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THE ISLE OF MAN.



CASTLE RUSHEN, ISLE OF MAN.

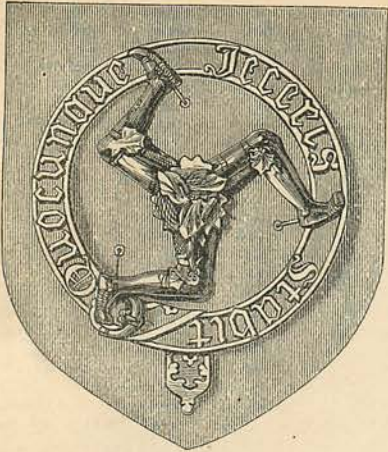
TH**ERE** is a patch of land in the stormy Irish Sea called the Isle of Man, about which many traveled and untraveled Americans know scarcely more than its name. On a sunny day the highlands of Ulster, in Ireland, and of Galloway, in Scotland, are visible from its western shore, and from the summit of Snaefell Mountain busy little England is seen fretting in the golden haze far across the sea. It is not much greater than Staten Island in area, and an ambitious Californian might look upon it as a fair-sized ranch. But small as it is—a mere speck on the map of Great Britain—it has a government of its own, with a House of Parliament, a people infused with noble blood, and a thrilling and eventful history. Hawthorne found it out while he was a consul at Liverpool, and has praised it in the

delicious prose of his *English Note-Books*; Scott gathered material for *Peveril of the Peak* from its romantic scenery and legends; and Wordsworth commemorated a visit to it in a sonnet. But it is not in these few literary associations that its chief interest lies. The history of its varied fortunes and the ancestry of its superstitious people have a peculiar interest, dating as they do from the thrilling age when the Norsemen were mighty in the West.

In its greatest length the island measures about thirty-three miles, and in its greatest breadth about thirteen. Its circumference is seventy-five miles, excluding the sinuosities of the bays; and it contains a superficial area of about one hundred and thirty thousand acres, or two hundred and three square miles. Enjoying the benefits of the

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MANN ARMS.

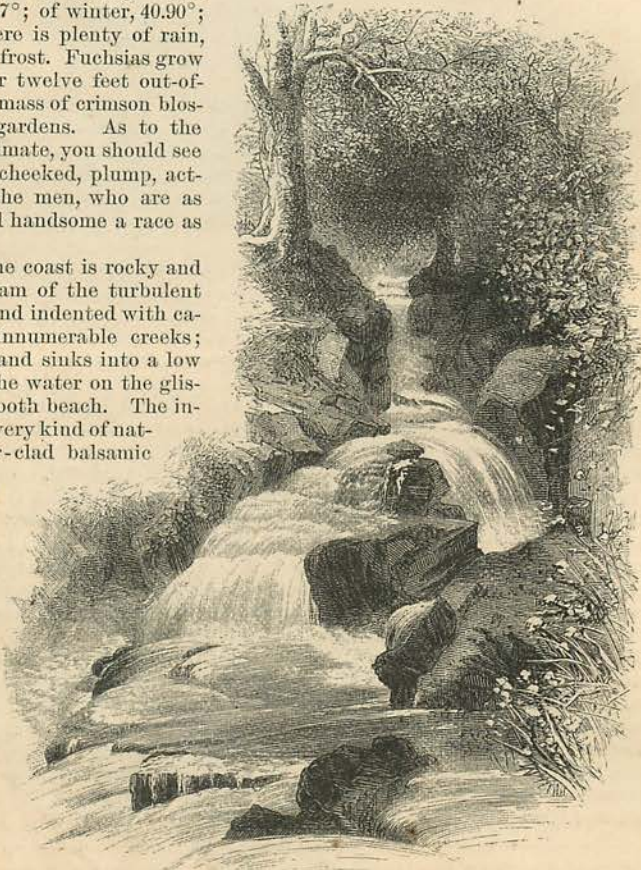
Gulf Stream, the climate is singularly mild and genial, and there are few other places in the world where the difference between winter and summer is so slight. The mean temperature of summer is usually about 56.17° ; of autumn, 46.97° ; of winter, 40.90° ; of spring, 44.70° . There is plenty of rain, but very little snow or frost. Fuchsias grow to the height of ten or twelve feet out-of-doors, and are found, a mass of crimson blossoms, in the poorest gardens. As to the healthfulness of the climate, you should see the native girls, rosy-cheeked, plump, active, and gleeful, and the men, who are as stalwart, muscular, and handsome a race as ever breathed sea-air.

For the most part the coast is rocky and wild, hoar with the foam of the turbulent sea that surrounds it, and indented with capacious harbors and innumerable creeks; but in the north the land sinks into a low pasturage, and meets the water on the glistening pebbles of a smooth beach. The interior includes nearly every kind of natural scenery—heather-clad balsamic hills, plains as richly cultivated as the downs of Surrey, wide reaches of prickly gorse as drear as Yorkshire moors, and the prettiest of cascades. The enchantment of Northern land dwells in its subdued light and on its mist-crowned heights.

An old statute-book relates how a wizard king first ruled in the island, and enshrouded it in vapor. An Irish

glossary written by an old king of Munster corroborates the statement, adding that the wizard was also the best pilot in the west of Europe, and was called Mannan MacLleirr, or the Son of the Sea—a name which he extended, in part, to his kingdom. Cæsar called the island Mona; Pliny, Monabia; Orosius, Menavia; Bede, Menavia Secunda; the Saxons, Mannie; the Welsh, Monan; the Irish, Menand; the Scandinavians, Mon; and the natives still call it Mamin. From all that these eminent ancients have said only one thing is certain, and that has no reference to MacLleirr. The Scots inhabited the island at an early date, and in 520 A.D. a nephew of King Arthur came from Wales and conquered it. Then for many years it was in a tumultuous state, and was successively held by the Scots again, the Welsh, the Northumbrians, and other of the Anglo-Saxon nations.

In 870, when Roderic the Great was King of Mercia, he conferred the sovereignty of the island upon his son Anarant, and it was during the term of the latter that the vikings included it among their conquests.



BALLAGLASS WATER-FALL.



BALLURE BRIDGE.

These old heroes were the victims of lawless and blood-thirsty dispositions, and had withdrawn from their allegiance to Harold Haarfager. The more peaceful and penitently inclined emigrated to Iceland, out of the reach of the offended king, where they established themselves in prosperity and honor. But the others settled nearer home, and occupied the Isle of Man, from which vantage-ground they continued to make things lively for their father-land. Harold was not long in following them. "But when he had come westward as far as Man," says his saga, "the report of his exploits on the land had gone before him; for all the inhabitants had fled over to Scotland, and the island was left entirely bare both of people and goods, so that he and his men made no booty when they landed."

As soon as Harold had retired the vikings returned to the island, and killed an earl to whom he had intrusted the government. A second earl whom the king sent to subdue them was also killed, and his wife and daughter were sold as slaves. The island then became a pirates' lair, and the children of Harold, by condoning the vices of the vikings, managed to hold the throne of Mona for several generations.

In 1263 the island was tributary to Norway, and as the mother country was unable to protect it, it was ceded to Alexander III. of Scotland. Thereupon the ancient armorial bearings of the Kings of Man were erased, and the three armed legs were substituted, with the appropriate motto, *Quo-*

cunque jeceris stabit—"Howsoever you throw it, it will stand."

