot reminds one forcibly of Glen Helen, below Rhenass waterfall. But whichever way we reach its foot, we all climb to the summit, and agree that the view we thence obtain would amply repay us for a far more laborious ascent—indeed, some of us, who have stood on the top of hills several hundred feet more elevated are surprised at the comparative ease with which we have reached our present 'vantage ground. We have a splendid view of the island, which is spread out at our feet as on a map, and looking across "the silver streak" by which it is surrounded, we get more than glimpses of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and feel inclined to give in our adhesion to that school of etymologists who trace the origin of the name of the Isle of Man to its position between all three.

But we must descend sooner than some of us desire; and reaching the foot of the mountain, we have the choice of returning to Laxey, or of driving along the mountain road, alluded to on p. 62-3, past Keppel Gate, to Douglas—a magnificent ride of eight miles; and this is what we decide on doing, our carriage being in waiting at the refreshment hut, where we "put off" our appetites with a "snack" before starting.



DOUGLAS TO INJEBRECK AND SPOOYT VANE FALL.

WE have a choice of routes by which to set out on this—perhaps, the most picturesque of the many charming excursions which a residence in Douglas enables us to undertake. We say so advisedly, though it may appear a bold opinion to hazard, for this trip will take us right through the heart of the mountains, which look down upon the town, and enable us to enjoy their beautiful scenery to the top of our bent, and to form a correct conception of its grandeur. We may combine it with the excursion to Laxey, which we last sketched, and after climbing Snaefell, drive direct to Injebreck, and reach the fall; but by doing so we should lose our drive through the Baldwin Valley, which is one of the features of the round we are about to describe. Besides this, we think that even those most greedy of mountain climbs would vote the ascent of the lofty king of the Manx mountains quite enough for one day, especially if it has been preceded by a drive to Laxey, and an examination of the multitudinous objects of interest which present

themselves on the way. We have a second route at our disposal—that by way of the mountain road from the Keppel Gate to the Bein-y-Phot Iron Gate, and thence following the branch road along the north-west side of the Bein-y-Phot mountain to the Baregarrow Mountain Gate and

Awhallin, in the West Baldwin Valley; but to some extent this would be a repetition of the route by which we returned home after our ascent of Snaefell, and our object is, as far as possible, to travel over fresh ground in each of our excursions. We therefore adopt the third route—that through the charming West Baldwin Valley from its mouth. As the river Glass flows through it, disciples of Izaak Walton can take their tackle with them, and by utilizing the train as far as the Union Mills station, husband their strength so as to be able to fish the river to its source. Beginning at the head of the Spooyt Vane stream, they will not only enjoy all its beauties, but rob it also of many of its delicious mountain trout; and after a rest at the hotel in the village, go home by train from Kirk Michael.

As, however, we entertain no designs against the life of fish or anything else, but are simply bent on pleasure and

wish to see as much as we can of the beauties of Mona, with as little exertion as is compatible with a thorough examination of them, we order our driver to be at the door soon after breakfast, and leave Douglas by Buck's Road, taking the first turning to the left after passing West View. There are some strawberry-gardens in the lane, and at the bottom two



or three white cottages are passed, at the side of which is the road leading to the unpretending and sheltered village of

Tromode.

The residents here are the workpeople employed at the adjacent celebrated sail-cloth works. The smiling garden allotments, the comfortable cottages, and the pretty school-house, from whence comes the hum of children's voices, combine to make the village as pleasant as it is healthy; indeed, the salubrity of the spot is such as to cause it to be known as the Montpellier of the Island. Higher up the road to the right is *Castle Ward*; and in the valley, on the banks of the river Glass, are the well-preserved remains of a Norwegian encampment, and immediately below is the *Rifle Range* of the Douglas volunteers, the scene of many a close contest. The wood is very fine here, and the scenery beautiful; it is just the spot for a picnic. The ferns are splendid—the *Osmunda regalis* and many others grow to attain astonishing proportions, such as would delight the hearts of connoisseurs. But that is not a peculiarity of this spot; they are to be found all over the island in such quantities as to lead a local writer to suggest that their fronds should be adopted as the emblem of Mona, as the rose has been that of England, the shamrock of Ireland, the thistle of Scotland, the fleur de lis of France, and so on.

“ Down in the bosom of a mossy dale,
Through which a narrow streamlet winds its way,
There towers abrupt a rugged, rocky mound,
By Nature's sportive hand grotesquely rear'd,
And quaintly clad with shrubs and stunted trees.
'Tis said that native chiefs, in olden time,
Have oft assembled there their chosen bands,
And, as in tower impregnable, sustain'd
The furious shock and fell assault of foes.
And still the place retains the name and trace
Of war's rude art; and here the labouring hind,
Whilst, cheerful, singing at his peaceful toil,
Has oft upturn'd the relics of the past,
Old, rusty, time-worn implements of war.
And oft, in such a spot, so lone and still,
At the dim dubious hour of parting day,
The spell-bound poet sees, or thinks he sees,
Far in the shadows of the gloomy boughs,
The fairy hand come forth to tread the maze,
And weave their circlets in the dewy grass,
To dulcet sound of mirthful minstrelsy.”

Leaving Tromode, we follow a road up the hill, and so reach

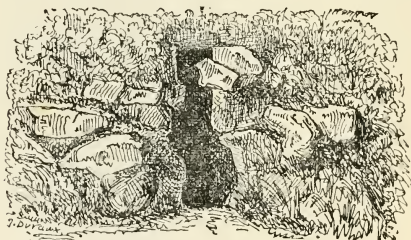
The Stang,

a landmark for many excursions, whence roads lead to the

East and West Baldwin Valleys, both of which are well worth visiting. The road on our right, past the Asylum entrance, leads to East Baldwin; that on the left to Union Mills, where is a railway station. To get to West Baldwin, we pass the Racecourse and take the next turn on our right. The road on the left will lead down to Crosby, where there is a railway station. But to get to the lovely vale of West Baldwin, we turn to our right beneath the trees, and at the top of the rise have a magnificent view. Going through the West Baldwin Valley in a northerly direction, the village of

Baldwin

(so-named, according to Dr. Cumming, after St. Baldus, who was Bishop of Man during the seventh century), where we find a serviceable little inn, is reached; and here we call a halt, in order to visit *St. Luke's*, an interesting chapel-of-ease



A TREEN CHAPEL.

to Kirk Braddan. Instructed by our host, we cross the Injebreck brook, and passing a chapel on our way, ascend a hill, and reach the church, where service is held twice on the Sunday. It is built on the site of an ancient Treen chapel called *Keeihll Abbanc*. Close by are the remains of a Tynwald mount, where the Commons of Man assembled in 1429. Having sufficiently admired the scene, we return to the inn, and again press onward.

“Charmed with new wonders, raptured as we rise;
Hills far remote the wand’ring eye descries;
Woods, plains, and rocks, and many a rippling burn,
Fair Mannin’s pride, the encircling scene adorn.”

The romantic retreat of

Injebreck

is soon reached. The distance from Douglas is about eight miles, and we are well rewarded by the beautiful views to be obtained in this secluded spot, the scenery of which, for quiet and secluded loveliness, is hardly to be equalled anywhere in Mona. It is here that the river Glass rises.

A mountain road leads to Kirk Michael and the northern valleys of the island, and from this road the mountains of Carraghan and Bein-y-Phot may be ascended. Those who feel indisposed to undergo the fatigue of ascending these heights may confine their ramble to the top of the pass between those of Greeba and Carraghan. This involves a walk of scarcely a mile, and the trouble is amply repaid by the magnificent view, which on clear days includes the northern and western sea and a portion of the distant shores of Scotland.

But to-day we have no time for mountain climbing, much as we long to scale one or more of those by which we are surrounded. So, registering a vow to return to this spot some fine day, and then gratify our inclination, we walk for about a mile and a half from this to the top of the hill, which is so steep that a loaded car seldom, if ever, attempts the ascent. On our way up we pass through one or two mountain gates. When we reach the summit, we keep on to the left until we come to the junction of another road on the left, which leads us to *Kirk Michael*, where, having put up our horse, to rest and feed till the evening, and ordered a good meal to be ready on our return, we sally forth to find the waterfall of

Spooyt Vane,

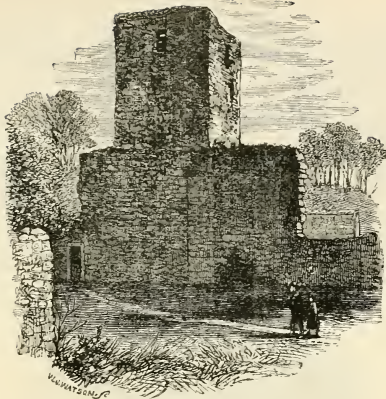
one of the principal objects of our excursion to-day, the walk to which is enjoyable and not too long.

Leaving the inn, we turn to the left, and proceed for a short distance until we have two roads before us. We take the one to the right, and soon drop down into *Glen Wyllan* ("miller's dale"), through which a tolerable stream passes. We go straight on for about half a mile, and then take the road to our right, until we arrive at a stone bridge close to the sea, underneath which runs the Spooyt Vane stream. After leaving the bridge we follow the stream until we come to the waterfall, or Spooyt Vane ("white spout"), from which the river derives its name. The fall is by far the highest in the island, but it is almost entirely neglected by the tourist, who rarely turns aside to see it, on his journey

to Ramsey, though, especially after heavy rains, it well deserves attention. It is somewhat of the shape, though in miniature, of the famous Grey Mare's Tail (waterfall), near Moffat, in the south of Scotland. It has a fall of sixty feet. *Ballaskyr Waterfall*, a short distance above it, is pretty, and if we had walked down the stream, would have attracted our attention, but as we have seen the other first, it suffers from the comparison.

If we feel disposed to follow the stream, we see, as we get near its source, a large wheel and lead workings, which were carried on by an English company, till they had exhausted their capital, without remunerative return. We could, if we pleased, walk hence across the fields to our left, and make for some farmhouses and a church on the wayside; and having gained them, proceed (to the right) straight on, until, after about two miles' walking, we reach the inn near Glen Helen, and combine a visit to that well-known fall with this excursion. But as we shall see it in due course, we return to our inn, after looking at the wheel, and "putting to" once more, drive home to Douglas, *via* Ballacraigne, in the cool of the evening, well pleased with our long day's trip, and sufficiently fatigued to make our night's rest welcome.





REMAINS OF RUSHEN ABBEY.

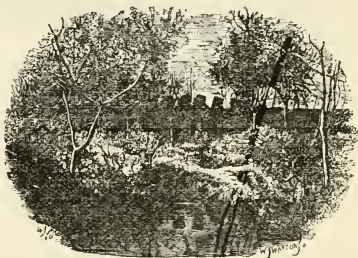
DOUGLAS TO RUSHEN ABBEY, CASTLETOWN, AND PORT ERIN.

THIS excursion may be made by railway, and the distance from Douglas to Castletown is 10 miles ; and to Port Erin, nearly 16 miles (*see Railway Information, page 22*). The road, however, offers more facilities for visiting special spots of interest, and enjoying the scenery. There are two roads, the old and the new, which unite at Sunny Arbour Hill, about five miles from Castletown. The old road is the more picturesque ; but it is in many places so steep as to make it anything but attractive to the horse, whose toil is not alleviated by the possession of an appreciation of charming scenery ; and, indeed, a town visitor, who does not enjoy the addition of considerable shaking and bumping to what is politely termed "carriage exercise," had better for once in his life avoid the good old way, and select the new road. A good walker will be able to enjoy the "ups and downs" of life, in a stretch of six or seven miles,

and will find occupation enough for his eyes. The road runs near the coast, and affords facilities for visiting not only the glens of Soderick and Greenwick already described, but several other choice spots.

Taking the way of the new road, which runs farther inland, we reach, a little beyond Mount Murray, the *Half-way House* to Castletown, and shortly afterwards the pretty little village *Ballavale*, and then, having crossed the railway, reach the *Santon-burn*, a charming little stream, winding its way through one of the most picturesque glens in the island. The road crosses the stream by *Ballalonney Bridge*, better known, perhaps, as the *Fairies' Bridge*.

Sunny Arbour Hill is about half a mile farther, and there the two roads join at the top of the hill, from which a fine



THE FAIRIES BRIDGE, BALLALONNEY.

view is obtained, extending to the sea, with the lofty headlands and strangely shaped rocks from St. Anne's Head and Derby Haven, southwards to Castletown, and in a south-westerly direction, almost to the Calf of Man. In the valley below is

Ballasalla,

a village which almost claims to be a town; possesses a railway station, and is a capital centre from which to take very attractive rambles. The *Silver Burn* (discharging into the sea at Castletown) may be traced in its upper course to the foot of South Barrule; or a very delightful walk of about three miles may be taken to St. Mark's, near to which are

many interesting spots, the scenery being of a wild and romantic character. In a valley a little to the west stood the Black Fort, and once more our memory reverts to "Peveril of the Peak." Julian Peveril is described by the great novelist as visiting Bridgenorth and his daughter Alice, who resided in "an old house of an irregular structure, with a terraced garden and a cultivated field or two beside it. In former times, a Danish or Norwegian fastness had stood here, called the Black Fort, from the colour of a huge heathy hill, which, rising behind the building, appeared to be the boundary of the valley, and to afford the source of the brook. But the original structure had been long demolished, as, indeed, it probably only consisted of dry stones, and its materials had been applied to the construction of the present mansion, the work of some churchman during the sixteenth century."

Near this house stood, according to Scott—and stood till nearly our own times, according to fact—a huge granite boulder, weighing about thirty tons, known as Gudrod, or "Goddard, Govan's Stone." Scott writes: "The monumental stone, designed to commemorate some feat of an ancient king of Man, which had been long forgotten, was erected on the side of a narrow lonely valley, or rather glen, secluded from observation by the steepness of its banks, upon a projection of which stood the tall, shapeless, solitary rock, frowning like a shrouded giant over the brawling of the small rivulet which watered the ravine." This was the spot to which Julian rode in such hot haste from Peel Castle, and "achieved the distance at the rate of twelve miles within the hour," having made an appointment to meet Alice Bridgenorth, a meeting which Fenella endeavoured to prevent, by warning Peveril that danger would attend it, and letting him know that she knew the place of rendezvous, by "sketching, with a rapid pencil, a scene which she showed to Julian. To his infinite surprise he recognised Goddard Govan's stone, a remarkable monument, of which she had given the outline with sufficient accuracy." It was on this occasion that Peveril, as readers of the novel will remember, caught Fenella up in his arms, and set her down on the steps above him, getting away as speedily as possible, leaving the strange little creature "clapping her hands repeatedly, and expressing her displeasure in a sound, or rather a shriek, so extremely dissonant, that it resembled more the cry of a wild creature than anything which could have been uttered by female organs." The good folks who reveal to us the wonders of

Peel Castle carefully point out the steps from which Fenella jumped ; they might as well show the steps where the young lady kicked and screamed.

Local tradition must, of course, have something to say about this Goddard Govan stone, in addition to what archaeologists may suggest as to its having been the memorial of a Scandinavian king. Goddard was one of the giants who favoured Mona by residing there in the darkness before the dawn of authentic history, and dwelt in a castle on the top of South Barrule. There are, as we have seen, traces of extensive works on that summit, and if they do not represent the fortress in which the giant lived, we cannot help it. The legend says that, being unable to endure the tongue of his termagant wife, he turned her out of doors. "After descending the mountain some distance, she turned round and began to rate him so soundly at the full pitch of her voice, that, in a rage, he seized on this huge granite block, and, hurling it at her with all his might, killed her on the spot." A large piece of this rock may still be seen near the deaconage of St. Mark's Chapel, but the greater part is broken into small pieces, and used in the erection of the house. As we have already said, geologists easily account for this and other huge boulders being met with in unlikely places.

Near Ballasalla are the remains of

Rushen Abbey.

The old square tower and part of the refectory and dormitories are all that is left of a Cistercian monastery, famous in its day, and which was destined to be the last ecclesiastical establishment "dissolved," existing until the reign of Elizabeth. The ruins stand in the midst of a market-garden, and what remains of the old edifice is utilized as storerooms for fruit intended for the Liverpool market.

It is a tradition of the island, that in 1098, Macmarus, the viceroy of Magnus, king of Norway, in this part of the island, founded here a religious community, consisting of an abbot and twelve monks, who were very ascetic in their habits, wearing "neither shoes, furs, nor linen," living by their labour, "with great mortification," and eating no flesh except when making journeys.

A record more to be depended on than this tradition, the *Chronicon Mannie*, written by the monks of the abbey, gives the date of the foundation as 1134, in which year King Olave Kleining gave to Ivo, or Ewan, abbot of Furness, in Lancashire, "a portion of his lands in Man, to found a monastery

at a place called Russin." With the lands were granted many privileges; and the abbot, who was ranked as a baron of the isle, was entitled to receive one-third of the tithes of the island, to be devoted to the education of youth and the support of the poor. The abbots were appointed by the abbot of Furness, but held courts of their own. The description of the monks of the supposed older foundation applies to the Cistercians transplanted from Furness; they, the abbot and his twelve Grey Friars, were—at least, at first—abstemious and industrious.



REMAINS (THE WALL) OF RUSHEN ABBEY.

The Abbey Church of St. Mary of Rushen was consecrated in 1257, by Bishop Richard. The existing remains are too scanty to afford much information as to the general character of the building; indeed, the position of the abbey church is a matter of uncertainty. The style of architecture appears to have been a mixture of Norman and Early English. Many distinguished persons were buried at the abbey; among them Bishop Reginald, 1225; King Olave Godredson, 1237; Reginald, king of Man, 1248; and the last king of the Scandinavian dynasty, Magnus, 1265. These are now but

names ; their graves, wherever they may be, are unmarked, and the sole record of the interment of kings, bishops, and jarls is the stone covering of a tomb, or perhaps a coffin lid, known as the "Abbot Stone of Rushen." On it is carved a cross, and by its side a knight's sword ; but who lay beneath it none can tell.

Rushen Abbey was not too remote from court to escape the attention of Henry the Eighth and his commissioners. In 1541 the king gave instructions for an estimate to be made of the value of the property of the abbey, preparatory to its dissolution ; but it seems probable that the Stanley family were powerful enough to save it for a time. Thomas Stanley, bishop of the island, was, four years afterwards, in 1545, deprived of the episcopacy by the king, perhaps on account of his resistance to the royal will and pleasure. Henry died in January, 1547, and no more seems to have been heard for a time of the dissolution of the abbey, which existed until late in the reign of Elizabeth, and the endowment did not revert to the crown till 1610, when James the First had been nearly seven years on the throne. The estates were then granted to William, Earl of Derby, and his heirs, on payment of a yearly rental of £122 12s. 11d. at the manor of Earl Greenwich.

The *Crossag*, or *Monks' Bridge*, is a little higher up the stream. It is very ancient and much worn by the weather, but is so substantially built of the strong limestone that in all probability for many years, perhaps centuries to come, foot passengers will be able to cross it as safely as did the monks of old. The stream is at this part about ten yards wide, and the bridge consists of two larger and one smaller arches. The height of the centre of the bridge above the stream is twenty feet, and the footpath is four feet wide. The practical monks took care that the builders they employed should give them good work, and on the up-stream side are two heavy buttresses to strengthen the piers against the current. Below the bridge an ancient wall runs along the banks, and probably formed part of the boundary of the garden of the abbey. The illustration represents the bridge in winter time, proving a fact which the visitor to Man might be disposed to doubt—that frost and snow are not quite unknown to the genial island.

Kirk Malew,

an interesting little old church, about half a mile from Ballasalla, on the high road leading from Castletown to

St. John's, should be visited. If the tourist should ask to see the fairy goblet which Mr. Waldron tells us (*see* page 13) was preserved in the church, he will be disappointed. If ever it existed as part of the church plate, it disappeared long since. But there is a silver paten, used before the Reformation, and marked *Ora pro nobis Sancte Lupe*, the



CROSSAG, OR MONKS' BRIDGE.

church having been dedicated to St. Lupus, at one time Bishop of Troyes.

A walk of about a couple of miles from Kirk Malew, or a short railway ride from Ballasalla, enables us to reach

Castletown,

which once claimed to be the metropolis of the island, and was formerly the residence of the Governor. Now, Douglas, as

the seat of the legislature and the law courts, and the official residence of the highest official, has superseded the old town at the spot where the graceful Silver Burn pours its clear waters into the sea. The town is pleasantly situated and regularly built, with a stone bridge over the Burn. The harbour, accessible to foot passengers by a drawbridge, has been recently improved at a cost of £4,500; and there is a stone pier 200 yards long.

The *Town Hall*, in Arbory Street, is a handsome building, with a large room for public meetings, concerts, etc. In the market-place is a monument to the memory of Governor

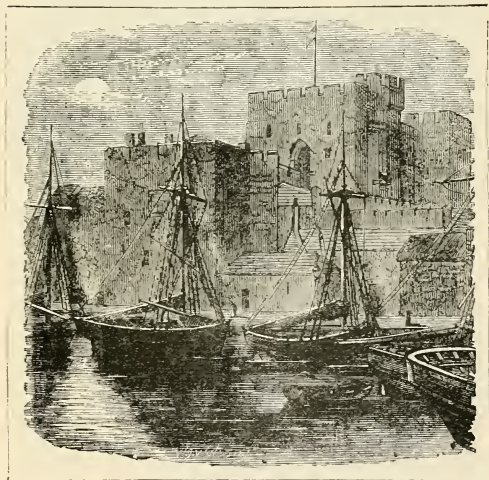


MALEW CHURCH.

Smelt, who occupied his office for twenty-eight years, and died in 1832. Near it is a very noticeable sun-dial, a solid ball of stone with thirteen dial faces, each marked differently. The Castletown people say that the time can be ascertained by the light of the moon, as well as by that of the sun. The church, *St. Mary's*, built in 1826, occupies the site of an older church erected by Bishop Wilson in 1698. A small square building near the castle gates was formerly the place where the House of Keys assembled. There are a *Wesleyan Chapel*, in Arbory Street, a *Primitive Methodist Chapel*, in Hope Street, and a *Roman Catholic Chapel*, on the Green. There are two hotels, the *George* and the *Union*,

in the town; and the *Barracks*, the only ones in the island, where about fifty soldiers are generally quartered, are near the first-named hotel.

The massive building from which Castletown takes its name was, says tradition, built about 930, by Guthred, or Godred, son and successor of King Orry the famous; and King Guthred himself is said to have been buried within the walls. Archæologists, however—those industrious and



CASTLE RUSHEN.

awful persons who delight to discover anything very old, but are equally delighted if they can prove the alleged antiquity to be unfounded—are not all satisfied that the castle really dates from the tenth century. The central keep has the square form of similar structures erected in the early Norman times in England, and there are mutilated windows with tracery in the style adopted in the fourteenth

century. It seems to be probable that a Danish fort occupied the site, and was superseded by a stronger structure at a later time.

The material used in building the castle was the extremely hard crystalline limestone abundant in the neighbourhood, and capable of defying the wear and tear of the elements for many hundreds of years. The central keep, for many years the residence of the kings of Man, is a very massive structure with walls twelve feet thick at the base and seven feet at the summit. At each angle is a tower, seventy-three feet high, the flagstaff tower being ten feet higher. Within the keep were chapel and banqueting room and many other apartments. In the south tower is a clock presented by Queen Elizabeth in 1597, when she was holding the island in trust while the rival heirs of the fifth and sixth Earls of Derby were quarrelling about the succession. The exterior embattled wall of the castle is twenty-five feet high and nine feet thick, with seven square towers. A fosse or moat formerly surrounded this wall, but is now filled up. A glacis beyond the moat was, it is said, formed by Cardinal Wolsey, guardian to the third Earl of Derby in his minority.

The castle is certainly a building of immense strength. It has sustained more than one siege, and held out for six months against an attack directed by Robert Bruce. There is a more modern part of the castle, built in 1644, and now used as a Court House and Rolls Court, where all records are kept. The building is entered by a portcullised gate, on the left of which is a dismal room in which Bishop Wilson was imprisoned in 1722, by the Governor of the island, for suspending Archdeacon Honobon (the Governor's chaplain) who had been guilty of disobedience to the bishop. The two vicars-general were also imprisoned for refusing to pay the fines the Governor imposed. An appeal was made to the king, who ordered the bishop's release after an imprisonment of eight weeks, and "reversed all the proceedings of the officers of the island, declaring them to be oppressive, arbitrary, and unjust." The vicars-general were imprisoned in a cell at the foot of the flag-tower stairs. The castle is now the common prison of the island, some of the prisoners being confined in the room occupied by the Countess of Derby when she was detained as a prisoner after the surrender of the island to the forces of the Commonwealth. Walter Scott makes an amusing blunder respecting these prison cells in the notes to "*Peveril of the Peak*," quoting the description

of the dungeon beneath the cathedral in Peel Castle with "the sea running under it through the hollows of the rock with a continual roar," as applicable to Castle Rushen.

The view from the summit of the southern tower, accessible to visitors, is striking, extending to Port Erin and the Calf of Man. On clear days, with the help of a telescope, the Irish and Welsh mountains may be seen; and inland are the slopes of Mount Barrule and the beautiful valley through which the Silver Burn makes its way to the sea.

It would be derogatory to the dignity of so venerable a fortress as Castle Rushen not to have a ghost of its own. A very interesting spectre, tradition assures us, haunts the castle, but it is not shown to visitors, who are also unable to meet with a guide to "the great number of apartments underground," which it was formerly an article of faith to believe in, and in one of which there was a select company of spell-bound giants. Waldron had, perhaps, a little doubt about their existence, but nevertheless records a tradition to the effect that at various times stout-hearted persons had attempted to explore the subterranean regions, but, excepting one, had never returned from the quest. The adventurer who did get back, having provided himself with a clue of packthread, had a wonderful story to tell. He had traversed avenues brilliantly lighted, and found a magnificent house, in one of the chambers in which he saw, extended at full length, and apparently asleep, a giant at least fourteen feet in length, with a sword of proportionate size within reach of his hand. The sight of this prodigious slumberer amply satisfied the inquisitiveness of the adventurer, who seems to have thought that, taking all the circumstances into consideration, he had better return to the upper regions. He stated that he had fortified his courage with brandy—and perhaps he had, without committing what Mr. Bob Sawyer described as "the vulgar error of not taking enough of it."

As to the ghost, Waldron says: "A mighty bustle they also make of an apparition, which, they say, haunts Castle Rushen, in the form of a woman who was some years since executed for the murder of her child. I have heard not only persons who have been confined there for debt, but also the soldiers of the garrison, affirm they have seen it at various times. Though so familiar to the eye, no person as yet, however, had the courage to speak to it; and as they say a spirit has no power to reveal its mind without being conjured to do so in a proper manner, the reason of its being permitted to wander is unknown."

About half a mile from Castletown, on the road to Ballasalla, is—

Hango Hill,

less familiarly known as Mount Strange (from one of the titles of the Derby family), long used as the place of public execution. (It may be necessary to remind some over-subtle speculators that the name Hango is of Scandinavian origin, and has no reference to any mode of inflicting capital punishment.) The hill is historically memorable as the place where William Christian (Illiam Dhöan, in Manx) was shot, on the 2nd of January, 1662, for alleged treason against the Countess of Derby, by heading an insurrection in 1651, and delivering up the island to the Parliamentary troops. Christian had been left in command of the island by the Earl of Derby, and was trusted to protect the Countess and her children. The energetic and stern Countess never forgave Christian, and, her feelings against him, perhaps intensified by the treacherous murder of her husband, seized the first opportunity afforded by her reinstatement on the island to bring him to trial before the Tynwald Court, which found him guilty, and ordered him to be shot on Hango Hill. Whether or not Christian deserved the punishment, whether, indeed, he had not acted patriotically, is one of the vexed questions of history which, in a guide-book, we need not attempt to answer. It is certain that his countrymen generally regarded his conviction as unjust, and at his execution, we are told, "the place was covered with white blankets, that his blood might not fall on the ground," a precaution which proved to be unnecessary, for the musket wounds bleeding internally, there was no outward effusion of blood. The register of Kirk Malew Church contains this entry: "Malew Burials, A.D. 1662. Mr. William Christian, of Ronaldswing, late receiver, was shot to death at Hango Hill, the 2nd of January. He died most penitently and courageously, made a good end, prayed earnestly, made an excellent speech, and the next day was buried in the chancel of Kirk Malew." His estates were sequestered, but subsequently restored to his family. Seekers after more detailed information on the subject may refer to the "Appendix to the Introduction" to Scott's novel, in which also is given a translation of a lament for "fair-haired William," in the Manx language. The original, we may hope, was more metrical and musical than the translation which came into Scott's hand, of which one verse (the first of eighteen) may suffice:—

“ In so shifting a scene, who would confidence place
In family power, youth, or in personal grace ?
No character's proof against enmity foul ;
And thy fate, William Dhône, sickens our soul.”

Scott himself describes the transaction as taking place “at the conclusion of a civil war, when revenge at least was awake, if justice slept.”

