

This letter begins in Sarah's handwriting.

Peel, July 10, 1909

Sarah writes

To Marion,,  
read letter No. 1  
Had a good laugh over Miranda

Dear Everybody,

At last we are settled for a few days, in the Isle of Man. We arrived here Wed. at about the same time we left home two weeks before. After finishing my last letter to you we prepared to disembark and there was a general leave taking of the passengers and we betook ourselves to the custom house, then to the P. A. in Liverpool to mail our letters and by an hour were on the little boat off for the island. Such a ride! There was quite a gale on and we went through it like a shot. Although we did not get sea sick we are hardly over the effects of it yet. Once more on land we had to cross on to the other side. The train reminds me of the ones they have at Silver Lake only a little larger and we were ready to giggle when we glanced at one another.

Harry S. Quine continues:

Sarah got this far with her letter and then turned it over to me to finish. She left us on the train and if I don't do something to get us off we'll be there yet. Well, we rode for over half an hour on a toy railroad through a toy country with toy mountains and toy farms, with quaint thatched houses and white-washed walls, until we got to Peel, our destination. We got off and looked about, but saw no one who knew us, so I did what is usually best in such a situation--asked a police man. He gave us our direction and we trooped off up a little hill. When we got to the top we stood at a triangle of streets. While we were hesitating about which one to take a woman rushed out of a house right in front of us and said "Here you are. I knew I'd know you when I saw you." It was Aunt Harriet and we had arrived.

We have been putting in a great deal of time eating and sleeping and seeing the sights of this wonderful little land, with its narrow streets, its stone houses, its marvelous castles of antiquity that passes farther back than history itself -- into the stone age, in fact -- its fleet of fishing boats, the tourists from all parts of Great Britain, and our own relatives, more and more of whom keep bobbing up for introduction as we go along.

This morning we decided on a walk into the country, -- Sarah, Bess and I -- so away we went, out Patrick St. along well kept roads, smooth as pavement, between rows of green hedges and grass topped stone walls, till we came to Glen Maye, a village with a waterfall over which a lively brook tumbles on its way to the sea. When we got there and had seen the waterfall which though pretty is only a pocket edition of the gorge, the girls went in and paid tuppence each for a cup of tea, and then we sauntered back. Our walk was about seven miles long and we enjoyed every minute of it. Father has come to be a regular Manxman again, The language and the geography all come back to him. You ought to see him and his brother John, a fisherman with a big red beard. Apart from the beard, they look as much alike as twins. The sisters, with whom we are staying, can't do enough for us. They serve tea for us every time we look around, and they stuff us as full of Manx herring kippers, potted herring, fried fresh mackerel and other sea foods as we can be induced to become. All of us are getting fat, even Sarah, and we are all as brown as Indians from the sun, wind and sea air.

Early next week we will make a round of the Island, visiting ancient Rushen Castle at Castletown and going north

into the other end of the Island, to the place where father was born.

We plan to go to Belfast on the boat from Peel next Thursday morning, It is a 2 or three hours voyage. Then we will look around Belfast and see Joseph Lavery. After that we will probably cross over to Glasgow, take a look at Scotland, and proceed to London, from there to depart from Germany. We will not come back here until just before Aug. 4, the day we sail. A sister of father's, who lives in Manchester, Eng., will be here then and we will have one large family reunion.

Everything has gone very finely so far--no seasickness and no accident. We only hope that all the loved ones at home are getting along as happily and as well as we. I also hope that little Harry is well and is a good boy. Tell him father wants him to be good. We certainly miss the little fellow now, and every time we see a little one, we feel half guilty.

A very sad thing happened on the Lake Manitoba, coming over. Two little girls, very pretty ones, about 5 or 6 years old were coming with their parents from their home in Canada to their old home in England. Both were perfectly well when they went on board. But one of the little girls was taken sick soon after we started. The parents and the ship's doctor thought it was seasickness and that all would be well when the voyage was over. But the little one seemed to get worse and worse. Liverpool we were told that the child had convulsions and could not live. Spinal meningitis. The news put a damper on the spirits of a boat load of people who were glad to have an end of a long voyage. We have heard nothing from them since.

This letter is intended to be for Gus and Lena as well, if any of you or either of them can read it. It is not dark here at night until nearly 10 o'clock. Long twilight and beautiful sunsets. I have written two letters to the Times with part of our adventures, so if you watch the paper you may learn more of the news. With love to all we are

The Quines