

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

THE REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION.—On Tuesday, in the National Assembly, M. Tocqueville read the report of the Committee on the Revision of the Constitution. This report advises the revision according to Art. 111 of the constitution; it protests energetically against the election to the Presidency of an unconstitutional candidate; it declares that whatever may be the result of the approaching debate, the constitution ought to be invariably and universally obeyed; that the National Assembly will take care that it is respected, and that any administration which should dare to drive the people to an unconstitutional act, would, by so doing, perpetuate an improper, irregular, and guilty deed.

The debate will commence on Monday next. Louis Napoleon returned to Paris from Poitiers on Wednesday last. He was badly received at Chatelbault, a small industrial town on the road. The National Guard at the railway station, immediately on the President's arrival, set up one universal shout of "Vive la Republique!" From the station to the Hotel de Ville the manifestations in favor of the Republic assumed a character of serious hostility against the person of the President, whose carriage was besieged by a furious mob, shouting "A bas Napoleon!" The Paris police and the sergens-de-ville, acting at once with energy and decision, arrested some of the National Guards who uttered the hostile cry.

On Monday last the President went to Beauvais, where he was present at the inauguration of the statue of Joanne Hachette, the heroine of Beauvais, in the square of the Hotel de Ville. His reception at this place was enthusiastic.

ITALY.

Lord Aldborough and his brothers are about to be tried by court-martial for an alleged connection with the Mazzini party. "The trial," says the *Times*, correspondent at Rome, "will be secret, and nothing known until the sentence of the court-martial comes before the Commander-in-Chief for approbation or rejection; but I am told that the representatives of England mean to apply for a copy of the act of accusation, for free communication on the part of the prisoners with a legal adviser, and for an open trial, at which the British Consul, or a person delegated by him, may be present. No steps have yet been taken by our Charge d'Affaires, as he naturally awaits an answer to his despatches from the Foreign-Office. As the title claimed by these young men is disputed, I have only to say that I have seen a certificate of the marriage of the late Lord Aldborough with the English lady, their mother, and at the hour of death his lordship said she was his lawful wife."

On the 21st ult. the Austrian arms were hoisted with great ceremony and military display over the gate of the Austrian Consulate at Ferrara, as a reparation for the insults offered to them by the people of that town on the 2d of November, 1848.

The *Progresso* of the 5th instant announces that the military commander of Lodi had been stabbed with a poniard.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Advices from the Cape of Good Hope, by the government screw-steamer, *Bosphorus*, are to May 31. The state of affairs is very precarious and unsatisfactory. The system of patrols have been continued; the Amatola mountains have been repeatedly penetrated, and their fastnesses explored by the British troops, who have endured great fatigue and displayed all their usual energy and gallantry; but the enemy, like the children of the mist, vanish on their approach, driving off their cattle. In fact, as Sir G. H. Smith observes, we have to deal with a foe who acknowledges neither front, flank, nor rear, and whose movements are too rapid and eccentric to be calculated upon. He (Sir G. H. Smith) is in the beginning, "is waiting for reinforcements" at King William's Town. He sends out desultory and occasional bands of troops to strike a blow at the enemy, or steal his cows. The soldiers, it may be, kill on one occasion two or three hundred Kaffirs, and drive off two or three hundred cows; on another they kill the men without getting the cows; on a third, they capture the cows but the men get clear off. Not one Kaffir, however, has as yet laid down his arms; the theatre of war is widening and extending to the north of the Orange River; and our hitherto loyal Hottentots are mutinying within the colonial frontier. The farmers on the north-east frontier are preparing, in case their prayers for free institutions are not quickly granted, to abandon the colony en masse for the Dutch Republic beyond the Vaal River. The provinces in which they performed the duty of an advanced guard to the more settled districts—Colesberg, Graaf-Reinet, and Uitenhage—will thus be left open to the Kaffirs. The whole question, so far as the Boers are concerned, is of the most substantial nature. These men have been thrice burnt out of house and home since 1834-5. In claiming a constitution which will give them a voice in the frontier policy, they are simply asking to assist in averting from their own doors the very literal evils of murder, pillage, and arson.

THE JUSTICE OF A SULTAN.—In the city of Aleppo, where the Christians are weak in numbers, a Turkish mob (unknown to the government) produced the death of five, the wounding of six more, and the pillaging of one hundred houses and five churches. The Sultan shot six hundred of the mob, condemned one hundred to the galleys, and put one hundred and fifty more on their trial. He has restored all the property he could recover to the Christians to whom it belonged, and recompensed the rest of the sufferers out of his own purse.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

House of Lords, July 7.

On the motion of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Ecclesiastical Titles Assumption Bill was read the first time. The second reading was appointed for Monday week.

House of Commons, July 8.

MINISTERIAL DEFEATS.