The Scots had not the strength to hold the island, however, and at the request of the inhabitants Edward I. of England took possession. Edward II. gave it to his favorite, Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, and afterward it fell under the rule of Henry Beaumont. But the warlike Scots were impatient to regain it; and in 1313 an army under Robert Bruce invaded the island, occupying it for the thirteen years following. The Earl of Shaftesbury wrested it from them in 1340, and sold it to the Earl of Wiltshire, whose life and property were sacrificed in high treason committed against his sovereign majesty the king. Henry IV. granted it to the Earl of Northumberland, and it next passed into the hands of the Stanleys (Earls of Derby), who retained it until 1651. In that year the sixth earl was beheaded at Bolton for his adherence to Charles I., and Lord Fairfax was appointed a ruler in Mona. Charles II. restored the island to the Stanleys on his accession, and by them it was transferred to the Dukes of Athol, who voluntarily disposed of the sovereignty to Great Britain one hundred and ten years ago.

The vikings are fishermen now, and all the great treasure steamers from Liverpool sail into the West without a thought or wish of evil toward them. Sleepy villages are perched on the cliffs where once the beacon-fires of the wreckers allured many a goodly ship to her doom. In the bays where the pirates hid themselves fly the white sails of pleasure-boats. So great are the changes wrought by time that even the spell of mist worked by the wizard king has been broken, and the summer has its share of cloudless days. The invaders are not Romans, Picts, Scots, or Scandinavians, but aggressive tourists bearing knapsacks instead of eagles, and walking-sticks instead of javelins. These confront you in nearly every part of the island, and the primitive character of the natives is fast changing under the influence of the town manners which the visitors bring with them. Many of the superstitions have been laughed away, and hospitality has acquired a fair money value. I do not mean to say that there are no more generous hearts and simple minds in Mona. An old fisherman's wife entertained me with flour bread, salt fish, and tea in her hut at Cregy-neesh, and indignantly thrust me out of the only door in the house when the meal was ended because I offered her a shilling. There are not a few honest folks, too, who yet have a steadfast faith in mermaids and fairies.

The island is reached by a line of yacht-like steamers, each with two bright red funnels and two very slanting masts, which sail from Liverpool every afternoon during the



ENTRANCE TO DOUGLAS HARBOR.

summer. The distance is about seventy-five miles, and the somewhat perilous passage across the Channel is usually made in five or six hours. But the sea is persistently boisterous, and has that eminently offensive motion which old travelers call "chopping." It almost invariably rains in the Channel, moreover, and as the saloon will not shelter more than half the passengers, the other half are drenched and made miserable on deck. No land is in sight. The Welsh hills are lost in haze near the estuary of the Mersey, and the drear beach which reaches a little farther is also left behind before the voyage is well begun. Then for five hours there are only the wintry sea and the sullen sky.

The cry of "Land, ho!" at last awakens the passengers from their sickly languor, and brings a ray of hope to many pale faces. Yonder it is—a faint outline on the mist. The steamer tosses for another hour before it is clearly seen, and the rain continues to fall with unabated force. But occasionally a stray shaft of gold pierces the clouds, fringing them with its lustre, and soon the sun struggles through, revealing Mona to us in the glory of her autumn robes. The mist, now whitened to a silvery sheen, drifts in wreaths and masses, resting a while on the uplands, and then gathering densely in some ravine, or soaring toward the highest peaks. Half the island is bathed in the enchanted vapor that steals over it as a pleasant dream over the human sense. The sun falls aslant the nearer land with undimmed effulgence, bringing into clearer view the rich fields of mature wheat, the cool reaches of unparched

verdure, and at length the gray and red walls of the bold coast.

The steamer then glances between two bold promontories into the sapphire water of Douglas Bay, at the head of which is Douglas itself, the principal town, with a canopy of blue smoke lazily floating over its gray houses. The arrival is an affair of no little importance. It brings her Majesty's mails, the Liverpool and London newspapers, and a fresh crowd of visitors to the hotels and boarding-houses. The magnificent stone wharf is thronged with eager faces. Some venturesome ones pull out in small row-boats to greet the new-comers, and a more formal honor is paid to them in a good-will salute fired from a little cannon on the cliff. It is only because Douglas is on an island that this fuss is made over an event that occurs three hundred and thirteen days in the year. Otherwise it would be almost unnoticed.

The old town is on the low ground nearest the shore, and is intersected by incoherent little streets, which are so narrow that two vehicles approaching from opposite directions can not pass, and the occupants of the solid-looking houses might almost shake hands out of their bedroom windows with their neighbors over the way. The houses are as much alike as a row of nine-pins, as uniform as the streets are erratic. They were built for a simple people, earning a frugal living from the sea, and no vain architectural fancies have been lavished upon them. The walls are thick and the roofs warm. They were looking out on the bay and trembling in the wintry blast long before a new town had crept above them on the hill, and these very dormer-windows that stare in perpetual reverie from the deep roofs have often been filled with the anxious faces of fishermen's wives as the herring boats have sailed far out to sea. A chilly effect is produced by their white fronts and dark roofs in the gray light of the afternoon, and they look all the better in the evening, when the lamps glow through the bits of red curtains in the windows.

Compared with its tributaries, the principal thoroughfare is magnificent. It runs across the town from one side of the bay to the other, and is nearest of all to the water. Once its buildings were like those on the other streets, and its only claim to superiority rested in its possession of a few shops. But it has since advanced to the glory of plate-glass show windows, with as fine displays of fashionable millinery and clothing as an ambitious little city could desire. There are also extensive bazars and arcades for the allurements of those tourists who have a weakness for giving inscribed mementoes of the places they have visited to their friends. But Duke Street, with all its fine stores, still remains a mere alley,



DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

with a cobble-stone pavement. Some of the older one-story buildings have stood their ground while the grander ones have been built around them. Its inconvenient compactness gives a small crowd the appearance and force of a large one, and you can not walk through it without the most vigorous pushing and elbowing. At night it is flooded with light from the shops and thronged with loungers. The trade done in pictorial note-paper and wooden spoons marked "A present from the Isle of Man" is enormous. All the purchasers seem to be strangers, and occasionally you may see a salty-looking native, dressed in a pea-jacket and a sou'wester cap, watching them with an expression of mingled contempt and approval.

The southern end emerges in the old Market Square—a lively and interesting scene at all times. On one side stands the Church of St. Matthew, which has been frowning on the vanity of the passing crowd for more than one hundred and fifty years. It was consecrated by Bishop Wilson, whose life was written by Keble, and age has only slightly impaired the strength of its substantial walls. Close by there are several old-fashioned taverns, with cozy bar-parlors, which invite the carnal man to drowse away an hour or two over a long clay pipe and a glass of steaming toddy. A little further on you come to the harbor, which is formed by the embouchure of the river Douglas, and is partly separate from the bay. Two great hills flank it, the one on the farther side covered with the brightest verdure, the other graded into streets and occupied by houses. At low water the pebbly bottom is visible, with the river, white from the flour mills, running through a deeper channel in the middle. A few fishing boats are moored to the wharf, their red sails hanging limply about the masts, and



their weather-beaten crews enjoying an industrious idleness on deck. A schooner or bark from England or Ireland is sometimes moored among others, and under the lighthouse at the end a gallant fleet of row-boats and yachts dazzle the water with the surpassing brilliancy of their paints.