Nearly opposite Hango Hill—a very short distance separating a spot charged with the memories of troubled and cruel times, and another representing the milder spirit of modern learning—is

King William's College,

the most important educational establishment on the island. In 1830, the trustees of estates left by Dr. Isaac Barrow for the advancement of education in the island, found themselves in possession of £2,000; and, other funds being raised, partly by subscription, the erection of a college was decided on. By August, 1833, the building, named after William IV., was ready to receive students. It was destroyed by fire in 1844, but was immediately rebuilt, with various improvements. It is a cruciform structure, the transept being the chapel of St. Thomas's. The square tower at the intersection is 115 feet high; the length of the building, from east to west, 210 feet; and from north to south, 135 feet. A very fine library was destroyed in the fire, but a new one, containing many valuable works, has been formed; and there is a museum, containing a large number of objects interesting in connection with the history of the island. The governing body consists of the lieutenant-governor, the bishop, the archdeacon, the attorney-general, the first deemster, and the clerk of the rolls. It is essentially a Church of England institution, is endowed with eighteen scholarships and has exhibitions to the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin.

An easy ten minutes' walk may be taken to—

Derbyhaven,

a little fishing village on the bay of the same name, known in old times as Rognvald's Vaglr (Reginald's Bay), a name which has experienced several variations, and is now settled down into Ronaldsway, the designation of an estate at its northern extremity. Severe fighting took place here in the old times. In 1250, the Manxmen gained a victory over one John Dugalson, who claimed to be king of the isles, but twenty years afterwards the islanders were defeated by a Scotch force under Alexander Stewart and John Comyn. A

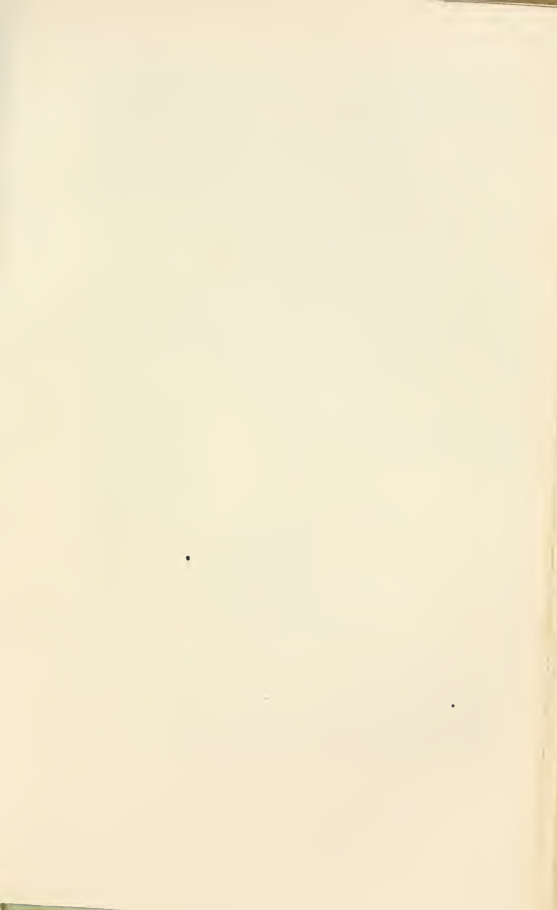
few pages back we mentioned a raid of Irish adventurers in 1316, when Rushen Abbey was plundered. It was at Derbyhaven these valiant freebooters landed. In August, 1650, James, Earl of Derby, had a narrow escape in this bay. He had visited a ship lying there, and when on his return in a boat a piece of ordnance on board the ship was fired, whether by accident or evil intent is not known, and Colonels Weston and Snayd, who were in attendance on him, and Philip Lucas, master of the boat, were killed. The earl, who was sitting between the two colonels, escaped unhurt.

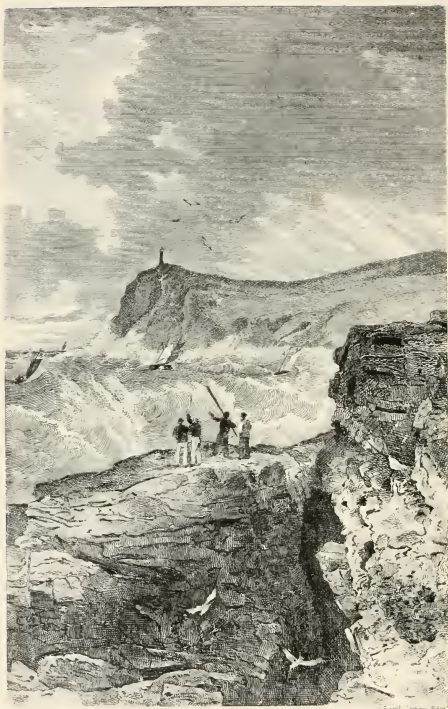
A very agreeable walk, skirting the coast, can be taken to the point where the Santon Burn runs into the sea, making its way through a very picturesque ravine. The creek *Cass-na-Awin*, "foot of the waters," will be passed. Water caves and natural arches of rock are well worthy of attention. The cliffs near Saltrick are of great height, and some caution is necessary. A few years ago one of the students at King William's College was killed by a fall from them.

Near Santon is a stone circle, at an elevation of three hundred feet above the sea. From this spot a grand view can be obtained. The most notable object at Santon is in the churchyard, the *Great Broadstone*, which marks the resting-place of six clergymen of the name of Cosnahan, four of whom were successively vicars of the parish.

The peninsula of Langness divides Derby Haven from Castletown Bay, and forms the western boundary of the latter. At the north-west extremity a narrow causeway connects it with *St. Michael's Isle*, a little island, on which are the ruins of a chapel, apparently built in the eleventh century, with a large graveyard adjoining, sometimes used as a place of interment for Roman Catholics. There are also remains of a large circular fort, built by James, seventh Earl of Derby. On one side of it is a turret, on which, during the herring-fishery season, a light is displayed.

Langness peninsula is a huge rock, very interesting to geologists, who like to get on it, and interesting, too, when the sea is rough, to mariners, who do their best to keep off it. It has been the scene of many shipwrecks. On the south-eastern side the action of the waves has carved out of the strata of red conglomerate grottoes, arches, pinnacles, and many grotesque forms, thus described by a visitor: "Uncouth faces, outvying the poppy-heads of mediæval architecture, seem to be grinning down from every nook and cranny. Gigantic noses, gaping mouths, fashioned out of the boulders and white quartz pebbles which protrude from the red mass





BRADDOA HEAD, PORT ERIN

of the conglomerate, topped with rude wigs of hoary lichen, moss, and saxifrage, startle one on every side. In fact, there is hardly an animal or figure which does not meet with its caricature amongst those romantic rocks, and as they peep through the archways, the cracks and chasms in the rocks, out upon the bay and the country which backs it, are particularly pleasing."

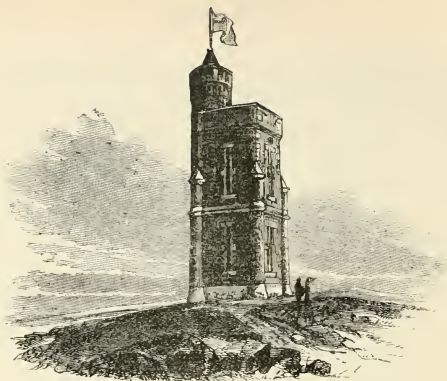
The distance between Castletown and Port St. Mary (*Purtle-Moirrey*), either by road or rail, is about five miles. Cars are in readiness for those who prefer to travel by the high road; and a coach from Castletown performs the journey each way daily. Before reaching Port St. Mary, we may notice, in a field on the right-hand side of the road, a huge slab of stone, about ten feet high, which, legend tells us, is one of the memorials which Odin enjoined his Scandinavian followers to erect to the memory of the brave. There is a similar stone not far off, near Ballacrega; and local tradition, not knowing much about Odin, but having great faith in giants, asserts that the stones were tossed into their present positions by two giants at play. It is very likely they formed parts of memorial stone circles; but the old Manx folks were nothing without their giants, who must have been terribly troublesome neighbours, much addicted to throwing stones and other objectionable and mischievous practices. It is to be hoped the "spell-bound" giants beneath Rushen Castle will never wake up and break out.

Port St. Mary

is only a fishing village, with a small harbour, but possesses a fine fleet of about eighty fishing-boats. There are two hotels, *Miller's* and the *Shore*. This is an excellent starting-point for boating excursions to the Chasms, the Sugar-Loaf Rocks, Spanish Head, and other spots which will be more minutely described in another chapter. Port St. Mary is on the western side of Poolvash Bay ("the bay of death"), the coast of which is famous for Manx pebbles. It is from this locality that the black marble was obtained which was presented by Bishop Wilson to St. Paul's Cathedral, to form the flights of steps at the western and southern entrances.

Port Erin,

about a mile from Port St. Mary, and reached either by rail or car, is acknowledged by all visitors to be one of the most attractive spots in the island. It can be reached from Douglas by railway, the ride occupying little more than an hour, and



MILNER TOWER.



KING WILLIAM'S COLLEGE.

there are, in the summer months, nine trams on weekday and four on Sundays. There are two good hotels, the *Falcon's Nest* and the *Marina*, and very comfortable lodging-houses. The bay is very beautiful, and a fine beach forms an attractive lounge. Near the *Falcon's Nest* are a sun-dial and also an old cannon, taken, it is said, from the wreck of a vessel belonging to the Spanish Armada. This is very likely to have been the case, as several ships of that redoubtable fleet were driven on to the rocks near Spanish Head, so named from that circumstance.

The construction of a breakwater, intended to make the bay a harbour of refuge, was planned a few years since, and the work progressed to the extent of depositing an enormous accumulation of stones, and spending £72,000; but the intended breakwater proved to be a failure, and the project was abandoned. There is a low-water landing pier, 310 feet long.

At the head of the bay, near a row of cottages, is *St Catherine's Well*, at one time held in repute for the medicinal properties of the water, and taking its name from a small religious house which formerly stood near the spot.

At the northern limit of the bay is *Brada Head*, rising almost perpendicularly to a height of about 500 feet, on the summit of which is *Milner Tower*, erected by public subscription in 1871, in memory of Mr. William Milner, a benevolent gentleman who resided for many years in this locality, and took great interest in the welfare of the fishermen and other inhabitants. He was the principal partner in the well-known Milner Safe Manufacturing Company. From the top of the tower, access to which is easily obtained, a splendid view can be enjoyed.

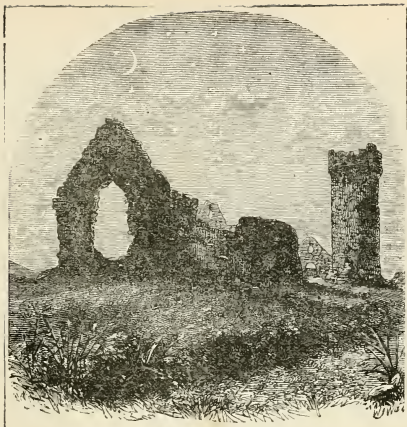
On the face of the cliff may be seen galleries, worked by ancient miners in the search for copper. The Brada mine, now worked in the immediate neighbourhood, extends under the sea. The descent into the mine is made by ladders, but visitors not possessed of steady heads and firm nerves had better take a description of the workings on trust.

Many delightful excursions may be taken from Port Erin. By boat, the coast, so picturesque, and abounding with points of interest, may be examined. The most remarkable features will be described in another chapter, when we are taking a sea-trip round the island.



PORT ERIN.

1891
P. H. H. H.



ROUND TOWER, PEEL CASTLE.

DOUGLAS TO PEEL.

WE may take our choice of conveyance for this excursion. Young and vigorous tourists will enjoy the walk, as the distance is only eleven miles; but less energetic persons can go by train or car. The table of fares given at page 24 affords information as to expense. The road runs nearly parallel to the rail, but is more elevated, and of course the facilities for enjoying scenery are much greater in an open vehicle than in a railway carriage.

The Peel road from Douglas is a continuation of Bucks Hill, and passes the old and new churches of Braddan, which we have already visited, Union Mills, and the pretty little cluster of houses at Glenvine and Marown. Near at hand, on the left, the chimney of the Great East Foxdale Mine rears its tall head on the estate of Ellerslie; and a little farther, on the right, a large castellated building, apparently incomplete, which some folks speak of as Aitken's Castle, but others more irreverently describe as "Aitken's Folly." The Rev Robert Aitken, a Wesleyan minister, but afterwards

a clergyman of the Church of England, and a famous revivalist, began to build here, but whether he had not "counted the cost," or was diverted by other occupations, we know not. Certainly he never completed the structure, and in 1875 the property was sold. It has been re-named *Eyreton Castle*. One of the prettiest villages in the island is Crosby, a little farther on, with a railway station and a "half-way house," at which, of course, it is necessary the horses should take a brief rest. It is on record that passengers and drivers have also occasionally refreshed here, and as the islanders are conservative in their tendencies, the driver would not perhaps be absolutely astonished if invited to follow in the good old ways. Tourists intending to ascend Greeba mountain should quit the train at this station.

Now we begin to make closer acquaintance with the mountains. Greeba, the summit of which is 1,591 feet above the sea-level, "rears its tall head, and midway leaves the storm," if there happen to be one; if not, there is very likely to be a cloud away to the right. At a considerable elevation is *Greeba Castle*, a noble building, from which a splendid view of the central valley of the island could be obtained; but a little in front of it is another fine castellated building, *Greeba Tower*, which spoils the prospect, and was built, the story goes, with the express purpose of doing so, the amiable person who erected it having quarrelled with the owner of the castle, and determined to annoy him by "building him in." It is rather unpleasant to hear of such doings in so charming a spot, where nature smiles so sweetly, and seems to invite us all to be as good and innocent as lambs in the meadows. But it is an old story, that human nature is not always as beautiful as its surroundings. *Greeba Castle* is now open as a restaurant, with very attractive grounds.

Resuming the journey, attention is soon attracted by the roofless remains in a field on the right-hand side of the road, of the little church of

St. Trinian.

One of the local guide-books says, "See the old Treen Church, conceitedly and absurdly called St. Trinian's;" but as the same book, farther on, itself gives the name and accepts the popular description of the origin of the church, we are, perhaps, neither conceited nor absurd in following the most authentic records we can obtain. It may, however, be well to pause for a moment or two to say a few words about the "Treen" Church here alluded to. The name is



GLEN MEAY WATERFALL.

given to numerous very small structures, some of them, indeed, little more than caves with doors, which are scattered over the island. The limited size seems to prohibit the idea that they were in any sense of the word chapels, but they were probably places of burial. Where possible, a wall of rough stones, of the same height as the structure in the centre, surrounded it. We cannot attempt to explain the origin of the word.

St. Trinian's Church (for illustration, *see* page 43) was evidently built as a place of worship. It is about 70 feet long and 25 broad. The material employed in the building is the common clay flagstone of the locality, and the dressings are of red sandstone, probably obtained from Peel. There were an east window of two lights, and a west window with a turret for two bells above it. The general style warrants the supposition that the church was erected about the end of the thirteenth century. Trees grow in the area partly enclosed by the ruined walls, and it is difficult at first to believe that the structure was so large as the careful measurements quoted show it to have been. Manxmen would not be Manxmen if they did not attribute the absence of a roof to some supernatural cause. A mischievous evil spirit, with a name as ugly as his face and figure, and they were hideous, amused himself by throwing down the roof as fast as it was put on, and so scared the builders that they abandoned the attempt. Local historians who do not believe implicitly in the tricks of evil spirits, conjecture that the completion of the church was interfered with by the confiscation of the barony in the political troubles of the time. But what is the value of historical conjecture when weighed against a legend which generation after generation have believed in?

Who was Trinian? is a question, respecting the answer to which there is much difference of opinion. It is said (but, then, so many things are said) that he was a Pictish bishop. It is also said that the name is a corruption of St. Ringan, who appears in Scotland as St. Ninian, to whom was dedicated a priory at Whithorne, in Galloway. The prior was a baron of Man (as several other dignified ecclesiastics were), holding property there; and this little island church may have been intended as a sort of chapel of ease to the Scotch priory. One of the traditions of the place is that the church was built in fulfilment of a vow made during a storm at sea.

About a mile past St. Trinian's Church, on the same side of the road, is a field known as the Round Meadow, in

which, in the fine old fairy times, a goblin (supposed to have been a fairy turned out of the community for misbehaviour) amused himself in his peculiar fashion. He is known to legend as the Phynnodderee, or "hairy stockings," from the words *fynney*, hair, and *oashyree*, stocking. Sometimes this strange creature—sufficiently punished, we should think, for all his misdoings, by leaving such a name to posterity—would behave in a good-natured manner, and cut and carry hay which might have suffered from the weather; but if interfered with, or if the manner in which he did his work was grumbled at, he could be very spiteful indeed. Having been offended in this manner once, he gave such proofs of his ill-temper that for several years nobody would venture to mow the grass. At length a bold man-at-arms from Peel Castle undertook the task. Setting to work in the middle of the field, he mowed round and round in circles, keeping one eye on the scythe, and the other on the lookout for old Hairy-legs, so that he might not be taken unawares. The field was mown in this circular fashion, and so gained the name of the Round Meadow. The troublesome elf of bad character has not been heard of since.

The land about here is known as the *Curraghglass*, or "grey bog." It consists chiefly of peat beds on which bog-oak and the remains of the great Irish oak have been found.

The road now runs through a valley which looks like a cleft in the mountain range. On the left the *Slicu Whallin* rises to the height of 1,086 feet. The slope is a sheer descent to the valley, at an angle of about 40 degrees. We are told that this mountain-side was very convenient in the old days, when suspected witches were tested by ordeal, from which if they emerged in safety they were at once found guilty, and if they were killed, their innocence was established to the great satisfaction of their surviving friends.

The mode of dealing with such persons in this locality was to enclose them in barrels filled with nails in the interior, and roll them down the mountain-side. Poor wretches! We comfort ourselves by supposing that this story is no more true than a hundred other legends that float in the atmosphere of this wonderful little island. There are, however, some persons who believe that the mountain is haunted by the spirit of one of the "witches," and that her groans of agony may be heard at midnight.

At *Ballacraine* is the junction of the high roads to Castleton, Douglas, Ramsey, and Peel; and half a mile farther (eight miles from Douglas) is

St. John's Church,

a graceful edifice in the Early Decorated style, built of the light-coloured granite found on the mountain of South Barrule. It was built in 1847, upon the site of an older church erected in 1699. Near the south-west corner of the church is a Runic monument, with cable-work ornamentation and an inscription that has caused archæologists considerable labour to decipher. The lines, when read, only afford the not very interesting information that "Inosruir engraved these Runes." We may inform non-antiquarian friends that "rune" is the name given to the earliest alphabet in use among the Teutonic and Gothic nations of northern Europe, and the term has been extended from the alphabet to inscriptions in the character. To the unlearned the letters look very like scratches; but they are veritable characters, and scholars in old-world lore contrive to read them. The name is derived from the Teutonic *rûn*, a mystery, and the original use of the characters seems to have been for purposes of secrecy and divination. At a later time runes were used for monumental inscriptions, as in this case and on the crosses at Kirk Braddan.

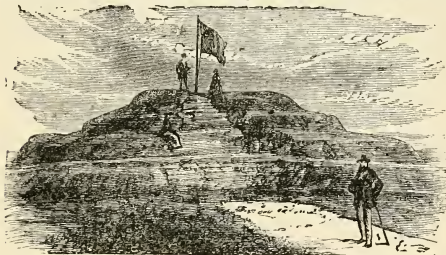
Two hundred yards from St. John's Church is the most historically interesting place in the island,

Tynwald Hill,

the hill of justice (Cronk-y-Keillown, St. John's Church hill), where for more than three hundred years the laws of the island have been promulgated by the Court of Tynwald, in the presence of the assembled people, a continuation of the old Manx custom. Sir Francis Palgrave, the learned antiquary and historian, informs us that "The ancient Scandinavian court was held in the open air, generally on natural hills or artificial tumuli. Their colonies in England and Scotland adopted the same practice, and hence many eminences erroneously supposed to be Roman camps still retain the name of Ting or Ding, such as Dingwald, the Tinwald Hill in Dumfries-shire, the Tynwald Hill in the Isle of Man, Tingvalla in Iceland," etc.

This was not the original place of meeting of the Tynwald Court, which, according to the earliest authentic records, was held in 1442, on the hill of Reneurling (now known as Cronk Urleigh) at Kirk Michael; in 1429, the court assembled at Keehill in Baldwin, and in the following year at Castle Rushen. In 1577, the Tynwald was removed to St. John's, and there it has been held ever since.

Some antiquaries have suggested that the mound is really a Danish sepulchral barrow, but there is more reason to suppose that the island tradition is correct in asserting that it is an artificial mound, constructed for the express purpose of holding the court; and it may be that the tradition is also trustworthy which says that it was formed of earth brought from each of the seventeen parishes of the island. In former times the mound was surrounded by a wall with two gates, the vestiges of which were visible less than a hundred years ago. The diameter of the base of the hill is about eighty feet, and the total height about twelve feet. It rises by four circular platforms, which serve for seats for the official persons, the clergy and the members of the House of Keys; and on the summit is placed the chair of state for



TYNWALD HILL.

the Lieutenant-Governor. On the side facing the church, steps have been cut to facilitate the ascent.

As we have noticed in a previous page, every law passed by the Manx legislature, and having received the Royal assent, must be promulgated from this hill before it can come into force. The annual ceremony of proclaiming the laws takes place on the 5th of July (except when that date falls on a Sunday, in which case it is put off till the Monday), and that is Tynwald Day, a holiday in the island, a fair being held at St. John's, which is much resorted to, and which few of the visitors to the island at the time would miss seeing. The scenes on the road from Douglas to St. John's on Tynwald Day have been described as resembling (of course on a small scale) those witnessed on the road from London to Epsom on Derby Day. The Lieutenant-Governor

and the members of the court attend Divine service at St. John's, and then march in procession to the hill. The church and the steps leading to the summit of the mound are strewn with rushes, a custom in place of a rent charge from the small neighbouring estate of Cronk-y-Keillown. When the members of the court are seated, the coroner of the stading of Glanfaba, the chief of the six coroners of the island, "fences" the court in this fashion—"I do fence the King of Man and his officers, that no manner of men do brawl or quarrel, nor molest the audience, lying, leaning, or sitting, and to show their accord, and answer when they are called, by license of the King of Man and his officers. I do draw witness to the whole audience that the court is fenced." Formerly the laws were read in full, both in Manx and in English; but now only the headings and side references are read. The coroners for the past year then resign their insignia of office, small canes with pieces of ribbon attached, and the new coroners are sworn in by the chief deemster or judge. The procession is then re-formed, the high personages returning to St. John's Church, where the Lieutenant-Governor, Council, and Keys sign the acts which have been promulgated, and transact other necessary business.

There are people in the world who are always ready to detect mystical symbolism where it is least suspected to exist. A philosopher of this kind has contributed to *Notes and Queries* some suggestions respecting Tynwald Hill, which are not likely to meet with universal acceptance. He describes it as a "symbolical hill," and, after much arithmetical prelude as to the height and width of the terraces and other matters, goes on to say, "There are four ascents, because four units compose the square, four weeks the month, four seasons the year, four quarters the circle, and four = E. W. N. S.; three feet in their equal ascents, because three units compose the equilateral triangle, three sides = any triangle, three = trinity generally." Then come some pleasing remarks about the signs of the zodiac, the division of the great circle, and the "extraordinary septilateral number," which prepares us to be told, "As the sun, in running his circuit, illuminates the face, and rules or governs the order of nature, so the promulgation of laws by ascending to the summit of the mount tends to the enlightenment and good government of society, which would be otherwise chaotic and uncivilized, were it not for the influence of an enlightening ruler or an enlightened lawgiver." After this,

if anybody declares that Tynwald Hill is a solar myth, or anything of that kind, we shall accept the statement with becoming resignation; even if we do remember something about the description by Walter Scott's "Antiquary," Monk-barns, of the traces of a Roman camp, and old Edie Ochiltree's practical comment on the exposition.

Peel and the Herring Fishery.

Peel station is almost exactly three miles beyond St. John's; and when we quit the train we find ourselves on the quay of the little town which we might call the metropolis of the Manx herring fishery. The station buildings stretch along the right-hand side of the quay, and on the other side is the harbour, the mouth of the river Neb, which rises on the southern slope of Sartfell, and is in the upper part one of the prettiest of the many pretty streams of the island. The harbour, which at low water has a rather extensive "margin of mud," is crowded with vessels belonging to the famous herring fleet of Peel, which includes about two hundred boats, and gives employment to nearly two thousand hardy fishermen and boys, who prosper in their vocation. Some of the boats have perhaps just returned, and are laden with their silver freight; others have discharged their cargoes, and carts filled with the brilliant fish obstruct the narrow way, and the visitor, whose laudable curiosity prompts him to see all he can, is compelled to take a serpentine path to avoid collision with carts and barrows, and men, women, and boys, laden with the spoils of the deep.

The older part of the town of Peel is clustered together in narrow tortuous streets and alleys; but stretching along the shore of the fine bay, which in natural beauty almost rivals that of Douglas, are many pretty little cottages, some of which are also places of refreshment, where an excellent meal can be obtained. The front gardens filled with flowers, the clean entries, and small low-roofed rooms give a rustic aspect to these cottages; but the lamb (lamb predominates here as elsewhere on the island) is well cooked and well served, and the gooseberry tarts (another delicacy to be met with everywhere in the season) would do credit to any cook. There are several good hotels; among them, the *Peel Castle*, in the Market Place, the *Marine* and the *Peveril*, on the Pier, and the *Royal*, in Athol Street.

The *Quay* was erected in 1810, and the *Jetty* (1,200 feet long, with a lighthouse at the extremity) in 1830. The *Church*, dedicated to St. Peter, a quaint old building, is in

the Market Place. Generally supposed to be about three hundred years old, it was originally intended as a chapel-of-ease to St. German's Cathedral on the rock, within the walls of Peel Castle. Previous to the erection of the church and the formation of a burying-ground around it, persons dying in Peel were interred in the cathedral, and there is a tradition that the erection of the present church is due to the effect produced on the mind of a visitor by the upsetting in a violent gale of the ferry boat, which was conveying a coffin and a party of mourners across the mouth of the harbour to the Castle rock. The living people escaped, but the coffin was driven out to sea and seen no more. The spectator of the catastrophe, an English gentleman, provided, it is said, the greater part of the funds for the erection of a church in the town. A new tower, seventy feet high, has been erected at the west end of the church, for the reception of a public clock presented in 1871 by a native of the town, established at Montreal, in Canada. A handsome stained-glass window, the gift of two ladies of Ramsey, has aided to greatly improve the appearance of the old church. In 1883, a beautiful new *Church*, of Early English design, with a handsome tower and lofty spire, was opened for public worship. It stands in the highest part of the town (the entrance is from Athol Street), and is in consequence a prominent feature in the view of the place. The fittings of the interior, which include a very valuable organ, are quite in keeping with the splendour of the edifice.

In Athol Street, also, is the *Wesleyan Centenary Chapel*, first erected in 1839, and subsequently considerably enlarged. Opposite to the chapel is the *Centenary Hall*, used as a public hall and a Sunday-school. The *Primitive Methodist Chapel*, in Christian Street, was built in 1878.

Peel is remarkably well provided with the means of education. In 1652, Philip Christian, a native of the town, who had settled in London and become a citizen of wealth and repute, left all his property to the Clothworkers' Company, on condition that they should pay the sum of £20 yearly, to assist the education of the poor children of Peel. In 1840, the company increased the annual grant to £45, and in 1842 a schoolhouse was erected and named *Christian's Endowed National School*; and now the company give £200 a year for strictly educational purposes, and £60 a year to advance the interests of the children educated in the schools. In 1861, a fund left by Bishop Wilson in 1748 was applied to the erection of a new schoolhouse, the older building being

retained as *Bishop Wilson's Infant School*. The *Free Grammar School* was founded in 1746, by Mr. Philip Moore, a Douglas merchant, who endowed it with £500, the interest to be applied to the payment of a master to teach the Latin language and such other learning as may prepare youth for the service of their country in Church and State. The Rev. Dr. James Moore, of Dublin, left £20 annually for the education of poor scholars in mathematics, and gave his books and instruments for the use of the school. There have, besides, been various small endowments for educational purposes.

Peel is a growing place, every season bringing an influx of visitors. The historic associations add an attraction to the natural beauty of the neighbourhood, which is considerable. A very agreeable promenade may be enjoyed round the bay, on the northern side of which is a pebbly beach, where red and grey cornelians, agates, and even jasper, may be found. There are interesting sea-worn caves in the cliff of old red sandstone. Admirers of the picturesque in animate and inanimate nature, especially if adepts at sketching, will find abundance of objects of interest in Peel and its surroundings.

The Castle and Cathedral on St. Patrick's Isle.

As yet we have not turned our eyes towards the great attraction which draws so many visitors to Peel. Standing majestically at the entrance of the harbour is the huge rock, St. Patrick's Isle, on the summit of which are battlements and towers, remains of a cathedral and other churches, with arched windows and ornamental pillars, and roofless except where ribs and groined arches have guarded against decay. Rugged walls enclose the fortress, and from the centre rises one of those old round towers, older than any baronial fortress, and which in this island, as in Ireland, are the puzzle and almost the despair of archæologists. Phœnicians may have reared them, or they may have been the work of races now unknown to authentic history. Who knows? Whatever their origin, there they stand, and round them have clustered Christian churches, long since shattered by "Time's effacing fingers;" and here we find the broken walls of an old chapel at the foot of the mysterious tower.

