

the precious essence of life, the pure cold water; but in the green glade and glassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play there god brews it; and down, down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the tall mountain tops, where naked granite glitter like gold in the sun, where storm clouds brood and the thunder storms crash; and away far out on the wide sea, where the hurricanes howl music and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it, that beverage of life—health-giving water! And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew drop—singing in the summer rain—shining in the ice gem, till the trees all seemed turned into living jewels—spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon—sporting in the cataract—sleeping in the Glaciers—dancing in the hail showers folding its bright curtain softly about the windy world, and weaving the many colored iris—that seraph's zone of the sky—whose ward is the rain drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with the celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction—still always it is beautiful, that blessed life water! No poison bubbles on the brink; its foam brings no sadness or murder; no blood stains its limpid glass; broken-hearted wives, pale widows and starving orphans shed no tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost, from the grave, curses it in words of eternal despair; beautiful, pure, blessed and glorious; give me forever the pure cold water!—*John B. Gough.*

THE HUMAN MIND IN CITIES.

SOMEHOW or other (writes Dr. Guthrie,) amid their crowding and confinement, the human mind finds its fullest, freest expansion.—Unlike the dwarfed and dusty plants which stand around our suburban villas, languishing, like exiles, for the purer air and freer sunshine that kiss their fellows far away in flowery field and green woodland, on sunny banks and breezy hills, man reaches his highest condition amid the social influences of the crowded city. His intellect receives its brightest polish where gold and silver lose theirs—tarnished by the searching smoke and foul vapours of city air. The finest flowers of genius have grown in an atmosphere where those of nature are prone to droop and difficult to bring to maturity. The mental powers acquire their full robustness where the cheek loses its ruddy hue and the limbs their elastic step, and pale thought sits on manly brows, and the watchman, as he goes his rounds, sees the students' lamp far in the silent night.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF GUELPH.

The following is said to be the origin of the name of 'Guelph,' the family name of the Sovereigns of England of the House of Brunswick. The first who bore this name was the eldest son of Isenhard of Altdorf, near Ravensburgh, in Suabia, and Irmentrud, the sister of Charlemagne. Isenhard was in attendance on Charlemagne when a messenger informed him of the birth of his son. He requested permission to go and greet his first born. 'Why in such haste to see the wolpe?' (whelp) asked the Emperor, This Jocosely-used epithet the Imperial god-father was requested solemnly to repeat at the font, where it was indelibly stamped on the infant and his descendants.

A COMMON MISTAKE.

SOME simple souls imagine bluntness and honesty to be constant associates, but if they expect to find the pair always in company many and grievous disappointments await them in this uncertain world. There are rude knaves as well as polished ones, being, doubtless, adapted to the varieties of men they are destined to do for. A man can chisel (the phrase is more expressive than elegant) quite as well with bad as good manners, and if one's fingers are doomed to be cut, who would not prefer a keen razor to a rough saw.

HUMAN BRAIN DEVELOPED.

THE human brain is built up by a wonderful process, during which it assumes in succession the form of a brain of a fish, of a reptile, of a bird, of a mammiferous quadruped; and finally, it takes upon it its unique character as a human brain. Hence the remark of Oken, that 'man is the total of all the animals.'—*Miler*

PADDY ASTONISHED.—On the arrival of an emigrant ship, some years ago, when the North Carolina lay off the battery, an Irishman hearing the gun fired at sunset, inquired of one of the sailors what that was. 'What's that?'—'Why that's sunset!' was the contemptuous reply.—'Sunset!' exclaimed Paddy, with distended eyes, 'sunset! O Moses! and does the sun go down in this country with such a clap as that?'

VERY USEFUL.—In a pool across a road in the county of Tipperary is stuck up a pole, having affixed to it a board, with this inscription—'Take notice, that when the water is over this board the road is impassible.'

