

Selections.

THE ENGLISH AS A RACE.

The British census proper reckons twenty-seven and a half millions, in the home countries. What makes this census important is the quality of the race that compose it. They are free forcible men, in a country where life is safe, and has reached the greatest value. They give the bias to the current age; and that, not by chance or by mass, but by character, and by the number of individuals among them of personal ability. It has been doubted that the English have genius. Be that as it may, men of vast intellect have been born on their soil, and they have made or applied the principal inventions. They have sound bodies, and supreme endurance in war and in labor.—The spawning force of the race has sufficed to the colonization of great parts of the world; yet it remains to be seen whether they can make good the exodus of millions from Great Britain, amounting, in 1852, to more than a thousand a day. They have assimilating force, since they are imitated by their foreign subjects; and they are still aggressive and propagandist, enlarging the dominion of their arts and liberty. Their laws are hospitable, and slavery does not exist under them. What oppression exists is incidental and temporary; their success is not sudden or fortunate, but they have maintained constancy and self-equality for many ages.

Is this power due to their race, or to some other cause? Men hear gladly of the power of blood or race. Everybody likes to know that his advantages cannot be attributed to air, soil, sea, or to local wealth, as mines and quarries, nor to laws and traditions, nor to fortune, but to superior brain, as it makes the praise more personal to him.

We anticipate in the doctrine of race, something like that law of physiology, that whatever bone, muscle, or essential organ is found in one healthy individual, the same part or organ may be found in or near the same place in its congener; and we look to find in the son every mental and moral property that existed in the ancestor. In race, it is not the broad shoulders, or height, or stature that give advantage, but a symmetry that reaches as far as to the wit. Then the miracle and renown begin. Then first we care to examine the pedigree, and copy heedfully the training,—what was, *quæ reserata* in school, and exercises they thought, and robust wisdom. How came such men as King Alfred, and Roger Bacon, William of Wykeham, Walter Raleigh, Philip Sydney, Isaac Newton, William Shakespeare, George Chapman, Francis Bacon, George Herbert, Henry Vane, to exist here? What made these delicate natures? was it the air? was it the sea? was it the parentage? For it is certain that these men are samples of their contemporaries. The hearing ear is always found close to the speaking tongue; and no genius can long or often utter anything which is not invited and gladly entertained by men around him.

It is race, is it not, that puts the hundred millions of India under the dominion of a remote island in the north of Europe?

The English composite character betrays a mixed origin. Every thing English is a fusion of distant and antagonistic elements. The language is mixed; the games of men are of different nations,—three languages; three or four nations;—the currents of thought are counter; contemplation and practical skill; active intellect and dead conservatism; world-wide enterprise, and devoted use and want; aggressive freedom and hospitable law, with bitter class-legislation; a people scattered by their wars and affairs over the face of the whole earth, and homelick to a man; a country of extremes,—dukes and Chariots, Bishops of Durham and naked heathen colliers;—nothing can be praised in it without damning exceptions, and nothing denounced without salvoes of cordial praise.—*Emerson's English Traits.*

Salter v. the Athenæum Insurance Company, a case which occupied two days at the Guildford Assizes last week, gives a curious insight into the profession of company-making. The plaintiff, Salter, acting with one "Sutton," was the getter-up of the company he now sued; a new board of directors had dismissed him summarily from his position as manager, pleading in defence to this action for damages, that he had "misconducted himself with reference to" the books of the company and certain cheques. The material Salter and his coadjutor Sutton, had to work upon in forging the Athenæum was slight enough. Hear his account in cross-examination of the whole process of man-aging

Mr. Harris, one of the old board, by whom witness was appointed, was a solicitor. He had been an insolvent. Did not know where he was now, but believed he was in some lunatic asylum. Mr. Howard another of the old board, was a surgeon. Did not know what had become of him. Rev. Mr. Bartlett and Sutton were also directors of the Society in 1853. The Rev. Mr. Bartlett lived at Fulham, but he did not know of his having any benefice. The Society had no money until he found them some. Their revenue in 1853 was not more than £10 or £20. Sutton was what was called the 'getter-up' of the company. He was formerly a clerk in an insurance office. Soon after he was appointed the directors gave him shares to the amount of £1,000, and they lent him £750 from the funds of the society to pay a deposit of 15s. upon each of the shares, and this was entered in the book as a real transaction, and it was made to appear that he was the actual holder of that number of shares, and that he had paid the deposit upon them. In point of fact, he did not pay a single farthing.

"The Lord Chief Baron to the witness—Why, in point of fact, the 'transaction' was all a fudge, was it not?"