The island on which the old castle and cathedral stand is a huge mass of that slaty rock so conspicuous in the island. The area of the island is a little more than seven acres, at about the sea-level; but the summit, nearly altogether occupied by the enclosed buildings, is about four and a half acres.

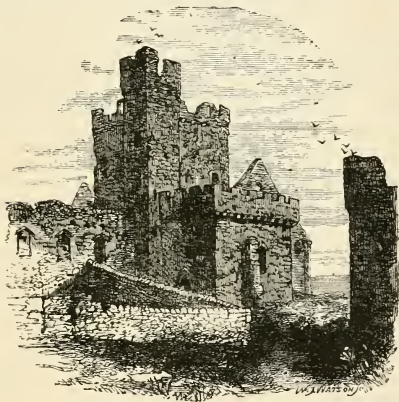
The rock is named St. Patrick's Isle, because, according to ecclesiastical tradition, the famous saint—as much revered in Man as in Ireland itself—established thereon the first church in the island, and made it the episcopal seat of the first bishop, Germanus or German, a canon of Lateran, and one of his own followers. This German (the name is frequently spelt Germain) was a very energetic bishop, especially when any fighting was to be done, for he only remained in the island for less than a year, and then crossed over into Wales, where the Britons and the invading Saxons were dealing hard blows. He sided with the Britons, and when their foes were advancing on the camp, he and his allies raised such a mighty shouting of "Hallelujah," that the Saxons fled in dismay. By this triumphant vocal display, Bishop German acquired the credit of having performed a miracle, and when he died, the Pope canonized him on account of it, charitably overlooking many peculiarities of character, in the way of loose living, which the bold bishop exhibited, and of which, no doubt, the "devil's advocate" (whose peculiar duty it is to discover every possible symptom of unworthiness in the proposed saint) made the most.

Peel Hill.

From the town of Peel, the castle may be reached either by the *ferry-boat*, which conveys the visitor across the few yards of intervening sea "at the small charge of *one penny*," or by way of a bridge across the head of the harbour, which leads to a pathway along the side of the lofty headland, Peel Hill, or Horse Hill, as it is sometimes named. The hill is steep, and tries the breath of the climbers; but the summit should be reached for the sake of the view to be obtained, and especially for the opportunity it affords of noting the general plan of the castle and the other buildings. Having enjoyed the view, and looked down the almost precipitous and jagged front the headland presents to the waves, which dash against the broken rocks at the base, and sprinkle its rugged face with spray, we return to the path. Heavy and not very agile folk had better take care of their footing, if they would avoid an awkward stumble, but no serious result need be apprehended. Young folks trip gaily to the summit, and as gaily back again; and standing on Peel jetty, a pretty picture with animated groups is often presented. Young girls bearing baskets of linen on their heads, and with bright colours in their dress, cross the harbour bridge, and with light steps ascend the hill-side and spread out their laundry burden

on the grass to dry in the sunshine. Then, laughing and romping, the lithe sunburnt damsels run back down the hill, to the admiration and perhaps a little to the envy of lookers on, who are "not so young as they used to be, and don't care about going up and down hills."

The path we are following winds round the western face of the hill, and just at the point where we come face to face with the Castle rock is a small building in the Swiss cottage style, where we may rest, and, if we will, enjoy refreshments. This convenient but not extensive structure bears the name,



REMAINS OF ST. GERMAN'S CATHEDRAL.

conspicuously displayed, of *Fenella's Hotel*, and then we feel, if we have any romance in our nature, that we are approaching very nearly indeed the spot—almost enchanted ground by the force of genius—which we read about (and were so unwilling to leave off reading about), when "Peveril of the Peak" first came into our hands. Before we leave Peel we shall hear a great deal more about that fascinating but impossible little person Fenella, "who heard, saw, and said nothing" for so many years, and who was ready to jump from a cliff, or out of window, or climb a rope at a moment's

notice. This young lady will presently appear upon the scene, among the ruins of the castle and the cathedral, and then we shall have something more to say about her.

Peel Castle.

In the meanwhile we may bestow a few minutes' attention on the vast old pile crowning the mass of rock before us. When the first fortress was built is unknown. Tradition avers that some portions remain (especially the doorway, and its portcullis, by which we shall enter) which are a thousand years old. Certainly, in very remote times it was considered to be a place of immense strength, and unquestionably it must have been almost inaccessible unless with the consent of the inmates. Two of the early kings of Man are stated to have died in the castle—Godred in 1187, and Olave in 1237. It was probably, therefore, a royal as well as an episcopal residence. The kings of England availed themselves of the fortress as a prison for rebels and supposed conspirators. Richard the Second, having, or pretending to have, in 1397, reason to suppose that his uncle (the Duke of Gloucester) and the Earl of Arundel and Warwick were conspiring against him, banished the Duke to Calais, where he died—perhaps in the course of nature, but more probably by the ready hand of a political partisan. The two Earls were attainted of high treason and sent to the Tower, there to await the headsman. The sentence was, however, in the case of Warwick, commuted to "perpetual imprisonment, without this realm, in the Isle of Man, for the term of his life." The Earl's custodian was Sir William Scrope, at that time the lord of Man, having three years previously purchased the island from the Montague family. But the time came, and not long to wait for it, when Richard was deposed and himself murdered in "bloody Pomfret," and the new king, Bolingbroke that was, afterwards Henry the Fourth, reversed the attainder of the Earl of Warwick and recalled him from banishment. The record is still preserved of the payment to Sir William Scrope, from the Exchequer, of the sum of £1,074 14s. 5d. for expenses incurred in respect to the safe custody of Warwick. As the imprisonment was for a period something short of two years, and taking into account the value of money in those times, Warwick was not very badly treated for a prisoner—or else, Scrope was an adept in the art of making out a bill.

About fifty years afterwards another memorable state prisoner was immured in the dungeons of the strong castle





J. B. Smith del. &c.

PEEL CASTLE

on St. Patrick's Isle. Eleanor, the wife of "the good Duke Humphrey" of Gloucester—who, as Eleanor Cobham, had previously been his mistress—was accused of treason, "for that she, by sorcery and enchantment, intended to destroy the king (the youthful Henry the Sixth), to the intent to advance and to promote her husband to the crown." The chaplain of her husband the Duke was one Roger Bolingbroke, a man addicted to the study of the sciences of the time, in which astrology was conspicuous. A man who watched the stars and cast nativities was, of course, according to the ideas then, and long afterwards, prevalent, a wizard; and it is alleged that the Duchess, with this Bolingbroke, two priests, named Southwell and Hum (or Hume), and a woman named Margery Jourdain, but better known as the witch of Eye, practised magical arts for the purpose of bringing about the death of the King. When the Duchess was put upon her trial, it was proved that she had sought to obtain love-philters to secure the constancy of her husband, who, with all his virtues, was guilty of occasional wanderings from the strict path of rectitude, as his Duchess well knew. It was also charged against her, on much weaker grounds, but with quite enough evidence to satisfy her judges, who probably would have found her guilty with or without evidence, that she had been guilty of a far worse act; for, it was alleged, "she kept by her a wax figure made by cunning necromancers, and endowed with the remarkable quality that in proportion as it was sweated and melted before a fire it would, by magical sympathy, cause the flesh and substance of the king to wither and melt away, and his marrow to be dried up in his bones." In the *Second Part of King Henry VI.*, Shakspeare, it will be remembered, introduces a scene in which the Duchess beholds and listens to the spirit Asmath summoned by magical arts; and afterwards we have the sentence of a dreadful death passed by the king on the witch Jourdain and her three associates, and of banishment on the Duchess:—

"You, Madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man."

Shakspeare took his history as he found it; but, perhaps, believed less in the guilt of the Duchess as a practiser of magical arts than in her arrogance and ambition which aroused the jealousy of another woman as strong-minded as herself, who had few scruples about the means of getting the

Duchess out of the way. Shakspeare puts these words into the mouth of Queen Margaret :—

“ Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife ;
Strangers in court do take her for the Queen ;
She bears a Duke's revenue on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be avenged on her ?
Contemptuous, base-born callat [harlot] as she is.
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands.”

Indiscreet Duchess that she was ! She might perchance have bargained for love philters, or even roasted wax dolls, and remained Duchess of Gloucester ; but she outdressed Margaret of Anjou and sneered at her poor relations, and so, after three days' penance in the streets of London, wrapped in a white sheet and carrying a candle, she was deported to the Isle of Man, there to wear out the remainder of her wretched life. When we reach the Castle, the guide will point out the cell where for fourteen years she was imprisoned, being allowed to take exercise only for one hour a day in a small yard adjoining. In this manner was the promise of her jailor, Sir John Stanley, kept, that she should “ be used according to her state, like to a Duchess and Duke Humphrey's lady.”

The walls, four feet thick, are formed of rough blocks of the slaty schist so abundant in the locality. They were erected, according to Bishop Wilson, a good authority, in 1500, by Thomas, Earl of Derby ; but some writers say, in 1593, by Henry, Earl of Derby. They are now very dilapidated, and partly from the falling away of the material and the raising of the surface of the interior by the ruinous accumulations, there are but few portions from which a person of average stature cannot easily look upon the sea.

The pathway is continued from the Fenella Hotel to the little inlet of the sea which separates the Castle rock from Peel Hill. A narrow causeway, or embankment, crosses this, and gives access to the isle, on reaching which there is a little slippery travelling on steps cut in the rock, and much worn by the feet of many visitors. A short flight of steps leads to the doorway, said to be a thousand years old, and then, before passing into the Castle, we are warned by a notice-board that a small fee has to be paid for the privilege of admission. (*Twopennee each person ; children under twelve years of age one penny.* The ruins are open to visitors from 9 a.m.

to 8 p.m., and on Sundays from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.) An attendant, generally a young lady, sits in a little recess at the side of the entrance, to receive the admission money.

Near the entrance is the guard-room, where, according to the legend told to and apparently believed by, Waldron, and quoted by Walter Scott in his notes to "Peveril of the Peak," the spectral "Moddey Dhoo" (incorrectly spelt by Waldron "Mauthe Dhoo"), or black dog, used to appear nightly. Scott tells the story so admirably in the novel, in the chapter where Fenella is conducting Julian Peveril by night to the tower, beneath which the boat is waiting to receive him, that we prefer to quote the passage rather than Waldron's more verbose version of the strange story:—

"It was by a secret passage through this church that in former times the guard-room of the garrison, situated at the lower and external defences, communicated with the keep of the Castle; and through this passage were the keys of the Castle every night carried to the Governor's apartment, so soon as the gates were locked and the watch set. This custom was given up in James the First's time, and the passage abandoned, on account of the well-known legend of the Mauthe Dhoo—a fiend or demon in the shape of a large, shaggy, black mastiff, by which the church was said to be haunted. It was devoutly believed that in former times this spectre became so familiar with mankind as to appear almost nightly in the guard-room, issuing from the passage which we have mentioned at night, and retiring to it at daybreak. The soldiers became partly familiarized to its presence, yet not so much so as to use any licence of language while the apparition was visible; until one fellow, rendered daring by intoxication, swore that he would know whether it was dog or devil, and with his drawn sword followed the spectre when it retreated by the usual passage. The man returned in a few minutes, sobered by terror, his mouth gaping, and his hair standing on end, under which horror he died; but, unhappily for the lovers of the marvellous, altogether unable to disclose the horrors which he had seen. Under the evil repute arising from this tale of wonder, the guard-room was abandoned and a new one constructed. In like manner, the guards after that period held another and more circuitous communication with the governor or seneschal of the Castle; and that which lay through the ruinous church was entirely abandoned."

The legend appears to have been strongly impressed on the imagination of Scott; for, many years before he wrote "Peveril," he described one of the characters in his earliest great poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," as being

"Ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran
That spoke the spectre-hound in Man."

A good ghost story, or tale of terror like that quoted, is a capital introduction to ruined towers and cathedrals. It makes antiquity appear the more awe-inspiring, and induces a general feeling of "creepiness," under the influence of which ruined arches and the shattered framework of antique windows seem more picturesque than they ordinarily do. There are gloomy corners where strange apparitions may lurk, and shadowy forms gliding among the time-worn

columns would not seem to be particularly out of place. Besides, the faculty of belief has received a strengthening tonic, and, having accepted the legend of the demon dog in the guard-room, we are prepared to acquiesce with comparative readiness in the equally authentic, if not so ghostly, stories we are likely to hear before we quit the domain of romantic history.

There is, of course, a considerable amount of genuine historic lore in connection with Peel Castle, the cathedral, the other churches, the monuments, the towers and dungeons which crown this memorable sea-beaten rock; and the visitor will find at the outset much matter of interest in the remains of

St. German's Cathedral.

This is not the earliest church built on the site; but of the original edifice not a trace is now to be discerned. There are, however, records of the burial of two bishops, besides Germanus, already mentioned, in the older church. Bishop Wymundus was interred here in 1151, and Bishop John in 1154. The former, if tradition may be accepted, was a remarkable person. A Manxman by birth, he became a monk of Furness Abbey, in Lancashire, whence he was sent to his native place as a missionary. He had a fine presence, was very eloquent, and was so admired by the islanders, that they chose him for their bishop, and the Archbishop of York consecrated him; from which circumstance, it is supposed, it came to pass that the island diocese has been ever since considered to be a portion of the northern archiepiscopal province. His elevation did not satisfy the ambitious Wymund, who, we read, extended his personal influence by marrying the daughter of the Thane of Argyle—an act which, if true, proves that the celibacy of bishops was not enforced by the early church of the island. He claimed also to be the son of Angus, Earl of Murray, and heir to his estates, which had passed into the possession of others. He was popular with the Manxmen, and Manxmen had a liking for adventurous expeditions. There might have been some who knew that his father was really one Jole, a Manxman, but if they did they judiciously held their tongues; and the Bishop, at the head of a goodly array of followers, landed on the coast of Scotland, killed many of the people, ravaged the country, and carried on a plundering warfare with such vigour and audacity that King David himself was compelled to enter into negotiations with him, and the Scotch folks generally

must have been puzzled to define the actual character of the invader, and point out where the bishop ended and the pirate began. His good fortune, however, forsook him for a time, and he was taken prisoner and confined in Roxburgh Castle.



ST. GERMAN'S CATHEDRAL.

After a long imprisonment he was permitted to return to the Isle of Man, and resume his episcopal functions.

In 1871, in the course of removing an accumulation of rubbish, a skeleton, in a remarkable state of preservation (due to the use of lime), was found in one of the recesses of the

chancel; and there being good reason to suppose that the remains were those of Bishop Simon, buried in 1245, a concrete tomb was constructed, and covered with a slab of red freestone with a Latin cross, and an inscription recording the name and date of death of the bishop. Near the feet of the skeleton were the bones of a dog, which were reinterred with him.

The choir of the cathedral, of which we now see the remains, was built in 1245, in the time of Bishop Simon, who was buried in the chancel; the remainder of the edifice was probably of later date. The architecture exhibits a mixture of the Norman, Early English, and Decorated styles. The building, cruciform in shape, is 114 feet long, and 68 feet wide at the intersection of the transepts. The length of the choir is about 36 feet; of the nave, 52 feet. The walls of the roofless choir and nave are 18 feet high, and of great thickness. The material is red sandstone, little adapted to resist atmospheric influences, and the wonder is how any portion of the old building has lasted for six hundred years. At the south-western angle is the tower, 66 feet high, with a square belfry turret, which adds 15 feet to the total height. The summit is reached by eighty-two worn and broken steps; and the not very easy ascent having been made, the visitor may, if the atmosphere be very clear, be rewarded by a view of the dim outline of the Irish and Scotch coasts. On the north side of the choir are lancet windows, and beneath the two arched recesses, which may have, as some surmise, contained tombs of old Manx kings, or, as is more probable, *sedilia*, or seats for the higher clergy. On the south side of the choir are older windows, which appear to have undergone alterations at various times, and there are indications of an arcade supported by a series of columns. In the southern transept is a window of two lights, with another window above it; and on the west side is a lancet window over the doorway which formed the principal entrance to the cathedral.

A door under the fourth window of the south side of the choir leads, by a passage concealed in the wall, to the crypt, 34 feet by 16 feet, with a vaulted roof, the ribs springing from thirteen pilasters on each side, and lighted by a small aperture under the east window of the choir. A rudely arched doorway gives access to the rock outside the walls, and another doorway opens upon a flight of steps leading to a small enclosure or yard abutting upon the north wall of the chancel. This crypt was used as a prison, and here, according to some accounts, the Earl of Warwick and (more certainly) the Duchess of Gloucester were incarcerated. Very

probably the guide will tell the visitor that the Warwick was the "King-maker" who figures so prominently in English history in the time of the Wars of the Roses, and is the hero of Bulwer's "Last of the Barons." If told so, don't believe the statement. The cicerone has high sanction for the assertion, but his authorities are in error. We are prepared to be told that to doubt Walter Scott here, in the very centre of one of his circles of magical fascination, is an audacious heresy; but even Scott made a mistake sometimes, and when we read in "Peveril of the Peak," that "In this castle of Holme-Peel, the great King-maker, Richard, Earl of Warwick, was confined, during one period of his eventful life, to ruminate at leisure on his further schemes of ambition," we can only suppose that the great historical novelist had forgotten all about the conspiracy against Richard the Second, and that the Earl of Warwick who was really imprisoned here was dead and gone about forty years before King-maker Warwick (one of the Nevills, another family) saw the light. We notice this mistake, because it has been repeated by other writers of eminence, among them the late Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, who adds to the blunder by saying, "Earl Warwick the King-maker was consigned to the dungeon for a season by Richard the Second." Poor King Richard, killed at Pontefract in 1340, had no more to do with Richard Nevill, killed at Barnet in 1471, than he had with the mythical Guy, Earl of Warwick, who is credited with slaying the Dun Cow in the time of "Ascapart and Bevis bold."

Probably prisoners were conveyed into this crypt dungeon by way of the steps and doorways just mentioned; and it was in the little yard outside the chancel that Duchess Eleanor, once the greatest lady of the English court, was permitted to take a little exercise for one hour daily.

Even so late as the latter part of the 18th century, offenders against the ecclesiastical laws of the island were imprisoned in this crypt. In 1710, Bishop Wilson, so good and pious, had no hesitation in committing to this dungeon the Clerk of the Rolls, who had refused to pay the sum charged against him as tithes.

Old Waldron says of this crypt, "It is certainly one of the most dreadful places that imagination can form. The sea runs under it, through the hollow of the rock, with such a continual roar, that you would think it was every moment breaking in upon you; and over it are the vaults for burying the dead." We append from the same writer a warning which

visitors may respect or not, at their pleasure:—"They have a superstition that whatsoever stranger goes to see this cavern out of curiosity, and omits to count the pillars, shall do something to occasion being confined there." We cannot say how the careless stranger might have fared a hundred and fifty years ago, when Waldron wrote: but he would now have to do something very peculiar and terrible indeed to ensure being shut up in this dismal den.

A broken Runic monument, very old of course, is on the south side of the nave. Enough of the inscription remains to inform us that it was erected by her husband to commemorate "Astrith, the daughter of Ottar." More about her no living man knows. Waldron, whom we have already quoted, says, "The epitaphs and inscriptions on the tombstones are worthy of remark; the various languages in which they are engraved testify by what a diversity of nations this little spot of earth has been possessed. Though time has defaced too many of the letters to render the remainder intelligible, yet you may easily perceive fragments of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabian, Saxon, Scotch, and Irish characters; some dates, yet visible, declare they were written before the coming of Christ." No doubt Waldron sincerely believed in the verity of what he wrote; but, then, some good souls will believe anything.

The last bishop buried in the cathedral was Dr. Samuel Rutter, who died in 1663. He had been archdeacon of the island, and was appointed bishop only two years before his death. He was an old and valued friend of the Stanley family, and acted as chaplain at Lathom House during its defence by the brave Countess against Fairfax's Parliamentarians. To considerable literary ability and much learning he added piety and kindness of heart. The spot where he was buried was known, and in August 1865, during the visit of the Cambrian Archæological Society to the island, the superincumbent rubbish was removed, and the gravestone discovered about a foot below the surface. It was broken into many pieces, but the fragments were carefully arranged and cemented together, and the whole laid in a solid bed of concrete. Round the edge of the slab is inscribed, "Samuel Rutter, Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man, 1661." Originally the tomb bore a brass plate with an inscription; the plate disappeared some time at the end of the last century, but in 1844 was discovered in the well near the sally-port of the castle. It was long kept at Bishop's Court, but in 1875 it was repaired (one corner having been broken off) and restored to its

place in the centre of the slab. The inscription, written in Latin verse by the Bishop himself (except, we may suppose, the date of his death), has a touch of the quaint humour of the time. It may be translated, "In this house, shared with the worms my brothers, I, Samuel, by the permission of God, Bishop of this island, lie in hope of a resurrection to life. Stop, reader, look and smile at this palace of a Bishop. Died May 30, 1663."

So far we have spoken of the cathedral; but we admit it requires some stretch of imagination to discern in the broken walls, the unroofed area, the shattered columns, and the accumulations on the floor, a stately cathedral, with a bishop on his episcopal seat, robed priests, and choristers.

By the end of the seventeenth century the cathedral was in a very dilapidated condition, although still used for ecclesiastical purposes. Bishop Wilson, who had been himself installed in it as Bishop of Sodor and Man, and whose infant daughter, Alice, was buried there, obtained in 1710 an Act of Tynwald, by which he was empowered to use the lead of the roof in building the Church of St. Patrick. The excuse for this act has been offered by no less a person than the Rev. John Keble, author of "The Christian Year," that the cathedral was so far gone that restoration was hopeless, and that in dismantling it he only acceded to the wishes of the Earl of Derby, lord of the island.

About the middle of the last century the roof was partially reconstructed, preparatory, perhaps, to the installation of Bishop Hildesley, which took place on the 25th of March, 1755. The inhabitants of the town of Peel have a right to interment in the cathedral, never claimed, probably, since the erection of St. Peter's Church in the town; but which at one time was the cause of a dispute between Captain Mercer, the constable of the castle, and Bishop Wilson. The Bishop enforced the claim, and his peremptory letter to the constable was thus worded:—

"CAPTAIN MERCER, complaint is made to me that you have refused to let the body of Isabel Cannon be buried in the parish Church of K. K. German, and the place where her child is buried, unless her friends shall first obtain licence from the Governor so to do. You would do well to consider that this is the first instance of such a practice, and will be an invasion of the Church's rights and the subject's property; for if a licence must be asked, it may be refused, and then the bishop may be shut out of his cathedral, and the people from their parish church, for such it ever was before it ever was a garrison. I think it fit to give you this hint, that you may not create new trouble to yourself or me. I am your friend,

"THE SODOR AND MAN."

The last marriage celebrated in the old cathedral was in 1763; but divine service was performed up to the end of the last

century. All that remained of the oak timbers of the roof of the cathedral were carried away in a terrific gale of wind which broke over the island on the night of the 10th of October, 1824. By a noticeable coincidence, a small vessel named the *Peel Castle*, belonging to Peel, was lost, the crew of six men perishing. We have already more than once noticed the prevalence of a superstitious feeling among Manxmen, notwithstanding the prevalence of strong religious convictions, and another instance is said to be afforded by the fact that since that fatal night, when the last vestige of roof on Peel Castle was carried away and the smack was lost, nothing would induce the fishermen of Peel to name another vessel the *Peel Castle*.

Adjoining the cathedral are traces of the old episcopal palace, especially of the hall generally styled the banqueting hall, 42 feet long by 20 feet wide. Near to it is the castle well, discovered in 1874, having been choked up for about two hundred years. Good water is now obtained from it at all times of the year, and visitors may now enjoy refreshing draughts from the spring which supplied drink to the good bishops and the great Stanleys—when they could get nothing they liked better. There is another well near the sally-port, but the water is not agreeable.

To the west of the cathedral, at the foot of the *Round Tower*, are the walls of the *Old Church of St. Patrick*, of clay schist with a little red sandstone in the arches. The building is of a very primitive character. On the west gable was a little turret. The lower portion of the east window has been removed. (*A view of the remains of this church and of the Round Tower is given at the head of this chapter.*)

The Round Tower.

The mysterious Round Tower is about fifty feet high, with a diameter at the base of five feet nine inches. Nearly seven feet above the ground is a door facing to the east, and near the summit are four square-headed apertures facing the cardinal points, and another opening towards the sea is lower down. The material of the tower is old red sandstone, and the mortar used is extremely hard. In January, 1871, a portion of the west side fell down; but it was restored, and the structure is now in a very substantial condition. Antiquaries are not satisfied that this tower is to be associated with the round towers of Ireland, and one member of the Cambrian Archaeological Association has noticed various particulars in which it differs from them, and has ventured an opinion that it was erected at some remote time as a land-

mark or lighthouse for the benefit of mariners. (*Within a few yards of this tower is the cloak-room for ladies.*)

There is a small modern building, erected early in 1815 as a guard-room, but now disused, between the cathedral and the Round Tower. At that time, as we all know, great exertions were made to defend all exposed portions of the British coast against a possible invasion by the soldiers of the terrible Napoleon; and the construction or enlargement of batteries at Peel, Douglas, Castle Rushen, and Ramsey, was one of the reasons why Peel Castle, the old church, and the walls are in so dilapidated a condition. An energetic and extremely practical officer of the Royal Engineers, Captain Holloway, was entrusted with the superintendence of the necessary works, and, to obtain material, "he not only levelled to the ground many of the buildings which stood to the north of the cathedral, including portions of the episcopal palace, and of the Governor's residence, but without compunction tore out of almost every building within the castle walls, the greater part of the red sandstone, groins, facings, door and window jambs, and, in fact, every stone capable of being dressed, or that could be made available in the building of the battery, guard-room, and magazine." Soldiers are apt to be unsentimental. Captain Holloway erected excellent batteries, but achieved the distinction of being the most unpopular man in the island.

Obviously, for the sake of romantic consistency, the audacious captain should have been prevented from accomplishing his work of destruction by some of the ghosts or demons which we have been assured haunt the place. The apparition of Duchess Eleanor, the ghost of the unhappy woman whose moans are heard in the night wind, should have appalled the audacious captain by their appearance; and what was the terrible "dog-fiend," the Moddey Dhoo, about, not to chase away, and bite, if he could, the rash intruder? Perhaps the Duchess's ghost was pleased to see her old prison knocked about; and as for Bishop Wymund, the action was too much in accordance with his own piratical practices to disturb his slumbers.

One of the old defences of the castle was a battery erected near the sally-port and defending the entrance to the harbour. Over the covered way which led to it were a chamber and platform, the object of which was, if we may accept tradition, to enable the garrison to pour boiling oil or some other hot preparation on the heads of besiegers who might have contrived to get within reach.

Near the sally-port are the remains of a two-storied building, which some local historians say was the place where the Earl of Warwick was actually imprisoned. We have seen that other writers give the crypt under the cathedral as the place of his captivity. We could not decide the matter if we stood all day looking at the old broken walls, and arguing about the respective probabilities. Whichever place the Earl was kept in, it is not likely he had much reason to remember his sojourn in the Isle of Man with any special satisfaction. In this prison, known as the *Moare*, or great *Tower*, Captain Edward Christian, who had been Lieutenant-Governor of the island under the seventh Earl of Derby, was imprisoned for many years and died.

The attention of the visitor will be attracted by a large rectangular mound, almost pyramidal in shape, each side measuring more than two hundred feet. This presents a great problem to antiquaries. Some suggest that it was originally a Scandinavian fort, others that Scotch, Irish, or Norsemen were the constructors; but Dr. Paterson the author of "Manx Antiquities," seems to be nearer the mark in supposing it to have been a place of burial, the graveyard, in fact, of the cathedral. The *Armoury* of the castle stood near St. Patrick's Church, and two of the old guns, taken away when the island was transferred to the British Crown, but afterwards restored, may be seen.

Fenella's Tower.

For one visitor who is attracted by the traces of these structures, we venture to say there will be a dozen at least who will follow the guide to what is popularly described as *Fenella's Tower*, pointed out as the place where that wonderful little person leaped into the boat which was bearing the object of her silent adoration—Julian Peveril—away from the island. Many of our readers, doubtless, know Scott's description by heart, but for the sake of those who may have forgotten it, or who cannot on this huge rock obtain by magical power a volume of the *Waverley Novels*, we transcribe a few lines:—

"He [Julian Peveril] descended the ladder with some precaution, for the steps were unequal, broken, wet, and slippery; and, having placed himself at the stem of the boat, made a signal to the men to push off, and turned to take farewell of his guide. To his utter astonishment, Fenella rather slid down than descended regularly the perilous ladder; and, the boat being already pushed off, made a spring from the last step with incredible agility, and seated herself beside Peveril, ere he could express either remonstrance or surprise."

