

RIOTS AT BRISTOL.

Great Numbers Killed and Wounded.



Bristol, October 29.

At nine o'clock on Saturday evening, Sir Charles dreading the result of his continuing in the city, left the Mansion House in disguise at the back door, and made his way through several streets, fortunately without being recognized, until he arrived at a place where a chaise was appointed to await him, in which he was speedily driven on his road to Newport, Monmouthshire. After the arrival of the 14th Dragoons, the mob increased considerably. They soon gained complete possession of the Mansion House, tore up the rails before it, and armed themselves with the spikes of the rails; they then broke in the doors, and were about to fire it, when the soldiers drove them out. After several skirmishes, in which many persons were severely wounded, the people about 12 o'clock began to disperse, but not before they had broken all the windows of the Council house, which is situated in Corn Street. The soldiers shortly after twelve, were ordered to gallop through all the principal streets of the city, and to disperse the groups that were assembled. At one o'clock they ordered two men in Wine-street to go home, they refused to do so, and used insolent language. One of them threw a stone at one of the soldiers, who immediately fired his carbine at him, and killed him on the spot.

Sunday evening the mob assembled in Queen-square, their execrations were now particularly directed against the 14th Light Dragoons, in consequence of one of them having killed a man on the previous night, as above stated. They afterwards entered the Mansion-house, and destroyed the barricades which had been put up during the night to defend the broken windows; they then entered the wine-cellar, and drank and destroyed the wine. The 14th Dragoons were retiring to their quarters while these proceedings were going on, and were saluted with many volleys of stones. They levelled their pieces to intimidate the mob, but it had not the slightest effect. Ultimately they were forced to fire—one man was shot through the breast, and died shortly after. Several others were dangerously wounded. The soldiers fired from just below St.

Augustine's Church, and a sailor standing on the Quay was shot through the shoulder.

The people continued to increase in numbers; but after the depredations at the Mansion-house, nothing more of an unpeaceful character occurred, until 1 o'clock, when a large body moved towards the Bridewell, where those who had taken part in the riot of the preceding evening were confined.—They speedily broke the doors open, and liberated all the prisoners. With this they were not satisfied; in ten minutes after the Bridewell was fired, and burnt to the ground. The mob then proceeded to break open several smith's shops to arm themselves with the sledge-hammers, &c., after which orders were given to direct their movement towards the new gaol situated on the Cut. They then proceeded thither, and in less than an hour the doors were broken open, and every prisoner set at liberty, several of whom were under sentence of transportation for life. The prison, which was a very strong building, was, in a few minutes after releasing the prisoners, consigned to the flames, which, though by day-light were so intense as to burst forth with awful grandeur; every part of it was in a short time a ruin. Contiguous to the gaol is the Prince's-street Bridge, where a toll of a halfpenny is demanded from every passenger, although the original cost of its erection must have been long since paid. The mob directed their destructive mania towards the toll-houses, and very shortly after they were in flames, and the gates destroyed.

Eleven o'clock.

At this hour a great part of Queen-square is burnt to the ground—fully three-parts much damaged—only one side of the square was left entire.—The populace would not allow a fire-engine to come near them—they were immediately torn peace-meal, and the fragments thrown into the river. People were rolling about the streets, intoxicated with spirits—drunkenness is the order of the day with hundreds, the Custom-house is burnt to the ground, and also the Merchants' Hall. in Princes-street. The populace made Mr Holder, of the White Hart Inn, Horse Fair, get up in the middle of the

night, and serve 300 men with beer. They allowed him only three minutes to dress himself, and threatened to burn his house down if he did not comply. Many other innkeepers were served in the same way.

Business is entirely at a stand, many of the coaches have discontinued running from that city. The people not only are guilty of what we have above named—but of every excess of debauchery and licentiousness that can disgrace human nature. Female chastity has no protection, the violation of every law characterises the insurgents.—Three of them in a state of drunkenness were burnt in one of the houses they fired, and two were burnt in one of the prisons.

October 31.

The mob liberated the prisoners in Bridewell, and burnt that part to the ground; they then went to the new gaol, liberated all the prisoners, set fire to it and burnt it down, and the toll houses at Princes Street Bridge. They next proceeded to Lawford's Gate Prison, and burnt it down, and then the other part of Bridewell; they then returned to Queen Square, and burnt the Mansion House, whence they proceeded to the Bishop's Palace, and destroyed it by fire; they then returned to the square, and beginning with Mr. Lemon's house, next the Mansion House, burnt down the entire of that side of the square in Prince's Street, including the Custom House, Custom House avenue, and some houses in King Street. They then set fire to the opposite side of the avenue, including the Excise office, and proceeded burning down that side of the square, all of which was destroyed, except two or three houses, by eight o'clock this morning, when I came to my office. The mob was infuriated with wine and spirits from the various cellars of wine merchants, and a bonded warehouse with a large stock of spirits was destroyed, the punch-stove, and the burning spirits, spreading destructive flames, like a river of fire in King Street. Amidst all this horrible tumult, you may suppose there was destruction of life. In all manner of ways life has been lost—from drunkenness, from the guns and swords of the military,

and from being burnt, and throwing themselves from the windows of the houses set on fire (I mean the rioters themselves were destroyed). Some innocent people have been killed both by shot and sword: one my clerk saw cut down below our office this morning, and I saw another who had just been sabred, dead, as I came home just now.