At night the market-place reminds you of Flemish pictures. Its space is filled with stands and lighted with flaring yellow lamps. Here you may see a comely woman—with such a color and such a breadth!—planted before a stall loaded with the most glittering and most richly colored mackerel in the world. Her bright eyes, clear complexion, and picturesque dress—the red shawl jauntily thrown across her magnificent shoulders, the clean blue check apron and homespun brown gown—realize the ideal of a modern viking's daughter. Next to her, before a stand of oysters, is a gray-haired old fellow in sailor's attire calling out his stock in the most persuasive tone. "Fine oysters, fresh oysters, oysters all alive, oy-y-stars kicking! Try them, ladies; try them, gents; a shilling a dozen. Oysters, oysta-r-r-r-s!" Only a few of the tourists who throng the narrow passage are able to resist the appeal, augmented as it is by the tempting samples which are open within their pearly clasps, all ready for the pepper and the vinegar. On another stall a lot of crimson lobsters and crabs invite purchasers; and the next dealer, a fair-haired girl, displays some tender-looking mushrooms, gathered by her own chubby



MANX OYSTERMAN.

hands that same afternoon. In the background stands the old church, the flickering lamps throwing gigantic shadows on its yellow walls, and the taverns, their windows beaming with a hospitable warmth.

When other visitors than occasional officials of the English government and the captains of small coasters began to come to the island, the first stones of the new town were laid on Prospect Hill. Soon afterward terraces of stucco villas, with carriage-drives and gardens in front, dawned on the astonished minds of the old town folk, and yet greater wonders in the shape of modern hotels, with hundreds of rooms and princely furniture. A steamer came from Liverpool daily, bringing an increasing number of passengers each succeeding summer, until the fame of Douglas was spread through the kingdom.

Douglas is the starting-point for tourists to all parts of the island, which can be reached within a day, and it has all the essentials of a fashionable resort. There is a splendid concrete parade, where you may

watch the sea rolling in on the low beach, not in thundering waves, as at Long Branch, but in playful ripples that chase each other like children; an ornamental iron pier reaching several hundred yards in the water of the bay, water of such purity and exquisite colors as you will not see elsewhere on the English coast; handsome boarding-houses and hotels perched on the cliffs among the shady foliage; and the street entertainments of negro minstrels, ballad singers, and acrobats, which form one of the distinctive features of all English watering-places.

A pleasant lane leads to Douglas Head, one of the promontories guarding the entrance to the bay, from which elevation a superb reach of land and water is in view.

It is over three hundred feet above the sea-level, and rises almost precipitously from the water. Lovers have made it a favorite tryst, and dainty parasols blossom unexpectedly out of the secluded nooks torn in the rock. On the opposite headland a smoky chaplet hovers above Onchan village, with its romantic little church—fair Onchan,

“Studding the hill above the glassy bay,
A tiny hamlet bosomed in the skies.”

Inland there are the mountain ranges, and the fertile valley that cleaves the island between Douglas and Peel. A footpath down the hill brings you to the lighthouse on another commanding eminence, and then, by flights of stairs hewn out of the layers of greenish rock, you come to Port Skillion. I never saw a more romantic bathing-place than this is, nor one where a bath could be enjoyed with greater luxury. It is a cool recess in the rocks, cool on the warmest days in summer. The water is intensely green, and so clear with-

al that a small object can be seen fifteen feet below the surface. In the rear there is a row of comfortable dressing-rooms, with neat exteriors, and a wall of concrete partly incloses a bit of shelving beach evenly strewn with lustrous pebbles. Near the middle of the bay is the "tower of refuge" established on Conister Rock for the succor of the shipwrecked by Sir William Hillery, founder of the National Life-boat Institution. Above you impend the frowning cliffs.

But with all its attractions Douglas is not fashionable. A wealthy iron-master from Barrow, or a mill-owner from Manchester, sometimes builds a summer residence there, and in times past it was a little Siberia for profligate sons of gentlemen, who could not behave themselves in England. Families with limited incomes have chosen it as a retreat where they may practice economy without being debarred from social distinctions. But the crowd of visitors who fill the hotels and boarding-houses to overflowing during the summer mostly belong to the lower middle classes. They are foremen mechanics, clerks, and salesmen from Liverpool, Manchester, and the manufacturing districts of North Lancashire and Cumberland, out for a holiday. Their wives, daughters, and sweethearts are quite as pretty as the women of the better classes, with rosier cheeks, I think, and handsomer forms. Full of health and mirth, tasting the pleasure of relaxation from toil for only

one or two weeks out of the whole year's round, their exuberance is sometimes loud to the degree of vulgarity. But what an incomparably jolly, sociable, song-singing, picnicking set they are!

Their day began with an early morning dip in the water, no matter how cold the temperature or how heavy the rain, and then came a prodigious breakfast of mutton-chops, beefsteak, and "kippered" herrings, which were eaten in abundance with immense relish by men and women. There were no headaches or complaints of bad nights' rest among them. All were jolly, talkative, and full of health. After breakfast they divided into fishing and driving parties, taking with them plethoric lunch baskets; and when they returned in the evening they all settled down to rubbers at whist, song-singing, and story-telling until midnight.

About three miles from Douglas there is an antiquated little village which Hawthorne has celebrated. "I never saw any thing prettier," he has written in his *English Note-Books*, "than the little church at Kirk Braddan. It stands in a perfect seclusion of shadowy trees—a plain little church that would not be remarkable in any other situation, but is most picturesque in its solitude and bowery environment." The road lies over the bridge above the marketplace, and through a turnstile path which leads you across some luxuriant fields to the ruins of a nunnery of which St. Bridget was



KIRK BRADDAN.



EXTERIOR OF A MAN'S COTTAGE.

priores. The only part of the building remaining is a wall of the chapel, with Gothic windows and an old bell smothered in ivy; but an ancient writer describes it as one of the finest monastic establishments of Great Britain. The prioress was baroness of the isle, held courts in her own name, and possessed great powers, both temporal and spiritual. Among the grave-stones found on the grounds was one inscribed, "Illustrissima Matilda Filia Rex Mercie," which is supposed to have commemorated the daughter of Ethelbert the Saxon, who died a recluse. Another one was inscribed, "Cartesmunda Virgo Immaculata, A.D. MCCXXX," which is supposed to refer to Cartesmunda, "the fair nun of Winchester," who, flying from King John, here found an asylum, and died in peace. The grounds are now included in the estate of a gentleman who has converted them into a paradise, and the ashes of the pious Sisters blossom again in sweet-smelling beds of the choicest flowers.

