

having the full number of passengers the car or wagonette is registered to carry.

Our first drive was to the great water wheel, "Laxey Wheel."

From the top of the wheel a grand view is obtained of the surrounding country. Through the kindness of the Mining Company visitors are allowed to ascend the wheel at a charge of three-pence each, the money being given to the poor of Laxey parish.

A visit was paid to Laxey Glen Gardens; they are nicely laid out and are entered by a fine avenue of trees.

Two miles and a-half from Laxey we came to Glen Doon. Two or three days before there had been heavy rains, so only the venturesome ones went down the glen, which has several cascades—all very charming. The bridge close to the great fall commands a fine view of the cascade and surrounding scenery.

At the bottom of the glen is the pretty little beach, where we hired boats and rowed to some rocks and caves which were worth visiting. Returning through the glen my younger sister fell in a pool of water, three of the party were lost for an hour, yet in spite of these mishaps all agreed that Glen Doon was very pretty and delightfully romantic. On the way back to Douglas the rain poured in torrents; being attired in tourist costumes, including caps, we were none the worse for a drenching.

Arriving about six, just in time to dress for dinner, after which, seated in cosy chairs before the open window, we related to our fellow-boarders the adventures we had met with during the day. Some one commenced playing pieces from "Pinafore" and "Patience." Gradually my arms stole over my head, true Nurse fashion. I forgot the weariness I had had, listening to the music and watching the gay and brilliant crowd pacing to and fro on the Parade. Thus the first of many pleasant days spent in the Isle of Man came to an end.

The second day we spent in Douglas seeing the town, and wandering through the various streets, Victoria Street being the principal one. The size and character of the buildings, the richness and variety of the goods displayed in its shops are equal to those I have seen in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, or any other large towns. In the afternoon we crossed the harbour in a steam ferry boat to enable us to get to Douglas Head. The Head is always a source of great amusement. Switch-back railway, steam merry-go-rounds, open-air lectures on phrenology, the niggers, each in their own way finding plenty of patrons,

From the Head splendid views may be obtained of the mountains of the island. It is

here where the tired Nurse could spend days together, indulging in day-dreams gazing across the sea; would forget there are such things as duties in Hospitals.

Douglas Head has many legends. Here the fairy gambols were held; and we read that—

"Of old the merry elves were seen,  
Pacing with printless feet the dewy green."

The hours passed away too quickly. The evening we spent at Falcon Cliff. Falcon Cliff is a large pleasure ground, where concerts are held.

The cliff is a considerable height. There is a hoist—exactly like a railway carriage—which ascends and descends, conveying visitors up and down the cliff. One feels rather nervous the first time making the ascent and descent, but soon gets accustomed to the hoist, and prefers it to climbing the numerous steps leading to the cliff.

Third day we drove to Ramsey, a distance of sixteen miles from Douglas.

Ramsey is especially visited by those who come to the island for a quiet resting place.

The town is prettily situated in the centre of a bay of great extent and beauty, and has great facilities for boating, bathing, and fishing. The scenery and walks in the immediate neighbourhood are not surpassed in the island. The promenade has recently been completed.

Sundry ravines and glens run up from the seashore.

Bright, rippling streams run gaily down the mountain sides, leaping over beds of boulder stones covered with the richest green mosses, with here and there a waterfall of surpassing beauty.

There are a great variety of ferns, creepers, and wild flowers growing luxuriantly on the mountain sides. No wonder the Manx population are firm believers of the fairy superstition. Such pretty, romantic places seem fit abodes for fairies.

We spent the whole day at Ramsey, returning rather late. We had a cosy chat, soon saying good night.

Fourth day.—Early rising to bathe. The greater part of the day spent in boating. Having two or three experienced oarsmen amongst our party, we were able to dispense with boatmen, thus allowing our tongues free scope, and many were the merry jests we had at the expense of each other's failure to catch fish.

Fifth day.—We drove to Port Erin, which is about thirteen miles from Douglas. Two headlands stand like sentinels guarding the bay.

For those who delight in a wild mountain walk, an excursion on the edge of the cliff, on the

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