The House met at twelve o'clock, and proceeded with the consideration of the Civil Bills (Ireland) Bill in Committee.

ATTORNEYS' AND SOLICITORS' CERTIFICATES.

Lord R. Grosvenor said, that in moving for leave to bring in a Bill to repeal the duty on the annual certificates of attorneys and solicitors, he need trouble the House with but very few words—(hear, hear). The House had already upon several occasions voted, by considerable majorities, the principle that this tax had in its essence every vice that could disgrace a tax, and that in its operation it was partial and oppressive.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer felt compelled to resist the introduction of the Bill. He had done his utmost to reduce taxation which really pressed upon consumption—(hear, hear)—and had been, indeed, warmly reproached for so doing, on the ground that he had not left a sufficiently wide margin to meet contingencies.

The House divided, when the numbers were,—for the motion, 162; against it, 132; majority against Ministers, 30.

Leave was then given to bring in the Bill.

THE BALLOT.

Mr. H. Berkeley moved for leave to bring in a Bill for the protection of the Parliamentary electors of Great Britain and Ireland, by taking the votes by way of ballot.

Mr. Ellis seconded the motion.

Mr. Hume supported the motion, and in order that the opinion of the House might be fairly taken on the question, should withdraw the amendment of which he had given notice, for a Bill to establish household suffrage, triennial Parliaments, and vote by ballot.

The House divided. The numbers were—*for* the motion, 87; *against* it, 50; majority *in favor*, 37.

Veheement-cheering followed the announcement of the numbers.

LABOR IN IRISH WORKHOUSES.

Mr. Scully moved a resolution, "That, in order to lighten the severe pressure of poor-rates in Ireland, it is expedient to facilitate by every means the employment of the inmates of workhouses in reproductive labor, so as to make these establishments, as far as possible, self-supporting; and that it is the duty of the Poor Law Commissioners to see so desirable an object fully carried out."

Mr. O'Flaherty seconded the motion.

Sir W. Somerville opposed the motion, as contrary to sound economical principles, and unnecessarily dictating to the Commissioners.

After a very desultory discussion, the House divided—for the motion, 42; against it, 64; majority against, 22.

HOME-MADE SPIRITS IN BOND.

Lord Naas moved the second reading of this Bill. The Chancellor of the Exchequer thought there were insurmountable objections to this measure.—Experience had shown the justice of the arrangement made in 1847, under which the consumption of home-made spirits largely increased. The Bill would throw the doors open to fraud, and, under any circumstances, the revenue would lose considerably.

Lord Naas advocated the Bill as a measure called for by justice. He denied that the revenue would suffer, but even if it did, the distillers would be willing to make up the loss by consenting to an increased duty.

Mr. Bramston moved as an amendment, that the Bill be read a second time that day six months.

After a short discussion, the House divided, when there appeared—for the second reading, 166; against it, 194; majority against, 28.

IRISH CENSUS.

(From the *Weekly News*.)

Statistical science has never had to record a fact more terrible than the results of the Irish Census of 1851. The figures speak for themselves with a stern eloquence, the effect of which no amplification can increase, no ingenuity explain away. In 1841, the population of Ireland was 8,175,124! by the ordinary law of increase it should have risen, in the present year, to about 8,790,090; it actually stands at 6,515,794! This is a decrease of 1,659,330, as compared with the population of 1841; of more than 2,000,000 on what ought to have been the population of 1851. The returns for the last four decennial periods show the frightful nature of the result still more strikingly. Those returns are:—

Population in 1821	6,801,827
“ 1831	7,767,401
“ 1841	8,175,124
“ 1851	6,515,794

Comparing the first and the last of these four periods, it appears that Ireland has now 286,033 fewer inhabitants than she possessed in 1821—thirty years ago. We call this a terrible fact—the most significant handwriting, with which the iron and impassible pen of science has yet traced on the records of history, the fatal results of misgovernment and oppression.

Misgovernment and oppression.—we repeat the words—misgovernment which has blasphemed a beneficent Providence, and maltreated a noble race, by imputing the results of its own wicked negligence to the inscrutable decrees of the one, and the incorrigible barbarism of the other. Oppression, which has sat aloof and apart with folded hands and a complacent smile, watching the slow but certain operation of a system of laws, whose constituted and established tyranny has wrought results more terrible than the lawless and irregular inroads of less decorous but less destructive despotism.

We know it is the fashion with certain able editors and approved doctors of a heartless philosophy, to rejoice in the fact that, by this sweeping away of what they are pleased to call "a superabundant Celtic population," room has been made for the influx of English capital and the introduction of English labor.