From the London Weekly Dispatch. OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

HINDOSTAN may be emphatically described as the theatre of unforeseen events, of triumphs and disasters alike unanticipated. Little of territorial conquests dreamed the sober merchants who, whilst Elizabeth was Queen, in the new Exchange, which the liberality of Gresham gave to the citizens of London, first discussed the project of forming a company, to trade to the Eastern Indies. Their sole calculations were of profit and loss: the mighty venture and the rich reward. The merchants of London knew full well how the trade of India had recently fertilized Portugal, and had passed, through the enterprise of one man, from Alexandria and Venice, to Lisbon. They knew that the discoveries of Vasco de Gama, fitly sung by the noblest of Lusitanian bards, had opened up a mine of wealth such as commerce never yet had scanned and which already excited the cupidity, and dazzled the imagination of the crafty Hollanders. True, the adventure was not without risks, risk of collision with rival traders, risk of navigation in unknown seas and perils on unknown shores, mightier than the mightiest King in Europe, was the Great Mogul, who held his wealthy provinces under the terrors of a relentless despotism, as the fabled dragon of old, guarded the golden fruit in the enchanted orchards; but in the days of Shakspeare, Raleigh and Essex, the merchants of London were no strangers to the boldness of design which sometimes commands and always deserves success. Accordingly, on the last day of the sixteenth century, a company was formed (capital £30,000, divided into 101 shares), and in 1600 a charter of incorporation was obtained, in and by which the adventurers were designated as 'The Governor and Company of Merchants of London, trading to the East Indies.'

The highest object of ambition cherished by the adventurers in the early years of the Company's existence was the establishment of factories, or trading stations, in the dominions of the Mogul. By their first adventure, and six or seven subsequent voyages, they realised the modest profit of from 100 to 200 per cent.; but they were well aware that permanent success depended, in a great degree, upon a fixed and permanent position in the land of wealth and wonders. Soon, therefore, for the purpose of securing this object, an ambassador in the person of Sir Thomas Roe, appeared at Agra, where the Mogul held his court. Selim, self-styled "the Conqueror of the World," son of the mighty Akbar, was then the Emperor of the East, sitting upon the peacock throne, resplendent with jewels and gold, wealthiest and most powerful of the sons of men.—From this prince was received, with due humility, in June, 1613, the firman, which authorised the first establishment of the English on the continent of India: the Mogul little dreamed that he had signed away an empire! Dazzled and awed by the magnificence and extent of the barbaric power they witnessed, the thoughts of the English merchants were, at this period, as entirely bent upon and engrossed by trade, as were the Jews in feudal Europe. So anxious were they to preserve their business-like character, that they resolutely set their faces against the admission of "gentlemen" into their service. Staid, sober citizens, skilled in book-keeping and bills of lading, not the wild adventurous sparks (pretty well known in those days,) who found their pastime in bullying and buccaneering, were at this time the selected servants of the Company, whose transactions soon excited attention, even in that age of wonders—age of great men and great events, to which belong the philosophy of Bacon and Shakspeare's noblest dramas, and which beheld the seed of Anglo-Saxon dominion sown broadcast in either hemisphere; when simultaneously, with the rise of the first factory in the East, the Colony of New England was planted in the West, and the least imaginative minds were dazzled by dreams of future empire, and visions of enchanted isles in the far-off main.

It was not without opposition that the Company obtained a foot-hold on the continent of Hindostan. The Portuguese, upon whom the genius of Vasco de Gama conferred for some time the monopoly of the Eastern trade, had extensive settlements on the Malabar coast, and were well provided with ships and men, for war or commerce, defence or attack. They arrogantly claimed the exclusive right to navigate the ocean round the Cape, and as soon as the English appeared in the Indian Seas, it was evident that a struggle was at hand. Near Surat, where the Company planted its first factory on the continent, the English traders were attacked by a large Portuguese armament; but British pluck was triumphant in this first conflict on Indian soil, and the subjects of the Mogul recognised at once the power and prestige of our nation. Protected by the firman already referred to, factories were now established, not only at Surat, but at Ahmedabad, Cambaya and Goga; but again did the Portuguese menace and attack the little settlements, and again were the English victorious. Another European power was also in the early years of his life, very troublesome to 'John Company'. The Dutch had followed in the wake of the Portuguese, and carried on a lucrative trade in the Indian waters more especially with the Spice Islands. Nutmegs and cloves seem to have had special