The exact spot is pointed out where the incident took place, the very step from which the elf-like girl jumped. If the

leap really took place, it was a remarkable exploit; if the great writer, seeing the place, imagined the incident, it was an almost equally remarkable effort of the creative power of the imagination. But, dear young friends, so enthusiastic, so sympathetic, Fenella never existed, consequently could not have jumped into the boat; and Scott never saw the rock, or the castle, or the slippery steps, or, indeed, anything else in the Isle of Man, for he was never there, and trusted to the description of Waldron and one or two other writers of more or less authority. Take his own words at the beginning of "Note K" to "Peveril of the Peak":—"The author *has never seen* this ancient fortress, which has in its circuit so much that is fascinating to the antiquary." So fades an illusion; and the story of Fenella's leap must be remitted to the region of the "might have been."

The *Palace of the Earls of Derby*, Kings of Man, was at the extreme western angle of the enclosed space, and there are traces of an extensive range of buildings, probably offices and servants' dwellings. The *Tiltyard* is opposite the so-called Fenella's Tower.

In 1874 and 1875, the Preservation Committee made arrangements for securing the ruins as far as possible from further injury, and for adding to the comfort of visitors. In the course of removing some accumulation, a number of relics were discovered, including portions of the bells and old lead windows of the cathedral, keys, granite shot of various sizes (some weighing 54 lbs.), and other objects of interest. The greater number of these stone shot were found in the private chapel attached to the cathedral.

The Giant's Grave.

Beyond the walls is a green mound, known as *The Giant's Grave*. It is about ninety feet long, but only five feet broad; so if a giant was really buried there, and his grave was a good fit, he must have been extremely thin for his length. He had three legs, as became a giant of Manxland, and was so active that he thought nothing of leaping from one hill to the other, across the inlet of the sea that divides the Castle rock from the opposite headland. As he was also very ferocious, he was naturally enough an object of great terror, and his playfulness was almost as appalling as his anger. One day, being especially lively, he tore up a mass of rock, weighing many tons, and hurled it against the opposite hill with such force that it broke into three pieces. Three masses of white quartz are still to be seen near the mansion of Lher-

ghydhoo; and if that is not confirmatory evidence of the legend, nothing will convince sceptically disposed persons. St. Patrick, of course, objected to the doings of this naughty giant, and reprimanded him; in return for which the three-legged monstrosity threatened to kill the saint. That was not to be endured, and the giant was made the recipient of an ecclesiastical curse, so emphatically worded, that he made one leap from the rocks into the sea, and has never since been heard of. That being the case, it is not easy to understand how he came to be buried on the Castle rock; but then, neither authentic histories nor romantic legends are always consistent.

On the summit of the hill opposite Peel, on the south, is a tower, known as *Corrin's Folly*, erected nearly sixty years ago by a person named Corrin, who, being a Nonconformist of a very advanced type, especially disliked the burial service of the Established Church, and therefore built this tower as a resting-place in unconsecrated ground for himself, his wife, and two children. We have already noted how members of various denominations lie side by side in the Kirk Braddar cemetery; and Corrin's objection to consecrated ground met with little sympathy from the mass of the islanders. The tower is 50 feet high, and standing on a hill 500 feet high, is a conspicuous landmark, and is now in the possession of the Board of Trade, to be preserved for that purpose.

Near the spot where the Folly tower stands, according to ecclesiastical tradition, St. Patrick first planted the sign of the cross; and the instant he had raised the sacred emblem, water flowed from the rock, and it has never since ceased to flow. The spring is supposed to be endowed with curative properties; and in the good old times those who came to be healed dropped small pieces of silver into the well as an offering to the saint, from which practice it came to be known as the Silver Well. Afterwards, in less religious times, the silver was deposited as a propitiation to the fairies.





PEEL TO GLEN MEAY AND NIARBYL POINT.

A VERY pleasant excursion may be made from Peel to the prominent headland on the west coast of the island, Niarbyl Point, or the Niarbyl, as it is frequently named, forming the northern limit of Niarbyl Bay. The distances are, from Peel to Glen Meay, 3 miles, from Glen Meay to the Point, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles more; so that the trip is quite within the means of a fairly good pedestrian.

The route from Peel is by the Kirk Patrick road, leading through a pleasant cultivated valley, with farmhouses, affording a very enjoyable drive for those who prefer riding to more invigorating pedestrianism. *Glen Meay* means "the vale of luxuriance," and the epithet is certainly not misapplied. There are two good inns in the village, and to reach the falls, the chief object of the trip, the visitor must pass through the grounds of one of them, the *Waterfall Hotel*, which, of course, implies, that the waterfall is so far private property that it cannot exactly be seen for nothing. The place is exquisitely beautiful, and the admirers of rare ferns may see them in abundance. The fall is not more than about 40 feet; but, as the accompanying illustration will show, it is extremely picturesque. A charming walk, about a mile long, through the Glen to the seashore, will well repay the slight extra exertion.

Glen Meay is 12 miles from Douglas, from which vehicles start every morning. The expense is given in the table of fares, page 24.

Rather a stiff hill intervenes between Glen Meay and *Dalby*, "the village in the dale," on the road to Niarbyl. The mountain seen on the left is *Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa*, "hill of the rising day," nearly 1,500 feet high, and on which is a stone cairn, marking, it is supposed, the graves of some of the early Manx kings. *Niarbyl Point* is a bold headland,

commanding a splendid view of the rocky scenery of this very picturesque portion of the west coast. There are strangely shaped caves in the rock, worn by the action of the sea. The coast line of Niarbyl Bay, extending southward, is lofty, cliffs rising out of the water to a height, in some parts of 1,500 feet.

The return to St. John's may be made by the road passing to the south of the romantic Glen Ruthen, and at a considerable elevation, skirting the western side of the lofty South Barrule mountain. The prospect here is strikingly fine, the mountain scenery being among the most attractive in the island, and the air, with a mingling of the perfume of mountain heather with the bracing salt of the sea, most invigorating. The steep side of South Barrule is to the right, and on the left Glen Ruthen, through which winds the streamlet we saw tumbling over the rocks at Glen Meay.

From this road the ascent of South Barrule may be made. The ascent is not difficult for a tolerably active pedestrian, who will be well repaid for the exertion by the outlook to be obtained from the summit; supposing, however, that the atmosphere is very clear, a circumstance not to be depended on, for we must remember that the climate of the island is rather humid, and South Barrule, like his fellow-mountain-giants, has the habit of occasionally wrapping his venerable head in a nightcap of mist. But on a really fine day, or when only a few light clouds float in the air like golden streaks, the view is splendid. Below, like the tracings on a gigantic map, lie the wooded glens, through which flow sinuously brooks playing and glittering and leaping over rocks; broad pastures, winding roads, woodland clumps, farms, and homesteads. Northwards the eye rests on mountain masses with wooded summits, and to the west and east the sea, its restless waves made smooth and glassy by distance, is beyond the outline of the rocky coast; and, like a dimly-discerned frame to the beautiful picture, are the outlines of English and Welsh mountains, and the coast of Ireland. Aided by a good telescope, all the more prominent points on the coasts of the Irish Sea, and for some distance inland, may be distinguished. Scotland, too, might be seen, did not the loftier mountain of North Barrule and Snaefell obstruct the view. The summit of South Barrule was selected as a station for the trigonometrical survey for connecting the triangulation of Ireland with Great Britain.

On the summit the geologist and archæologist will find subjects of interest, which they may examine while the

poetic or artistic tourist is delighting in the beauties displayed so richly by nature, and the inquisitive visitor of topographical tastes is wondering which of the dim masses



BELOW THE FALL OF GLEN MEAY.

like huge shadows in the eastern sky, is Skiddaw or Snowdon. On the northern side of the summit are traces of ancient fortifications, enclosing an extensive area, and evidently of great strength, the base of the wall having been

in some parts eighteen feet thick. Here, according to local history, was a strong military position, which the Manxmen found to be valuable in the disturbed times when invasion and piracy were fashionable recreations, and the Irish were rather troublesome neighbours. The fort did not, however, always afford protection, for we find it recorded that in May, 1316, one Richard Mandeville and a strong following of Irish adventurers invaded the island and demanded supplies of provisions, cattle, and money. These being refused, the freebooters made a raid into the interior, the Manxmen retreating to this stronghold, from which they offered a front of resistance. The Irish attacked with such fury that the Manxmen fled in confusion, and the pirates enjoyed what the Americans call "a good time," roaming through the country, and plundering it of everything on which they could lay their hands. The abbey of Rushen was robbed of its treasures, and the flocks and herds of the good monks were carried away. "After spending a month in this pleasant manner, at their leisure digging up much silver, which had been buried in various places, they filled their vessels with their spoil and returned safe home."

Geologists will scarcely fail to notice that on the north-eastern side of the mountain is an immense mass of granite, locally known as Granite Mount. There is nothing uncommon in that; but when it is found that blocks of this granite have somehow been deposited on the top of South Barrule, at least eight hundred feet above the mass of the granite formation, and that boulders of the same rock and of granite may be traced continuously for about two miles along the ridge of what is locally known as the Round Table, to the top of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa, geologists may be justified in exercising a little curiosity. These gentlemen do not, as a rule, believe in fairy and other legends, however poetical; so, if we were to tell our scientific friends that in old times two three-legged Manx giants quarrelled, and threw stones at each other, or had a hurling match with granite boulders, our explanation would probably be received in a manner not complimentary to our veracity, and a more satisfactory solution would be sought for. The late Mr. Charles Darwin was of opinion that the whole island sank down in the sea in the Glacial period, and that blocks of granite, frozen into ice-floes, were deposited at different heights, and when the land re-emerged, of course the granite blocks and boulders emerged with it. In connexion with this subject we may quote a sentence from the Rev. J. Cumming, who

gave so much attention to the physical features as well as the history of the island :—

“The rounded form of the mountain summits, which must strike every visitor when he first catches sight of Mona, is due to the fact that, having been, in vast bygone ages, elevated by volcanic agency from the depths of ocean, they were, at a subsequent period, submerged into a sea of an arctic character, and, standing in the midst of a current charged with ice-floes and icebergs, were ground down, rounded off, and polished.”

Foxdale Lead Mines, near the Granite Mount, and accessible from the main road, should be visited. About a hundred tons of lead are obtained every month from these mines, and from each ton from fifteen to twenty ounces of pure silver are extracted.

Hamilton Waterfall is a picturesque bit, by the roadside, near the bridge. In rainy weather, it pours down a full torrent some thirty feet, over a ledge of clay schist, into a wooded hollow. The view down the valley from this point is very picturesque. It becomes more so as we descend; and it is refreshing, after the desolate and treeless wildness of the granite district through which we have passed, to look upon such a rich combination of wood, water, and rock as here presents itself before us.

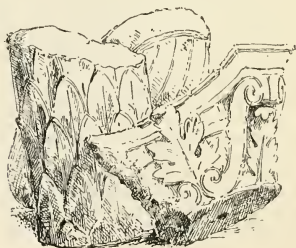
At Foxdale, the tired pedestrian—for even when surrounded by scenery so charming, our physical powers will at last give way, and cry, “Hold! enough!”—may utilize the new railway, recently opened to that village. But the young and active will elect to finish their walk, especially when they are told that they are only some two miles from St. John’s junction; and our “carriage friends” have no need of the train. As we approach the station, we pass between two mountains, or rather a hill and a mountain, *Kennagarroo*, cultivated to the top, being on the right, and *Slieu Whallin* rising precipitously on our left. Why this name, which means “the hill of the whelp,” was given, we know not. Tourists do not make excursions in the night-time, so they are not likely to hear the moans and cries of the poor creature, the reputed witch, who is faithfully believed to haunt the mountain (*see* p. 103). As, however, we do not wish to be misunderstood, we assure our friends it is by no means certain that the cries would be heard, even if anybody were adventurous enough to visit *Slieu Whallin* at the “noon of night.”

The road from Foxdale to St. John’s is part of that which connects Castletown and Ramsey; so that if we turn our faces southwards, on leaving the mining village, we shall in

due time reach the former town. True, the distance is about three times as great as that to St. John's; but, for the last half-dozen miles, it is down a descent so marked, that, when travelling up it, the Manx people exclaim, "*Ugh! tagh breesh my chree!*" which means, "Oh, it breaks my heart!" And not without reason! But it is easy going downhill—we all remember the Latin proverb of our school days—and in this case we have the company of the *Silverburn* river, voted by many the most enchanting stream in the island, and can, moreover, when we reach *Ballasalla*, two miles from Castletown, complete our excursion to the southern town (or return to Douglas) by a railway ride, the chief features of which we have already described (*see pp. 81-7*).

If, on our former visit to Castletown, we have not had time to examine the ruins of *Rushen Abbey*, we can do so before leaving *Ballasalla*. The river flows past them, and they are close to the village. The main road passes over a bridge, from which we get an excellent view of them, and a beautiful avenue of trees overhanging the river; and if we visit the spot in the spring (the time of all others when, to our mind, Nature wears her loveliest garb), we find it to be

"A gentle, lovely place; the path o'ergrown
With primroses and broad-leaved violets,
Arched by laburnums and the sweet woodbine."





A VILLAGE STREET IN MANX.

FROM DOUGLAS TO RAMSEY.

THE LONG ROUTE.

THE railway affords easy communication between the lively, bustling Douglas and the pretty tranquil town near the north-eastern extremity of the island. But probably the majority of visitors will prefer the ride by car, and there are always a number of vehicles waiting for parties on the Pier and the Loch Parade. They are long cars, with accommodation for two passengers on the front seat with the driver, and ten in the body of the carriage, where the seats are placed lengthwise, omnibus fashion. It is rather strange that the *char-à-banc*, with the seats one behind another, has not yet been acclimatized in Mona. As it is, each passenger, the two in front excepted, can only see one side of the route taken; but, as nature has been lavish of beauties on the right and left hands alike, it seems hard to be deprived of one half of her bounties. Those who sit on the left-hand side can enjoy the view of the glens, through which

streams flow erratically and leap from stone to stone, sparkling and flashing and murmuring low music, as if they enjoyed their task of "going on for ever;" and beyond them, sometimes on the very verge of the roadway, are huge mountain masses, with rugged sides, strata of shale and other sedimentary rocks, the accumulations of countless ages, according to geologists; but the tourist must twist his neck defiantly of anatomical adaptation if he would see the rustic villages, the groups of little cottages surrounded by bowers of flowers, the brilliant hedgerows and the broad meadows which lie behind him, between the road and the sea. Re-arrange the seats of the cars, and the long trip, delightful as under such circumstances it is (even on a showery day, and heavy rainfall is no phenomenon in Man), would be nearly doubled in pleasure.

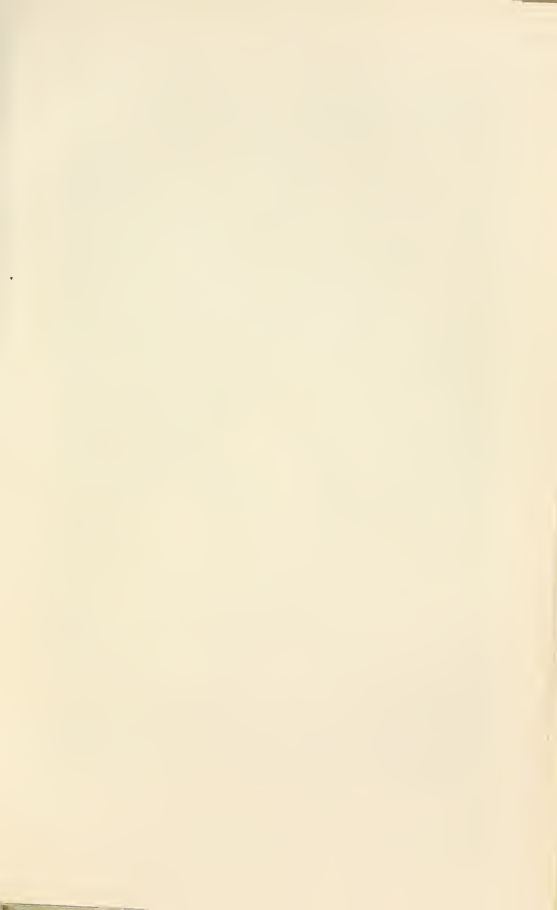
The distance from Douglas to Ramsey, by the "long route," is twenty-four miles; and the return by the "short route," by way of Laxey, is sixteen miles, making altogether a tolerably long trip. The passengers rarely think it too long; and the opinion of the pair of horses, who do the journey out and in in one day, has not, we believe, been taken. They have a rest for three or four hours at Ramsey; but yet, "when the weary task is done," it may be they think they have deserved well of their country.

Having already travelled on the first part of the road, on our journey from Douglas to Peel, we may make Ballacrine our present starting-point, for there the road branches off, and we are entering on new ground. At this point, too, the road for Castletown bears away to the left. Ballacrine is seven and a half miles from Douglas, and half a mile from St. John's.

We soon find that we are reaching the very heart of the beauty of the island. Ferns and wild heather abound on the slopes. The cottage gardens are bright with flowers; tall, climbing fuschias appear to be as abundant and luxurious in growth as the scarlet-runner, so familiar to our English eyes; and flowering plants, which at home are cultivated in pots or in sheltered gardens, and rarely attain more than a couple of feet in height, are more than twice that size in this favoured region.

Glen Helen,

one of the most favourite pleasure resorts in the island, is soon reached. To this spot cars run from Douglas, especially for the convenience of visitors, and the railway conveys passengers to St. John's, whence there are cars and omnibuses to





Bartholomew Ill.

RHENASS WATERFALL

the entrance of the grounds. The hotel, now capable of dining two or three hundred visitors at a time, originated in a small residence in the Swiss cottage style, erected by Mr. Marsden, a Liverpool gentleman, who purchased and planted the Rhennass estate. A few years ago the Glen Helen Hotel Company purchased the property, made great improvements, built a large dining-hall and dancing pavilion, and formed picturesque paths in the windings of the glen. The present proprietor has added to the attractions. The little stream is crossed near the entrance pavilion by an elegant iron suspension bridge; and at various spots, commanding the view of especially picturesque bits of scenery, rustic bridges have been thrown across the lively little river, which, in dry weather scarcely more than a brook, becomes almost a torrent after heavy and continued rains. Its course winds and turns between banks covered with flowers and crowned with tall ferns. The crowning attraction of this delightful spot is the *Rhennass Waterfall*, commonly spoken of as *Glen Helen Fall*, about a mile from the suspension bridge. There are two or three falls, one above the other, the descent being broken by intervening rocks. The height from which the water descends is not considerable; but in admiring the beauty of the spot we do not care to calculate dimensions. The visitor may need to be reminded that the rocks are rather slippery, and although a mistaken step might not exactly lead to "shooting Niagara," the consequences might be sufficiently unpleasant. In the pleasure grounds there are aviaries and a monkey-house: seals bask in the river; and there is ample provision for lawn-tennis and other games. The stream is well preserved, and affords good trout fishing, for which a day's ticket may be obtained for a *shilling*. The admission to the grounds is *fourpence*.

Beyond the Glen Helen Hotel, the road begins to rise until the ascent is so steep that the male passengers get out and enjoy a stiff uphill walk, the panting horses being unequal to the heavy load. From the wayside cottages, children run out and follow the pedestrians and carriages, mindful of the fact, recognizable in Man as elsewhere, that halfpence are acceptable, and may be sometimes obtained by perseveringly asking, especially if the visitors can be offered any amusement in return. To run a quarter of a mile, shouting or singing all the while, and be remunerated by a penny, appears to be considered good commercial business by the juveniles of this part of the island. Lithe, straight-limbed, black-eyed, sun-burnt, are these Manx boys and girls; and where

the road is level, the car must be driven at a quick pace indeed if they cannot keep up with it. It may be old Manx songs they chant in strong and not unmusical voices, or it may be only a native and idiomatic way of asking for coppers, which is evidently the thought uppermost in the minds of the ingenuous youths, and they are rarely disappointed. It is generally supposed that a particular salute given by these brown-skinned, bright-eyed imps to visitors is the "Hi Kelly," which we have already mentioned; but it is quite possible that the words may be pure Manx, a point we leave for learned people to decide. It may be noticed that most of the boys have abrasions on the nose, to which mud and gravel appear to have been applied. This remarkable fact is the result of the performance of a difficult acrobatic feat, much encouraged by the passengers in the cars. London street boys are clever enough at standing on their heads, if anything can be got by it, but Manx boys stand on their noses; and, as the roads are rough, the wear and tear of cuticle is considerable.

The steep hill up which the car slowly moves, and the pedestrians manfully step out, is known as *Craig Wjllys*. A part of the road lies by the side of a brook on the left hand, making its way past little rocks and clusters of brambles. Where hedges skirt the road, they are adorned with wild flowers, simple, pretty, and abundant. If the younger gentlemen are sentimental or poetic in taste—and older gentlemen are sometimes subject to that complaint—they pick a cluster of these floral jewels, and then take a brisk run to overtake the car, and give the miniature bouquet to the ladies inside. Resting a moment to gain breath, and looking back, the eye rests on the steep mountains in the south of the island, lofty and bare, but impressive from their magnitude.

At length the highest point of the road is reached, at *Cronk-y-Voddy*, which means "the hill of the dog." Why the name was given, we know not; but not improbably some demon hound of portentous size and unparalleled ferocity lurked there, in the good old times, when fairies, giants, and omnivorous monsters were the ruling powers of the island. While passengers and horses are alike enjoying a few moments of well-earned rest, after the great exertions they have made, there is time to notice a little *Chapel-of-Ease* on the right, with a school-house and master's cottage. We have now reached one of the most highly-cultivated parts of the island. Meadows and farmyards, homesteads and country

roads, vary the landscape over which the pleased eye wanders. Little streams here and there reflect the glances of the sunshine. The hill descends steeply on the left, and far away we may trace the outline of the tall cliffs on the sea shore, Orry's Head, and other prominences, and beyond, on the sea waves out towards the horizon, not unfrequently may be seen the thin line of smoke which marks the passage of a Scotch steamer. Looking ahead, on a very clear day, there is a hazy outline which we are told is the Mull of Galloway, so that we can say, without drawing too largely on our sense of moral responsibility, that we have had a view of a little bit of Scotland.

Then the road skirts the base, or, indeed, runs partly on the side of *Sartfell*, one of the loftiest mountains in the island, 1,560 feet high, a huge mass of shale and schist, in enormous layers, with caves and excavations made in search of slate, which the explorers employed by a Belfast company failed to find. The lower part of the mountain is covered with a scanty herbage; and sheep find their way to apparently perilous positions, and nibble calmly at elevations and on narrow ledges, with an indifference to danger which appears strange to those persons who are acquainted only with the timid side of a sheep's character. A little farther on, and not quite so near to the roadway, is another mountain, *Sliu-ne-Fraughane* (1,602 feet), also the scene of unsuccessful mining operations.

Baregarrow is a small hamlet, which will have a special interest for many visitors, as being the place where John Wesley preached, when visiting the island. A neat little *Wesleyan Chapel* marks the spot. Four roads meet here, one running across the island, across the central mountain region to Laxey, and passing on its way the extensive farm and estate of Druidale. The road is now comparatively level, and runs through a charming and fertile district. The cottages and villas by the wayside are embosomed in flowers. On the left hand, near the road, is a mount, surmounted by a flagstaff. It is the *Hill of Reneurling*, or *Cronk Urleigh* ("hill of the eagle"), and was the predecessor of the existing Tynwald Hill (*described on pp. 103-5*), as the place where the dignitaries of the island met and promulgated the laws. One memorable event took place there in August, 1422, when the commoners of the island were convened by Sir John Stanley; the result of the meeting being that the civil power became superior to the ecclesiastical power in the island. Early in the present century, Bishop Cregun built

a house here, which has since been enlarged, but has not for many years been the episcopal residence.

The road now runs very near the sea, a fine view of which is obtained; and as Kirk Michael is approached, there are many objects of attraction. *Erinville*, a charming house belonging to the Buchan family, is on the right, and on the opposite side, a little farther on, is a beautiful thickly-planted valley, *Glen Wyllin* (miller's dale). Visitors who break the journey at Kirk Michael, may enjoy delightful short excursions to this glen, which is intersected by rural paths, and supplied with wooden huts, where refreshments may be obtained. The little stream which flows rapidly through the valley is formed by the union of two mountain torrents, one of which rises on the side of *Slieu-ne-Fraughane*, and the other on the hill behind *Cronk Urleigh*. A slight extension of the walk will afford a visit to two pretty waterfalls, *Spooyt Vane* (the white spout), and *Ballaskyr*; the former has a fall of sixty feet.

A plain building, inscribed "Court-house," is at the entrance to the episcopal village,

Kirk Michael,

where the car makes a halt of some duration, to enable the passengers to refresh the inner man, and the tired quadrupeds to refresh the inner horse, and enjoy a little well-earned rest. There are two inns, the *Mitre* and the *Royal Albert*, well supplied with necessary viands and other comforts; and when the time arrives for making a fresh start on the journey, the tourist experiences an added capacity for enjoyment.

All visitors to Kirk Michael, however, are not limited in respect of time, and they will do well to break the journey here, leaving the cars to take the road to Ramsey without them. A peculiar interest attaches to this locality, as the residence of the Bishop of Sodor and Man, and it is especially connected with the memory of good Bishop Wilson, whose memory, after the lapse of nearly a hundred and thirty years, is preserved on the island with an almost increasing respect. We shall have much more to say about him presently.

The village of Kirk Michael is a cheerful-looking little place, with shops, a post-office, and such conveniences, and sufficiently near to the sea to permit visitors to enjoy a walk on a fine beach, or a sea-bath. The place enjoys an enviable reputation for salubrity, and is resorted to by convalescents,

who derive great benefit from the pure air and the tranquil pleasure which the beautiful locality offers,

There are three places of worship—the parish church (*Kirk Michael*), a *Wesleyan* and a *Primitive Methodist* chapel. The church, one of the largest in the island, was rebuilt chiefly by English contributions, in 1835. It is a handsome building, with a square tower. There are seven Runic monuments in the churchyard. Opposite the principal door of the church is a tall stone, with sculptured figures representing a stag-hunt, and an inscription which has been deciphered and understood to imply that “Joalf, son of Thorold the Red, erected this cross to his mother Frida.” The cross was dug up in the vicar’s glebe, in the latter part of the last century. Partly embedded in the wall on the north side of the gate is a cross bearing the effigy of a harper, two men carrying weapons, a dog and a stag. The inscription has afforded a considerable puzzle to the island archæologists, the characters differing from those in use on other monuments. Translations, however, have been achieved by the labours of Mr. Kneale and Professor Münch, of Christiana, and perhaps the ordinary visitor will be satisfied to know that “Mal Lumkun and the daughter of Lufkal the Keen, whom Athisi had to wife, raised this cross to Malmor, his foster-father.” There is an island tradition that two brothers, Malmor and Lufkal (or Dugall) fell in a fight at Tynwald Hill, in 1238, and it is possible that the memorial may have had some connection with the event. A cross, with really elegant ornamentation of knotwork, is on the south side of the church gate, and bears an inscription, which has a personal interest, and perhaps served as an advertisement (if such a thing was known in the happy primitive times) for the monumental masons of the period. It is to the effect that “Mailbrigd, son of Athakan the smith, erected this cross for his soul: but his kinsman Gaut made this cross and all in Man.” Gaut was evidently an industrious man, possessing no inconsiderable amount of artistic taste. Near Bishop Wilson’s tomb, in the churchyard, is another cross with remarkable dragon-shaped animals with knotted tails.

Besides Bishop Wilson, two later bishops of the island, Drs. Hildesley and Cregan, are buried in the churchyard. The last resting-place of the venerable and good Wilson bears this record:—

“Sleeping in Jesus, here lieth the body of Thomas Wilson, D.D., Lord Bishop of the Isle, who died March 7, 1755, aged 93, in the 58th year of his consecration. This monument was erected by his son Thomas Wilson, D.D., a native of

this parish, who, in obedience to the express command of his worthy father, declines giving him the character he so justly deserves. Let this Island speak the rest."

The island does speak ; but before recording what the annals say, we may go a little farther on our way and reach

Bishop's Court,

or, if we prefer to use a phrase of rather higher sound, the episcopal palace of the Bishop of Sodor and Man. A portion of the building is very old, but the general aspect has been modernized. Bishop Simon lived here in the 13th century, and it was then, we are told, a castellated building, known as Orry's Tower, (what would Manxmen do without King Orry ?) and surrounded by a moat. Now it is surrounded by trees, and stands in the midst of spacious and neatly laid out pleasure grounds, through which winds a small stream, in a little valley locally known as the Bishop's Glen. At the eastern end of the house is the chapel, on the site of an older structure of the kind, pulled down nearly thirty years ago. When the Bishop is in residence, Divine service is held in the chapel. On the north or Gospel side of the Communion Table is an old chair which was used by Bishop Hildesley. When the Bishop holds a Convocation at Bishop's Court, this chair does duty as an episcopal seat of honour.

