

Manx Notes 524 (2021)

“I AM A TAILOR THAT WAS BRED
AND BORN IN CHRIST RUSHEN”
(1833)

SIR,—I am a Tailor that was bred and born in Christ Rushen, and for many years stuck very close to the needle, which very much injured my health. A thought struck me some years back to apply for an annual office, that I might, perhaps, make a living in an easier way than having my chin and knees kept so near each other on the farmers’ tables, but, alas! Mr Editor, it was all in vain, although I have seen many other tradesmen popping into office for many years. What do you think could be the reason that a tailor would not be accepted, for I do assure you that I have seen several shoemakers, a weaver, a boat builder, a saddler, a joiner, a cartwright, a drayman, a miller, a common labourer, a wheelwright, and many others getting hold of the white wands; but I believe, Sir, it is of no use complaining until a reform is got round, for if a poor fellow do not get the interest of a dooiny moor, or a big man, it is all over with him, let him do what he likes. But, Sir, I entertain great hopes that a change will take place before July next, and that we will have the same privilege as other countries, in place of our healthy and beautiful little island to be ruled and guided by so few,—I may safely say five or six. But, Mr Editor, since your valuable journal has sinned in the eyes of the lower classes of the people brighter than the Sun, I find that they begin to rouse themselves and are determined to petition, provided the House of Keys do not immediately resign, for such things would not do at this time a-day—for what would you think of a man being put into office and obtaining great interest, and afterwards getting into an office which he might have held for life; but how it happened that he was turned out; I cannot tell, but certain it is that by the influence of a great and mighty dooiny mooar, he has become this very season to be a Commander-in-chief, and though I am a Tailor, they cannot hinder me from thinking and telling the truth. Bannag de row meareu ais olliew shelnaue.

THALEAR E VARRANE.
Beayl Slock, Oct. 17, 1833.

Pseud [signed as “Thalear E Varrane”]. “[Letter to the Editor] To the Editor of *Mona’s Herald*.” *Mona’s Herald* 18 October 1833: [3]d.

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STEPHEN MILLER RBV

