

An Account of a *Dreadful Riot,*

Which took place during the Canvass of Sir P. Musgrave, Bart., at Carlisle, on Tuesday, June 6, 1826; when the Military fired upon the populace, and four persons were shot; one of them (a woman) died on the spot, and little hope is entertained of the recovery of two others.

Carlisle, June 6th, 1826.

It is our painful duty to put on record a melancholy affray that took place this afternoon in Shaddongate, Carlisle, between certain inhabitants of that district and the soldiery.

Sir P. Musgrave, one of the Candidates for this city, being, in the course of his canvass, with a party of his friends, was induced to go to the remotest part of Shaddongate, called "Milburn's Buildings," and having entered a yard for the purpose of soliciting a freeman for his vote, he was surrounded by a large body of Weavers, who represented to him their hard and miserable situation. The passage of the yard being choked up with people anxious to hear what was passing, Sir Philip and his friends were compelled to remnain, and endeavour to reason those who surrounded them into a belief that his parliamentary conduct had been proper and independent, and that his intentions were pure. They complained of Sir Philip's vote on the question of the Corn Laws, and on Mr Abercrombie's motion respecting a reform of the representation of Edinburgh, and wished him to pledge himself to vote in favour of a radical Reform of Parliament whenever the subject came before the House of Commons.

After a considerable time spent in a conversation of this nature, Sir Philip and his friends made their way out of the yard, and were soon after assailed with stones, brick-bats, and other missiles of an offensive nature. The Hon. Baronet was repeatedly struck with stones, &c.; his clothes were cut, and he was evidently lamed. All the gentlemen who accompanied him were more or less abused, and Major Wilde was felled to the ground by a large stone which hit him on the head. Sir Philip, with one or two gentlemen, took shelter in a house near Messrs. Cockburns' pipe-manufactory, and there remained with the door fastened inside two or three hours.

In this state things remained for a long while. Men, women, and children, being congregated in groups discussing what had taken place. Amongst the most violent of the men, the prevailing opinion seemed to be, that Sir Philip had endured enough at the hands of the populace; but the younger part of those assembled, and perhaps some few females appeared to think their triumph was incomplete. They accordingly gathered heaps of stones from the bed of the by-running stream, and from other sources, and laid them on the road to be in readiness when needed.

At length a large body of gentlemen, with the Mayor at their head, approached the house in which Sir Philip was confined, but were so violently assaulted by heavy volleys of large stones, that they found it impossible to get nearer than about sixty yards. Barnes, the constable, with a cocked pistol in his hand, and one gentleman, persevered and made their way through immense showers of stones, &c. but were again obliged to effect a retreat without accomplishing their object. The Mayor and other Gentlemen remained until they were struck with bricks and stones in every part of their bodies, and perceiving the folly of facing so enraged a mob, at last retired, and were pursued and pelted out of Shaddongate.

With this defeat of the Gentlemen and Constables, the populace were quite delighted. They felt assured some other more decisive attempt would be made to rescue Sir Philip, and they waited to repel it. In about half an hour, a numerous party of the 55th regiment of foot, now stationed here, preceded by a few artillerymen, and accompanied by the Mayor and others, marched towards Shaddongate. As soon as they reached the New Brewery, they were saluted by tremendous showers of stones, which put them into some confusion, and no doubt greatly exasperated them. They formed against a wall, and loaded with ball. They were then ordered to march forward, after, it is to be presumed, the Riot Act had been read. The mob, however, continued to assail them with terrible volleys of stones; and when they came to the end of the new street called Queen-street, they received the order to fire, which they obeyed with deadly fidelity. Unfortunately for humanity, the soldiers engaged in this unhappy business are young in arms, and exhibited little of the coolness which is generally displayed by veterans. They were in some measure, too, commanded by heartless, understrapping peace-officers, and instructed to level their muskets at peaceable individuals, when, for every purpose of justice, they might have been elevated above the rooss of the houses, and so saved the shedding of human blood.

In this ever-to-be-lamented affray, one woman, standing at her own door, at the head of Queen-street, was shot through the head, and died, after heaving a single groan. Her name was MARY BIRRELL, not married, and was 22 years of age.

An orphan lad about 15, named SKINNER, had a ball shot through his angle, and it is probable his leg will have to be amputated.

A man of the name of ROBERT NOBLE, was shot whilst seeking his children in the crowd. He is not yet dead, but there are ten chances to one against his recovery. The ball entered his left breast. He is about 25 years of age, and has a wife and two children.

Last in this melancholy catalogue, it is our very painful duty to publish what has befallen an uncommonly fine Girl, of the name of PATTINSON. She was sitting in the school of a Mrs. Stephens, who had taken the precaution to close her shutters, when a ball was shot through the window, which struck the little innocent on the head, and she fell, we are afraid never to look up again in this world. Her age is about 14. There is scarcely a shadow of hope for her existence.

Such is the hasty sketch of this melancholy affray. Nearly 40 shots would be discharged. Several bullets were fired at doors and windows. How comes this?—But we must refrain from comment.

We had almost forgot to state, that, in the midst of the uproar, Sir Philip Musgrave was conveyed away safely by his friends.

[W. Boag, Printer, Newcastle.]