After passing the nunnery you reach a bit of a village called Ballaughton. It consists of about half a dozen cottages, with little gardens in front flaming with the prodigal fuchsias that carry their clusters of blossom as high as the bedroom windows. The profuseness of this plant imparts a warmth of color to these small homes which I have never seen equaled. The cottages have that peculiarly English appearance of rusticity the charm of which is plainly felt and not easily explained. It is not found in any refined details of architecture, in which they are far excelled by the villages of France. As nearly as I can come to it, it consists in what a clever American writer has called their mellow tone and homely sincerity. They are not merely shelters for men and women; they impress one as being active participants in human life. The open doors revealing the clean kitchens, with their crockery ranged on shelves reaching to the

beams in the ceiling; the common wooden chairs and tables, rounded and smoothed with age; the old Dutch clock complaining in a corner; the deft little curtains strung across the windows; the grandam seated at the threshold, knitting a pair of thick woolen stockings, and nodding a good-afternoon to the passers-by—what fascination and inspiration there are in these homely

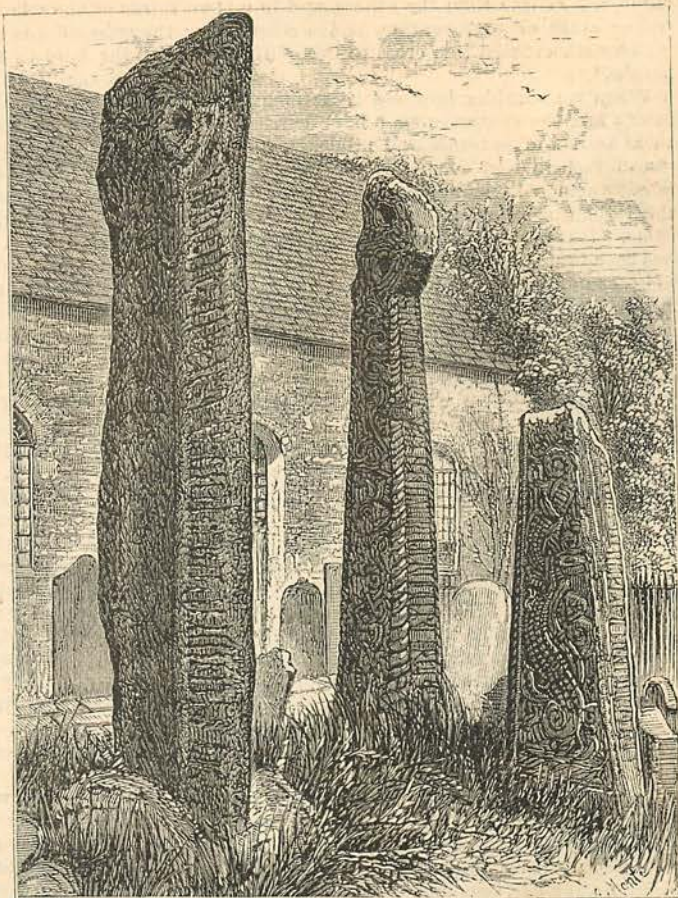
sights! A little farther along the road you come to a stone, hollowed on the upper side, which projects about two feet from the wall in which it is set. This is the "fairy's saddle," and granny will tell you that on moonlight nights it is mounted by a dashing sprite who rides a fiery steed over the moor.

A walk of a few hundred yards under an umbrageous canopy of leaves then brings you to the old kirk. It is set back from the road in a mossy church-yard on the brow of a hill; and as you stand at the gateway, looking at it in its nest of oak and beech, I think that you will agree with Hawthorne, who declared that no description could do justice to its quaint beauty. It has every requisite for an ideal country church. It



GOOD-AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN.

is exceedingly Lilliputian, and is absolutely without other decorations than those that age and time have given. The roof slants so low that a tall man can reach it with his hand, and the mellow walls are broken only by a few narrow arched windows. At the west end there is a square tower, on which are two small bells in open arches, with the date of erection, 1774. The ivy and the lichen have lovingly thrown a decent velvet pall over it, and on one side the humble little sanctuary has sunk below the level of the oozy ground, as though inclined to follow the generation of worshipers that are buried around. A silent company of grave-stones crowd out the living and mark the full harvest of a hundred years. Among these simple monuments



RUNIC STONES, KIRK BRADDAN.

of fishermen and yeomen—most of them thin squares of slate a few feet high—there is a lofty obelisk in memory of the son of John, Duke of Athol; and near to this Henry Hutchinson, Wordsworth's brother-in-law, lies buried, his virtues extolled in an epitaph written by the poet.

The objects of the greatest interest in the church-yard, however, are the ancient sculptured monumental crosses with Scandinavian legends, which are more numerous in the Isle of Man than in any other part of the kingdom. Readers of Mr. Conway's articles on Ilkley are already familiar with their general character. They are vertical stones of a considerable height, decorated with elaborate scroll-work and representations of serpents and various fanciful animals—evidently borrowed from Northern mythology—which are graven on the surface. Most of them are also inscribed with Runic letters; and it is to be supposed from the amount of labor which must have been spent upon them that they were built only to the memory of Norsemen of high degree.

There are seven of these curious stones at Kirk Braddan, and one of them is described by a learned author as being the most thoroughly Scandinavian of all in the island. It is a rectangular pillar cross decorated on three sides with serpents and knot-work. The fourth side bears the inscription, "THURLABR-NEAKI-RISTI-KRUS-THANA-AFT-PIAK-SUN-SIN-BRUTHUR-SUN-EABRS," which, interpreted, means, "Thorlaf Neaki erected this cross to Fiack his son, the nephew (brother's son) of Jabr."* A fragment of another cross, ornamented in the same fashion, stands close by. Upon one of its sides the dragon and serpent device is engraved, and on the other there is a beautiful design of knot-work in panels. The edge is inscribed with Runic characters to the effect that "Ottar erected this cross to his father, Fraka, but Thornborn, the son." A third

* For these facts and much other valuable information the writer is indebted to Mr. James Shimmin and Mr. William Kneale, of Douglas, the latter the author of a popular *Account of the Island*, and an antiquarian noted for his painstaking researches.

stone, less ornate than the others, and in a poorer state of preservation, is inscribed, "Thorstein erected this cross to Ofeig Klinnäsön."

When we consider how old these monuments are, the centuries they have carried their stories of paternal and filial love between fathers and sons, I think we will admit them a little nearer to our sympathies than ashy antiquities are wont to come. It is only of late years that any care has been bestowed upon them. One of them long occupied the place of a door-step at the entrance of the church. Another was used as the stepping-stone of a stile. Yet they survived this vandal desecration, as they survived the storms and changes of seven hundred years. The waves of time have scarcely worn a knot out of the intricate tracery of their panels, and the warm hearts of the rugged old Norsemen, so long ago extinct, are vindicated in the simple Runic letters.

The church is dedicated to St. Brandon (Brandinus, or Brandanus), an abbot and confessor, who died in the Isle of Man in the eleventh century. He was created a bishop in 1025, and was also much honored in the Hebrides. The present edifice is only a year older than the Declaration of Independence, but the site has been occupied by a church since 1291, in which year thirty-six canons were enacted by a synod there assembled.

There are three ways of seeing the island. The quickest and cheapest is by the recently constructed narrow-gauge railroad. The most popular is by wagonette, a sort of civilized jaunting-car, accommodating from four to eight persons, which can be hired, with the driver, for twenty shillings (five dollars) a day. The best is by walking, and the occasional use of the railroad between unimportant points. The requisites are a fair degree of endurance, a stout pair of boots, and a water-proof overcoat, the latter being especially indispensable, as scarcely a day passes without the blessing of rain. It was thus that I traveled, and I think I saw much that the ordinary tourist misses.

