

At once, therefore, and before the ruins of Newgate had ceased to blaze, the whole of the mob rushed to Mr. Langdale's distillery, which was situated near the foot of Holborn-bridge. Mr. Langdale was the most eminent distiller in England, and his stock of spirits on hand was immense. At first, a few playful pleasantries were uttered by the ringleaders. They merely threatened to demolish his house, and destroy his effects and stock. To appease them, Mr. Langdale assembled his few remaining workmen, who brought the coveted gin in tubs, and pailsful, and distributed to all who chose to partake. Several hundred gallons were thus imbibed by the saints. It proved however an intellectual peace-offering, as we shall shortly see.

The last act of incendiarism this night, was the destruction of the new prison at Clerkenwell. The same horrors were repeated there, as at the burning of Newgate; and many hundreds of ferocious felons were unexpectedly let loose to aid the nefarious designs of the Protestant Association.

The most terrible alarm prevailed this night throughout the whole of London. The most exaggerated reports were flying about, and men's hearts withered away through fear. If the Protestant population trembled for their lives and safety, how much more the doomed and defenceless Catholics. Few went to rest—to sleep was almost impossible. The glare of so many awful conflagrations—the rushing sound and clamour of the now mighty host of rioters—their repeated yells of the “No Popery” cry—banished sleep from many an aching eye that troubled night. Nearly every house was illuminated; it was so ordered by the mob. A darkened window was instantly driven in by a crackling shower of stones. The most dismal apprehensions were entertained for the morrow, and those apprehensions were fearfully verified.

Before the rioters separated, they had the audacity to send written notices to every prison yet standing, stating that they would come and burn them down on the morrow. There might have been some humanity in this, as so many of the prisoners were already perishing in the conflagration of Newgate. It shows, however, how conscious they were of their strength, and how little they dreaded the resistance of an imbecile Government.

The poor, disgraced, and outraged king, was in great alarm for his own safety and that of his family. His equerries brought him hourly news of the proceedings of the rioters; and when his Majesty heard of the destruction of Newgate, he gave orders to have apartments fitted up in the King's-mews, where the Royal family might be under the protection of the household brigade. It was a mournful sitting. Revolutionary anarchy seemed everywhere prevailing, and the fears of Queen Charlotte amounted almost to delirium.—The king could not retire to rest. Every five

minutes he went to a window, surveyed with a shudder the red glare of the midnight sky, and listened to the hoarse and distant roars of the rioters. He would then pace rapidly up and down the apartment, and again and again look out at the scene of horrors. At times his grief and resentment amounted to a paroxysm of mental anguish. It was in one of these moments of exacerbation, that Queen Charlotte threw herself upon her knees before him, seized his hands, bedewed them with her tears, and piteously, earnestly implored him—for the sake of herself and her children—to refuse his assent to the Catholic Relief Bill, that so these tumults might be stayed.

“No, madam,” the King sternly replied; “I will never be bullied nor dictated to by a mob!”

ITALY—ROME—FERRARA.

After the issue of the protest a deputation of the citizens went to thank the Legate, whose conduct was admirable during the late painful circumstances, and requested him to convey the sentiments of affection and respect of the population to his Holiness. “The Ferrarese,” said the foreman of the deputation, “would prefer seeing their town destroyed to its foundation rather than it should fall under the yoke of Austria.”

ROME.—All is animation! The people of Rome, on their side, manifested with energy their patriotic feelings on hearing of the new outrage committed by Austria. Lists of subscriptions for the defence of the territory were covered with names. Ciccernacchi had circulated several among the people, and there is not at present a single Roman but is ready to respond to the appeal of his beloved Sovereign, should it be necessary, to repel by force a foreign invasion. At a recent meeting of citizens Count Ferrati, brother to the Cardinal Secretary of State, expressed himself with his usual frankness and firmness respecting the intentions of the Government, which, he exclaimed amidst universal applause, was determined to support his rights by every possible means, and to the last extremity. The Sovereign Pontiff shows himself equal to the peril, and animated with a holy enthusiasm. At a Council of Cardinals over which he presided, and where several important decisions were adopted, the Pope is understood to have said, “Since the Austrians have unmasked themselves, my resolution is formed, and I am very tranquil.” “Pius IX.” says the *Italia*, in a supplement containing an abstract of that meeting, “left the Council-room quite radiant, and said to a high personage who was waiting to give him an account of the situation of the capital, ‘Take proper measures, tell the people to be quiet, and the enemies will depart disappointed.’ The post of the Civic Guard was doubled in the quarter of the square of Venice, where the palace of the Austrian Ambassador is si-