When Bishop Wilson took possession of the See in 1697, he found that his house (that is, of course, his episcopal residence) stood greatly in need of being set in order. It had been unoccupied for about five years, and was fast falling into decay. Having repaired the house and chapel—"if not stately, yet convenient enough," remarked the easily satisfied Bishop—and looked after the garden and fruit trees, Dr. Wilson is said to have planted with his own hands an avenue of elm trees, on the north side of the house ; and he lived long enough to see the young saplings grow up to trees of considerable size. The good man was ninety-three years of age when, indiscreetly enough, on a damp evening in winter, after he had said evening prayer in the chapel, he walked out into the avenue, where for so many years he had been accustomed to take a little exercise, and indulge, no doubt, in meditation before retiring to rest. Perhaps the old Bishop accommodated his feeble footsteps to the cadences of Ken's Evening Hymn of peace, and murmured "Glory to Thee, my God, this night," a lingering memory of the chapel service, as he paced along the avenue, and felt on his face the moist breeze from the Irish Sea. It was his last walk in the avenue

he had planted and had loved so well. A chill struck his aged frame, and in a few days good Thomas Wilson—still looked upon as the modern apostle of the island—passed into the shadows. His coffin was made of the wood of a tree he had himself planted, and he was borne reverently and lovingly to the grave in St. Michael's churchyard. He was born just after the restoration of the Stuarts; he died only five years before George the Third came to the throne of England.

We may very appropriately pause a few moments on our route to dwell a little on the memory of this really great and good man, whose influence on the welfare of the island was not limited to episcopal and spiritual ministrations. He was born near Chester in 1663. Having been educated at the University of Dublin and taken holy orders, he for some time held a Lancashire curacy as assistant to Dr. Sherlock, afterwards Bishop of London. He then became tutor to the son of the Earl of Derby. A vacancy occurring in the see of Sodor and Man, the Earl of Derby offered the bishopric to Wilson, who declined it, not perhaps feeling himself justified in accepting so great a responsibility, not having previously occupied any high office in the Church; and to step from a curacy and tutorship to episcopal dignity appeared to be too rapid a promotion. But the Earl of Derby, his patron, possessed the obstinacy and self-will characteristic of the Stanley race. He had resolved that Wilson, and none but Wilson, should be the bishop; and as the tutor persistently declined the honour, the see was vacant for nearly five years. At length King William the Third declared that he would exercise the royal prerogative and himself appoint a bishop unless the Earl did so speedily; and then Wilson surrendered his inclination to the unbending will of the Earl, and accepted the bishopric—to use his own expression, was “forced into the diocese.” He soon made his mark in connection with the political institutions of the island, and by his influence with the Earl of Derby, assisted to obtain the Act of Settlement of 1703, a most important measure. He then arranged the “Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical,” which were confirmed in full convocation, and ratified at a Tynwald Court, on the 6th of June, 1704. It was this great achievement which obtained from Lord Chancellor King the high encomium, that “if the ancient discipline of the Church were lost, it might be found in all its purity in the Isle of Man.”

In 1711, Bishop Wilson visited London, and preached before Queen Anne, who was so pleased with him that she offered him an English bishopric. He declined the honour, saying that,

“with the blessing of God, he could do some little good in the little spot he resided upon; whereas, if he were removed into a larger sphere, he might be lost and forget his duty.” He could not be induced to sit in the House of Lords, because—and if he is not accepted as a champion by the Nonconformists, he ought to be for that saying—he believed that “the Church should have nothing to do with the State.” We have seen, when describing Castle Rushen (page 96), that he was willing to suffer imprisonment rather than pay a fine imposed on him by the Governor of the Island for suspending Archdeacon Horrobin for a breach of ecclesiastical discipline. He was indomitable in defending the rights of the Church, and bore his martyrdom bravely, though he felt the effects of his confinement in a dark cell till the day of his death, more than thirty years afterwards. So popular was he in the island, that a body of excited Manxmen would have released him by force, and pulled down the Governor’s house; but the Bishop addressed them through the grated window of his cell, and persuaded them to retire peacefully. When King George the First heard of the arbitrary conduct of the Governor, he ordered the release of the Bishop.

There was great distress in the island in 1740, and again in 1744, from a failure of the harvest; and the Bishop, from his own resources, and by money obtained by his influence, bought large quantities of corn and distributed it to the poor, thousands of whom, it is asserted, would have perished had it not been for this timely aid. “Even to this day,” says one writer who visited Man when this century was young, “many of the inhabitants of the island never hear his name mentioned but the tear of gratitude swells in the eye, and their faltering tongue blesses the memory of their pious and venerable benefactor.”

We find a remarkable fact recorded:—“During the war with France, near the middle of the last century, the French cruisers were forbidden to injure the property of the natives of the Isle of Man, out of respect to the amiable prelate. Cardinal Fleury wished much to see him, and sent over on purpose to inquire after his health, his age, and the date of his consecration, as they were the two oldest bishops, and he believed the poorest, in Europe; at the same time inviting him to France. The Bishop sent the Cardinal an answer which gave him so high an opinion of the prelate that he obtained an order that no French privateer should ravage the Isle of Man.”

When, in 1735, he visited England, and attended a levee of

Queen Caroline, in company with several other bishops, the queen, who, as we well know from Lord Hervey and others, could say a severe thing in the blindest manner, remarked, "See here, my lords, is a bishop who does not come for a translation." Bishop Wilson did not allow judgment to go by default, but promptly spoke out, "No, indeed, Your Majesty, I will not leave my wife in my old age, because she is poor." He had previously, besides the offers made by Queen Anne, been invited by George the First to accept an English bishopric, but had declined to do so. Kirk Michael, and indeed the island generally, abounds with traditionary anecdotes of Bishop Wilson's acts of charity, and the touches of humour and simplicity which marked his ways of doing little acts of kindness. A loving, high-hearted, unambitious, simple-mannered man, a veritable pastor to his flock, a model and wise guide to the clergy of his diocese, we may here part company with him. "Let the island speak the rest."

Many well-to-do persons, retired Liverpool merchants and others, have selected the neighbourhood of Kirk Michael for residence; and we catch glimpses of mansions and villas embosomed in flowers, of verdant lawns, picturesque plantations, "sheep in the meadows, and cattle on the lea." The sea-breezes are invigorating, the scenery charming, and from the headlands may be seen dimly the dusky hills of Ireland, and the faint outline of just a little bit of Scotland.

The *Glen* has been much improved, and its beauties greatly enhanced by the present Bishop. It is not open to the public at large, but a polite request at the cottage of the gardener, which is opposite to the entrance, rarely fails to obtain admission. Some interesting relics, consisting of a cannon about two feet long, and a portion of the bowsprit of the "Belleisle," have been placed on the mound at the entrance, to commemorate the great sea-fight in Ramsey Bay between Thurot and Elliot. Neatly-painted boards, on which are specimens of his lordship's wit, are placed about the Glen and in shady retreats, and indicate the historical incidents attached to the various spots. As a retreat, "far from the madding crowd," this miniature glen cannot be surpassed on the island.

Leaving Bishop's Court, we reach *Ballaugh*, and drive on, parallel with the railway, through a district with which we shall become better acquainted by-and-bye, to the end of our journey—*Ramsey*, of which we reserve our notice for another chapter.

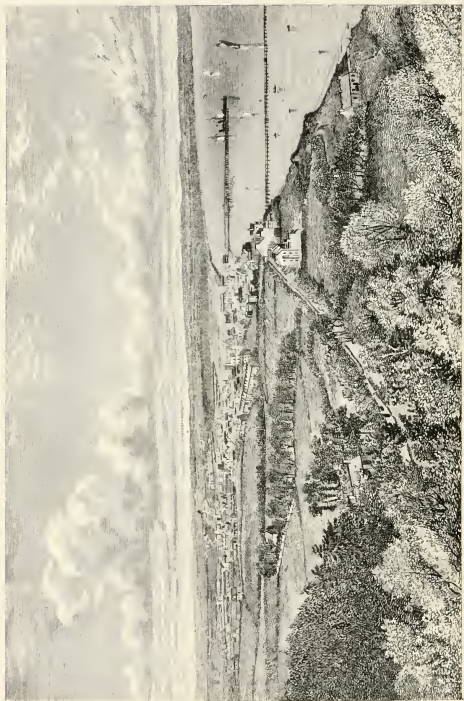


KIRK MICHAEL.



BISHOP'S COURT.





RAMSEY



THE PIER HEAD, RAMSEY.

THE TOWN OF RAMSEY.

THIS northern port and watering place, at which we alighted at the close of our last chapter, is rapidly rising into importance. And not without good reason! It is situated on the shores of a lovely bay, scarcely second to that of Douglas itself—(indeed, it is voted by others besides the inhabitants of the town superior to it, but that is a matter of opinion on which it is not our province to decide); some of the mountains (notably, Snaefell itself) and many of the falls are quite as readily reached from it as from the capital of the island; there are numerous charming walks and excursions available to its residents and visitors (of these we shall discourse hereafter); and if it has not the gaiety of the southern town—well, gaiety is not always desired by holiday-makers, especially if they are in search of rest and recruited health. There are any number of pretty residences lining the shore and pitched in almost every available position in the town; its hotels and boarding-houses are sufficiently numerous and well-managed; and the marketing facilities in its older portion are such as to induce many who are not tied for time to make it their head-quarters during their stay in the island;

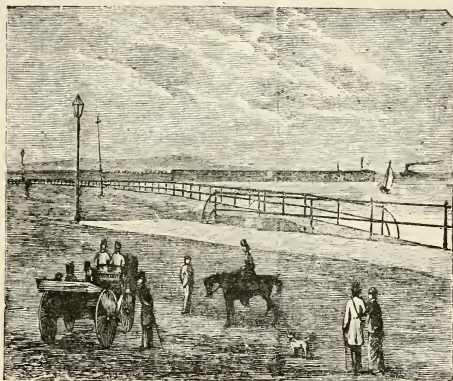
and as it possesses a circulating library and everything else that is needed for the proper enjoyment of civilized life—the “books, or work, or healthful play,” of Dr. Watts—we do not think that their taste is to be greatly called in question. Even those, too, to whom time is a matter of primary importance will find that it possesses facilities of access that will commend Ramsey to their serious consideration. It has a good harbour, formed in the mouth of the Sulby river, which, being protected by two piers and its entrance indicated by lighthouses, commands a considerable shipping trade; while steamboats communicate regularly with the English, Scotch, and Irish ports, and now that the new low-water landing pier has been opened are likely to call much more regularly than they have done heretofore. The day excursionist who visits the town only as part of his drive through the island is properly cared for. He will find abundant facilities for rest and refreshment, while the hard-working horses which have brought him by road from Douglas are enjoying their well-won repose and feeding for two or three hours. At most of the hotels, there are ordinaries, timed for the arrival of the cars; and the staples of the island, roast lamb and gooseberry tart (when in season), can be feasted on in comfort and at moderate charges.

Hotels and Inns.

The first information which a tourist seeks from his Guide is trustworthy advice as to his choice of “quarters” during his stay in a town. We will therefore supply those visiting Ramsey with information on this subject. We have already hinted that there is no lack of good hotels and comfortable inns in the place. The chief of the former are: The *Mitre*, in Parliament Street; the *Albert* and the *Prince of Wales*, on the Shore; and the *Royal*, in the Market Place. There are two temperance hotels—*Caine’s*, on the Shore, and *Matthews’*, in Church Street. Among the best inns are: The *Saddle*, *Crown*, and *Victoria*, in Parliament Street; the *Union*, *Oddfellows Arms*, *Commercial*, *Stanley*, and *Liverpool Arms*, on the Quay; the *Old Swan*, on the Shore, &c. Two really first-class boarding-houses—the *Alma*, on the Promenade, and *Mona Villa*, Ballure Mount—are to be found on the sea front; and private lodgings are plentiful. Any one who prefers the seclusion of the latter can obtain reliable information at the hotels and post-office, or from the principal tradesmen, all of whom are most willing to promote the comfort of visitors in every way.

The Bay.

Having settled upon one's head-quarters, a stroll on the shore will advantageously occupy the interval between the visitor's arrival and his dinner ; he will be rewarded, as we have already stated, by a view of one of the most extensive and naturally beautiful bays on the coast. It forms a complete semicircle, with a diameter, from the Point of Ayre in the north to Maughold Head in the south, of about nine miles. The land at Maughold Head stands out bold, rocky, and precipitous, whilst towards the Point of Ayre it is undu-



THE PROMENADE.

lating and slightly hilly. The soil towards this point is of a reddish hue ; at sunrise it has a very peculiar appearance.

An excellent *Promenade* was constructed in 1875 at a cost of about £5,000 ; it extends from the shore end of the New or South Pier to Maughold Street, near the junction of Waterloo Road, affording a splendid walk, more than three-quarters of a mile in length. The sea wall of the Promenade is fifteen feet high from the foundation and five feet thick ; it is composed of stone and cement. A concreted footpath, twelve feet wide, has been constructed along the

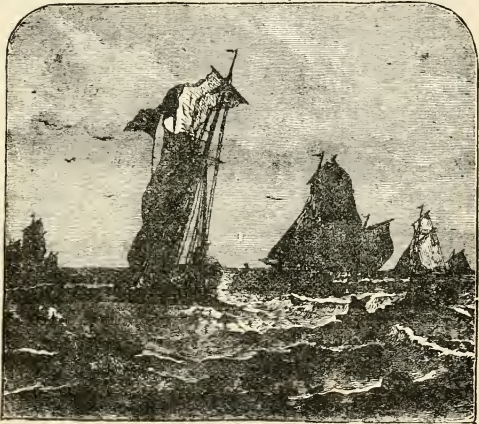
outer surface of the work, and has proved a great boon to pedestrians, as it is level and (even in the worst weather) dry. Near the Promenade, is the *Lifeboat House*, erected partly by public subscription in 1870, and partly by a grant from the Royal National Lifeboat Association. The boat, the *Two Sisters*, presented by Mr. Ryder, of Manchester, has done good service in rescuing endangered seamen—a fact which visitors, blessed with a sufficiency of this world's goods, will do well to bear in mind.

The Piers, &c.

Ramsey has three piers. The *North* and *South Piers*, on each side the harbour, are 131 yards long; and at the head of each is a lighthouse whose lamps are about thirty feet above the sea, and can be seen four miles away. That on the North Pier shows a green and the other a red light. Steamers can lie alongside the piers at most conditions of the tide; and when they cannot do so, they can make for

The new *Low Water Landing Pier*, which has cost £43,000. It will certainly enhance the popularity of the town, affording, as it does, a marine promenade 720 yards in length, and providing a safe and convenient berth for steamers at all states of the tide. As Ramsey Bay lies in the direct course of the cross-channel steamers, it is expected that the pier will be the means of gradually, but very materially, increasing its steam communication. The outer end, which is composed of iron columns with girders on the lattice principle, and immense green-heart piles, is 280 feet in length, and has every convenience for the embarkation and landing of passengers, and a commodious waiting room. The open or inner work is 1,880 feet, and is composed of iron columns, screwed into the clay by hydraulic pressure, and supporting strong iron girders, also on the lattice principle. There are forty-nine spans of forty feet each, and six of twenty feet which serve as stiffening bays. Seats with ornamental cast-iron backs are arranged around the stiffening bays; and glazed screens have been erected, affording admirable shelter in unfavourable weather. In addition to the unrivalled marine promenade that the pier affords, it is, as a coign of vantage, unsurpassed in the neighbourhood. A charming view of the south side of the town and the verdant hills that surround it is obtained when only a few yards of the pier have been traversed, and from the outer end the eye wanders over a scene of loveliness that even in fair Mona can scarcely be surpassed.

The *Quay* has been recently greatly improved. Its wall has been entirely rebuilt for about three-fourths of its entire length, and several additional flights of steps and a slip have been constructed. The accommodation afforded by the harbour is generally sufficient for the vessels frequenting the port, but occasionally it is quite crowded, and literally represents "a forest of masts." On the other side of the harbour, facing West Street, is the shipyard, which has fallen into disuse. Several large vessels have been launched from this



yard, and at one time no less than three of heavy burden were on the stocks at the same time.

Fishing.

Excellent sport for the angler is afforded in Ramsey Bay, which on summer evenings is completely studded with boats,* whose occupants are engaged in whiting fishing. Large quantities of fish are sometimes caught within a mile of the shore, and they may always be taken within a distance of

* Quite a fleet of well-built sailing boats manned by most trustworthy and experienced sailors are at the disposal of visitors at very reasonable rates.

two miles. The finest, however, are generally found near Maughold Head, about two hundred yards east of the well, where gurnet, whiting, &c., are often caught in great numbers. The fishing ground proper is about four miles from the shore, and a small party in a sailing or rowing boat will be able to pass a delightful day at this sport. There are charming creeks about, where a landing can be effected with safety; plenty of fresh water is available for tea-making or other purposes, and a stroll amongst the rocks, some of which are covered at high water, will prove interesting. The fish, called "blockgan," also abound in the bay; they are generally taken about the tide-rock, called the Carrick, situated between Maughold Head and the town and off Port Lewaigue. Mackerel fishing is vigorously carried on in the months of July and August, a few hours at the sport proving highly amusing. Very large conger eels, cod-fish, ray, fluke, &c., are caught close to the Bahama Bank, about seven miles from the pier. The *Bahama Light*, situated on this bank, is visible from the town. The lightship is manned by a captain, mate, and eight men, who live in rotation ashore for one month at a time. The crew will gratefully appreciate the donation of parcels of newspapers, magazines, &c.; though these hardy men are deft craftsmen and earn money by making toy boats and ornamental woodwork, the hours pass but slowly by, and literature is at a premium.

Good angling may be enjoyed from the shore, especially in September and October. At the proper season and after heavy rains, the harbour is literally crowded with salmon going to the river Sulby to spawn.

The Ramsey folks, and indeed Manxmen generally, remember with pride a naval exploit, of which Ramsey Bay was the scene, in 1760. We were then at war with France (almost a chronic state of affairs in the last century); and Thuriot, one of the French adventurers who attacked British shipping and made sudden raids on unprotected spots, partly, perhaps, as a result of patriotic feeling, but considerably more so from piratical tastes, raised a force for the purpose of invading Ireland. He left Dunkirk with five ships and 1,700 men. Some of his men were killed at Carrickfergus, where he had made a successful descent, and two of his ships were lost at sea. Captain Elliot, an English naval officer in command of three frigates at Kinsale, hearing of the expedition, started to look out for the bold invader, and caught sight of the hostile vessels on the 28th of February. Thuriot, not perhaps relishing the appearance of the British frigates,

made all the sail he could in the direction of the Isle of Man. Elliot gave chase, and came up with the enemy off Ramsey. The French fought well, and for an hour and a half there was tremendous pounding with great guns. The specimen of the "big guns" on the mound at Bishop's Court will give an idea of the work. At length, the French commander lowered his flag, and Captain Elliot took his prizes into Ramsey Bay. Near the episcopal residence at Bishop's Court is a monument commemorating this gallant feat, erected by Bishop Hildesley, the successor of Dr. Wilson.

The Town

will compare favourably with most seaside resorts. It is kept in very good sanitary condition by a Board of Commissioners, who have full control over lighting and other matters. The resident population is now about 4,500.

In every part of the town, the eye rests on substantial signs of the rapid progress that it is making. Thus, at the south end of the town, what was, barely half-a-dozen years ago, a pasture field, is now occupied by the terrace of handsome houses, called *Ballure Mount*, built especially for the accommodation of visitors. Further down the road, and at the foot of the new Landing Pier, another terrace of commodious lodging-houses has been erected on *Stanley Mount*. On the Promenade itself, too, every available plot of ground is being eagerly occupied, one of the more recent additions being a large boarding establishment, known as *Alma House*; it has an attractive front, and its windows command an unrivalled sea view.

Parliament Street is the chief business thoroughfare in Ramsey. It contains some good shops and buildings, among which are the offices of the *Isle of Man Banking Company*. The *Court House* will be easily distinguished by its isolation; it is of recent erection and surrounded by a grass plot, trees, and ornamental iron railing. The *Post Office*, too, in this street, will be readily found. *Parliament Street* communicates with

The *Market Place*, which is situated at the eastern portion of the Quay. It is large and convenient; in fact, it is the best on the island. St. Paul's Church stands on the south side; the north side is open; and shops, &c., are situated on the other side. The ground occupied by the present Market Place formed at one time a portion of the harbour, but was reclaimed in 1835, the cost of the work being defrayed by public subscription. It is conveniently situated in the cen're

of the town, and is easily accessible to carriages, &c., from all parts. A market is held every Saturday; it is generally well supplied with dairy and farm produce, sold at the stalls by farmers' wives and daughters, fresh faced, smartly dressed, and pushing their trade in the pleasantest manner possible. Fish, fresh caught and radiant in colour, is generally abundant and cheap.

Passing down *Waterloo Road*, on leaving the Market Place, we notice the *Grammar School*, erected in 1864. The *Wesleyan Chapel*, the premises of *Dumbell's Banking Co. (Limited)*, the *Almshouses*, or *Mysore Cottages*, erected by Miss Cubbon, 1863, and several terraces in pleasant positions, are also features in this locality.

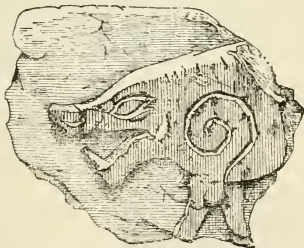
Churches, Chapels, Institutions, &c., in Ramsey.

The *Church of St. Paul's*, in the Market Place, was erected, in 1819, by public subscription, aided by a donation of £300 from the Church Building Society, and was enlarged and repaired in 1844, and again in 1874, and has frequently been beautified since that year. A large new organ was erected in 1883, and a surpliced choir with cathedral service introduced in 1894. All the seats are free and open. The *Old Cross Hall*, facing Church Street, is the property of the chaplain of Ramsey. It is an ornament to what was formerly a bleak and frowsy square. The pretty little chapel, dedicated to St. Mary, and commonly known as the *Old Chapel*, is at the foot of Albert or Frissell's Hill. Services are held here on Sunday afternoons from Whit Sunday until September. It is beautifully situated, and is crowded with the visitors in the summer months. The burial-place usually receives the bones of those who are not of Manx birth. The services are well conducted, and the choir of St. Paul's generally "lead" the singing. In Sandy Road, in the northern part of the town, at the top of Bowring Street, is a pretty district church, *St. Olave's*, built in 1861, and formerly a chapel-of-ease to the parish of Lezayre.

The *Wesleyan Chapel*, in *Waterloo Road*, has already been mentioned. There is also a large meeting-house and school near the Shipyard. The *Roman Catholic Chapel* stands on the Shore, and the *Primitive Methodist Chapel*, in Chapel Lane, off *Waterloo Road*. The *United Presbyterian Church* is in Albert Street, and the *Scamen's Bethel* at the west end of Parliament Street.

Ramsey is well supplied with both day and Sunday schools. The *Grammar School*, in *Waterloo Road*, is capable of ac-

commodating one hundred boys. The *National and Infant Schools*, in Church Street, now occupy the former site of St. Peter's Church, which belonged to the Congregational body, but was purchased by the Episcopal authorities. At present above four hundred children are educated in them; they are well supported, and take rank amongst the best schools of the island. The *Infants' School*, at the Old Cross, was built in 1873, at the sole cost of the Rev. G. Paton, chaplain of Ramsey. It is a substantial building, and capable of accomodating about seven hundred people, when it is arranged for entertainments, for which it is occasionally used. The *Wesleyan Schools*, on the Promenade, will accomodate about five hundred children. There are, too, numerous private schools for all classes of the community. Sunday schools are held



FRAGMENT OF AN OLD MONUMENT IN MAUGHOLD CHURCHYARD.

in connection with the churches of St. Paul and St. Olave, and with the Wesleyan chapel, at the old chapel, in Queen Street. The other denominations have Sunday schools in their places of worship.

There is a *Reading and News Room* in Church Street, which is well supplied with the daily papers and other publications. The charge for admission is one penny.

Before leaving Ramsey we must refer to the charities of the town, which are numerous and well supported. They consist of the *Dispensary*, the *Home for Aged Poor*, in Church Street, *Central Relief Society*, *Soup Kitchens*, *Clothing Fund*, *Coal Fund*, &c. They are managed by committees chosen from the various denominations in the town, who work harmoniously together.



BALLER GLEN.



BULL'S POOL FALL, SULBY GLEN.

EXCURSIONS TO THE WEST AND NORTH OF THE ISLAND.

THE neighbourhood of Ramsey abounds in delightful walks and rambles, as well as in excursions which are rather beyond the limits of a walk, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, though no doubt a sturdy pedestrian would visit everything worth seeing around the town—and perhaps in the whole of the island—without having recourse to any other means of locomotion beyond that with which Nature has furnished him. Of the walks proper, the chief is that to Ballure Glen, the Albert Tower, &c., which we shall describe on our way back to Douglas; and perhaps a visit may be paid afoot

TO SULBY GLEN, LEZAYRE, &c.,

without too much fatigue, especially if we utilize the railway one way. Let us adopt this means of reaching this charming spot, so as to husband our strength for an exploration of

its beauties. We can reach the glen by alighting either at the Sulby Bridge station (the second from Ramsey) or that known as Sulby Glen station (the third). The latter is, however, the most convenient; and as some tourists postpone their ascent of Snaefell till they visit the glen (many persons think it the best route to the summit), it is advisable to take advantage of the cars in waiting at the station to shorten the walk (*the fare to the Tholt-e-Will waterfall, perhaps the chief attraction of the glen, is sixpence each person*).

Sulby Glen

is entered almost directly opposite the *Glen Moar Inn*. The Sulby river, which makes its way from the northern slope of Snaefell, through the broken and picturesque valley, reaching the sea at Ramsey, is the largest stream the Isle of Man can boast of, and fly-fishers find it well worth their while to resort to its banks. Near the entrance to the glen is a curious mass of rock, the *Cronk-y-Samarck* ("the hill of the shamrock"), in which a resemblance to Arthur's Crag at Edinburgh has been traced; and the glen itself is enclosed between lofty mountain ridges, with protruding masses of granite, threatening in appearance, and affording just that faint apprehension of danger which adventurous minds find a necessary element of romantic emotion. Little cottages cluster along its sides, and their presence is accounted for by the fact that near the entrance are two considerable manufacturing establishments—a woollen manufactory and the works of the Sulby Starch Company. These memorials of the practical world, which holiday-makers who, like the famous Dr. Syntax of Rowlandson's caricatures, are in search of the picturesque, are willing to forget as soon as possible, are soon passed; and then the road, gradually rising, is more retired and the scenery wilder. At the foot of a hill, known as *Mount Karran*, we can halt and look back, obtaining a delightful view of the glen. The river brawls along, winding round prominences and dashing over boulders, making tiny cataracts, or broken into little torrents, which pour through fissures in the rocks. The *Bull's Pool*, of which we give an illustration, presents fertile resources to the artist; it is only one of many delightful views to be obtained near Sulby Glen.

Another evidence of the existence of a work-a-day world which cannot easily be got away from even by the most poetic-minded tourist, is supplied by the old slate-quarries on the left-hand side of the glen, near which are little cottages once on a time occupied by the labourers; and near

this spot the stream is crossed by a bridge. The trees are clustered on the river banks, and there are extremely pleasant shady nooks, which picnic parties greatly favour, where the hampers can be opened, and cold chicken, ham, "fizz," and flirtation enjoyed. The cottagers, perhaps, are none the worse off for these visits of pleasure-seekers, and probably are able to help them to enjoy themselves. Certainly they are very polite and attentive, and readily point out the most available paths where meditative walks may be enjoyed, and the dells and by-paths by way of which those of the party who are more muscular than sentimental may struggle up to the summit of Snaefell.

Within five minutes' walk from the bridge is situated the now celebrated

Tholt-e-Will and Olt Waterfalls

and pleasure-grounds, one of the most popular resorts on the island. They are situated at the foot of Snaefell, and contain within their own grounds of nearly two hundred acres the most thickly-wooded and picturesque portions of this far-famed glen. Visitors from Douglas will find the drive this way to Ramsey delightful. It utilizes the mountain road (*see pp. 62-4*)—still called "new," in comparison to the others—along the base of Snaefell, and commands, as it nears the glen, the grandest mountain scenery to be seen anywhere in the Isle of Man.

The tourist, leaving his conveyance at the south entrance gate and descending into the glen, will find the finest view of the falls and interesting parts of the glens rendered easily accessible by well-made footpaths, rustic bridges, &c., the scenery throughout being very fine. From here, also, Snaefell may be very easily ascended. Near the lower entrance gate, which opens into Sulby Glen, and where will be found the conveyances, stands a large restaurant, with a dining-room, in which an enticing bill of fare is provided during the season. About a mile of the Sulby river, celebrated, as we have seen, for its good trout fishing, runs through the grounds. It is strictly preserved for the use of visitors. Croquet, quoits, swings, &c., combine to make a visit pleasant.

The Ascent of Snaefell

can be made with ease from this point. Another route is that by the road recently made lower down the glen, which leads across the bridge opposite the little Wesleyan Chapel already referred to, and then turns to the right. If this route be

adopted, the tourist can descend with comfort on the west side of the mountain, so as to re-enter the glen near the farmhouse of *Druidale*, at the very head of the glen, where several mountain torrents add their contributions together and so form the river, and from which roads—or rather tracks—diverge in all directions. The residents at *Druidale* will readily give any instructions to tourists wishing to reach any part of the island. Among the “lions” of this spot is an old graveyard, said to have been used by the Quakers in times gone by; and not far from the house is an old well, at one time reputed holy, and still known as *St. Michael's Well*.