"Witness—Well, my lord, it was very much like it. (A laugh.) There were only five directors at this time, and each of them had £2,000 worth of shares given to him in the same manner, and the deposits were taken from the capital of the company, and none of them paid a farthing of their own money for the shares. These transactions were all entered in the books as though they had been genuine ones. The income of the society from premiums in the year 1855 had increased to £22,000. At the time he was appointed there were no other shareholders than the five directors whose names he had mentioned. The directors and the shareholders were, in point of fact, one body. A sum of £250 which appeared in the books as having been lent to the Athenæum Life Office was, in point of fact, advanced to Mr. Carrington Jones, one of the directors. The same gentlemen who were directors of the fire-office, were also directors of the life department, and the money was entered as having been lent to that department. The entry was undoubtedly fictitious. No portion of this £250 was ever repaid to the society. What had become of Jones he did not know. Last he heard of him he was serving in a foreign regiment at Malta. The two offices—the Athenæum and the Athenæum Life Office—were occasionally of borrowing money of each other. In May 1853, there was a proposition for the fire office to advance £200 to the life office, upon a deposit not at 6 per cent. The money was drawn on two cheques, one for £300, which was crossed to the life company's bankers, and another for £100. The latter was not crossed, and it never came into the possession of the life company, and no one knew what had become of it. Field, the detective officer, was employed to investigate the matter. Mr. Sutton, one of the directors, told him not to put the name of the Athenæum Life Company's bankers on the cheques, and to put his own banker's, the London and Westminster, instead. The loss of the £100 cheque was very announcing, and he was told by Field that he had traced the notes that were paid for it to within twenty yards of the Athenæum office. He believed that Mr. Sutton was at present in London, and that he was engaged in getting up another company. (A laugh.) There was another entry in the book referring to a sum of £117 16s. 6d. which was also represented as having been lent to the Athenæum Life Company, and which was fictitious. In point of fact, this money was employed to pay a bill incurred by another society, called the Security Mutual, with which witness was connected. The money was employed to take up a bill to which witness and Mr. Coyne, who was a director of the Athenæum, were parties; but it had been represented in the books that the money had been advanced to the Athenæum Life Office. Witness was the projector of the Security Mutual Office. It was now in process of being 'wound up.' (A laugh.)"

The jury, thinking probably, that the plea for the defence, to the effect that Salter had "misconducted himself with reference to the books and certain cheques" had been proved out of his own mouth, returned a verdict for the defendant.

LETTER FROM KEY. JOHN SELWOOD.—*Messrs. Editors*:—The mail from the States arrived here this week, bringing to me the *Episcopal Recorder* of May 17th, which contains a most touching obituary notice of myself, extracted from your paper. Very few persons have the opportunity of reading their own obitu-

ary notice; I am one of these few, and have had the opportunity of doing so twice: this week in the extract from your paper, and previously, while confined in the hospital at Panama, in the paper published in Aspinwall, in which the editor gave notice of my death after being in the hospital some two or three weeks, accompanied with expressions of regret.

I am yet in the land of the living. The Lord has wonderfully preserved my life, and having done so, I am fully persuaded that He has got work for me to do for Him in Oregon, and I hope the time will come, when I shall have strength and grace imparted to me to do it. At present I am feeble and doing nothing; I am, however, convalescing. It is the wish of Bishop Scott, that, when recovered, I should take charge of the church in Portland, and my brother, who is in deacon's orders, that of Salem, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Hackler. My brother accordingly came here to reside last week, and I came with him, by the advice of my bishop, for the purpose of spending a few weeks in repose, hoping in that time to recover in some considerable degree my wanted bodily health and mental abilities. At present I do not feel able, either mentally or bodily, to take charge of a church: I am very weak in body, and one of my wounds (that near my heart) will not be healed for some time yet to come; my head also is in rather a strange state, in consequence of the severe concussion of the brain which I received, so that I cannot bear much mental effort. I suffer greatly also from dizziness in it: on the whole, however, considering what I have passed through, it is surprising that I am alive.—At present I find it hard work to compose a few lines, but having seen the extract from your paper respecting myself, I felt disposed to try to write to you a short letter.

In the extract which you give from another paper, my wounds are not described correctly, with the exception that my face was crushed and mangled beyond all recognition. I received at least four distinct wounds, and am most conspicuously marked for life. One is on my forehead towards my left eye, and another where the bone of my nose, immediately between my eye, was beaten in. For some two or three weeks I could not breathe through my nostrils; since then, I have been able to do so in some degree. These wounds I received from a weapon of wood, having sharp edges; I received two or three most severe blows from it, repeatedly repeated; it is wonderful the blows did not break my skull. My forehead was severely burnt with powder, large quantities of which are to be seen remaining in the flesh, scattered all over it, and the back of my left hand grazed by a ball. All these wounds are healed; some of the fingers of each hand are stiff, and probably will always remain so, but I have not lost a single finger, much less a hand.

Simultaneously with receiving the blows on my forehead, a pistol was fired at me, when I fell to the ground as dead, when immediately those who surrounded me drew their long knives and cut up my clothes and robbed me of all I had about me. The ball passed very near my heart. After I had recovered, and previous to leaving the hospital, one of my medical attendants said to me, "I look upon your escape as a miracle: the ball passed so near the heart that it must have passed at the instant of its contraction, for had it passed at its expansion, you must have been killed. Just the one-tenth of a second made all the difference in your case between life and death. I received many wounds from the mob; in order to avoid being murdered by the police, I fell into their hands."

In your editorial you remark: "A terrible death to die, yet earth can offer no death sweeter than that which meets a Christian when about his father's business." How true! I can say from experience. I lay for several hours on the ground, feeling myself growing weaker and weaker, and expected to die there without a solitary friend near me, whilst numbers of robbers and murderers were passing by me, or, within a short distance of me, were engaged in their diabolical work, and in making the most horrible outcries and noises; yet all was tranquillity within; I was about my Master's business, and He in that trying hour, remembered His servant.

On the supposition of my death, you ask, "Who will take my place in Oregon?" I hope ere this letter reaches you, that some one who is qualified for missionary work, has responded to the call. Aye, that more than one has said to the Domestic Committee, "Here am I: send me!" and that more than one of those to whom God has entrusted the riches of this world, has said to the treasurer, "Here are the funds to send, and support a missionary in Oregon."