

could not have got up. A good night's sleep has set me up wonderfully, and I feel quite jolly. The mutineers have been quiet to-day also; they lost fearfully yesterday. We could now take the city in a few hours, if we liked. Our batteries are all erected, but it is thought prudent to wait for reinforcements. Spies have been sent into the city, and returned, stating the besieged are beginning to suffer from hunger, and the respectable natives are longing for British rule again. There are about 23,000 men (mutineers and deserters) inside the city. The loss and destruction are something fearful; they have broken the locks on the river, torn up all the roads and bridges, burnt every house they could at Delhi, destroyed all the monuments in the burial-ground. At Meerut they lighted fires under the General's tables, to burn the things quicker. It is said he has lost 50,000 rupees worth of property.

FEARFUL CONFLICT WITH THE MUTINEERS.

The following is a copy of a letter from Adolphus de Kantzow, who so greatly distinguished himself at Meerut:—"I was returning from reconnoitring, when information was brought me that five troopers of the 7th Light Cavalry were coming along the road. An immediate pursuit was of course ordered by me, and my 39 troopers tore away at full speed after me, I was just coming up to them, and had already let drive among the murdering villains, when lo! I came upon 200 of their comrades, all armed with swords, and some with carbines. A smart fire was kept up at a distance of not more than 25 yards. What could 39 do against 200 regular troopers well horsed and armed, particularly when walked into by the bullets of 100 of the Infantry? I ordered a retreat, but my cavalry could not get away from troopers mounted upon good stud bred horses; so we were soon overtaken, and then commenced the shindy in earnest; 12 troopers surrounded me; the first, a Mahomedan priest, I shot through the breast just as he was cutting me down; this was my only pistol, so I was helpless as regards weapons, save my sword; this guarded off a swinging stroke given me by No. 2, as also another by No. 3, but the fun could not last. I bitterly mourned not having a couple of revolvers, for I could have shot every man. My sword was cut down, and I got a slash on the head that blinded me, another on the arm that glanced, and only took a slice off. The third caught me on the side, but also glanced and hit me sideways. I know not how I escaped. God only knows, as 12 against one were fearful odds, especially as I was mounted on a pony bare back. Escape, however, I did, and after many warm escapes, too numerous to mention, I got back here. 14 of my brave fellows were killed, four wounded, and six missing; total, 24, out of 39. Good odds, was it not?" He says in (referring, it is fancied, to his saving at Mynpooree from destruction) that he has been praised by the Major-General, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and his doings brought to the notice of the Governor-General; and he is now in command of the station of Mynpooree, and the remains of three native regiments there—an irregular force, in fact.—The gallant lieutenant has received a highly complimentary note from Lord Canning for his courageous conduct.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—Believing it to be the duty of every sound and impartial advocate of Responsible Government to expose the tyrannical villainy of Toryism—to show the public that they are now, as well as in past times, endeavoring to blindfold and mislead the tenantry,—it behoves me, and every loyal British subject, to warn the public against their wily machinations and schemes.

Not long since, a certain individual—who was once, to use his own words, "an editor" (save the mark!) "of a Conservative journal," (named after himself,) also a Queen's Printer—was travelling in this part of the Island with the avowed intention of diffusing knowledge to his hearers by lecturing on Agricultural Chemistry, and as he would not be permitted to lecture publicly in an intelligent settlement, for reasons which I will immediately show you, he had to enter the private dwellings of families to give vent to his shallow prattle. He would then commence setting his apparatus into operation, all the time lecturing to the grandfather of the family, who was formerly, perhaps, a subscriber to his useless paper, but who knew all the lecturer's mumbling to be groundless, especially when he commences to abuse the present Government. Grandfather says nothing till the lecturer moves to the next neighbour's house, when he becomes quite a politician, and laughs heartily at the designs of the ex-Queen's Printer.

