

Manx Notes 678 (2024)

“A VISIT TO PEEL EXPRESSED IN VERSE”
(1896)

Away from Douglas I did steal,
Methought I'd get a glimpse of Peel;
To get there I did take the train,
It jolted much, which gave me pain.
At first we stopped at Union Mills
Where writ up large was “Beecham's Pills,”
The thoughts of these did make me groan
Until the church of Saint Marown
We reached, and passed, and onward sped
Where lofty Greeba reared its head;
But prior to that the train did stop,
And folks at Crosby it did drop.
Who doubtless in that village neat,
Had some friends or foes to meet.
St Trinian's church then hove in sight
Where Goblin gave the tailor a fight,
The demon did the tailor “spooof”
And so the Church has got no roof.
So in this Church no prayers are said,
Where sheep and oxen make their bed;
Nest we pass Greeba Castle and towers,
Noted for Hall Caine, and for showers,
(By showers I mean the golden rain
Of cash that cometh to Hall Caine)
Who writeth much of funny pranks
He says are done by heathen Manx
Next we came to St John,
Some got off, but we went on,
Those who there sallied forth,
Were bound for “Ramsey and the North.”
We were now in sight of Tynwald Hill
A voice cried “Where's your ticket' Bill?”
I had to give up here my ticket,
The engine squealed just like a cricket,
Then we saw the house where the parson does dwell
(The river here has a very bad smell)
A boat building yard then we passed

And then arrived in Peel at last.
The town at first did not impress me much,
The tide was out, and the harbour full of slutch,
It gave off such a beastly stink,
That I quickly left the harbour brink;
And hurried along the harbour quay
And there I saw the open sea.
To go to the Castle I got into a wherry
Thinking that I could cross the ferry,
But there I saw a bridge of planks
Across I dragged my nimble shanks,
Some dozen steps I then ascended,
And to the castle my way wended.
Thinking the ruins would see
A notice said "Plank down three D."
The door was fast, which I think was a sin,
So to the castle I could'nt get in.
Then again on the planks I had to cross,
And a ½d pay to the man who is boss,
I then went to a refreshment
And got a square meal of fish and scouse.
This was all I had in Peel for my dinner,
Perhaps you think that's enough for a sinner.
I then ascended the Creg Malin Cliff,
And of sea breezes got many a whiff;
From the cliff then I came down
And took a stroll right through the town.
I noticed that the principal street
Has a width of just about nine feet;
I think that in this city queer
The land must be extremely dear.
Then I proceeded to the train
And resolved to visit Peel again,
Before I left I had a drink
Now I've told you all I think.
I pray, Mr Editor, you'll print this verse,
It might be better, but it couldn't be worse.
P.S.—In Peel have you got a hearse?
Yours ever, Mary Alberta Purse.

“A Visit to Peel Expressed in Verse.” *Peel City Guardian* 25 April 1896:
[3]d.

Stephen Miller RBV

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