

## REMONSTRANCE OF JACK SCROGGINGS

To the *Mobility*, on their late attack on the Duke of Wellington,

You low minded wretches ! how had you the face, To make such a shameful attack on his Grace ? I cannot imagine what madness has drove ye To act in this way to the Waterloo covey.

To Reform of this kind, I beg leave to demur ; And we better, by far, had remained as we were. Old Jack disapproves of such vagabond freaks, And hopes you may all be pull'd up by the Beaks.

'Tis worthies like you, who, despising all laws, Bring shame and disgrace on an excellent cause ; And, tho' I'm no friend to the Tories, 'tis true, To them, or the Devil, I'd still give their due.

Let them all have clear stage and fair play, if you please But shame on such cowardly weapons as these. If I had my will, I'd soon bring you to rule, And a month at the Threadmill your courage should cool.

My political tenets are pretty well known— A Reformer am I, to the very back bone. With every true Whig I shake hands as a brother ; And I know what one gentleman owes to another.

But you, I'm afraid you are past all rebuke, 'Tis with mud and with stones to be pelting the Duke. 'Vho'er may dispute it, I boldly assert, Your logic is filth and your argument dirt.

And we very well know that this blackguard attack Will be beautiful outs for the Antis to crack. Heavens ! how at these doings the worthies will storm, And call them first fruits of our precious Reform.

In no doubt, poor Lord Grey will be wickedly slander'd,

And those excellent Journals, *The Post* and *The Standard* ; These conservative scribblers will tell us anon, That Russell and Brougham and Grey set you on.

They'll tell us, no doubt, that the fact of the case is, 'Twas Reformers who pelted the King at the Races ; And old Eldon will say, with a visage dejected, These thing he foresew, and had fully expected.

That the' you're commended by bespattering with mud, It will end very shortly, in treason and blood ; And they best way on earth is to keep us in awe, By a system despotic and bayonet law.

And, with questions how Lord Londonderry will bore us ! While Ellen and Cumberland join in the chorus ; And the bishops will pray, in alarm at the King, " May God save our titles, and our excellent King !"

And Peel, with anxiety mark'd on his brow, Will swear there's no safety for honest men now ; At Reform having floor'd each conservative nob, 'e'll all submit to the law of the mob.

Now, 'tis owing to you that the thing is a scandal— That the Tories lay hold of so famous a handle ; And I caution you lads to take care what you're arter, Or, by Jove, you may find you've been catching a tartar ;

As long as the life of Jack Scroggings endures, I've never will sanction proceedings like your's ; And tho' he may sometimes get drunk, I allow ; He will always be first to extinguish a row.

And tho' this Reform breaks a few of our fetters, There's a sort of respect that is due to our betters ; I'm none of your time-serving, mean sons of b—hes But pay that respect to high rank and to riches.

Now, men of the mob, I've address'd you in print, And I hope you will profit by Scroggin's hint ; Don't stir up again any rascally riot, But let Tory and Whig travel forward in quiet.

And if, with such pranks, you won't cut the connexion ; May you soon find a birth in the House of Correction ; For if doings like these are not laid on the shelf, From Reform I'll back out, and turn Ant myself. J. S.

## SHOCKING MURDER NEAR MANCHESTER.

On Friday week, as the labourers of Mr. White, an extensive farmer at Swinton, near Manchester, were proceeding to their work, they discovered a dead body, weltering in blood, in the orchard. It turned out to be that of a young milkman, named James Parkinson, employed by Mr. White. On Thursday he obtained permission to go to Manchester races ; and on his way to the Race Course, in company with two female acquaintances, he was met by Peter Wyche, the son of a wheelwright at Eccles (three miles from Swinton), who jeered at their appearance. Parkinson said he would remember it ; and in the evening, on his return alone, he met young Wyche, who was going to the White Lion, at Worsley, in order to drink success to the cart and the owner ; old Wyche having finished a cart for a Mr. Brownbill, an opulent farmer at Eccles, Parkinson charged him with having plagued his female friends, which the other denied ; Parkinson persisted that he had done so, and a scuffle ensued, in which Parkinson threw Wyche when he kicked and beat him severely, after which he made off to his master's (Mr. White's) house. Young Wyche went to the White Lion, and complained of the treatment he had met with. " Old Peter Wyche," the father, seemed vexed, and said he " would serve the blackguard out " if he saw him. Shortly after old Wyche, his two sons (Peter and Samuel), and young Brownbill, son of the farmer above-mentioned, left the house, rather " fresh " with drink. They asked at the toll-house where Parkinson lived, and related to the toll-man the way in which young Wyche had been treated. The old man said, " I wish I could light of him, I would make him as he would never purr [kick] nobody no more." The toll-man, suspecting nothing, told where Parkinson lived. About eleven at night, Parkinson was sitting in the kitchen of Mr. White's house with Mrs. White and a young female servant, when Brownbill, old Wyche, and his son Samuel knocked at the door, and asked to see Parkinson. On the deceased making his appearance, Brownbill, went up to him, and gently drawing him towards the door, said, " I think

that you are Parkinson." Deceased said he was ; and asked " What was to do ?" Brownbill drew him to the door, and said to his companions, " He's here." The girl who had been sitting with Mrs. White says, that on Brownbill, calling out " He's here," Samuel Wyche came into the house, followed by old Wyche, and she saw the latter raise his hand to strike Parkinson, but she did not observe whether he had any thing in his hand. A scuffle ensued, and Parkinson retreated into the orchard, upon which old Wyche, who was inside the house, went out at the front door. The little girl bared the door, and no more was heard of Parkinson till the next morning. His mistress supposed that he had returned from the orchard and gone to bed. A Labourer states that about eleven he saw Brownbill and Samuel Wyche coming out of Mr. White's orchard, and he heard them say, that they were better pleased at what they had done than if they had " fetched law " of him. Near the door stood young Wyche, who held a knife in his hand. Old Wyche came up, and said to his son, " You should not have pulled your knife out ; I have given him enough." They then went away together. In the morning the deceased was found in the orchard, with the carotid artery severed, which appeared to have been done by a chisel or a knife. Brownbill and the others had no doubt gone round the house, and found Parkinson in the orchard. These are the particulars of this malicious murder. The Three Wyches, and Brownbill, who has always been considered as a " respectable young fellow," have been taken into custody. The affair has created a strong sensation in Manchester.

The Coroner's Inquest on the body of Parkinson has returned a verdict of a Wilful Murder against Peter Wyche, sen. Peter Wyche, Jun. Samuel Wyche, and Anthony Brownbill ; and they have been committed to Lancaster gaol for trial.

## MEANS OF REFORMATION.

To make vicious and abandoned people happy, it has generally been supposed necessary *first* to make them virtuous. But, why not reverse this order? Why not make them *first happy* and then virtuous. If happiness and virtue be inseparable, the end will be as certainly obtained by one method as by the other, and it is undoubtedly much easier to contribute to the happiness and comfort of persons in a state of poverty and misery, than by admonitions and punishments to reform their morals. Crimes are of the effects of misery, and by removing the cause the effect will cease.—*Runford.*

*Donation to a poor family*—No present that could be made to a poor family could be of more essential service than a thin light stew, with its pepper, much of wrought or cast iron, and fitted out to a portable furnace, or close fire place, constructed to save fuel, with two or three approved receipts for making nourishing and savory soups and broths at a small expense.—*Id.*