On one occasion I had the extreme felicity of listening to one of his "private" lectures. While imparting his little information on swamps, muscle mud, seaweed, &c., he would occasionally burst out on political matters—slandering the Liberals and Liberalism with all his feeble might. I would have opposed him, but knowing that his other hearer, like myself, was positive his assertions were erroneous, it was an excellent opportunity afforded to me to perceive his selfish ends. We, therefore, permitted him to proceed undisturbed; and I assure you, Mr. Editor, I never heard so much conceit, presumption and bitter animosity emanate from any human being before. On being asked how he thought the next general election would terminate, he commenced in reality. The first charge he brought against the present Government was, the death of his son, which, he said, "was owing to this infernal Government." He then went on in the height of his presumption, saying, "I will be certainly returned at the next general election in the Second Electoral District of Queen's County;" and continued, "I do not care who I may have to oppose, even if it is George Coles himself. I possess twice as much knowledge as he does; and he has rendered himself perfectly detestable in his district,—so my return is certain." His hearer, for there was only one besides myself, perceiving that the organ of self-conceit was very prominent, would now and then merely exclaim, "horrible!" "yes" and "no," just as it suited, till at last his love of approbation became so insatiable that he "let the cat out of the bag" by saying, he "did not know but he might set up in this district."

He also alluded to the drinking propensities of Sir Alexander Bannerman, and stated, that he saw him drunk at the market house, so much so that he had to support himself by its posts. This false and calumnious statement utterly confuted the rest; for any one endowed with a particle of understanding would certainly know, even if he did drink, that a gentleman in his situation and possessing his authority would not expose himself in the most public place on the Island. When the lecturer on "Agricultural Chemistry" came to that part of his lecture which referred to his "lost money-making office," then was his most bitter hatred excited. He fairly trembled through sheer animosity, ill-will and ambition. It would occupy too much space in your valuable columns to give the proceedings of that celebrated evening; and from all the information I can gather, he acted the same way in every private dwelling where he could gain admittance. He was scarcely in the Settlement two hours before the cry was raised, "A Tory Plot," and I assure the extremely learned lecturer on Agricultural Chemistry he escaped in good time, for the very name of "Tory" is perfectly hateful here.

This plainly demonstrates the incorrigible intrigues of old and almost defunct Toryism. The Tory party have always appeared to me to be composed in reality of shallow-pated, bombastic pretenders to science and literature. What induced this old office-seeker to commence lecturing on what he knew nothing about now? Why did he not do this before? Because the day of a general election is approaching, and he well knows how Toryism is detested, so under the plea of

lecturing on Chemistry, he took every advantage to preach politics. The days of intolerance are fast passing away; imposture and deception have opened our eyes; fraud, prejudice, ignorance and illiteracy, by the exertions of Responsible Government, are nearly eradicated; and by being blessed with such a Government, and a Free Education Law, we are liberated from the Tory bondage in which we had been enthralled. No more shall these disguised Tories deceive us by their sophistry. No more shall their sanctimonious appearance induce us to become the victims of their selfish policy. We will gladly welcome any chemical lecturer, provided he lectures on Chemistry; but when political interests are his motives, he shall be carefully excluded from amongst us. We will hold no correspondence with men who have endeavoured, and are still using their utmost ingenuity, to bind us in the chains of serfdom. It requires no prophet's eye to see, nor inspired tongue to tell the evil effects and dire calamities that would assuredly follow should Toryism ever gain the ascendancy. We do not wish to be brought back to our former state of slavery. No chemical lecturers will ever prevail on us to vote for a party of men remarkable only for their ambition, arrogance, avarice, egotism and dishonesty. No! no! the days in which bribery and fraud flourished are forever at an end.

The Tories have endeavoured to circulate a rumour to the effect that there is no money in the Treasury; but for substantial reasons and good proofs I would refer all inquirers to the editorial in the Examiner, of the 7th inst., on "Trade and Finance." It would be useless to occupy space in exposing any more of their villainy at present, although the community abounds with it.

Deeply apologising for the length of my communication, I will conclude for the present, still remaining

Everlastingly thine,

Lot 50, Sept. 14, 1857. AGRICOLA.

TO THE REVEREND ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND.

MOST REVEREND SIR,—Having been subjected, with others, to observations of yours in the last number of the Protector, charging us with not knowing what we were about in signing a certificate of good conduct for Mr. Henry Pope Welsh, I trust you will pardon me if I reply to your most learned letter by a quotation upon Asses:—

My Oberon, what visions have I seen!

Though I was enamoured of an Ass!—SHAKESPEARE.