I started out in a northwesterly direction from Douglas to Peel, following for two miles the road leading to Kirk Braddan. Thence we were in a valley of small farms for the rest of our journey. Prior to the re-investment of the sovereignty in the British crown, agriculture was greatly neglected, and the exertions of the peasantry were devoted to smuggling and the herring fisheries. But since that event a decided improvement has taken place, and the best methods of cultivating lands have been adopted. The holdings are very small, and though some include two hundred acres, the greater number consist of not more than a hundred, or a hundred and fifty. About

two-thirds of the whole island are productive; the remainder is sterile and neglected. Some of the land in the south resting on limestone is said to be equal to the best in England, and in the north large quantities of marl are found, which possesses highly valuable chemical properties.

Mines of lead, iron, and copper are worked extensively at four places, and the export of these minerals affords a considerable part of the insular income. The lead mines in general yield a mixed ore, two-thirds *blende*, and one-third lead, in a ton of which there are from seventy-five to one hundred ounces of silver. Quarries of lime, marble, and granite are also worked on a moderate scale at Foxdale, Scarlett, and Ballasalla.

At the beginning of the eighth century the population consisted of about three hundred families, and in 1861 it had increased to fifty-two thousand. Not a few of the people are descended from the Scotch and Irish immigrants of centuries ago; but the pure-blooded Manx are in a majority. They are jealous of foreigners, and in some remote villages in the mountains and on the coast they intermarry among themselves. In manner they are stolid and reserved, suspicious of questionings, and more disposed to listen than to answer. They are very temperate in the use of strong drinks, and are well-educated and intelligent. Since the year 1703 they have had a complete system of compulsory education.

One of the earliest written laws was directed against drunkenness. "At the Tinwald Court holden on the 24th June, 1610. It is by general consent proclaimed that as oft as any man or woman shall be found drunk hereafter, the party soe offending, if not of ability to pay a fine, shall for the first time be punished in the stockes, the second time to be tyed to the whipping-stockes, and the third time to be whipped therein."

The Manx jealousy of alien settlers is shown in a law which enacts "that all Scotts avoid the land with the next vessel that goeth into Scotland, upon paine of forfeiture of their goods, and their bodies to prison." This spirit of *clannishness* even went so far as to proscribe the emigration from the island of all unmarried men and women, under twenty-five years of age, who had not served seven years at labor. But except in this instance the Manx community enjoyed the utmost political freedom under the most effective and least burdensome restraints of morality.

The language, which is used in conversation by the peasantry and in some of the legal formulas, is one of the six dialects of the Celtic, expanded by the Icelandic and old Norse. Manx scholars are fond of expatiating on its melody, harmony, and copiousness; but Bishop Shirley did not think so much of it, and declared it to be "an



ST. TRINION'S CHURCH.

unmitigated portion of the curse of Babel." The native literature is meagre, consisting of several legendary ballads of considerable length, political and satirical songs and carols or carols, translations of the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, portions of *Paradise Lost*, several theological works by Bishop Wilson, and hymns by Watts and Wesley.

English is generally understood, and is spoken with a dialect something like that of the characters in *A Princess of Thule*. Was is pronounced wass; indeed, 'teet; far, fair; great, grade; mother, mawther; and devil, tivvil. A visitor was told by a native scholar that in the translation of *Paradise Lost* all the nonsense of the original had been suppressed. "Teet there's a dale of nonsense in the English pome," he added. "I mane the foolish tales about Adam and Eve coortin', and such like. There's none of that nonsense in Manx pote-ry—no, in-teet. A dale of Milton's *Paradise Lost* is nauthin' in the world but thrash. The Manx translation is far shoo-pay-re-er—per-ticklerly those parts of the pome telling about the fights between the tivvils and the anchels—yes, in-teet. Ay, man, it's ray-ly wun-thir-ful—it's grand—its grand un-common!"

The island does not form part of the realm of Great Britain, and has its own legislature, laws, and courts of justice; but it is a part of the dominions of the Crown. Its government is composed of the Queen in

Council, a Lieutenant-Governor, and the House of Keyes. The Lieutenant-Governor is appointed by the Queen, and members of the House of Keyes are elected by the people. The principal courts of law are the Chancery, the General Jail Delivery, the Exchequer, the Common Law, the Seneschal's, the Consistorial, and the High Bailiff's. The staff of government and the Queen in Council possess appellate jurisdiction, and for judicial purposes the island is divided into two districts, with a deemster or judge appointed by the Crown for each. These districts are subdivided into sheadings, over each of which is a coroner, who unites in his person the duties of an English constable and sheriff.

To come back to the road, from which I did not intend to wander so far. The day fulfilled the promise of the morning, and I think I was overtaken by only four separate showers in course of two hours. Several wagonettes dashed past, loaded with merry-makers, who seemed indifferent to the rain, as, indeed, all must be who would see the Isle of Man.

Four miles from Douglas I came to Crosby, a road-side village of picturesque cottages, with gardens in front of each. A bevy of barefooted little maidens advanced, offering baskets of mushrooms for sale. Not disposing of which, they modestly retired, without even asking for a penny. It was surprising how few beggars I encountered, and how few signs of poverty. The small-

est cottages were in an excellent state of repair, and the inmates were dressed in substantial and comfortable woollens.

In a grassy field on the right-hand side of the road are the remains of St. Trinion's Church, which was built to the memory of a Pictish bishop hundreds of years ago. I have lost faith in ruins as a general thing, and think them rather disappointing; but St. Trinion's realizes all one's ideas of what a storm-battered, time-eaten old sanctuary should be. It is in a meadow, as I have said—a meadow sprinkled with drops of golden buttercups and snow-flake daisies, and the meadow is at the foot of a mountain. When it was perfect it was about seventy feet long by twenty-five feet broad, but it has not such magnificent proportions now, and the ghosts of all those worshipers who have been baptized and married in it, and are dead, must be crowded for room. The walls at the eastern side are crumbled out of sight, and their dust is cloaked in moss, ivy, and ferns. Only the moist stones at the western end and a part of the northern wall remain, with a voiceless little belfry above them. The roof went long ago, and the story of some marvel-lovers is that there never was a roof at all; in fact, that a mischievous fairy, called the *baggane*, amused himself with tossing it to the ground, with a loud laugh of satisfaction, as often as it was put on. The circumstances are related so minutely that they are almost to be believed, and whether the story is true or false, it is a matter of fact that there never has been a roof during the lifetime of the oldest villagers, and that two crusty trees have been growing out of the nave so long that they would not pass for middle-aged.

The work of the *buggane* was all the wickeder as the church was built by a pious soul in fulfillment of a vow made during a storm at sea, and it is well for the credit of fairy-land that his sins were atoned for by the good deeds of another spirit, who lives in the traditions of an adjacent field. The field is called *Ye Cheance Rhunt*, and the fairy is the *Phynnoddere*, which means in Manx the "hairy satyr." At one time he was a favorite elfin knight, but he was banished from the court and transformed to a satyr on account of his love for a mortal. His reverses did not sour the native sweetness of his temper, and he haunted the meadow at the foot of the mountain for many years, endearing himself to the people by constant acts of kindness. On retiring for the night the mistress of the house would leave a bowl of provisions on the table for him, and when the family were asleep he would enter the kitchen and quietly eat the food, afterward mending all the broken furniture in the house, and chopping wood for the morning's fire.