Rent-evictions, and potato-famines, and pestilence, have cleared the land for a fresh settlement as effectually as the Desmond forfeitures, the Ulster plantation, or the terrible confiscations of Cromwell. By the combined influence of famine, fever, and emigration, the result has been achieved—that there are already a million and a-half fewer Irishmen in Ireland than there were ten years ago, and there are yet no signs that the rate of decrease has reached its maximum. So much the better say the reasoners to whom we have alluded; let the population find its natural level; let the Celtic indolence and semi-barbarism be replaced by the Anglo-Saxon energy and the Anglo-Saxon civilisation; let our high-farming system, and our improved drainage system, and our English capital be brought to bear upon the land; and Ireland shall yet attain a prosperity which will prove its past crisis to have been, in fact, but the necessary pangs of a new birth.

Never, gentlemen! the cause lies deeper than over-population and Celtic indolence. The facts you assume are false; Ireland is in no true sense over-populated; the Irishman is *not* by nature less apt for labor than the Englishman.

No country can rightly be called over-peopled which, if cultivated up to the fair measure of its capacities, would afford abundant support to a population greater by at least one-half than any it has ever yet possessed. That is the case with Ireland: a full third of its cultivable land has never been reclaimed from the state of nature. The cultivation of the remaining two-thirds is generally of the most miserable kind. Yet in the face of this known fact, we are to be told that Ireland is over-peopled, and that the annihilation in ten years, of a million and a-half of her inhabitants is only a happy adjustment of her population to her means of subsisting them!

Then, again, as to that pet fact of the parrot politicians—that eternal twaddle about Celtic barbarism and Irish indolence! As applied to the Irishman in Ireland, it is a heartless insult: as applied to the Irishman out of Ireland, it is a notorious falsehood. A philosophic and accomplished observer who has spent eight years in a laborious personal inspection of the different laboring population of Europe, thus sums up the result of the evidence on this point:—

"Send the Irishman to Australia, to the States, or to any English colony, where he can make himself, by industry, a proprietor of land, and where he is not shackled by middle-age legislation, and he becomes immediately the most energetic and conservative of colonists. He there acquires faster than any one else; he effects more in a day than any one else; he is more untiring in his perseverance than any one else; and he forces his rulers to write over to England—as the Governor of South Australia did a few years ago—that the Irish are the most enterprising, successful, and orderly, of all the colonists of those distant lands. In every colony of our empire, and among the motley multitudes of the United States, the Irish are distinguished by their energy, their industry, and their success. They are industrious and successful everywhere but in Ireland."

Why is this? Why is the Irishman thus palsy-stricken and torpor-bound in the land of his birth? What curse has doomed one-third of that beautiful land to sterility, and fifteen hundred thousand of her children to a sentence of starvation or banishment, in the course of the very ten years during which the rest of the modern world has been making the most unexampled advances in prosperity and population?

Since the first introduction of Norman Feudalism, by Strongbow, five separate confiscations—under Philip and Mary—under Elizabeth—under James I.—under Cromwell—under William III.—have had the effect of wresting the land of Ireland from the Irish, and accumulating it in enormous masses in the hands of the conquering and confiscating race. In a very able work just published by Mr. Scully, on the Irish land question, abundant data are given for estimating the real extent and effects of these successive confiscations. William III., after the battle of the Boyne, gave away by royal grant some 520,000 acres of Irish land among his own personal friends and adherents. The Commons, indeed, resumed the grant, and directed an absolute sale of the lands comprised in it. But this was merely substituting a Parliamentary sale for a Regal grant. The confiscation was the same, and the price so small as not to interfere with the vast transfer of vast masses of territory to single capitalists. After Cromwell's transplantation of the Irish from Tipperary, the whole of the lands were alienated: by degrees the old inhabitants returned, and their descendants now constitute the occupying tenantry of that county, in a proportion exceeding twenty to one. The ownership of the land belongs to them in less than the inverse ratio of one to twenty. And this in a country and among a race where the desire of owning land, which is almost everywhere a strong propensity, rises into the vehemence of an absolute passion! Is White-boyism wonderful after this? Is the civil war of tenant against landowner to be set down to semi-barbarism? Is it a matter of marvel that so many broad acres of the beautiful land are still wholly unreclaimed or but half-cultivated, or that a peasantry, hopeless of ever possessing in actual ownership, a rood of their own territory, should desert that inhospitable motherland for other regions, where no laws prevent them from gratifying one of the strongest impulses that God has implanted in the nature of man—the desire of acquiring, by industry, a property in the soil he tills?

There is no such incentive to industry; there is nothing which so effectually rouses the sly and idle into a worker, as the desire of landownership. "The

* Kay, "Social Condition of the People of England and Europe," 1850.

* "The Irish Land Question," &c., by Vincent Scully, Esq., Q. C. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. London: Simkin, Marshall, & Co.—Ridgway.

magic of property," says Arthur Young, (a sober, practical, and eminently qualified observer), "transforms sand into gold. Give a man the secure possession of a bleak rock, and he will turn it into a garden. Give him a nine years' lease of a garden, and he will turn it into a desert."