Procul este profani! Avant ye willings, who with gibes and jeers would turn my honest conceptions into mockery. I address not ye. No, nor the poor human butts on whom ye break your poorer jests. "Though by your smiling ye seem to think so." I had no such stuff in my thoughts as bipeds, not even those who wear the head of Bottom. But as the times are critical, and equivocation might undo me, it may be well to premise, that, though my references be altogether quadrupedal, they mount not to those golden Asses (not of Apuleius, I dare aver) which are placed upon royal tables, and whose panniers, laden with salt, (assuredly not Attic), minister stimulants to the palates of kings, queens and courtiers. No, most reverend Sir, my letter means what it professes; it is dedicated to Donkeys, Jerusalem Ponies, &c., who ought to have no patronymic right to be termed anything but Asses. Every association, most reverend Sir, connected with this most interesting animal, is classical, venerable and hallowed. At the feast of the goddess Vesta, who was preserved by the braying of an Ass from the attacks of the Lampsacan god, that animal was solemnly crowned; and in an old calendar still extant, the following note is written against the month of June: "Festum Vestæ—Asinus coronatur." In the precincts of the Holy Land, though not invested with idolatrous honor, the Ass was held in high respect and reverence; and where the use of horses was prohibited, he was the royal beast, whose covering was cloth of gold, whose housings were studded with the carbuncle and the pearl, and whose provender was showered down into royal mangers. Deborah, addressing her song to the rulers of Israel, exclaims, "Speak ye that ride on white Asses, ye that sit in judgment." Jair of Gilead, we are told, had thirty sons, who rode upon as many Asses, and commanded in thirty cities. And the holy writer, wishing to exalt the grandeur of Abdon, one of the judges of Israel, proclaims that he had forty sons and thirty grandsons, who rode upon seventy Asses. According to a tradition of the Jewish Rabbis, one of the ten privileged creatures formed by God at the end of the sixth day, was the identical beast bestrode by Balaam—the same that Abraham loaded with wood for the sacrifice of Isaac—which Moses long after employed to transport his wife and son across the desert—and which, still existing in the depths of some unknown and impenetrable wilderness, will continue to be miraculously fed and guarded until the advent of their pretended Messiah, when he will mount upon its back and ride forth to conquer all the nations upon earth.

You will, I trust, pardon me, most reverend Sir, if I suggest, that, as letter-writing does not appear to be our own individual forte, we should, for the future, be still, until we are miraculously endowed with speech, that we may rebuke our infatuated rider.

I have the honor to remain, most reverend Sir, Your most obedient humble servant, Sept. 26, 1856. ROBERT FELLOWES.

OUBLIER NE PUIS.

The Gulnare in a storm!!! by Captain Orlebar, R. N.!! Prodigious!! We should have been less surprised at hearing that two Sundays had come together, than that the Gulnare had been caught in a storm at sea. What temptation—what bribe—what infatuation could have induced her gallant Commander to trust himself, his ship and his crew out of the placid waters they have been yachting in for the last twenty years, and dare the risks of the deep and stormy ocean? Zeal no doubt; zeal for the good of his country led the valiant Captain (himself all fire) to sound off Cape Smoke! added to a laudable desire on his part to account for cause and effect. Result: cause—thickness, either in weather or head; effect—the wreck of Her Majesty's Ship Gulnare. We conceive it to have been altogether unnecessary for Captain Orlebar to have written a sort of explanatory letter to the public; through the columns of the Protector. He need not care for the censure of the public, and the days are past when old women were burned for witchcraft. He does not tell us how the Industry, (by which he was saved), with her few hands, weathered the storm; nor does he thank Captain McNeily in his letter for his timely aid, although he is well aware that had it not been for Capt. McNeily's assistance, he and his comrades, although bred to the sea, were very nearly becoming bread for the fishes. Captain Orlebar says he is satisfied that no blame could attach to the Master (his own nephew) who had charge of the watch, and concludes his letter with a very high panegyric upon that gentleman's conduct throughout, and in the absence of any Court-martial we are obliged to receive Captain Orlebar's assertion as fact. We have nothing to say against the Master's seamanship and general knowledge of his profession, but we must observe, that if every Commander in Her Majesty's navy be like Captain Orlebar, and no better judges of nautical matters than he is of the qualities and qualification of an Episcopalian Minister—of which his late letters to a Christian Divine of that Church have displayed his profound ignorance, (not a worse feeling—we are truly sorry for the British navy, and do not wonder at the loss of the Gulnare. At all events she is wrecked, and, as a matter of course, it was nobody's fault, neither officers nor men. Sailors have extraordinary superstitions, and amongst others have a decided dread at the appearance of any of Mother Carey's chickens, and to put to sea with one on board was, they insinuate, a sure way to bespeak foul weather. If Capt. Orlebar would confine himself to the study and practice of his own profession, and desist from interfering with, and dictating to our clergymen on matters of theology, it would be better for all parties, and we could then with truth apply to him the old motto, "Virtus in actione consistit."—*Com.*

The Examiner.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., SEPTEMBER 28, 1857.