One day a gentleman wished to show his gratitude to the *Phynnoddere*, and left a few garments for him in the meadow; but instead of pleasing him, they wounded his feelings by reminding him of his condition. He took up the things, one by one, muttering the while:

"Cap for the head—alas, poor head!
Coat for the back—alas, poor back!
Breeches for the breech—alas, poor breech!"

And throwing them over the mountains into the sea, he disappeared, with a sad cry, never to cross the threshold of man again.

As I made my way back to the road I called for some milk in one of the cottages,



TINWALD HILL AND ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.



PEEL CASTLE AND TOWN.

where an old lady was seated at her spinning-wheel. I asked her whether the fairies had been about lately, and she looked at me suspiciously for a few minutes before gravely answering no. "But," she quickly added, "I ton't mane to say that there be nōne; no, inteet. But it is terrible long cinct wan came anear to me; yes, inteet; ant ta boggane it is in the mountain under the gorce it is." She blessed me as I left her, and fell to crooning an old Manx love-song, as the silky wool sped into the strong fabric:

"For Jurly plain, O Mylechavane,
You left me alone in the glen;
For better or worse there is gold in your purse—
Gold pieces, two hundred times ten."

Two miles further on I entered Glen Helen, walking as far as the Rhinneas Waterfall, which tumbles thirty feet over a rocky ledge; and then I came back to the main road, and continued my journey to St. John's. On a greensward there is an artificial mound of earth called Tinwald Hill,* from which the Norwegians proclaimed the law of the land a thousand years ago. It is about ten feet in height, eighty yards in circumference, and is encircled by three receding terraces cut in the sides, with a small flight of steps leading to the summit at the eastern point. The old custom is still in force, and all new acts passed by the legislature are there promulgated on the 5th of July in each year. The day is a general holiday, and the people come in thousands from all parts of the island. Divine services are

first held in an adjacent church, and the Lieutenant-Governor then occupies a chair within a tent on the summit of the mound, the members of the House of Keyes being seated on the terraces around. The ceremonies are thus prescribed by statute:

"Our Doughtfull and Gracious Lord, this is the Constitution of Old Time, the which we have given in our Days, how ye should be governed on your Tinwald Day. First, you shall come thither in your Royall Array, as a King ought to do, by the Prerogatives and Royalties of the Land of Mann. And upon the hill of Tinwald sitt in a Chaire, covered with Royall Cloath and Cushions, and your Visage to the East, and your Sword before you, holden with the point upward: your Barrons in the third degree sitting beside you, and your beneficed Men and your Deemsters before you sitting; and yourn Clark, your Knights, Esquires, and Yeomen about you in the third Degree; and the Worthiest Men in your Land to be called in before your Deemsters, if you will ask any thing of them, and to hear the Government of your Land and your Will; and the Commons to stand without the Circle of the Hill, and the 3 Reliques of Mann there to be Before you in Your Presence, by three Clerks in their Surplisses. And your Deemsters shall make call in the Coroner of Glanfaba; and he shall call in all the Coroners of Mann, and their Yards in their Hands, with their weapons upon them, either Sword or Axe. And the Moares, that is, to witt, of every Sheading. Then the Chief Coroner, that is, the Coroner of Glanfaba, shall make affence upon Paine of Life and Lyme, that noe Man make any Disturbance or Stirr, in the Time of Tinwald, or any Murmur or Rising in the

* The word Tinwald is derived from *Thing*, signifying in the ancient language of the North a popular assembly; and similar mounds exist in Scotland and Iceland.

King's Presence, upon Paine of Hanging and Drawing. And then shall let your Barrons and all others know you to be their King and Lord, and what Time you were here you received the Land as Heir-Apparent in your Father's Days."

One part of the above is no longer observed, that of the clerks bearing the "Reliques," and there is no positive information as to what the Reliques were. Two battles have been fought on the surrounding ground, and a cone-shaped mountain to the south is stained crimson with the blood of witches who were rolled down its steep sides in spiked barrels.

The next town in my itinerary was Peel, which is on the western coast, a few miles north of Douglas. When the contraband trade flourished it was a place of some importance, but all its little wealth is now derived from the herring fishery, which employs four thousand men and boys. Like Douglas, it is sheltered in a semicircular bay, and the coast to the north and south is pitilessly stormy. Red sandstone from the cliffs has been largely used in building, and it imparts a warm tone to the quaint houses in the straggling streets. About half a mile distant there are some sea-worn caves, near a beach strewn with agates, jaspers, and carnelians. But the prettiest and most romantic part of Peel is its little harbor. You read about the morbid impulse of people to throw themselves from the highest gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral, so fascinating is the awful height. I fancy that a young or an old boy strolling here from day to day would succumb to an impulse to run away to sea. Sitting on one of the mooring-posts, I caught myself furtively watching the captain of a fishing boat, and waiting for a chance to steal on board and stow myself away. It is like the harbors that I pictured in my mind's eye when I read the stories of Captain Marryat and W. H. G. Kingston. There is activity without dust or fretting, or noisy teams or sweating men. It is the illimitable sea itself, with its briny scent, not the flavorless water of a mountain stream, that undulates against the bulkheads. The men are chatting about wind and weather, watching the clouds and the barometers in a good old-fashioned way, instead of putting their trust in blatant steam-boats. There is no telegraph to herald the approach of vessels twenty-four hours before they can arrive. The women go to the headlands to look for their husbands' boats, and when the clouds are black their hearts sink with the sun.

They are all fishermen in Peel. The old wharf is speckled with their blue Guernsey shirts. Their bearded faces are ruddy with the tint of the west wind. I saw, too, a baby maiden, not more than five summers old, in the full bloom of a fisherwoman—a dainty