At length the horrible transactions are terminated; the troops are acting by scouring the streets and dispersing the mob by the gun, the pistol, and the sword; and the male population between 20 and 60 are embodying themselves in their respective parishes; and a proclamation is issued, ordering all persons to keep at home. All the shops, banks, warehouses, and public institutions are closed; and from what I have described you may form some idea of the frightful state in which Bristol has been, and indeed is still; however, I believe that there will be no more depredations—some think otherwise.

CORONER'S INQUESTS.

Wednesday, at half-past one, Mr. Langley, the Coroner, assembled a jury at St. Peter's Hospital, to sit on the bodies of those who lost their lives during the riots.

The first was on the body of John Horseman, who died from a sabre wound in the neck, which severed the carotid artery, when a verdict was returned to that effect.

The next was on a body, which was so burnt as not to be identified. A verdict was returned, that the deceased was burned to death in St. Steven's parish, but by what means was unknown.

A similar verdict was returned on a body burnt so as to be unknown.

An inquest was held at the Dolphin on the same day, on the body of T. Morris, a boy, who was shot through the bowels, and died at five o'clock on Tuesday evening. The father of the deceased, who was much affected, stated that when he saw his son at the hospital he was quite sensible, and said that he was going to the potteries, when he was shot in the body. The firing of the pistol was attributed to a Captain Lewis, and after a close investigation, the inquest was ad-

journed to the next day.

On Thursday, the jury again met, when it was again deemed necessary to postpone the investigation till the following morning.

One of several men who appeared without neckcloths, and attacked the soldiers, had his head cut off at a blow by one of the Dragoons the trunk stood for some time without its head.

KILLED AND WOUNDED AT THE HOSPITALS ONLY.—Dead from shots 2, wounded from shots 10, sword-cuts 48, drunkenness, 2, other causes, 51.

HOUSES BURNT IN QUEEN-SQUARE, &c.—Mansion House; Messrs. Lemans, attorneys; James Cunningham, esq. merchant; Misses Vigor's boarding school; Mr. Sheppard, coal merchant; Mr. Wobb, wine merchant; Messrs. Bernard's, merchants; Barnard and Bradley, accountants; Town Duo Office; Mrs. Phillips, boarding school; Custom House; Mr. Strong, book-seller; Bartlett and Mogg, wine merchants; J. Lax & Co. ditto; Miles & Kingston, merchants; Mr. Room, accountant; Mr. Moxam, ditto; Mr. Smith, gent.; Mr. Cross, ditto; Mr. Barrett, ditto; Mr. Bull, lodging-house; Mr. Harford, Vice Chamberlain; Excise Office; Mr. Barbay, lodging-house; Whitwell and King, ship brokers; Bickley and Co. merchants; Mr. Stephens, landing-waiter; Mrs. Croker, lodging-house; Rev. Mr. Buck; Mrs. James, lodging-house; Mrs. Daveys, do; Mr. Rumley, architect; Mr. Richardson, gent.; Capt. Stuart; Mrs. White, lodging-house; Mrs. Roberts, do; Mrs. Giroux, dancing academy; Cook; Thatcher, and Co. sail makers; Mr. Weaver, commission agent; Mr. Waring, porter warehouse; Mr. Smith, provision do.

THE twenty-ninth of October, alas! the fatal day,

When to the town of Bristol Sir Charles rode on his way, (furiously)
At his approach the people rose in mobs so
That poor Sir Charles to save his life was quickly forc'd to fly.

They broke into the Mansion-House, and tipsy soon became, (house in flames,
Destroy'd the finest furniture, then set the
Then off with speed to Bridewell, set it on fire also, (your hearts with woe.

To see the scenes that followed would fill
The Custom-house was fired, and Newgate gaol likewise, (did reach the skies;
And fifty houses in Queen-square—the flames
The Colledge and the Palace, so stately and so fine, (little time.

Were by the fierce devouring fire consum'd in
The bold Dragoons rode sword in hand, and cut them to the ground, (ing reeking down,
And horrid streams of crimson blood was flow-
Some were so drunk and senseless they set a house in flames, (same.

And from it not escaping, fell victims to the
So frightful was the spectacle these riots did display, (that day,
None present ever can forget the horrors of
Now many a tender parent, and many a trusty friend, [their untimely end.

Will long deplore their sons and friends, and
Heaven grant that all commotions may have a
When men shall hail each other as brothers,
and as friends, [speedy end,
While those who basely strive to incite the un-
way on to crime, (in due time.

Before their GOD and Country shall answer