ARRIVAL OF THE ENGLISH MAIL.

The Steamer Westmorland brought over the English Mail from Pictou on Friday evening last. Latest dates are to the 12th instant, but there appears to be little or no news in addition to that which was received a few days ago via New York. The English papers continue to publish horrible details of the Indian mutiny, extracts from which we will give in our next No. The position of affairs in India does not appear to be much changed either for the better or worse.

ARRIVAL OF THE PERSIA AT NEW YORK.

ENGLISH DATES TO SEPT. 5.

The London underwriters on the Atlantic cable offer to pay 36½ per cent., and give up all claims of salvage. Eleven more regiments are under orders for India. The Paris Pays denies the reported occupation of Formosa by the United States. The Court of Assizes of Paris has condemned Ledru Rollin, Mazzini and others to deportation. The Spanish papers deny the existence of a secret treaty between the United States and Mexico. The Russian troops are concentrating on the Austrian frontier, to prevent interference with the affairs of the Principalities.

INDIA.

THE SIEGE OF DELHI.—The Bombay correspondent of the London Times, under date of July 30, gives an interesting account of the contest at Delhi. He says it has not been considered prudent to hazard an assault before the place; he adds:—

For although an attack would probably be successful—although that is to say an entrance would be, with whatever loss, effected by the escalade—still the difficulties attendant upon the complete subjugation and occupation of a city nine miles in circumference, containing 150,000 inhabitants mainly hostile to the assailants, and large numbers of armed and disciplined mutineers, are not lightly to be encountered. Let us for the present be content to know that our little force holds in check the great body of the mutineers of the Bengal army; that it will shortly receive further reinforcements of English and Sikh troops from the Punjab; that the enemy, though largely augmented in numbers, have never yet shown themselves outside the walls without being repulsed with heavy loss; that there are internal dissensions among them, and that they must be suffering severely, not only from our shot and shell, but from sickness, while our camp is comparatively healthy. I endeavor to write temperately, but I assure you it is no easy matter to preserve a uniform tone of unimpassioned narration when oppressed by the recollection of the treacheries and horrors unutterable that have been perpetrated by the rebels since the Meerut outbreak on the 10th of May.

FROM BRIGADIER GENERAL HAVELOCK TO THE GOVERNMENT OR GENERAL, FROM FUTTEYPORE, BY TELEGRAPH, DATED ALLAHABAD, 13TH JULY, 11.35 A. M.

I have to acquaint your Lordship that I have defeated the insurgents, capturing 11 guns and scattering their forces in utter confusion in the direction of Cawnpore. By two harassing marches I joined Major Renaud's advanced column three hours before daylight, and encamped four miles from Futteypore; where, pitching our tents, the enemy advanced out of Futteypore and opened fire upon a reconnaissance under Col. Tytler.

I had wished to deter the fight till to-morrow, but, thus assailed, was compelled to accept the challenge.

I marched with eight guns in the centre under Captain Maude, Royal Artillery, forming the whole of the infantry in quarter distance column, in support.

Capt. Maude's fire electrified the enemy, who abandoned gun after gun, and were then driven by our skirmishers and column, through garden enclosures and the streets of Futteypore, in complete confusion. My loss is merely nominal; not a single European touched. My column had marched 24 miles up to the ground I write from; Major Renaud's, 19 miles. The conduct of the troops, in sustaining the fatigue of so long a march and enduring the heat, is beyond praise. The enemy's strength is said to have been two regiments of cavalry and three of infantry, and 11 guns.

FROM GENERAL HAVELOCK, DATED CAWNPORE CANTONMENT, JULY 17.

By the blessing of God I recaptured this place yesterday, and totally defeated Nena Sahib in person, taking more than six guns, four of them of siege calibre. The enemy were strongly posted behind a succession of villages, and obstinately disputed for 140 minutes every inch of the ground; but I was enabled by a flank movement to my right to turn his left, and this gave us the victory. The conduct of the troops was admirable. Nena Sahib has retired to Bithoor, and blew up this morning on his retreat the Cawnpore magazine. He is said to be strongly fortified. I have not yet been able to get in the return of killed and wounded, but estimate my loss at about 70, chiefly from the fire of grape.