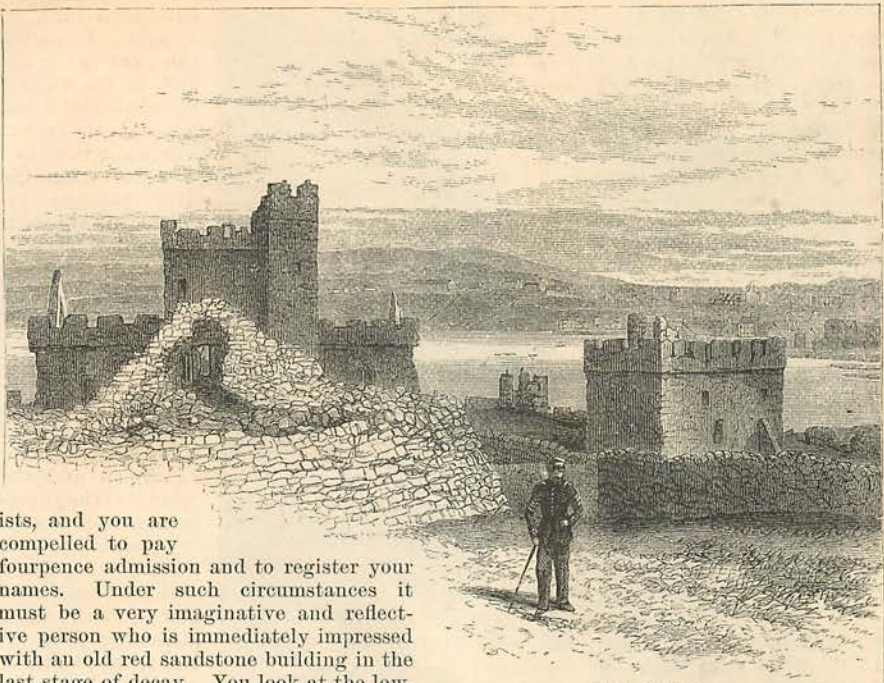


FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

little thing, dressed in a striped petticoat, a woolen gown and hood, coming from her father's boat with a basket of herrings for dinner. All the children are as fresh and as wild as water-sprites. As I sat by the beach I saw three four-year-olders in a crazy old dory capsizing themselves for fun, and swimming to the shore. Two others were trying with all their might to lose themselves in a pair of sea-boots.

The event of the afternoon is the departure of the boats. They are stanch-looking sloops, of great beam, painted black, and numbered. One by one they glide from their moorings in the harbor into the bay. The brown sails are loosely spread until they pass the breakwater, when the breeze nestles in the folds, and they sweep into the gray space beyond Contrary Head. At sunrise they come home again, their decks glistening with loads of herring and mackerel. As the morning sun, breaking between the hills, strikes them, they are transformed into fairy craft, with purple sails, masts of gold, and hulls of silver.

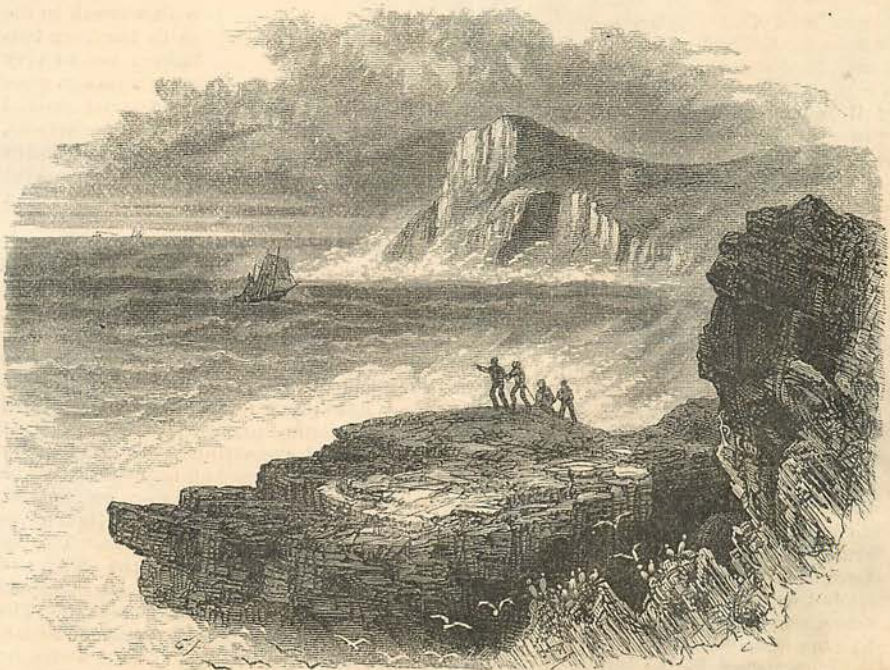
From the end of the wharf a boat ferries you to St. Patrick's Isle, once separate but now connected with the main-land. Here stand the ruins of Peel Castle, which was one of the oldest combined military and ecclesiastical establishments in Great Britain. From the landing you mount some steps hewn out of solid rock leading to a portcullis door, and the guide-book tells you that you ought at once to be moved to "some melancholy reflections by the proofs of former pomp and power and present desertion, decay, and desolation"—well-meaning advice, but impracticable. I was not moved in the least, and I don't think you would be. You are among a crowd of boisterous tour-



PEEL CASTLE.

ists, and you are compelled to pay fourpence admission and to register your names. Under such circumstances it must be a very imaginative and reflective person who is immediately impressed with an old red sandstone building in the last stage of decay. You look at the low, tottering walls, the stones loosely put together, the crumbling arches, and the narrow stairways. The ivy crown that gives to age its greatest lustre has not fallen upon them. They appear freshly and hast-

ily put together. You listen to the rambling record of mixed history and tradition told by the old army pensioner who conducts you through the apartments. You can not



BRADDA HEAD, PORT ERIN.



GLEN MAYE WATER-FALL.

fail to be interested, but you are not impressed. In the bowels of the rock is the barrel-vaulted cell where Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, was confined fourteen years for sorcery; and to the east of a haunted guard-room is the cathedral church of St. Germanus, founded by Bishop Simon eight hundred years ago. This is more like a ruin. It is a small cross church, with a central tower, but without aisles or porches. One of the walls is on the edge of a precipice, and looking through the crevices you can see and hear the waves beating on the rocks beneath. Hence you are taken to Fenella's Tower, and here those who have read Walter Scott's *Peveil of the Peak* are likely to be impressed for the first time. You listlessly follow the crowd through the tilting-yard, the armorer's forge, the grand armory, the round tower, and the sally-port. I confess to the keen sense of disappointment I experienced. The ancient magnificence seemed departed, and the place was like an immense enlargement of a house loosely put together by children at play.

But toward evening, when the tourists

had gone back to Douglas, I visited the castle again, and in the quiet I found all that I had missed in the crowd. The walls were full of mystery, and the dark passages inspired a superstitious dread of every echo; a chill ran through my frame as I sat alone in the prison chamber where the poor lady of Gloucester suffered and died. The tilting-yard rang with the clashing of armor, and the spectre of the guard-room seemed at least a possibility. I sought the damp cathedral again, and saw the light streaming between the transept arches on to a broken tombstone. It did not seem so very many ages ago since the vespers were sung in the choir, and the little altar blazed with warmth in the chilly Northern twilight; not so very many ages ago since

the bishops resting in this moist ground were robbed, and speaking benedictions, while the hoarse challenge of the sentry in the court-yard warned off the temporal foes of his august majesty the King of Man and Earl of Derby.

After rambling through the apartments I came to a high point in the inclosure of the castle walls which was carpeted with soft grass; and here I sat to watch the sun set. The air was very clear, and I could see a cloudy ridge of mountains in Ireland beyond the channel. The water in the near distance was a light green, farther off, a blue, and still farther, subdued to a gray. The high coast of the island was visible as far as Contrary Head, where it turned off to the north. The sandstone and slate cliffs were red, yellow, and purple—the perfect colors themselves without any intermediate tints. Two or three boats were cruising in the offing, and away at sea a steamer bound from Liverpool to Dublin was laboring in the trough. The town lay quietly under the arms of the castle, a puff of hot smoke hovering above it; and presently I could see the outer lines of



SUGAR-LOAF ROCK, NEAR THE CALF OF MAN.