One road from this spot will conduct us to *Ballaugh Glen*, another of the many pretty valleys which are well worth visiting; but as we shall have had a long enough walk by the time we reach *Ramsey*, we make the best of our way back to the high road, either by retracing our steps down the glen, or by using the road to the right which will conduct us to the village of

Sulby,

where there are a good old water corn-mill and suitable stores, &c., post-office, and a few shops, though the immediate neighbourhood is only sparsely populated.

On the left are the two estates, called *East* and *West Kella*, belonging to the *Corlett* family, the former having the advantage of a dwelling-house of genteel appearance, together with spacious offices.

Just beyond this the high road crosses the river, and after ascending a short hill, and passing a comfortable stopping-place, the *Ginger Hall Inn*, a country of unparalleled beauty spreads out scenes and vistas in a pleasing variety of hill and dale, wood and water. From the high lands, near the inn, there is a glorious and extended view over the level tract of land of the parish of *Ballaugh* and a great part of *Jurby*, round to *Kirk Andreas*, lying away from the usual beaten track of highway travelling; but to the visitor (pedestrian or equestrian) who has sufficient time to spare, and who takes a hearty interest in searching out hidden beauties, and the little nooks and corners so often abounding with sylvan loveliness, the deviation from the usual routine of progression would be found to repay him or her amply for the time occupied and the sum expended. The glen, in connection with the *Dhoon* and *Aldyn*, justly tends to popularize the north of the island and render it the beneficent field for

the artist's labours or poet's description. No matter where the footstep bends, there are points which fill the mind with themes for thought and food for sentiment, for the whole island teems with historical associations for the poring antiquary or the peripatetic student, seeking the solace of seclusion from the toils and researches of academical archives or musty volumes; whilst the botanist, the geologist, and the naturalist will constantly find objects to occupy the closest attention and create the liveliest interest. There are indeed very few spots where there are so many wonderful materials cropping up for research and graphic illustration.

For a few miles farther there is a pleasing continuation of extremely beautiful and attractive "studies," clothed with park-like timber and studded with unique and elegant villas and a superior class of domiciles; whilst the road is garnished with thriving plantations and as stately a growth of majestic forest-trees as can often be seen around the aristocratic abodes of the wealthy landed proprietors in England. The soil is proverbially good, and the herbage excellent for feeding purposes. The neighbourhood is, therefore, rightly considered the garden of the island, where many families of local standing find a delightful and salubrious retreat. At different places on the road a good view may be obtained of the country in the north of the island, the south side being hidden by a range of well-wooded hills. The range on the estate of *Glentrammon*, or "the glen of the trammons" (English, elderberries), in the stem of which plant the fairies were supposed to dwell, is almost covered by large specimens of fir, larch, spruce, &c.

And now our road crosses the railway near the station for

Lezayre,

a parish in the centre of one of the most picturesque and interesting districts of the island,—interesting historically, because many of the early contests between the Scandinavians and the Irish were fought in the locality; and geologically, from the changes which the scientific observer will recognize as having taken place in the conformation of the surface. Tradition refers to several lakes, with islets, which have now no existence; one of these, named *Mirescogh*, was an almost sacred spot in the early ecclesiastical history of the island. A large tract, once nearly covered with water, is now known as the *Curragh*. *Skye Hill*, a well-wooded eminence, the summit of which is reached by a pleasant and not too fatiguing walk, is of great renown in connection with the early history of Man;

for there Godred, son of Harold the Black, of Iceland, who had invaded the island, after the annexing fashion of the time, defeated the Manxmen with great slaughter, and became master of the island. He was not apparently very covetous, for he offered his followers to divide the island among them if they chose, or, if they were not disposed to settle down as respectable landowners, to allow them the privilege of plundering according to their own sweet wills, and then returning to Ireland. Most of them chose the latter alternative, pilaging being more in their line than ploughing and reaping; so they loaded themselves with all the spoil they could collect, and returned home merrily. Some, however, preferred to remain with Godred, who established himself in the southern part of the island, leaving the Manxmen to the enjoyment of the northern half—at any rate for a time—making the condition that none of the native chiefs should endeavour to establish hereditary rights, the property and the revenues of the whole island being vested in him and his successors; and it was not until the passing of the Act of Settlement in 1704 (due in a great measure, as we have already said, to the exertions of Bishop Wilson), that the residents in that part of the island could obtain a valid title to their property. At the foot of the hill is *Milntown*, a very attractive private residence.

The parish church of Lezayre, *Holy Trinity*, has the west porch overgrown with ivy, but is modern, and not striking in its architectural features. The beautiful situation and the groups of walnut and other trees which surround it, make it a very attractive spot. The register dates from 1636, and the local gossips are almost certain to mention that it contains an entry (dated 1660) respecting a Manx matron, who was certainly a wonderful woman; for, if we believe the record (and we ought to believe it, for it is certified by the signature of the Rev. Edward Crow, minister), she was the mother of a child “which was baptized on a Monday; and she came to church to be churched on the Wednesday next after.” Having returned home, she again became a mother, and came again to be churched on the Saturday of the same week—“churched twice in the same week,” says the register.

A visit to Lezayre inspired the Rev. James Gilborne Lyons, LL.D., whose vigorous verses are known on both sides of the Atlantic, to write a pathetic little poem, *The Return to Lezayre*; but we cannot say whether it is actually an autobiographical reminiscence or an effort of the imagination. The poet says —

“ I have lived with the stranger, and drank of the rills,
Which go warbling their music on loftier hills ;
But I never forgot, in rejoicing or care,
The mouldering hearth and the hills of Lezayre.”

Having regained the high road, and passed the foot of Skye Hill, we notice a gate on the right of the road, which gives access to the fine old mansion, *Balla Killingan*, which is surrounded by tall trees, in which “ the rooks do dwell.”

We are now within a mile or so of Ramsey, and in the midst of scenery which an enthusiastic native of the island declares “ reminds me strongly of that on the banks of the Tweed, especially near Peebles ; it is every bit as beautiful ” —a verdict on which a patriot from the “ land o’ cakes ” might perhaps be inclined to join issue with him. But both views are charming ; so we will leave them to decide the knotty point as to which shall have the preference, and hasten to Ramsey, well pleased with our excursion, but sufficiently tired to make home welcome.

TO KIRK ANDREAS AND BACK.

In starting on this excursion, we leave Ramsey by the road which branches out of Parliament Street at its west end and leads up Bowring Road, through the northern suburbs of the town, passing St. Olave’s Church on the right, and the Windmill on the left. The road at first is somewhat tortuous, but we soon reach *Thornhill*, where we turn to the right. We keep straight on up *Dhoor Hill*, where an excavation has been made to ease what was otherwise rather a steep climb. The locality would seem to have been a rather important military position in the stirring old times in the history of the island, judging from the funereal urns and other relics met with in the course of the work. Beyond the hill, the road lies through a well-cultivated district. We soon reach four-cross-roads, one of which—that to the left—would enable us to make a *détour*, and inspect the fort at Ballachurry on our way. But we postpone that till our return from—

Kirk Andreas ;

and go straight on, past the *Wesleyan Chapel* at *Ballakaneen*. We make for the *Grosvenor Arms*, a hostelry which affords “ accommodation for man and beast,” and at which the specialities of the island may be had in their usual perfection, and then sally forth to look about us. We naturally first visit the *Church*, to which the parish owes its name, and the tower of which has been our landmark, from the

time we reached the brow of Dhoor Hill. It is dedicated to St. Andrew (Andreas), and was built at the beginning of the present century; its lofty square tower was not completed till 1872, and the structure is architecturally unattractive. The marble font once belonged to Philip I. of France; and in reply to the question very naturally suggested, how it came to Kirk Andreas, we can say that during the French Revolution, when historic relics in France were held very cheap, a Manx gentleman obtained it, and presented it to his native parish. Near the church gates is a Runic cross, about four feet in height, and carved with representations of animals and a man on horseback, and bearing this inscription, "SONT: ULF: EIN: SUARTI: RAISITI: KRUS: THONA: AFTIR: ARNO: ONIURK: RUINI: SINI:" which being translated signifies that "Sont Ulf, the Black, raised this cross for Arno Oniurk, his wife."

The *Rectory* stands about a hundred yards from the church; it is situated amidst the trees, and surrounded by a large flower and kitchen garden. The living is in the gift of the Crown, and is generally conferred on the Archdeacon of Man. The *Schools*, with the master's dwelling, are close to the road; and the *Post Office* is a few yards distant.

Our old friend, King Orry, comes forward again, for we are told that he landed on the island at a spot known as *Llhane Mooar*, in the parish of Kirk Andreas. There are several tumuli of exceedingly ancient date in the neighbourhood.

As we postponed our examination of the *Fort at Ballachurry* for our return journey, we now walk thither through *Ballavarry*. We find that it occupies nearly half an acre of ground, and has a rampart twelve feet high, with a fosse and a bastion at each corner. Local writers think it was formed during the civil wars, either by the Earl of Derby or the Parliamentary force; but it is very probably of older date.

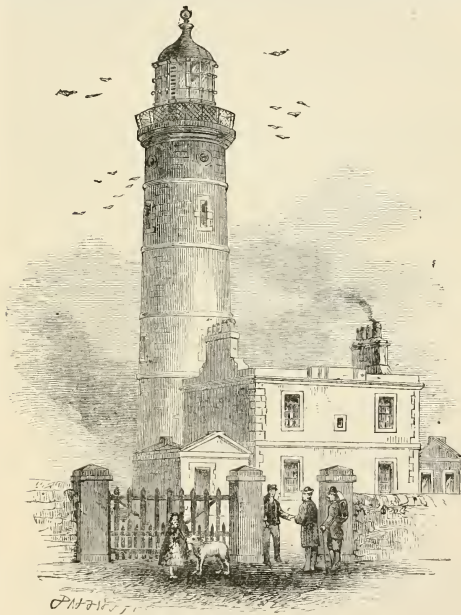
And now, having satisfied our curiosity on the subject of the fort, we set out on our return journey, either reversing the road from Ramsey to Jurby (see pp. 164-5) or returning over Dhoor Hill, as we feel inclined.

TO KIRK BRIDE AND THE POINT OF AYRE.

Our next trip will be to the extreme north of the island. We leave Ramsey by the road on which we travelled to Kirk Andreas, but on reaching Thornhill, keep straight on, instead of turning to the right, and skirting the northern portion of Ramsey Bay, arrive, after a four miles' drive, at—

Kirk Bride,

an interesting village, which has a school, post-office, and all the other adjuncts of a town, except the public-house, conspicuous by its absence from the locality. The *Church*,



POINT OF AYRE LIGHTHOUSE.

dedicated to St. Bridget (shortened into Bride), stands at the foot of a steep hill. It is a new structure, the foundation stone having been laid by Mrs. Loch, in 1869; and the tower was not completed till 1875. A fine Runic cross,

about four feet high, is on the wall opposite the west end of the church; and on an adjacent eminence, known as *Cronkny-Vowlan*, is a stone circle, enclosing a sepulchral mound. From this elevation, we may obtain a good view, extending on a favourable day to the Scottish coast and the mountains of Cumberland.

Following the road to the right of the church for about three miles, we reach the north-eastern extremity of the island—

The Point of Ayre,

on which is a *Lighthouse*, built of stone, and situated 160 feet above the sea level. The light is revolving, showing, by means of clockwork, a red and white light alternately. An iron balcony runs round the lighthouse, and commands a view reaching not only to Scotland and England, but to Ireland also, beside a large portion of Man itself. The sward, tufted with flowers, near the lighthouse, and the shingle, on the shore, are favourite resorts for picnic parties; but visitors may be warned that the shingle and pebbles forming terraces on the shore afford very insecure footing. This is, in bad weather, a very dangerous part of the coast, the two tides running on each side of the island meeting, and forming what is locally known as the *Streuss*, “strife,” or “contention.” Many are the tales told of small sailing-boats being caught in bad weather and swallowed up in the vortex. Fine cod and conger eels are captured about this portion of the coast, principally at the *Lhen Moar*. They are salted and dried by the inhabitants, and, as Lhen fish, always command a good price.

We can, if we choose, return by Kirk Andreas, thus combining our last trip with this one; but most pedestrians find a visit to the lighthouse quite enough for one day, and go straight back to Ramsey.

JURBY, ST. JUDE'S, AND BALLAUGH.

In starting on this trip, which involves a walk of about twenty miles (the distance may be reduced by “taking the train” at Ballaugh), we leave Ramsey as on the two last occasions, but turn, opposite St. Olave's Church, down the road which leads direct to the village of St. Jude. We see, on our right, the remains of the *Ballachurry Fort*, which we examined on our return from Kirk Andreas, and if so disposed pay another visit to it; but we shall have quite walking enough without doing so, and pushing on, pass

Ballachurry House, surrounded by fine lofty trees, many of which are completely loaded with nests of rooks. A short distance thence is a neat little *Church*, or chapel-of-ease to the parish of Andreas. The living is in the gift of the arch-deacon. There is a *Parsonage*, with glebe attached, near to which are four-cross-roads, the one to the right leading to Andreas, that to the left to Sulby, and the one in front to—

Jurby.

This parish is above the level of the sea, and has in some parts a cold and bleak aspect. It gives its name to *Jurby Head*, a well-known promontory on the west coast of the island, near which are caught fish, which are cured in a manner which makes them famous. The *Church*, dedicated to St. Patrick, occupies an elevated situation near the sea, a position from which a fine prospect may be obtained. A large Runic cross is near the entrance to the church, and in the interior of the building are two Runic monuments. Another cross is in the garden of the vicarage. Those mischievous fellows, the stone-throwing giants, we are assured, on the incontrovertible authority of popular legend, amused themselves at Jurby, for there is a large boulder near the church; and if a giant did not hurl it from the top of Snaefell, how could it possibly have got there? We will not perplex ourselves and our readers by attempting to offer any other answer to the question. Not far from the church, on the estate of *West Nappin*, are the remains of a Treen chapel, now roofless.

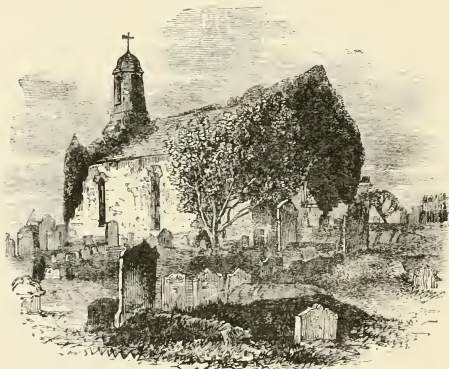
The road in front of the church is that which runs from Kirk Bride, the most northern village in the island, along its western coast to Peel, and eventually to Port Erin and Castletown, in the south. Turning southwards from Jurby, we cross a small stream, known as the *Killan* river, and after a journey of some four miles, reach—

Ballaugh,

which has a clean, trim, and tidy aspect, with an air of neatness pleasing to the eye and taste of cultivated Englishmen. It is a somewhat quaint village, interesting in the eyes of Low Churchmen as the birthplace of the late Rev. Hugh Stowell, of Salford, whose renown as a preacher and polemic was, a quarter of a century ago, very considerable. In one respect we may be reminded of Ireland, for there is a great stretch of bog-land in the neighbourhood, and large trunks of bog-oak, as black and hard as ebony, are not un-

frequently dug up; and now and then stone axes and other relics of the warlike primitive Manxmen are also found in the peat which overlies the drift gravel. One "big find" was in a marl-pit at *Ballaterson*—nothing less than the skeleton of a gigantic Irish elk.

Its *Old Church*, about a mile and a half from the village, is one of the show places of the island. It contains an old font, anent which many stories are told and conjectures made, and of which, as possessing some interest to the relic hunter, we give a representation. The register in the church is the oldest in the island, extending as far back as 1598.

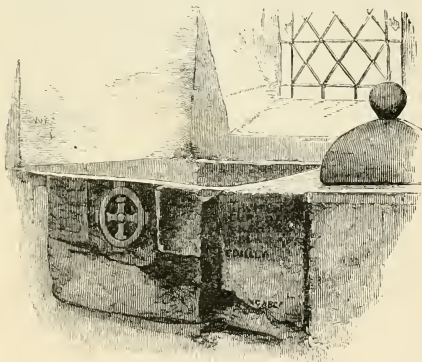


BALLAUGH OLD CHURCH.

A well-preserved Runic cross, in the old churchyard, bears an inscription to the effect that it was erected by Thorlaf Thorjolfson, to the memory of his son, Ulf. As the building became too small for the population, a *New Church*, more conveniently situated and affording greater accommodation, was erected in 1832, the larger portion of the necessary funds being raised by subscriptions in England. There are one or two other places of worship in the village, and the elegant *Wesleyan Chapel*, near the high road, is certain to arrest the attention of the visitor.

The shore is about a mile distant from the village hotel. Much of the land is of a kindly nature, though somewhat dry; but it is gradually being greatly improved in fertility by a plentiful admixture of splendid marl, readily available upon many of the farms. At the north-eastern boundary of the parish the land is of a boggy character, lying too low to admit of an easy or effectual drainage to the sea; agriculture is consequently making but slow progress in that part.

There are many pleasant walks in the neighbourhood. One of these is very romantic, and leads through an over-



OLD FONT IN BALLAUGH CHURCH.

shadowed and secluded dell to *Ravensdale*, a very commodious residence. The walk hence over the mountains to *Tholt-e-Will*, is a most delightful one, affording excellent land and sea views.

The road to the right, near the bridge, leads through *Ballaugh Glen* to *Druidale*. This walk abounds in the most magnificent mountain scenery, and before nearing *Druidale* the view is wild and romantic. The lower part is bordered on each side by cottages, in which contentment appears to reign supreme; but after passing *Ravensdale*, the glen becomes wild and solitary. The rugged path to the left leads over the range separating this glen from that of *Sulby*, which

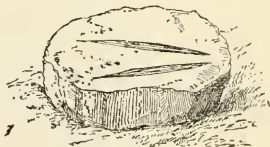
is gained by the tortuous path a little above Tholt-e-Will. From Druidale, the head of Sulby Glen can be reached, and, if he has not already "done" Sulby, the tourist will do well to go down the glen from Druidale and join the railway or road at the mouth.

The stream which runs down Ballaugh Glen contains some trout, and affords fair sport after rain, but it suffers considerably from the dry weather in the summer months. Any one visiting the island on a fishing ramble, should most certainly make Ballaugh his head-quarters, as the rivers Sulby, Little London, and Spooyt Vane, with a few minor streams in the locality, are all within easy walking distance.

The scenery in the neighbourhood is most beautiful. An excursion should be made to *Bishop's Court* and the little dell close by, which is thickly wooded by large trees covered with ivy to their very tops. The little stream passing through it should contain trout; and some varieties of fern attain an immense size there and add much to the beauty of the secluded little spot.

There is a railway station at Ballaugh, from which pedestrians can return to Ramsey by train. Vehicles go along the road past Sulby, by which we returned from Sulby Glen.

And so we end our excursion in the north and west of the island. We have divided them into four longish walks; but those whose time is limited, and who prefer riding, may roll them into one trip, by driving first to Sulby Glen and walking up it and down that of Ballaugh, sending on their trap to the hotel at the latter village, and then pushing on to Jurby, Kirk Andreas, and Point of Ayre, and returning, *via* Kirk Bride—in our opinion, too much for one day's excursion. Of course, the route may be reversed, and it can be cut up at the will of the tourist.





BALLURE BRIDGE

EXCURSIONS SOUTHWARD FROM RAMSEY.

WE have thus indicated the principal excursions in the north and west of the island—excursions which will afford the pedestrian, equestrian, and those who prefer riding, as much pleasure as can be derived from trips in any district that we know of. We will now devote a few pages to the other walks and drives in the neighbourhood of Ramsey, which may, if the tourist so wills, be combined with a return by

THE SHORT ROUTE TO DOUGLAS.

The direct road to Douglas leaves Ramsey by the Waterloo Road, crosses the *Ballure Bridge*, and climbs the steep hill,

known as *Slieu Lewaigue*, which commands a beautiful sea view of the southern part of Ramsey Bay, the coast-line being broken by Tableland Point, and the extensive curve of coast closed in by the bold prominence, Maughold Head. On a clear day the mountains in the south of Scotland and in the Lake district of England may be made out. Looking in the opposite direction, the tourist sees the great mass of North Barrule, not uncommonly with its "nightcap on," for mists are frequent in this moist climate; and, farther south, the outline of the yet loftier Snaefell may be traced.

A little further, the road passes the *Hibernian Inn*, and then it runs through the estate of *Cardle Voar* and by the little *Church of the Dhoon*, nestling in a pretty graveyard on the left; and, passing the *Granite Quarry* and the entrance to the *Dhoon Glen*, bifurcates, both branches leading to Laxey, the chief features beyond which have been already fully described.

This sketch of the road will, in conjunction with our map, enable our readers to follow more readily our directions for finding the walks and drives branching out of it, which we will now describe. And first of all we will pay a visit

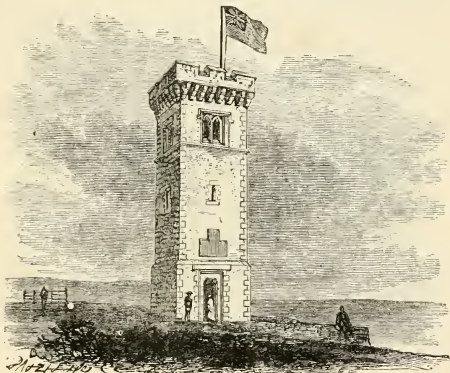
TO BALLURE GLEN, THE ALBERT TOWER, AND THE ELFIN GLEN.

Ballure Glen

is considered by some as the finest in the island, and though we should be sorry to have to decide between the claims of all its lovely vales to the title, we have no hesitation in saying that this can hold its own in the contest. It is accessible from the Douglas road, about half a mile from the Market Place. If the visitor turn down at *Ballure Bridge*, and follow the course of the stream towards the hills, he will see it to advantage. The overhanging trees, the romantic stream, and the abundant wild flowers justify the popular description of the glen as a "fairy spot." In June, 1885, the Waterworks Company completed the erection in the glen of an extensive reservoir, capable of supplying the requirements of the inhabitants and visitors for a generation to come. When the shrubs and trees that have been planted increase in size, the beauty of the glen will once more assert itself over the devices of art and scientific operations. The path leads to the top of the fall, beyond which the glen is more open. Passing by the old reservoir of the Waterworks Company is a footpath leading to the most conspicuous object as we approach Ramsey, and indeed for miles around

The Albert Tower,

built on *Frissell's Hill*, at a considerable distance above the level of the sea, to commemorate the visit of the late Prince Consort to the island. On the 20th of September, 1847, the royal yacht, with the Queen and Prince Albert on board, paid a visit to Ramsey Bay. The Queen did not disembark, but the Prince landed, somewhat hastily explored Ballure Glen and other choice spots, and then ascended the hill for the purpose of enjoying the magnificent view. The officials of the island had no notice of the visit; but the news spread,



ALBERT TOWER.

and forthwith all who were any way within reach of Ramsey hurried thither; but were too late, the Prince having returned to the yacht before their arrival. The loyal Manxfolk were disappointed, but did the best they could under the circumstances, resolving to erect a permanent record of the visit. A public subscription was raised, and very shortly afterwards the wife of the Right Rev. and Hon. Henry Lord Auckland, then Bishop of Sodor and Man, laid the foundation stone of the tower. It is forty-five feet high, and is built of granite and slate. A winding staircase leads to the roof, which is protected by a battlement, a necessary precaution, for the tower

is at a great elevation, and, in rough weather, "the stormy winds do blow." From its apex a splendid view can be obtained of the whole north of the island. On a clear day the Cumberland hills, the Mull of Galloway, and the Irish coast are easily distinguished. Below the roof is a square room with windows, where the less enterprising visitors can enjoy the prospect without any peril from the breezes. An inscription on the tower records that it was—

"Erected on the spot where H.R.H. Prince Albert stood to view Ramsey and its neighbourhood, during the visit of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria to Ramsey Bay, the 20th of September, 1817."



A PEEP IN THE CLAUGHBANE ROAD.

Refreshments are provided in the tower, and a small charge is made for admission.

The path towards the west will lead to

The Elfin Glen,

a spot almost equal to Ballure Glen, and a great resort of picnic and pleasure parties. Many tales and stories could be related of the "carryings on" of the fairies and elves who once reigned amidst its solitude. The uneven path leads to *Claughbane Road*, and by turning to the left at the gate a good view is obtained of the quarry on the *Claughbane* estate. The stone has been cut away from the side of the hill, and

landslips occasionally take place, by which large quantities of the stone are loosened. This is by some attributed to the kindness of the fairies, who occasionally delight to assist the workmen, in the intervals between their visits to lovers and guardianship over blue-eyed children. Our view, which the artist has entitled "A Peep in the Cloughbane Road," gives a portion of the scene near the Parsonage and May Hill. Several terraces of houses have been built in this locality within the last few years. They are delightfully situated, commanding extensive inland views. The *Parsonage* is passed on the left, and *Summerland* on the right, and the road then joins Waterloo Road at the *Wesleyan Chapel*.

TO NORTH BARRULE AND GLEN ALDYN.

To enjoy this excursion, we leave Ramsey, and, by way of the charming Cloughbane, follow the road leading to Albert Tower; but, instead of going direct to that monument, we take the road to the right, which leads to a gate opening into a field on the summit of the quarry already mentioned. The footpath is easily distinguished, leading as it does past the farmhouse to the foot of

North Barrule,

the second highest mountain in the island. It is about eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, and should be visited while the tourist is at Ramsey. It is easy of access from either the north, east, or west side. Whatever difficulties present themselves to the tourist in this trip—and we must not expect to climb a mountain without encountering some difficulties—commence at the farmhouse referred to; and we find that we require no little activity and watchfulness in a somewhat steep ascent and occasionally boggy soil. At intervals, however, the declivity is not so sudden, and the summit ought to be comfortably reached in one hour after leaving Ramsey. If the tourist indulges in tobacco, he will certainly "enjoy a weed" as he sits near the cairn and imbibes the pure air with which he is surrounded; and if he has chosen a clear day, he will be rewarded with a fine bird's-eye view of the north of the island. Maughold Head, at other times so majestic, sinks into insignificance on his right; even Albert Tower, on the hill beneath him, appears as though it were on a level with the rest of the town, which stands out in the sunlight, with its well-defined streets and detached villas, as a spot where one could wish to live and die! Away to the north are the parishes of Bride and

Andreas, and to the north-east that of Jurby and portions of Sulby and Lezayre, the churches of which are easily distinguished. Beyond these is "the streak of silver sea," and at a still greater distance the Scotch hills, where oftentimes the very houses can be plainly seen. "The green hills of Eriu" lie to the west; and the coast of England, with the villages dotted here and there, is on the east. Turning southward, the east coast of the island is easily followed and the various headlands noted, with Douglas Bay and portions of the town far away to the south. Snaefell appears within apparently easy walking distance to the south-west, and in the extreme west are various lesser hills.

The descent of North Barrule may be very advantageously undertaken on the south side. The mines at the foot are of interest and worthy of a visit. The Douglas road is easily distinguished from the summit, and a sharp walk of twenty minutes brings the tourist to the *Hibernian Inn* on that road. But to-day, we wish to return to Ramsey through

Glen Aldyn,

which lies at its western foot. We therefore make our way down that side of the mountain, and find that the glen is very pleasantly situated between the lofty hills, and that it is watered by the *Aldyn*, a tributary of the Sulby river. A road runs through the glen to the mountain road, and so opens up an alternative route to Douglas. The walk along the bank of the stream is a pleasant one; and about half a mile from the mouth of the glen we cross a wooden bridge, and then the houses, which are dotted more or less sparsely all along it, become more numerous. We walk through *Milntown*, where are some prettily built villas, a not extensive mine, and a chapel, erected in 1865; and reach the Lezayre road about half a mile from Ramsey, which town we regain by turning to the right. The stream abounds with trout, which, however small, yet afford capital sport when none is obtainable in the larger Sulby river.

TO KIRK MAUGHOLD AND BALLAGLASS.

Walking along the Douglas road for about three quarters of a mile, we see another road branching off on the left hand; and following it towards the sea, through the little clusters of houses at *Port Lewaigue* and *Port-e-Vullin*, we find that we have reached what was once a mining district; but that the work here has been long since discontinued. A little way

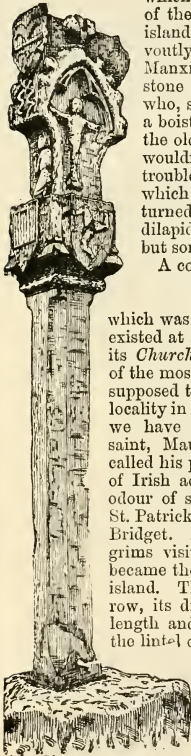
past the last-named hamlet, there is a cross by the roadside, which most tourists will recognize as one of the Runic remains so abundant on the island; but it is, or was until recently, devoutly believed by the unsophisticated Manxmen in the neighbourhood that this stone cross was originally an old woman, who, staggering under a load of wool against a boisterous wind, began to think that, like the old woman in the nursery rhyme, "she wouldn't get home that night," and, in the trouble of her spirit, cursed the wind; for which wicked action she was immediately turned into stone. The cross is considerably dilapidated by the wear and tear of time, but some of its carving may yet be traced.