HANGING THE MUTINEERS.

The following is an extract of a letter written by Major Macdonald, commanding the 5th Bengal Irregular Cavalry, after the attack upon him and his brother officers, in which it will be remembered Sir Norman Leslie was murdered:—"Two days after my native officer said he had found out the murderers, and that they were three men of my own regiment. I had them in irons in a crack, held a drumhead court-martial, convicted, and sentenced them to be hanged the next morning. I took on my own shoulders the responsibility of hanging them first, and asking leave to do so afterwards. That day was an awful one of suspense and anxiety. One of the prisoners was of very high caste and influence, and this man I determined to treat with the greatest ignominy, by getting the lowest caste man to hang him. To tell you the truth, I never for a moment expected to leave the hanging scene alive, but I was determined to do my duty, and well knew the effect that pluck and decision had on the natives. The regiment was drawn out; wounded cruelly as I was, I had to see everything done myself, even to the adjusting of the ropes, and saw them looped to run easy. Two of the culprits were paralyzed with fear and astonishment, never dreaming that I should dare to hang them without an order from Government. The third said he would not be hanged, and called on the Prophet and on his comrades to rescue him. This was an awful moment; an instant's hesitation on my part and probably I should have had a dozen of balls through me; so I seized a pistol, clapped it to the man's ear, and said, with a look there was no mistake about, 'Another word out of your mouth, and your brains shall be scattered on the ground.' He trembled, and held his tongue. The elephant came up, he was put on his back, the rope adjusted, the elephant moved, and he was left dangling. I then had the others up, and off in the same way. And after some time, when I had dismissed the men of the regiment to their lines, and still found my head on my shoulders, I really could scarcely believe it."

THE MISCREANT NENA SAHIB.

Nena Sahib was on terms of intimacy with several of the officers at Cawnpore, civil as well as military. Before the Mutiny fairly broke out at that place, and while the British were still temporizing, in the vain hope that the recapture of Delhi would restore peace and confidence, Nena Sahib proposed to bring his fifteen hundred men to the assistance of

the British garrison at Cawnpore, and for the dispersion of the mutineers. At the same time he was entreating his "favourites," among them the Chief Collector, to send their young wives and children to his castle at Bithoor, as a place of safety. The writer of a letter before us, who was eventually one of his victims, speaks with the most implicit reliance on his friendship and honour, evidently without a moment's mistrust of his proffered aid and hospitality. She speaks of him, by the way, as a man of immense wealth and power. That such a man, with a considerable army of his own, should occupy a large estate, and a stronghold of very difficult approach, only six miles from Cawnpore, not inherited, but actually presented to him by the British rulers of India, certainly speaks for our simplicity, but does not show us hard masters.

An English paper thus notices some circumstances relating to Nena Sahib:

"Years ago, the Peishwa of the Mahrattas, Rajee Rao, after losing his throne in battle against us, was allowed to retire on a princely pension, which he actually enjoyed for some 30 years. Before his death he proposed to nominate this Nena Sahib—a person in no manner related to him—as a man who should receive from the British Government a continuation of the indemnity conceded to himself. The very reasonable refusal of this request, constitutes the wrongs of Nena Sahib at our hands. It must be understood that he was allowed not only to inherit without interference the private hoards of Rajee Rao, but also to maintain a certain armed force, and with these qualifications he was raised, when the hour of treason arrived, to the command of all the mutineers of the vicinity."

THE PECUNIARY VALUE OF INDIA TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

