

The people who demolished Mr. Humphreys's house laboured in as cool and orderly a manner as if they had been employed by the owner at so much per day.

Sunday, 11 o'clock in the morning.

No military yet arrived. Last night the people of Birmingham were trembling spectators of the tremendous conflagration of Mosley Hall, the property of J. Taylor, Esq: but in the occupation of Lady Carhampton: Fortunately Lady Carhampton, who is blind, was removed to a place of safety, by Sir Robert Lawley, who took her in his own carriage to Canwell.

About two o'clock this morning a most awful scene presented itself; four dreadful fires within a mile of each other. The house of Mr. Hawkins, of Mosley, has shared the same fate of Moseley Hall.

One o'clock at noon. Their savage impetuosity is not in the least abated; at Mosley Hall they are now killing ducks, geese, and turkeys, which, half broiled on the ruins of that once noble edifice, they devour with brutish ferocity.

Between eight and nine o'clock on Sunday evening, the rioters assembled at Kings Norton, near Birmingham, to the number of 7000. They destroyed a chapel and some houses belonging to the dissenters. The insurgents consist of mechanics of all descriptions, many of whom carry fire arms.

The incendiaries have formed themselves into two divisions; one to demolish the dissenters' houses in town, and the other those in the environs.

They have precluded all carriages from passing and repassing, unless the coachmen wear blue cockades. The mail coaches are not excepted.

On Saturday there was a total stagnation of business, and the shopkeepers were using every effort to secure their property.

Another express arrived in London last night, states, that between Sunday night and Monday morning, a party of the military had arrived; and that notwithstanding their exertions to stop the disturbances the rioters had made a very formidable opposition, and killed many; that numbers having been soldiers and in possession of fire arms, the troops had suffered a repulse; but having received a considerable reinforcement, they were about to renew the attack against the mob, who were actuated by the greatest fury.

To put the public in possession of every fact relative to this important business, we find ourselves under the necessity of giving them that inflammatory and treasonable handbill which was circulated by the Presbyterian party on Wednesday last in the following words:

MY COUNTRYMEN,

The second year of Gallic Liberty is nearly expired; at the commencement of the third, on the 14th of this month, it is devoutly to be wished that every enemy to civil and religious despotism, would give his sanction to the majestic common cause, by public celebration of the anniversary.

Remember, that on the 14th of July the Bastille, that high altar and castle of despotism fell! Remember the enthusiasm, peculiar to the cause of Liberty, with which it was attacked! Remember that generous humanity that taught the oppressed, groaning under the weight of insulted rights, to save the lives of the oppressors!

Extinguish the mean prejudice of nations! and let your numbers be collected, and sent as a free will offering to the National Assembly.

But, is it possible to forget that your own Parliament is venal! your ministers hypocritical; your clergy legal oppressors; the reigning family extravagant; the crown of a certain great personage too weighty for the head that wears it; too weighty for the people who gave it; your taxes partial and oppressive; your representation a venal junto, a cruel insult upon the sacred rights of property, religion, and freedom.

But on the 14th of this month, prove to the sycophants of the day, that you reverence the Olive Branch; that you will sacrifice to public tranquility TILL the MAJORITY shall exclaim—

THE PEACE OF SLAVERY IS WORSE THAN THE WAR OF FREEDOM!—OF THAT DAY LET TYRANTS BEWARE!

Can any man of honest principles—can any loyal subject—can even the boldest of our anti-ministerial senators read this without shuddering at the dreadful scene it was meant to realize? REBELLION is featured on its countenance—and REPUBLICANISM centred in its bosom. He who wishes to defend his property—he who loved the constitution under which that property flourished—must no doubt have taken the alarm at so daring a libel against all that was dear to Englishman.

The public, however, were determined, before they proceeded to violence, to have some further proof of the intention of those Commemoration Men. This handbill might be a forgery,—or might be an insidious scheme to raise a mob for the purpose of plunder; they therefore waited till they heard what was said at table—how the political complexion of the company would manifest itself, and whether anything more than a mere scene of commemoration conviviality was intended.

They had their suspicions, which, after the first course, were realized by the following toast being drank:

DESTRUCTION TO THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT, AND THE KING'S HEAD UPON A CHARGER.

The inhabitants, and they were almost to a man respectable house-keepers and manufacturers, who waited outside the hotel to watch the motions of the revolutionists within, no sooner was this treasonable toast made known to them, than Loyalty, swift as lightning, shot through their minds, and a kind of electrical patriotism animated them to instant vengeance. They rushed into this conventicle of treason, and before the second course was well laid up on the table, broke the windows and glasses, pelted and insulted those modern reformers, and obliged them to seek their safety by an immediate flight.

In the course of Sunday several more houses than those mentioned in our last, belonging to the Dissenters were pulled down, the particulars attending which we have not yet received. The meeting house at Ringwood was among the number.

Near thirty of the rioters were buried in Mr. Ryland's cellars, where they were regaling themselves, when the walls of his house fell in, many of whom perished before they could be got out.

It is matter of astonishment, that with such a sudden phrenzy so much method should attend. Riots are generally attended by a kind of fury and confusion that knows no distinction of persons, and rejoices in the increase of its numbers. But in the present instance, a particular set of men, whose principles were inimical to the welfare of the constitution, were marked out as objects of popular vengeance—and with such regularity was this accomplished, that none others felt the evil effects of the tumult.

Dr. Priestley only saved himself from the fury of the mob by half an hour's notice. His plate had been previously sent off to a friend's house; this, and a private box of manuscripts, were all that he saved of his property.

The insurgents at Birmingham made a gridiron of immense size, which they took to Dr. Priestley's house, where, they said, they meant to broil an anti-constitutionalist by the blaze of his own writings, and light the fire with the RIGHTS OF MAN.

July 21. The tumult is entirely subsided—business is resumed as usual; and there is not a doubt but the rioters are entirely dispersed.

July 30. A letter from Birmingham mentions, that since the beginning of this