It is thus that a more recent, but equally well-informed traveller—Mr. Laing—contrasts the present condition of Ireland, still subjected to the feudal laws of landed property, with that of Flanders, where those laws have long been unknown:—"The peasant tenants of small farms in Ireland are sunk in misery. The peasant proprietors in Flanders, on a soil originally inferior, working on their own little farms on their own account, from generation to generation, have brought them to a garden-like fertility and productiveness, and have made the whole face of the country a garden and pattern to Europe."

What has made the difference in the two cases? Not, O ye political Pharisees! the "accursed influence of the Priests," for Belgium is, if anything, more priest-ridden than Connaught—not, O ye ethnological doctors! the inaptitude for labor of the Irish Celt, for this Irish Celt, when beyond the pale of the Irish laws, is the most enterprising and vigorous of mankind.

A DAY SITTING OF "THE HOUSE."

The House of Commons, in a day-sitting, is much like a ball room "the day after;" and it is particularly unfortunate that we did not more carefully consult appearances in the presence of a townful of foreigners, and stick to the gas. In the garish light of day, even country gentlemen look ghastly, their complexion horribly set off by the oak fittings and yellow matting of the house; and the proportionately ochre ensemble of all other gentlemen addicted to belief in the British Constitution, and to getting up at ten after going to bed at three, to take care of it, is painfully appalling. Looked down at from the gallery, a House of Commons at noon looks like a ghostly convention which has mistaken mid-day for midnight, and does not know what to make of the error—and so resolves itself into committee to find out.

The performance of that parliamentary architecture, "making a house," is a matter of no little difficulty. All flesh, senatorially included, is grass, [some of the grass is made hay of while the sun shines,] and the sag end of the session mows it down horribly. The doors are open at twelve; and when you get in, you see the Speaker sitting at the table preparing to count. Mr. Hume is one, Brotherton two, Inglis three; and a dead stop then ensuing, a long interval elapses before they get to number four. Lord Charles Russell, whose duty it is to catch members as they come in, [and keep them till they count forty,] lounges about the bar—and in his bag-tie knee-breeches, alarmingly attenuated legs, and sword in proportion, looks like a slunkey of the last century in mourning for the decease of all manly feeling. Five minutes past; Lord Charles turns to the door anxiously, it opens, and a pale member enters, bows, faints into a seat; and the Speaker, with the glee of a man-catcher, shouts "four." A dropping fifty of M.P.dom is kept up, with sad energy, until twenty are counted; twenty-one comes; and Mr. Brotherton makes the standing joke that the house has reached its majority; whereas the clerk at the table tries to get up a laugh, but nature being exhausted, can't, and so scrambles away ashamed, and pretends to be in a hurry for some imaginary document. In this way it is half-past twelve before the "forty" is reached [and at this medieval point the house ought to have some night thoughts, to the effect that they must be fools]; and it is often near one before the cheer is heard which announces that the Senate door has turned on its hinges for the fortieth time, and that the Speaker has performed his routine jump into the chair and business. The house being made, the under ministers and Treasury hacks who have been whipped together simply for numerical purposes, and who, satisfied by considerations of salary, have been laughing pleasantly together, and looking very much amused at the melancholy aspect of the opposition side, who are only sustained by that eighth sense, the sense of duty—jump up and make off, nominally to their red taperies, but really to the clubs, where they study the papers, moralise upon patriotism; and wonder what Whigs were made for.—*Liverpool Journal*.

(From the *London Correspondent of the Tablet*.)

London, July 9. There is not much news this week. The Cardinal, who was "ordered" to attend the Mortmain Committee under the style and title of "Dr. Wiseman," on Monday next, the 14th, has gone over from Guernsey to France, and probably will not be back in time to see the notice served upon him. If this committee in their wisdom see fit to ignore his Eminence's title of Cardinal, it is difficult to see why they should allow that of Doctor, which is also conferred upon him by a foreign Potentate, to the evident damage of the monopoly which our gracious Queen exercises within these realms of declaring who is to be styled learned in any science or art. Report says that this studied insult to the Pope, the Cardinal, and the whole Catholic Church, is due to the exertions of Mr. Anstey, whose deserts the electors of Youghal are requested to store up faithfully in their memory for the day of retribution.

The nomination of Doctor Grant, of the English College, Rome, to the diocese of Southwark, leaves to the Cardinal very little more than the metropolis, as the counties of Essex and Herts contain only nine and three Missions respectively. It also deprives his Eminence of a cathedral, to supply which want will, I suppose, be one of the first things for which the Catholic body will be called upon.

The Italian Church, with which the inhabitants of Farringdon-street are threatened, is not the only display of the fascinations of Popery which the Londoners have to fear. If they determine to retaliate in the way proposed by Doctor Cumming and Mr. Burgess, by building the same amount of churches in the