There is, to begin with, a little item of something under £4,000,000 a year remitted to England on "Home Account." Of this sum about £1,000,000 is paid for stores, and may be considered a matter of trade. The remainder, or £3,000,000 a year, consists of pensions, furlough pay, soldiers' wages, salaries, allowances, interest on debts and on proprietors' stock, and some other items. This sum is spent exclusively in England, without return to India in gold or metal; it is, in short, a direct tribute paid by the dependency to the sovereign power. To this amount must be added an equal one, or £3,000,000 more (to speak precisely £2,850,000) paid to England for family remittances. These remittances include not only those allowances to children and relatives made by every family in India, the payments for education, for old debts, for outfit, and such like things; but soldiers' remittances, and, above all, the fortunes which, though not so gigantic as of old, are still remitted year after year by successful Indians to England. It includes, of course, the remittances on partnership account, by which men long since retired from active business are enabled to live in luxury in England, and those still larger sums by which senior partners in European mercantile firms in India possess a ruinous influence over apparently stable houses. This sum is also tribute. It is given to England for *quid pro quo* in coals or candles, and is as much a portion of the great Indian tribute as the directors' salaries. It is a direct addition to that wealth which falls under the shears of the commissionaire of the income-tax, and represents wealth amounting, even at five per cent., to £130,000,000 sterling. It is, therefore, as the clearest rules of business, incumbent on this nation to spend £130,000,000 sterling, and one farthing of its own money (not Indian money) before it surrenders India to the Sepoys. That sum represents about six years of stern, determined, blood-letting warfare. The capital of the East India Company is £6,000,000, and under the act of 1833, which extinguished the trading powers of the Company, it was provided that £2,000,000 should be set apart as a security fund to be applied ultimately, with its accumulated interest, to pay off the £6,000,000 of stock at the rate of 200 per cent. A Parliamentary return shows the total receipts on account of this fund up to the present time to have been £4,282,504, namely, £2,000,000, the original appropriation, and £2,282,504 for dividends. These have been invested in the purchase of £306,420 consols, and £3,899,240 Reduced, making a total of £4,705,660 Three per cent. stock, which, at present prices would be worth £4,251,732, or within £50,822 of its cost price.

The London Times states that 15,000 men of the militia are immediately to be called out, and fifteen second battalions of the line formed in the stead of the regiments sent to India; also, that an additional force of cavalry is to be sent to India.

CHINA.

LORD ELGIN'S ADDRESS AND PLANS.

The Hong Kong correspondence of the London Times, gives the following as the course resolved upon by Lord Elgin:—"Lord Elgin has arrived in health. Two days were given to receptions on board. On the third he landed under salute from the ships and from the fort, and the troops were turned out, and there was a gala day, and Sir John Bowring conducted him through a line of soldiers to Government House, where he now remains a guest, and where dinner parties, levees and addresses are the order of the day.

We have, therefore, a plenipotentiary whom all parties hope and believe to be the man for the occasion; and we have leaders who, if ordered to do so, would take 10,000 men through China from the Yellow Sea to the Himalayas, but we have not got the 10,000 men.

It was very evident that Lord Elgin's position would not allow him to remain idle in Hong Kong, and no one was surprised when the rumour spread that he was going northward. The course really resolved upon, however, is this. The Calcutta, the Shannon, the Pearl, the Inflexible, the Hornet and two gunboats will proceed northwards, to rendezvous at Shanghai, and to proceed thence to the river Pei-ho, on which river Pekin stands. Arrived at the nearest point to the capital, Lord Elgin will dispatch to the authorities, for transmission to the Emperor, a letter requiring the Emperor within a specified time either to recognize or to repudiate the acts of his officers at Canton.

If the Court of Peking repudiate Yeh, and pay compensation for past injuries, and give security against their recurrence—well. If, as is most probable, either no notice be taken of the letter, or a disposition be shown to entangle the ambassador in question of ceremonial, Lord Elgin will declare war, and thus relieve the relations of the two Powers from their present anomalous position. Canton will then be occupied, the trade of the northern ports will not be unnecessarily interfered with, but such further proceedings will be taken as may be necessary to bring the court of Peking to reason.

The steamship Baltic, with dates from London and Liverpool to Sept. 2, arrived at New York on the 14th. The English news is not important, although it is interesting. The elevation of Mr. Macaulay to the peerage, which was first announced in the Globe (the ministerial organ), has assumed the dignity of a public question. The Times says:—"Of the various peerages which are about to be created, the public will regard with most interest that which elevates Mr. Macaulay to the House of Lords. It is an honor which belongs peculiarly to the man, and which is a fitting, if not an adequate return for a life spent in the public service, and devoted to literary labors of the most dignified order. It is much to say that he is the most popular author of the day, but we have to say more. With a style that compels attention, with a calm wisdom that commands assent, he has interpreted English history to ourselves and to the world. To us the history which he has indited is worth a score of charters and a number of laws; it is our bill of rights and our code of political duties. We know better what we are, we know what our fathers fought for, we can sympathize with the aspirations of Whigs, we learn to respect the endeavors of Tories, we are less partisans and more of patriots."

The elevation of Mr. Macaulay to the peerage meets with much laudation from the British Press, as an act of graceful acknowledgment of literary talent, historical achievement, and high personal character. The London Times concludes