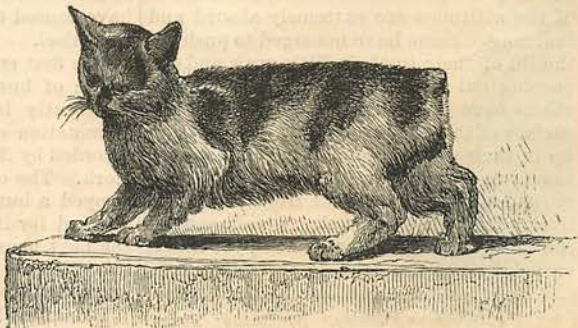
the little sandstone houses rimmed with fiery gold. As the sun came nearer the western horizon a flood of the ruby light poured through the narrow streets and over the roofs, spreading at last to the old fortress and breathing its passion on the smitten walls. The night came down with a frosty wind, and the water moaned sadly against the precipice. A few lamps flickered on the wharf, and the cliffs loomed nearer, until they inclosed the town and the castle in the awful blackness of their mantle.

From Peel I went to the south of the island, visiting the cascade in Glen Maye *en route*, and following the line of the coast, which increases in rugged grandeur. A walk of about ten miles brought me to Port Erin, a romantic fishing village set back in an extensive bay, and guarded by two magnificent promontories, called the Cassels and Bradda Head. From the latter a fine view is obtained of the "Calf," a tiny islet separated from the main-land at the southernmost point by a narrow channel, through which the sea surges with tremendous force in the calmest weather. It is about five miles in circumference, and is girt by a belt of dislocated rocks tumbled together in savage confusion. The cliffs on the southern side rise four hundred feet above the sea-level, and are surmounted by a double light-house, which

is usually sighted by the steamers sailing between Liverpool and America.

Descending from the headland I crossed the pebbly beach, and climbed the steep hill at the opposite side of the bay. For a short distance there were some shabby cottages near the foot-path. But as I mounted higher I entered a desolate tract of bristling gorse, only inhabited as far as I could see by an idiot girl and some mountain goats. During a shower I sought shelter in a deserted house situated in a field of stunted oats, which lived to shame the land. As soon as the blue came through the clouds again I continued to ascend until I reached the crest of the hill, and could glance down on the wondrous beauties of the pastoral valley and the rock-bound coast. I sat for a while within a circle of white stones, supposed to have been formed by the Druids, and then I went down on the opposite slope to the village of Creg-y-neesh.

It is in the valley of a foot-hill, and is the most primitive settlement in the island. The population consists of about six pure-blooded Manx families, with longer pedigrees than many English nobles can boast. Their homes are in six rude huts standing within detached fences, and looking down upon the sea. The outer walls are covered with fish in process of curing, which also fill several rows of barrels, and impart an unsavory pungency to the atmosphere. All the men were at sea when I arrived, and the women were washing and spinning. In one of the cottages I staid to tea with a brawny fisherman's wife over six feet high. There was only one room in the house. The fire-place was several feet high and wide, with a little mound of peat smouldering in the grate. The floor was the earth without any covering. A deal table was laid out in the simplest style for my entertainment; and as I sat by the fire, fondling one of the tailless Manx cats, and watching my hostess blowing the slow fuel into a blaze, it seemed as if I had got back into another age. The sunken window was so small that it kept the room in perpetual twilight. The tick of the old clock on the shelf, the purr of the



MANX CAT.

cat, and the splutter of the fire as the bellows sighed upon it, were the only sounds that broke the silence.

The food consisted of bread without leaven, salt fish, and tea. While I was eating, the woman brought out her spinning-wheel and showed me a pair of trowsers of her own weaving. They could afford to buy few new clothes, she told me, and all the things her husband wore, cloth included, were of her own making.

Near Creg-y-neesh the grandeur of the coast culminates. The cliffs are torn into chaotic forms, and the sea breaks upon them in a white fury. At the "Chasms" they are separated by six wide vertical fissures, nearly three hundred feet deep, extending about one hundred feet inland. If you have a good head, you may clamber down to one of the ledges, and listen to the sea and the wind booming in the rock-groined caverns below you. Some of the smaller masses of rock appear suspended in the very act of falling, and even the larger ones are so nicely poised that a touch of the hand might be expected to upset them. Under the lee of the "Chasms" there is a pinnacle rising

from the water, called the "Sugar-loaf," on which countless marine birds rest, and add their shrill cries to the general clamor, and beyond this there is a world of sea and sky without a boundary.

I must leave the reader here. My space will not allow me to ask him to follow me farther; but if what I have written induces him to spend a few days in the Isle of Man during his next vacation abroad, I can promise him that he will find more of the picturesque element than I have had the power to embody in this article. He will find in Castletown and Castle Rushen one of the quaintest towns and one of the noblest fortresses that have survived modern improvements. A drive through Sulley Glen and over Snaefell Mountain will lead him to Ramsey, a pleasant little watering-place; and a few miles from Ramsey he will pass over the Ballure Bridge to the Ballaglass Falls. The scenery, as I have said, is of the most varied kind. The rivers offer abundant sport, and from an antiquarian point of view there is not a richer spot in the United Kingdom than this fair little island in the Irish Sea.

CARICATURE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

MR. ROBERT TOMES, American consul, a few years ago, at the French city of Rheims, describes very agreeably the impression made upon his mind by the grand historic cathedral of that ancient place.* Filled with a sense of the majestic presence of the edifice, he approached one of the chief portals, to find it crusted with a most uncouth semi-burlesque representation, cut in stone, of the Last Judgment. The trump has sounded, and the Lord from a lofty throne is pronouncing doom upon the risen as they are brought up to the judgment-seat by the angels. Below him are two rows of the dead just rising from their graves, extending to the full width of the great door. Upon many of the faces there is an expression of amazement, which the artist apparently designed to be comic, and several of the attitudes are extremely absurd and ludicrous. Some have managed to push off the lid of their tombs a little way, and are peeping out through the narrow aperture, others have just got their heads above the surface of the ground, and others are sitting up in their graves; some have one leg out, some are springing into the air, and some are running, as if in wild fright, for their lives. Though the usual expression upon the faces is one of astonishment, yet this is varied. Some are rubbing their eyes as if

startled from a deep sleep, but not yet aware of the cause of alarm, others are utterly bewildered, and hesitate to leave their resting-place; some leap out in mad excitement, and others hurry off as if fearing to be again consigned to the tomb. An angel is leading a cheerful company of popes, bishops, and kings toward the Saviour, while a hideous demon with a mouth stretching from ear to ear is dragging off a number of the condemned toward the devil, who is seen stirring up a huge caldron boiling and bubbling with naked babies, dead before baptism. On another part of the wall is a carved representation of the vices which led to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. These were so monstrously obscene that the authorities of the cathedral, in deference to the modern sense of decency, have caused them to be partly cut away by the chisel.

The first cut on the next page is an example of burlesque ornament. The artist apparently intended to indicate another termination of the interview than the one recorded by Æsop between the wolf and the stork. The old cathedral at Strasburg, destroyed a hundred years ago, was long renowned for its sculptured burlesques. On the next page we give two of several capitals exhibiting the sacred rites of the church travestied by animals.

It marks the change in the feelings and manners of men that, three hundred years

* *The Champagne Country.* By ROBERT TOMES. London: 1867. Page 34.