A couple of miles farther, and we reach

Kirk Maughold,

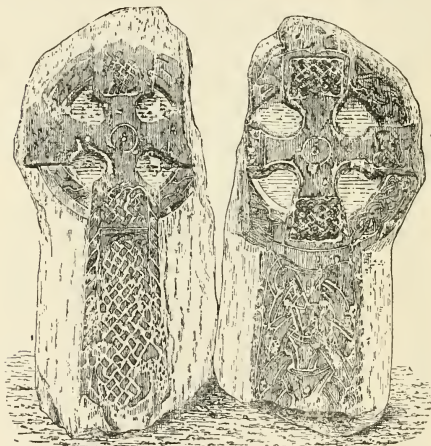
which was a famous place when Ramsey, if it existed at all, was only a little fishing village; its *Church* is especially interesting. It is one of the most ancient in the island; in fact, it is supposed that a church was in existence in this locality in the fifth century. In a previous page, we have sketched the career of the famous saint, Maughold, who began what may be called his public life as a pirate, leader of a gang of Irish adventurers, but ended it in the full odour of sanctity, as the convert and pupil of St. Patrick and the spiritual friend of the saintly Bridget. After his death, in 553, troops of pilgrims visited his shrine, and Kirk Maughold became then one of the most sacred spots in the island. The church is long and unusually narrow, its dimensions being seventy-two feet in length and only seventeen in breadth. Over the lintel of the door are the effigies of an ecclesiastic, holding a pastoral staff, and various animals.

The walls are of great thickness, and in the chancel windows are some specimens of tracery, the only specimens of that style of architectural ornamentation to be found on the island. Near the



ST. MAUGHOLD'S CROSS.

gate of the churchyard is a cross, five feet high, and about half that width, known as *St. Maughold's Cross*, very elaborately carved with religious emblems, and so differing considerably from the many crosses of Scandinavian origin with which we have made acquaintance; it is possibly of much later date, but no definite information on the subject exists. One side is almost wholly defaced, but it is supposed that a representation of St. Maughold was originally carved on it.



RUNIC CROSS, MAUGHOLD (VIEW OF EACH SIDE).

Another side represents the Crucifixion and the Manx arms; the third shows the Virgin and Child; and the fourth contains a female figure, supposed to represent St. Bridget, who came to the island in order to receive the veil from St. Maughold. In the churchyard are two crosses, one of the double wheel kind, and more than seven feet high—an unusual size for Runic memorials. Opposite the church gate is a cross, whose two sides present a difference in the cutting. The churchyard,

more than three acres in extent, contains memorials of many persons of local reputation ; as one authority says, " A large number of eminent Manx men and women." The vicarage adjoins the church : and one of the peculiarities of the parish is, that the parish clerk, whose office is very well paid, is elected by the parishioners, by the exercise of a right known as " putting out smoke ;" that is, every parishioner who has a chimney in his house has a right to vote. We are reminded by this of the ante-Reform Bill—" pot-walloper"—nearer home. In old times, the churchyard was a sanctuary for criminals. On the village green is a sun-dial, inscribed with the name and date, " Edward Christian, 1666 ;" and near it are a large slab of whinstone, with grotesque figures carved on it, and a stone trough, removed from the churchyard, and supposed to have been a sarcophagus, or, as some venture to think, notwithstanding its unusual shape for such a purpose, a baptismal font.

There are many legends referring to Kirk Maughold ; but we may well limit ourselves to the quotation of one, which is preserved in the antique chronicles of the island :—

" Somerled, Jarl of Argyle, had taken up arms against Godred Olaveson. A sea battle was fought between them on the eve of Epiphany, in 1156, with such doubtful success to either, that the next morning they came to a compromise to divide between them the sovereignty of the isles. Under this compromise, Somerled acquired all the isles, excepting Man, south of the Point of Ardamurchan. From that period the sovereignty of the isles ceased to be vested in one person. Somerled, however, was not content with this ; and two years after, that is, in 1158, Somerled again, with a fleet of fifty-three ships, came to Man, where, encountering Godred, he defeated that prince, who then fled to the court of Norway to crave assistance. On the approach of Somerled to the island on the second occasion, the Manx people conveyed their money and valuables to the sanctuary of St. Maughold's Church, in the hopes, says the chronicler, that the veneration due to St. Machutus, added to the sanctity of the place, would secure everything within its precincts. After the battle, in which he was victorious, the fleet of Somerled lay at Ramsey, and one of his captains, Gil Colum, made a proposal to surprise the Church of St. Maughold, and at least drive off the cattle which were grazing around the churchyard. Somerled, with much reluctance, consented to this proposal, pronouncing at the same time these words, ' Let the affair rest between thee and St. Machutus ; let me and my troops be innocent ; we claim no share in thy sacrilegious booty.' Gil Colum laid his plans accordingly, arranging with his three sons to effect the surprise at daybreak the following morning ; but as he lay asleep in his tent at dead of night, St. Machutus appeared to him arrayed in white linen, and holding a pastoral staff in his hand, with which he twice struck him in the heart. Awaking in great terror of mind, Gil Colum sent for the priests of the Church to receive his confession, but they had no words of comfort for the dying wretch. One of them even proceeded to pray that St. Machutus would never withdraw his hand till he had made an end of the impious man, and immediately he was attacked by a swarm of filthy, monstrous flies, and about six in the morning he expired in great misery and torture. Somerled and his whole host were struck with such dismay upon the death of this man, that, as soon as the tide floated their ships, they weighed anchor, and with precipitancy returned home.'

We may make our way across a field lying on the north-

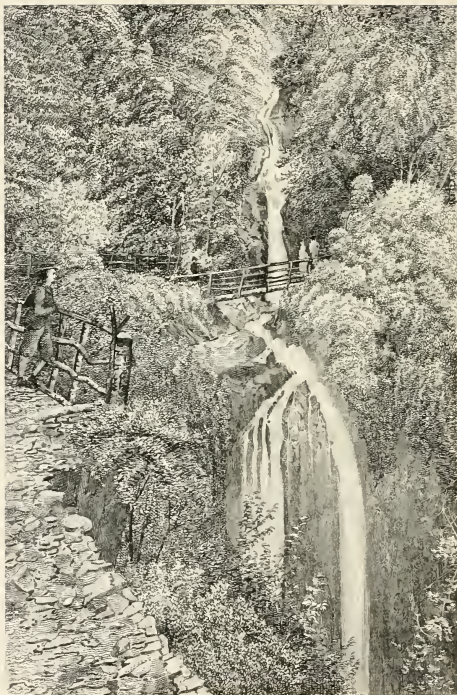
east side of the churchyard to a spot we are bound to visit, *St. Maughold's Well*, on the north cliffs, and not easily found without local assistance, as it is nearly closed by grass and gorse. The good saint endued the spring with certain healing virtues, which, we are assured, it still retains; and very probably it does, as mineral springs do not generally wear out in the course of ages. There was formerly a stone near



DALLAGLASS WATERFALL

the spring, known as the Saint's Chair; and for many centuries there was a great influx of visitors, suffering from many disorders, to the well, on the first Sunday in August, for the purpose of sitting in the chair and drinking the waters.

About a mile from the church is a plot of ground known as *Ruillick-ny-Quakeryr*, which is Manx for "burying-ground of the Quakers." Some of the early Friends visited the island



DHOON GLEN AND FALLS

and made converts to their faith; but the clergy, objecting to their proceedings, obtained their expulsion from the island and the confiscation of their property, including the piece of land they had purchased for burial purposes. Afterwards, in more tolerant times, they were permitted to return and their property was restored to them.

Near the burying-ground, the road (which is very much uphill) divides; and taking the left-hand route, we make our way, not without some little precaution as to choosing the right road, for there are several attractive by-paths, to

Ballaglass Glen and Waterfall,

one of the most charming of all the charming localities in this part of the island. The greensward of the glen, the abundant foliage of the trees, casting shadows perfectly refreshing on a hot day, make the tourist feel that, with the author of the old ballad,—

“ If there’s peace to be found in this world,
The heart that is humble might hope for it here; ”

and visitors not uncommonly think it is a capital place for a rest and the opportunity of tasting the flavour of the contents of picnic baskets. The *Ballaglass Falls*, formed by the river *Renna*, do not descend from any considerable height, but form a series of cascades and stormy little torrents, making their way through openings in the stones. Near the fall, on the summit of a hill, is a stone circle, known as *Castle Chowy*, which, it is generally supposed, dates from the tenth century.

A good walker may follow the course of the stream till he strikes the Douglas road, and can then make his way back to Ramsey; and there are also conveyances from the neighbourhood of the glen to the same town. The total distance from Ramsey to Kirk Maughold, Ballaglass, and back, is about ten miles.

TO GLEN MONA, DHOON GLEN, AND GLEN CARRAN.

These are three wonderfully picturesque little glens that were but little known till recently, when they were opened out and roads to and paths through them constructed, so as to enable tourists to enjoy their beauties without the risk of coming into violent contact with trees, brambles, &c., on the way, and finishing the experiment by fracturing some part of their anatomy upon the rocks in the pool beneath. But they are all so distant from Ramsey that most pleasure-seekers

will prefer visiting them on wheels, and therefore we combine them in one trip.

Glen Mona,

or, as it was called before it was opened out, "The Rhenab or Barony Glen," is the nearest to Ramsey. It is approached by the road branching to the left, immediately after passing the *Dhoon Church*. The drive to the entrance to the glen is by a picturesque country road, skirting the side of the hill, whence excellent views of the northern range of hills are obtained. The glen itself is well wooded and abounds in quiet nooks and corners, and there are waterfalls that can compare with those in Sulby Glen, the Dhoon, &c. In spring both sides are clothed in verdure, which, when the autumn tints begin to appear, presents a charming variety of colour. The shore is very steep at the bottom of the glen, but it is free from rocks, and was therefore selected as the spot where the new submarine cable to St. Bee's, in Cumberland, was laid in 1885.

Regaining the high-road, we next reach

Dhoon Glen,

about six and a half miles from Ramsey, and two and a half from Laxey, on the left-hand side of the high-road. It is easily found, but to prevent any mistakes the proprietor has placed a notice board at the head of the bye-road leading to it, indicating that that road leads "To the Dhoon Glen." After taking this bye-road, care must be taken not to turn to the left down a path apparently leading to the shore, but to keep on the road, past the quarry. The entrance to the glen is by the side of Hazel Cottage, wherein the proprietor resides. Here refreshments may be procured, horses stabled, &c. A turn to the right leads at once to the head of the glen, and the little stream, the *Nulligs*, rushes over the rocks at this spot and forms the first fall. There is a large plantation here which is excellently adapted for large picnic parties. From this place to the lead mines, a short distance down the glen, several rustic bridges cross the stream, and excellent views of the dells are obtained. But it is below the mines that the glen opens out into a grander and more picturesque beauty. The footpath that has been cut along the side of the mountain torrent leads through a labyrinth of trees, and finally brings us to a larger bridge that crosses the stream about half-way down the principal waterfall. Our illustration represents this spot in the glen. The fall makes two leaps.



GLEN CALLAN.

The first one is sixty feet and the lower one seventy feet in height, making together a total of a hundred and thirty feet. After heavy rains the spectacle is a magnificent one, and even during the summer months, when water is scarcer, the fall is worthy of admiration. Below this fall there are several lesser ones and occasional cascades, and the sward along the bed of the river is soft and luxurious, the young trees forming an agreeable shade for picnic and pleasure parties. The water rushes along to the shore and finally, leaping between two high rocks, forms a pool amidst the shingle and loses itself in the sea. Several excellent varieties of ferns are found in the glen.

Having seen all that is to be seen in Dhoon Glen, we follow the path through

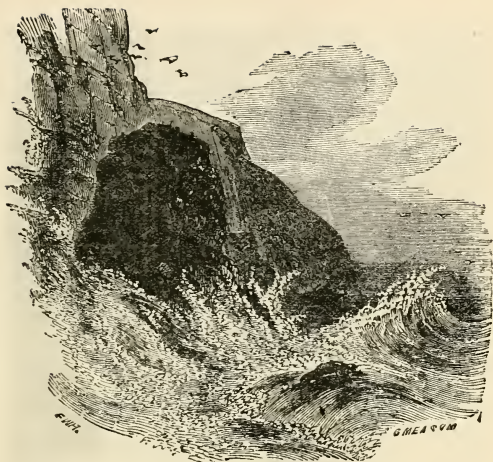
Glen Callan and Fairy Dell,

which are simply a continuation of Dhoon Glen, and, like it, contain lovely waterfalls, cascades, walks, and shady groves, and varied, picturesque, and charming scenery. All three are alike interesting to parties on pleasure bent, and to the botanist, geologist, and lover of nature. In this way, we reach the shore, where we find an excellent restaurant, where we can supply our wants from a tempting bill of fare. A skilful arrangement of mirrors around the dining-room has the effect of reproducing the little nooks and corners of the rocky coast with admirable effect; so that we can face the landscape up the glen, and at the same time see the waves tumbling over the pebbles on the shore behind. *The charge for admission to the three glens is only four-pence.*

The Bight of Dhoon,

as the bay is called, is surrounded by high rocks, some of which are of a very peculiar shape. On the south side of the bay, there are two, called by the Manx people the *Gowneys* (heifers), and several interesting and picturesque caves. There is also, on the north side of the bay, another curious rock, which is visible at half tide. It is called *Carrick-e-Voddy* ("dog's islet"), and is situated about a hundred and fifty yards from the land. The shore hereabouts abounds with objects of interest, and a trip in one of the boats that are always kept in readiness will prove very enjoyable.

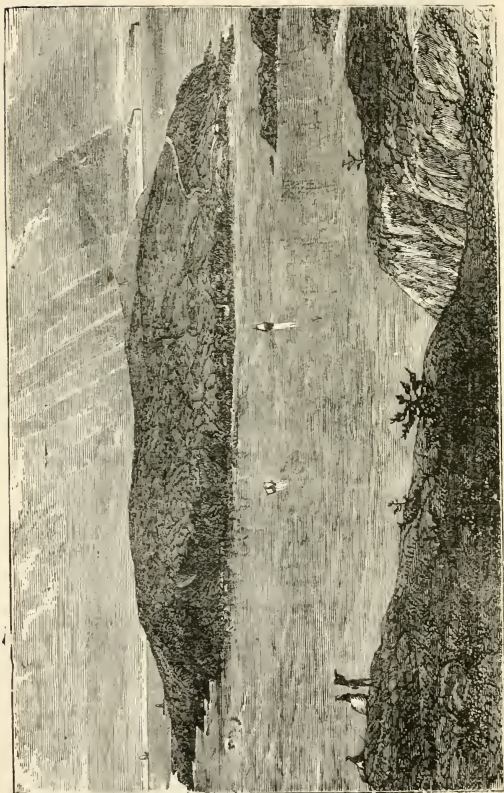
Regaining the high-road, we either return to Ramsey or drive on, through Laxey, to Douglas, as best suits our arrangements.



A TRIP ROUND THE ISLAND.

THROUGHOUT the summer season, one of the fine vessels of the Isle of Man Steampacket Company makes a day trip from Douglas round the island, and a more enjoyable coast voyage of some 90 miles could scarcely be enjoyed. In previous pages of this Guide we have described some of the more striking features of the coast scenery of the island; but of course the rugged outline of cliff and headland is more picturesque when seen from the deck of the steamer, which keeps as near to the shore as is consistent with safety.

Douglas Head, 315 feet high, is rounded, and then come the picturesque Port Soderick, St. Anne's Head, and the attractive coast of Derby Haven. There is a dangerous reef off the peninsula of Langness, and Manxmen tell the story of the wreck of the *Race-horse* war sloop, nearly fifty years ago, and many catastrophes since that time. A geologist



THE LANG UÛ MOUNT.



SUGAR-LOAF ROCK, NEAR THE CALF OF MAN.

will be interested in the formation of Langness, described as "a mass of gray schist, mostly of a dark colour, intersected with dykes of green sandstone, and capped on its western side with old red conglomerate." Having got clear of Langness and all its perils, the steamer crosses the broad span of Castletown Bay, formed by Langness Point and Scarlet Point on the western side, with the black pile of basalt known as the Stack of Scarlet. Here a grand view of the whole mountain mass of the island is obtained.

Spanish Head

is the next prominence which attracts special attention, and the steamer generally runs close in shore so as to afford a view of an enormous perpendicular cliff of blue Silurian schist, more than 300 feet high, and torn by some mighty convulsion of nature into vast chasms. The old chronicles of the island mention several earthquakes, which may have produced these stupendous rendings of the massive rock; there are twelve *Chasms*, so deep that they appear to be bottomless. It is a common practice to fire a gun at this part of the coast, for the purpose of disturbing the immense flocks of gulls and other sea-birds that make their home in the cavities on the face of the precipice.

Spanish Head is so named from the circumstance that, in 1588, some of the ships of the great Spanish Armada were wrecked on the rocks at this part of the coast.

At this part of the coast is the *Sugar Loaf Rock*, rent into fissures, and crowded with gulls and other birds; a fine cave, or grotto, is adjacent.

Beyond Spanish Head is *Calf Sound*, a narrow channel about 500 yards wide, dividing the small island known as the Calf of Man from Man itself. In the Sound near *Kitterland Isles*, in 1852, the brig *Lily* of Liverpool exploded, after it had struck on the rocks, causing the death of thirty-two sailors, in memory of whom a monument is erected in the parish churchyard; and *Thousala Rock*, on which is a necessary beacon. The currents of the channel over the rocks are dangerous, and vessels of large tonnage seldom venture the passage.

The Calf of Man

is an islet about five miles in circumference. It was formerly considered to be a position of importance, and was garrisoned, but is now partly appropriated as a grazing ground for sheep; but the great portion is a rabbit warren. It rises to a height

of 500 feet above the sea level. In 1818, two lighthouses were erected to warn vessels against a dangerous reef known as the *Chickens*, covered by the waves at high water. A magnificent lighthouse was completed on this rock in 1875, and the Calf lights have been superseded. Landing on the Calf is not always easy work, the sea running rough, and taxing the energies even of the experienced boatmen, who take visitors ashore. Near the south harbour, protected by a lofty headland, is a remarkable isolated rock, more than 100 feet high, having a remarkable perforation formed by the action of the sea on the rock, and known as the "Eye," through which the sunlight sometimes puts its rays, producing a very striking effect.

Two other remarkable isolated rocks are the *Barrough* and the *Stack*.

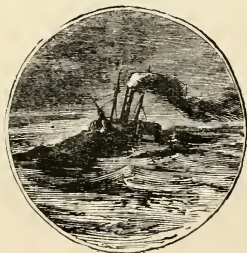
On the western side of the Calf, and on very high ground, are the ruins of a hut, about 36 feet long and 10 feet wide, known as *Bushell's House*. According to the current tradition, this building was erected by a man named Bushell, a follower of the great Lord Bacon, in the reign of James I. Having engaged in some mining speculations which at first promised well, but which, owing to the sudden downfall and death of his patron, proved a failure, and involved him in ruin, he retired from the Court, and spent three years "in the desolate island called the Calf of Man, where," he states, "in obedience to my dead lord's philosophical advice, I resolved to make a perfect experiment upon myself for the obtaining a long and healthy life (most necessary for such a repentance as my former debauchedness required), as by a parsimonious diet of herbs, oil, mustard, and honey, with water sufficient, most like to that of our long-lived forefathers before the Flood (as was conceived by that lord), which I most strictly observed, as if obliged by a religious vow, till Divine Providence called me to more active life." How long this lover of salads really lived we know not. Another tradition is recorded by Mr. Wood, whose "Account" of the island we have previously quoted, of a person who, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, had murdered a most beautiful lady in a fit of jealousy, and took refuge in the desolateness and seclusion of this islet.

Traces of the foundation of an old *Chapel*, built in the form of a cross, are found on the highest part of the Calf. The building itself was pulled down long since for the sake of the stones, required for some building purpose. The existence of an Ancient Monuments' Preservation Act applying to

Manxland, would have been a great boon to archæologists. A few years since, the lid of a stone coffin, with rude carvings, evidently intended to represent the Saviour on the cross, and a Roman soldier piercing his side, was found. There is no indication of a date.

The remainder of the sea voyage does not require detailed description, as the chief features of the coast have already been mentioned. The tourist will be delighted with the beautiful scenery of Port Erin, Fleshwick and Niarbyl Bays, and the stupendous ruins of Peel Castle have a grand effect. Then comes a long run in the Irish Sea, till the Point of Ayre is reached, and the vessel's head is turned southward for the homeward course. And a very charming sea trip it is, across the clear waters of Ramsey Bay, round the lofty Maughold Head, and then by way of Laxey Bay, and round the headland known as Clay Head. Once more Douglas is reached; and the voyagers disembark at the pier, having seen as much striking and picturesque coast scenery as perhaps could be afforded within the same limits in any part of the British Islands.

So comes to an end our pleasant task of pointing out to the tourist some of the most noticeable and interesting spots on this delightful island. A much larger book might easily be written, but not so easily read by the visitor, whose attention is engaged with the natural beauties of the place. We have done our best to tell him how to see what is best worth seeing in the most convenient manner, and to indicate the historical, legendary, and literary associations of the island.



POSTAL INFORMATION.

HEAD OFFICE, DOUGLAS

Office open from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Money Order Office open from 9 a.m.
to 8 p.m. Delivery at the window
and by letter carriers begins one
hour after the arrival of steamer.
Attendance at window on Sundays
from 8 to 10 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

Arrivals from England.—Daily.

Despatches to England.—Daily,
fifteen minutes before sailing of
steamer.

Arrivals—Insular.—Daily, one
hour before sailing of packet.

Despatches—Insular.—Daily, fifteen
minutes after the arrival of mails
from England in the evening, and
by train.

Letters are twice daily (Sundays
excepted) collected and brought to
Head Office from the Receiving
Offices and Pillar and Wall Boxes,

in time to suit the sailings of the
steamer. If the steamer sails at any
hour of the morning before 7 a.m.,
the Pillar Boxes and town Receiving
Offices are cleared at 9 p.m. the
previous evening.

Single stamped and unpaid letters
and newspapers, books, etc., may
be posted at the Head Office up to
thirty minutes, and double stamped
letters, etc., until five minutes before
a despatch to England. Fifteen
minutes are allowed for transit to
and from the packet and Post Office.

Postal Telegraph Office.—Open
week-days from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m.;
on Sundays, from 8 to 10 a.m. and
4 to 6 p.m., but messages may be
forwarded at other hours upon
application to the Postmaster, on
payment of extra fees.

MONEY ORDER, SAVINGS BANK, AND TELEGRAPH OFFICES.

Head Office, Douglas; Strand
Street and Shore Road Receiving
Offices, Douglas; Ramsey, Andreas,
Castletown, Peel, Kirk Michael,
Ballasalla, Laxey, Ballaugh, and

Port St. Mary. Government An-
nuity and Life Assurance Business
transacted at the Offices at Douglas
and Ramsey.

PILLAR AND WALL LETTER BOXES.

Douglas.—Osborne Terrace, Pro-
menade, and Market Place; Wall
Letter Boxes at Victoria Road, Finch
Road, Bridge Hill, Taubman Ter-
race, Circular Road, Woodbourne
Square, Strand Street, Ballaughton,
and Cronkbourne.

Ramsey.—Sandy Road, Regaby
Gate, Ballaugh Old Church, the
Craige, and Milntown Bridge.

Castletown.—The Green and the
Level in Arbory.

FREEMASONS, ODDFELLOWS, AND FORESTERS.

Masonic Lodges.—Mona, 212, Castle-
town, Monday after full moon.
Athole, 1,004, Masonic Hall, Loch
Parade, Douglas, on Wednesday on
or before full moon. Maughold,
1,075, Ramsey, Tuesday on or before
full moon. Tynwald, 1,242, Masonic
Hall, Loch Parade, Douglas, Monday
on or before full moon. The Mona
Lodge is under the Irish Constitu-
tion; the Douglas and Ramsey
Lodges being under that of England.

Oddfellows' Lodges.—Monday:
Mona, Club-room, Bridge, Douglas;
Albert, Bridge, Douglas; Hope and
Anchor, Town Hall, Castletown;
St. Michael's, Parochial School-
house, Kirk Michael; Peveril, Mor-
rison's Hall, Peel. Tuesday: Victoria,
Club-room, Bridge, Douglas. Wed-

nesday: Good Anchorage, National
School-room, Ramsey. Thursday:
Harbour of Peace, Club-room, Port
St. Mary. Friday: North Star,
new Schoolhouse, Laxey. Satur-
day: Tynwald, Club-room, Foxdale;
St. John's, Parochial Schoolroom,
St. John's. All lodges meet every
alternate week, except the Albert,
which meets once a month.

Juvenile Lodges.—Mona and Vic-
toria Juvenile Lodge, Douglas.
Hope and Anchor, Castletown.
Good Anchorage, Ramsey.

Foresters.—The Court Star of Mona,
No. 907, first Monday in month,
Stanley Hall, Circular Road, Dou-
glas. Ramsey: Albert Tower Court,
6,630.

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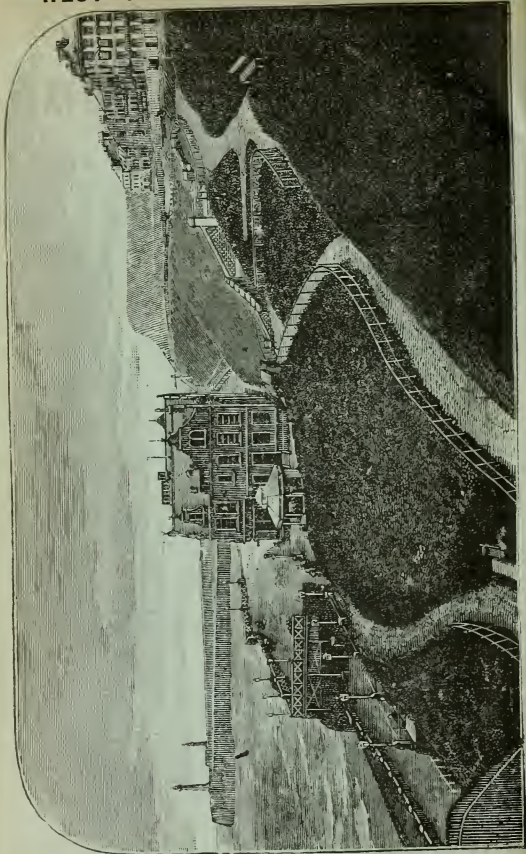
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£	
Authorized Capital	3,000,000
Subscribed Capital	2,500,000
Paid-up Capital	625,000
Accumulated Fire Funds & Balance of undivided Profit	1,788,112
Accumulated Life and Annuity Funds.. .. .	4,455,015

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Fire Premiums, Interest and Fees	1,279,343
Life and Annuity Premiums, Interest and Fees	653,006

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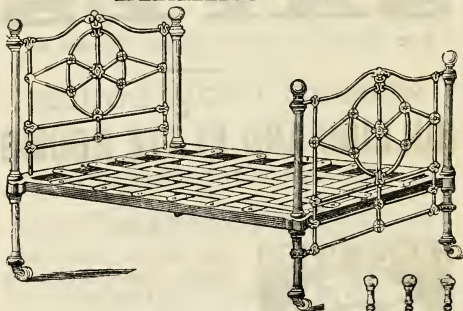
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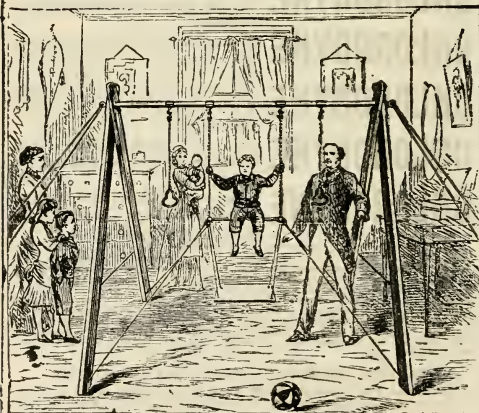
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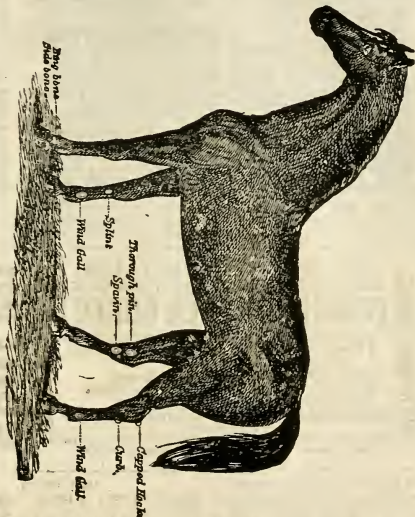
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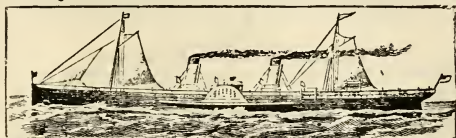
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THE ISLE OF MAN, LIVERPOOL, AND MANCHESTER
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OCCASIONAL SPECIAL TRIPS to the ISLAND of ST. KILDA affords to tourists the opportunity of about a week's sea voyage, and, at the same time, a panoramic view of the magnificent scenery of the Outer Hebrides.

Cabin Fare (superior sleeping accommodation), 45s.; Cuisine (excellent). Breakfast, 2s.; Dinner, 2s. 6d.; Tea, 2s.

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N.B.—During the season special trips are made to the far-famed ISLAND of ST. KILDA, where passengers are given facilities for landing: also to LOCH ROAG, from which the Druidical remains at Callernish may be visited.

Time bills, maps of route, cabin plans and berths, secured at—

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The Magnificent New Steamship "BRIER," or other Steamers, are intended to sail, weather and other circumstances permitting, from

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Every TUESDAY and SATURDAY EVENING.

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The magnificent headlands and charming scenery along the Antrim and Donegal coast, with the Scotch mountains in the distance, present a scene of grandeur seldom met with in a day's sail. The Giant's Causeway is justly termed one of the world's wonders. Written accounts convey no idea of its magnificence. A good view can be had from the steamer, which passes along the coast in fine weather. At Derry the Tourist may stand on sites immortalised by the brave defenders of the maiden city, whence there are good views of the lough and surrounding country.

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fitted with lavatory accommodation, and provided with every modern convenience, are run by certain express trains between

LONDON AND LIVERPOOL, LONDON AND MANCHESTER,
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Many of the First Class Carriages are also fitted with Lavatories.

TOURISTS ARRANGEMENTS, 1888.

1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Tourist Tickets

are issued during the Season (May 1st to October 31st) from the company's principal stations, to

SCOTLAND, THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, IRELAND,
NORTH, SOUTH, AND CENTRAL WALES, MALVERN,
BUXTON, SCARBOROUGH, HARROGATE, SOUTHPORT,
BLACKPOOL, MORECAMBE, ISLE OF MAN, ISLE OF WIGHT,
JERSEY AND GUERNSEY.

TOURIST PROGRAMMES, with particulars of circular and other tours, and all information, may be obtained on application to Mr. G. P. NEELE, Superintendent of the Line, Euston Station, or at any of the company's railway Stations and parcels receiving offices.

PICNIC PARTIES. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS

will (with certain exceptions) be issued at all the principal stations to parties of not less than SIX 1st class, or TEN 2nd or 3rd class passengers.

desirous of making PLEASURE EXCURSIONS to
Places of Interest on the London and North-Western Railway.

The tickets will be available for return the same day only.

Full particulars can be obtained at any of the company's stations.

EXCURSION TRAINS

at very low fares will run at intervals during the summer season to and from LONDON, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, YORKSHIRE, CHESTER, DUBLIN, BIRMINGHAM, SHREWSBURY, LANCASTER, CARLISLE, and the ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, and other stations on the London and North-Western system, particulars of which will be announced about fourteen days prior to the running of the trains.

London, Euston Station, May, 1888. G. FINDLAY, General Manager.

CALEDONIAN RAILWAY. TOURS IN SCOTLAND.

THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY COMPANY have arranged a system of tours—over a hundred in number—by rail, steamer (on sea, river and loch), and coach, comprehending almost every place of interest, either for scenery or historical associations, throughout Scotland, including—

EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, ABERDEEN, DUNDEE, INVERNESS, GREENOCK, PAISLEY, DUMFRIES, MOFFAT, PEEBLES, STIRLING, PERTH, GRIEFF, DUNKELD, OBAN, INVERARAY,

The Trossachs, Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, Loch Eck, Loch Earn, Loch Tay, Loch Awe, Caledonian Canal, Glencoe, Iona, Staffa, Skye, Balmoral, Braemar, Arran, Bute, the Firth of Clyde, the Falls of Clyde, &c., &c.

The Caledonian Co. also issue Tourist Tickets to the Lake District of England, the Isle of Man, Connemara, the Lakes of Killarney, &c.

TOURISTS are recommended to procure a copy of the Caledonian Railway Company's "Tourist Guide," which contains descriptive notices of the districts embraced in the tours, maps, plans, &c. They can be had at any of the company's stations, and also at the chief stations on the London and North-Western Railway. They are also supplied gratis to the chief hotels, hydropathics, steamboats, &c., in Great Britain and Ireland. Tickets for these tours are issued at the company's booking offices at all the chief towns. The tourist season generally extends from JUNE to SEPTEMBER inclusive.

THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY, in conjunction with the LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY, forms what is known as the

WEST COAST ROUTE BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.

DIRECT TRAINS RUN FROM AND TO

Glasgow, Edinburgh, Greenock, Paisley, Stranraer, Stirling, Oban, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other places in Scotland, to and from London (Euston), Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Preston, Penrith (for Lake District), Leeds, Bradford, and other places in England.

The Day Expresses, leaving London (Euston) at 10.0 a.m., and Glasgow (Central), and Edinburgh (Prince's Street) at 10.0 a.m., now perform the journey each way in 9 hours; and between Liverpool and Manchester and Edinburgh and Glasgow in less than 6 hours.

Sleeping & Day Saloon Carriages. Through Guards & Conductors.

The Caledonian Company's trains from and to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Carlisle, &c., connect on the Clyde with the "Columbia," "Iona," "Lord of the Isles," "Ivanhoe," and other steamers to and from Dunoon, Inverlorn, Rothesay, Largs, Millport, the Kyles of Bute, Arran, Campbeltown, Ardrishaig, Inveraray, Loch Goil, Loch Long, &c., &c.

An Improved Train Service is now run between Edinburgh & Glasgow—the journey being performed by Express Trains in 65 minutes.

An Express Service of Trains is also run from Edinburgh and Glasgow to Stirling, Oban, Perth, Dundee, and the north, and vice versa.

For particulars of Trains, Fares, &c., see the Caledonian Railway Company's Time Tables.

The extension of the railway from Greenock to Gourcock Pier will, it is expected, be opened during the season of 1889. This route will be the best and most expeditious for passengers to and from Dunoon, Kilmartin, Hunter's Quay, Holy Loch, Loch Long, Loch Goil, and the Watering Places in that district, from and to Glasgow, Edinburgh, London, Liverpool, Manchester, and other places in England and Scotland. The trains will run alongside the steamers at Gourcock Pier.

The Caledonian Company's large and magnificent

CENTRAL STATION HOTEL, GLASGOW,

IS UNDER THE COMPANY'S OWN MANAGEMENT.

GLASGOW, 1888.

JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

The **POPULAR TOURIST** and **DIRECT ROUTE** to
EDINBURGH & GLASGOW,
via **SETTLE AND CARLISLE.**

The Midland Company's improved service of **EXPRESS** and **FAST TRAINS** run from
LONDON (ST. PANCRAS STATION)
 to the principal towns in the
MIDLAND COUNTIES, NORTH OF ENGLAND, AND SCOTLAND,
 including

Edinburgh,	Manchester,	Sheffield,	Birmingham,
Glasgow,	Leeds,	Nottingham,	Leicester,
Carlisle,	Bradford,	Derby,	Northampton,
Liverpool,	York,	Burton,	Bedford.

The **TRAINS** between **LONDON** and **MANCHESTER** and **LIVERPOOL** run by the **PICTURESQUE ROUTE** through **MATLOCK** and the **PEAK** of **DERBYSHIRE**; those between **LONDON** and **EDINBURGH** and **GLASGOW** by the **POPULAR "SETTLE and CARLISLE ROUTE,"** through the beautiful **VALLEY of the EDEN**; the trains between **CARLISLE** and **EDINBURGH**, passing **MELROSE** through the **"WAVERLEY DISTRICT,"** rendered interesting by the writings of **Sir Walter Scott**; and those between **CARLISLE** and **GLASGOW** through **DUMFRIES** and the district rendered attractive by the writings of **Burns**.

The **MIDLAND COMPANY'S EXPRESS TRAINS** are formed of carriages of the newest and most improved type, fitted with every appliance to ensure the comfort and convenience of passengers while travelling; and these trains are all fitted with an efficient continuous automatic brake.

PULLMAN PARLOUR CARS run daily between **London (St. Pancras)** and **Carlisle, Glasgow (and Edinburgh, during the summer), Manchester, and Liverpool**, attached to the **DAY EXPRESS TRAINS**; and **PASSENGERS HOLDING FIRST-CLASS TICKETS** are allowed to ride in them **WITHOUT EXTRA PAYMENT**.

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS run nightly between **London (St. Pancras)** and **Carlisle, Stranraer, Greenock, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester and Liverpool**. Passengers can obtain berths in these cars on payment of a **SMALL CHARGE, IN ADDITION to the FIRST CLASS FARE**.

An attendant accompanies both the **Day and Night Cars**, which are provided with lavatory accommodation, and comfortably heated during the winter.

TOURIST TICKETS are issued by the Midland Company during the Summer Months from all principal stations on their system to the chief places of tourist resort and interest in **ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, and WALES**. Tourist Programmes and all information may be obtained on application to the Superintendent of the Line, **Derby**, or at any of the company's stations.

PICNIC PARTIES.—**Cheap Return Tickets** are (with certain exceptions) issued, on application at all the principal stations, to Parties of not less than **SIX FIRST-CLASS, or TEN THIRD-CLASS PASSENGERS**, desirous of making **PLEASURE EXCURSIONS** to places of interest on the Midland Railway, the tickets being available for return the same day only. Full particulars may be obtained at the stations.

EXCURSION TRAINS, at very low fares, will run at intervals during the summer season to and from **LONDON, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, LEEDS, BRADFORD, SHEFFIELD, BIRMINGHAM, DERBY, NOTTINGHAM, LEICESTER** and other principal stations on the Midland system, particulars of which will be announced about fourteen days prior to the running of each train.

THIRD-CLASS PASSENGERS conveyed by all trains at **PENNY-PER-MILE FARES**. The company are general carriers to and from all parts of **ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, and WALES**.

Derby, 1882.

JOHN NOBLE, GENERAL MANAGER.

GLASGOW & SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN

SCOTLAND & ENGLAND.

THROUGH TRAINS are run between

GLASGOW AND LONDON

(St. Enoch)

(St. Pancras)

Via the GLASGOW & SOUTH-WESTERN & MIDLAND RAILWAYS,

Giving a Direct and Expeditious Service between

GLASGOW AND THE WEST OF SCOTLAND GENERALLY

AND

LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, BRADFORD, LEEDS, SHEFFIELD,
BRISTOL, BATH, BIRMINGHAM, LONDON, &c.**DRAWING ROOM AND SLEEPING SALOON CARRIAGES**

ARE RUN BY THE

Morning and Evening Express Trains between GLASGOW and LONDON.

A SLEEPING SALOON is also attached to the Evening Train
between GREENOCK and LONDON.**FIRTH OF CLYDE AND WEST HIGHLANDS, *via* GREENOCK,**

EXPRESS and FAST TRAINS are run at convenient hours between

GLASGOW AND GREENOCK

(St. Enoch Station)

(Lynedoch St. and Princes Pier Stations)

IN DIRECT CONNECTION WITH THE

"COLUMBA," "IONA," "LORD OF THE ISLES," "SCOTIA,"
and other Steamers, sailing to and from the Watering places in the
Firth of Clyde

AND TO THE

WESTERN HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

ARRAN AND THE AYRSHIRE COAST.An Express and Fast Train Service is given between GLASGOW, &c.,
and TROON, PRESTWICK, AYR, ARDROSSAN, FAIRLIE, &c.From ARDROSSAN, the splendid saloon Steamer "SCOTIA" sails
daily, during the season, to and from the ISLAND OF ARRAN, in
connection with the Express Train Service.**IRELAND.**A NIGHTLY SERVICE is given by the Royal Mail Steamers, *via*
Greenock and *via* Ardrossan, in connection with which Tourist Tickets
are issued to KILLARNEY, CORK, CONNEMARA, GIANT'S
CAUSEWAY, &c.**THE STATION HOTELS**AT
GLASGOW (St. Enoch), AYR, and DUMFRIES

belong to and are under the management of the Company.

Secretary and General Manager's Office,

JOHN MORTON,

Glasgow, April, 1888.

Secretary and General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

TOURIST TICKETS

(FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD CLASS),
Available for Two Months, and renewable, with exceptions, up
to Dec. 31st, are issued DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS of
each year in LONDON, at the

PADDINGTON,
ALDGATE,
BISHOPSGATE,
BLACKFRIARS,
CHARING CROSS,
EARL'S COURT,
FARRINGDON ST.,

HAMMERSMITH,
KING'S CROSS,
KENSINGTON,
LATIMER ROAD,
MANSION HOUSE,
MOORGATE STREET,
NOTTING HILL,

SHEPHERD'S BUSH,
SOUTH KENSINGTON,
UXBRIDGE ROAD,
VICTORIA,
WESTMINSTER BDG.,
WESTBOURNE PARK,

AND AT ALL PRINCIPAL STATIONS,

To the well-known watering and other places of attraction in the
WEST OF ENGLAND, INCLUDING

Bodmin, Clevedon, Dartmouth, Dawlish, Exeter, Falmouth, Fowey,
Helston, Ilfracombe, Lynton, Minehead, New Quay, Paignton, Pen-
zance, Plymouth, Scilly Isles, St. Ives, Teignmouth, Torquay, Weston-
super-Mare, Bridport, Dorchester, Weymouth, Channel Islands, &c.

TO NORTH AND SOUTH WALES, INCLUDING

Aberystwith, Bala, Barmouth, Bettws-y-Coed, Blaenau Festiniog,
Corwen, Dolgelly, Llandudno, Llangollen, Rhyl, Chepstow, Tintern,
Swansea, Tenby, New Milford, &c.

TO ENGLISH LAKE AND DERBYSHIRE DISTRICT, INCLUDING
Windermere, Furness Abbey, Coniston, Grange, Bowness, Ambleside,
Buxton, and Matlock.

And to Isle of Man, Waterford, Cork, Lakes of Killarney, Dublin, &c.

Passengers holding first or second class tourist tickets to the principal stations in the West of England, can travel by the 11.45 a.m. fast train from Paddington, which reaches Exeter in four hours and a quarter, and Plymouth in six hours and ten minutes; or by the 3.0 p.m. fast train from Paddington, which reaches Exeter in the same time, and Plymouth in five hours and fifty-five minutes. Passengers holding third class tickets can travel by the 1.0 p.m. fast train from Paddington, which reaches Exeter in four hours and a half, and Plymouth in six hours and a half.

Tourists by the GREAT WESTERN LINE—THE BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO THE WEST OF ENGLAND—pass through the most picturesque scenery in Devonshire and Cornwall, extending from Exeter to Plymouth, Falmouth, St. Ives, Penzance, and the Land's End, while the broad gauge carriages, running in the fast express trains to and from the West of England, for which they have been specially built, are the FINEST RAILWAY CARRIAGES IN ORDINARY USE IN THE KINGDOM.

Holders of tourist tickets are allowed to break their journey at several stations en route, and visit at their leisure places of interest in the vicinity. The holders of ordinary tickets between London and Exeter and places beyond are also allowed, both in summer and winter, to break their journey at Bath, Bristol, Taunton, or Exeter, and proceed the next day, an arrangement which conduces largely to the comfort of invalids and others, to whom a lengthened railway journey is objectionable.

FAMILY CARRIAGES (with lavatories and other conveniences) containing compartments for servants, can be engaged on payment of not less than four first class and four second class fares. Application for these carriages should be made to the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington, some days before the proposed date of the journey, in order to prevent disappointment.

For particulars of the various circular tours, fares, and other information, see the Company's Tourist Programme, which can be obtained at the stations and booking offices.

H. LAMBERT, General Manager.

PADDINGTON STATION, March, 1888.

SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

ROYAL MAIL AND SHORT SEA ROUTES :
 FOLKESTONE AND BOULOGNE;
 DOVER AND CALAIS; DOVER AND OSTEND.
 NINE CONTINENTAL SERVICES DAILY.

TERMINI IN LONDON :

CHARING CROSS } AND { CANNON STREET
 (WEST END) } { (CITY).

LONDON AND PARIS IN EIGHT HOURS,
 BY SPECIAL EXPRESS, DAILY.

Fixed Hour Services, *viâ* Folkestone and Boulogne, saving
 in distance twenty-eight miles; sea passage, seventy-five minutes.
 ALSO BY

MAIL TRAINS AND PACKETS,
viâ Dover and Calais,
 IN NINE HOURS.

*Brussels, Cologne, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Munich, Naples, Turin,
 Venice, Rome, Brindisi, Marseilles, and most of the Chief Continental
 Cities and Towns, with equally quick travelling.*

THROUGH TICKETS ISSUED AND BAGGAGE REGISTERED,
 THROUGH RATES FOR ORDINARY PARCELS AND MERCHANDISE,

by passenger (*Grande Vitesse*) trains, under the direct sanction and control
 of the South-Eastern and Northern of France Railway Companies. The rates
 include all charges for shipping, landing, &c. (customs duties excepted), at
 the respective ports and delivery at either end (within the usual limits).

Parcels forwarded by this service from London in the afternoon are deliv-
 ered the following day in Paris, where the customs examination takes
 place, thus avoiding any detention at the ports.

Parcels are also forwarded by this route to all the principal towns on the
 Continent, and from all the principal towns in the north of England and
 Scotland, and *vice versâ*.

Special through tariffs for bullion and value parcels to and from Paris,
 Belgium, Holland, &c., including all charges for shipping, customs formalities,
 &c., are also in operation.

Rates for insurance of value parcels, such as plate, jewellery, deeds, &c.,
 &c., against sea and all other risks.

Books of these tariffs complete on application

The SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY COMPANY, by special appoint-
 ment by the General Post Office, convey the MAILS FOR THE CONTI-
 NENT, INDIA, CHINA, and the COLONIES, *viâ* the MONT CENIS
 and BRINDISI. Through tickets are issued to passengers for the principal
 cities and towns in—

BELGIUM,	AUSTRIA,	RUSSIA,
SWITZERLAND,	GERMANY,	ITALY, &c.

AGENCY—PARIS.....	Capt. Gye, R.N., 4, Boulevard des Italiens.
„ BRUSSELS..	Mr. E. Uytborck, 46, Montagne de la Cour.
„ COLOGNE ...	Mr. E. Uytborck, 1, Friederich Wilhelm Strasse.
„ BOULOGNE	Mr. Henry Farmer, Quai Chanzy.
„ CALAIS.....	Mr. C. Zwinger, Railway Station.
„ OSTEND	Mr. E. Uytborck, No. 1, Rue St. Georges.

See TIME BOOKS, to be had on application.

MYLES FENTON, *General Manager.*

Great North of Scotland Railway.

TO TOURISTS.

1.—The Great North of Scotland Company's Route to INVERNESS and the NORTH OF SCOTLAND is *viâ* ABERDEEN and ELGIN.

Between Aberdeen and Elgin Passengers have the choice of Travelling by three ways, *viz.* :—

- (1) *Viâ* the Moray Firth Line, *i.e.*, by Grange, Portsoy, Cullen, Buckie, and Fochabers. This is an attractive coast route.
- (2) *Viâ* Keith, Dufftown, Craigellachie, and Rothes.
- (3) *Viâ* Keith and Mulben.

Aberdeen is reached from London—

- (a) BY THE WEST COAST ROUTE—From Euston (London and North-Western Railway) Station to Carlisle; thence by Caledonian Railway to Aberdeen, *viâ* Stirling and Perth.
- (b) BY THE EAST COAST ROUTE—From King's Cross (Great Northern Railway) Station to York; thence by North-Eastern and North British Railways, *viâ* Durham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Berwick-on-Tweed, Edinburgh, Stirling, and Perth; thence by Caledonian Railway to Aberdeen.
- (c) BY THE MIDLAND ROUTE—From St. Pancras (Midland Railway) Station to Carlisle; thence by North British Company's "Waverley Route" to Edinburgh, and thence to Aberdeen, *viâ* Stirling and Perth.

N.B. — Between Edinburgh and Aberdeen, Tourists can travel by the North British Company's Forth Ferry, and Tay Bridge Route, *viâ* Granton, Burntisland, and Tay Bridge, thence to Aberdeen.

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Cork and Muskerry Railway.

DIRECT ROUTE TO BLARNEY CASTLE.

On WEEKDAYS, trains leave the Cork Terminus at 8 a.m., 10 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 3.30 p.m., and 5.30 p.m.

Returning from Blarney at 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2.30 p.m., 4.30 p.m., and 6.30 p.m.

On SUNDAYS, trains leave Cork at 10 a.m., 12 noon, 2 p.m., 4 p.m., and 6 p.m.;

Returning from Blarney at 11 a.m., 1 p.m., 3 p.m., 5 p.m., and 7 p.m.

During the months of June, July, August, & September, late Evening Trains will be run to and from Blarney, on Week-days and Sundays.

For additions and alterations, see Time Tables, to be had at all stations.

Return Fares: First Class and Saloon, $1\frac{1}{2}$; Third Class, $-\frac{10}{10}$

Visitors to the Castle and Grounds can obtain admission tickets at Blarney station on production of this company's tickets, at 3*d.* each. Holders of other tickets will be charged 6*d.*

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Chloride of sodium	30	Chloride of sodium	25
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Carbonic acid, 3 grains; oxygen and nitrogen in minute proportions.		Sulphuretted hydrogen	1'144
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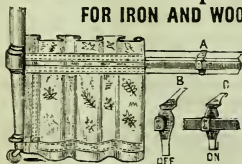
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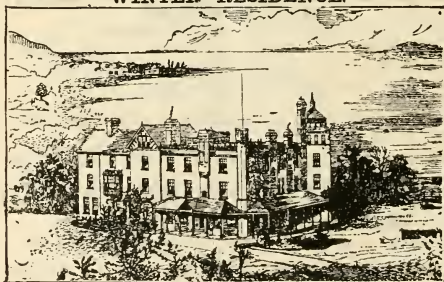
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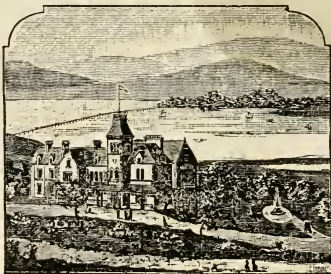


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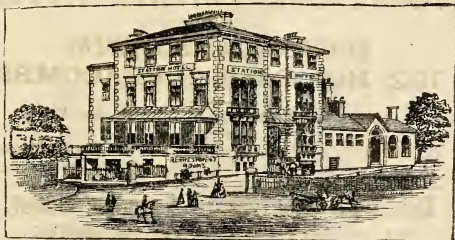
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THIS comfortable and commodious house occupies one of the best sites in the town, is close to both the railway stations, within five minutes' walk of the fine ruins of the Cathedral, and within an easy drive of the beautiful and romantic Pluscarden Abbey, and other places of interest in the neighbourhood. It is newly furnished in the best style, and contains suites of Private Rooms, Commercial, Coffee, and Drawing Rooms, large Dining Hall and Stock Rooms, Smoking Room, Billiard Room, and Bath Room, numerous Bedrooms, &c. **HIRING.**

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RESIDENT PHYSICIAN: HENRY DOBSON, M.D., C.M. (Edin.)

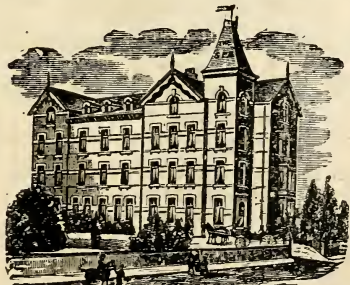
Established twenty-five years ago, and since three times enlarged, Craiglands can now accommodate over 170 patients and visitors. It occupies a superior and sheltered position, possesses beautiful pleasure grounds, an experienced resident physician, most extensive and complete suites of NEW BATHS, magnificent recreation hall for patients in wet weather, a liberal diet, and all the appointments of a first-class sanatorium, together with a MOST REASONABLE AND INCLUSIVE TARIFF. Per week—Patients, £2 7s. to £2 14s.; Visitors, £1 18s. 6d. to £2 5s. 6d.

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
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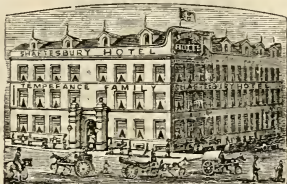
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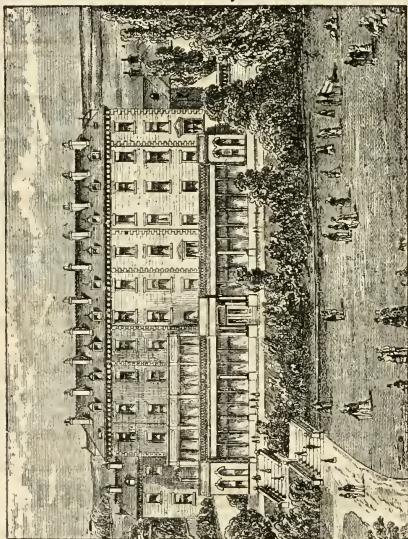
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ESTABLISHED, 1852.

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Founded by the late John Smedley upwards of thirty years ago, this establishment has gone on increasing until, from an origin the most insignificant, it has become one of the largest in the kingdom.

The Turkish and Russian Baths are specially adapted, in ventilation and management, to the requirements of invalids, and the diet, meal hours, and general arrangements of the house have special regard to the same, without being unnecessarily restricted.

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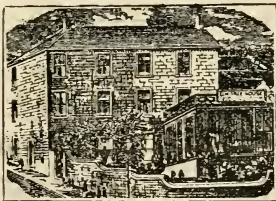
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Omnibus and Porter meet all Trains.

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THE house has a MAGNIFICENT VIEW of the GERMAN OCEAN easy access to unrivalled firm sandy beach; the air pure and bracing; SUITABLE AS A WINTER RESORT. Temperature, $6\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahrenheit warmer in winter than inland, and $6\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ cooler in summer.

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
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Opposite the Station Arrival Platform.

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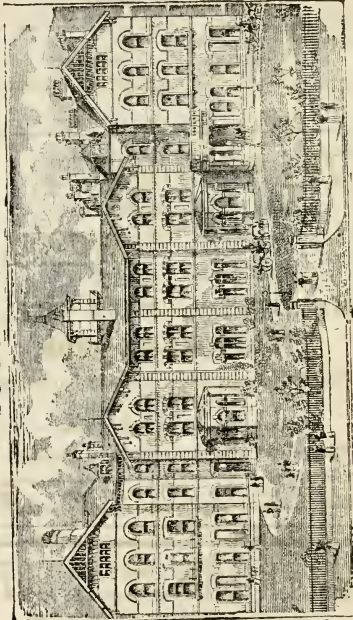
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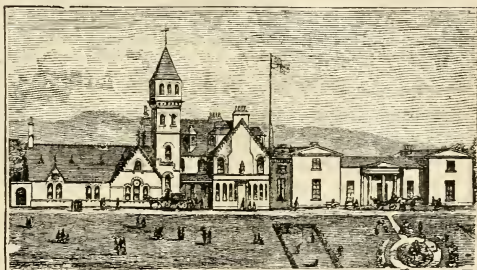
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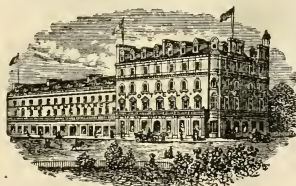
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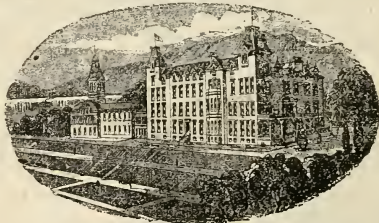
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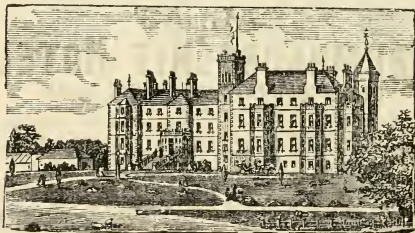
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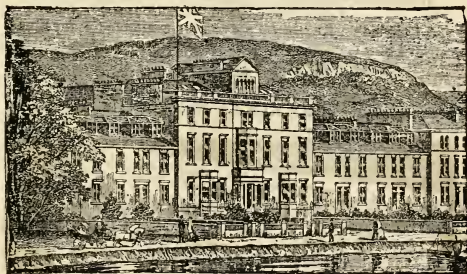
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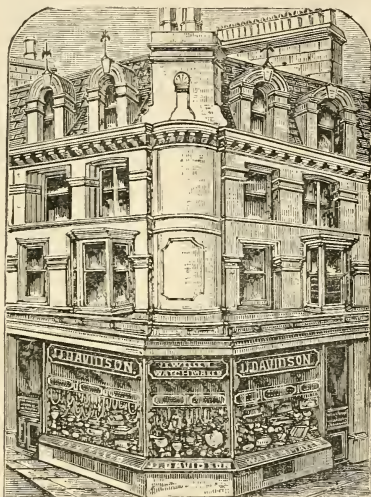
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