tractions for the crafty Hollander, and in the marts of Amsterdam were found the most fragrant riches of the East. To the English traders the Dutch were for long years objects of terror and abhorrence; their cruelty was equal to their craft, and some horrible atrocities were attributed to them, of which the memory long survived. Their maritime power, also, in those days was very considerable; and in 1654, when Cromwell had declared war against Holland, a Dutch fleet menaced the English factories, and caused for some time a complete suspension of trade.

For some time after their establishment on the eastern side of Hindoostan, the English traders looked with longing eyes on the wealthy province of Bengal, where the mighty Ganges "throws wide her fostering arms," and fertilizes the richest and most verdant lowlands of Asia. But in Bengal, the seat and source of the late mutiny, the English from the first met with less favour at the hands of the native Powers than in any other part of India. It was not till 1640 that they could obtain permission to establish a factory in that province, which they planted at Hooghly, twenty-three miles from the spot where now stands the princely city of Calcutta. An accident, however, soon favoured the growth and improved the position of the Bengal station. The daughter of Shah Jehan (the Great Mogul, who had succeeded Selim) had been dreadfully burnt by accident, whilst her father was engaged in defending his possessions in the Deccan, and the assistance of a European surgeon was sought at the English factory. Thereupon a medical gentleman, named Broughton, was despatched to the court of the Mogul, and his services proved so successful, that, by way of reward, a licence to trade to an unlimited extent in the Province of Bengal, free from all payment of Custom duties, was conferred on the Company. At the Surat factory the conduct of the British residents tended to increase the estimation in which the English name was held by the Mogul. In 1664, Sevajee, the founder of the Mahratta States, attacked the city of Surat, when all the inhabitants fled, but the Company's servants stood on the defensive, beat back the lawless hordes that assailed the station, and by this daring deed won the approbation of the Mahomedan despot, and for the first time engaged in conflict with Oriental races.

Not for a very long period, however, were the British adventurers permitted to sun themselves beneath the smiles of imperial favour.—Grievances, great and small, towards the close of the 17th century, drove them to seek redress at the hands of native tyrants by force of arms; and the "unseasonable insolence and imprudence of the Company's servants" awakened the wrath of the Great Mogul. Aurungzebe, the last monarch who preserved intact the dominions of the Mogul, then ruled at Agra; and from him, in the year 1687, proceeded orders for the expulsion of the English from Hindoostan. In obedience to the mandate, factories were seized, agents and servants of the Company slain, and British dominion in the East well nigh strangled in its infancy. But the Mogul soon relented. His wary counsellors advised him that he gained as much by the strangers as the strangers gained by him.—Trade, like the beneficent Ganges, fertilised his glorious empire, and his treasury, where glittered side by side ducats, dollars, and nobles, bore witness to the value of foreign commerce. The abject submission of the English, terror-struck by the disaster, also served to conciliate the Mussulman; he permitted the factories to be rebuilt, and the Company resumed its operations. When the news of these transactions reached Leadenhall-street a change came over the spirit of the Corporation. The simple desire to trade began to merge into the thirst for empire. In the instructions to their servants sent out in 1689, we begin to discern the high and haughty views for the accomplishment of which, in after days, the Company found such ready ministers in Clive and Hastings. "The increase of our revenue," said this document, 'is the subject of our care as much as our trade; 'tis that must maintain our force when twenty accidents may interrupt our trade; 'tis that must make us a nation in India; without that we are but a great number of interlopers united by his Majesty's charter, fit only to trade where nobody of power thinks it their interest to prevent us. To private traders in the Eastern seas, the Company presented a haughty front. The "interloper," wherever found, was regarded with horror and punished with severity.—By one of the Company's own orders he might be tried as a pirate in their own Admiralty Court, and, being adjudged to death, detained till the pleasure of the Sovereign should be known, any English law notwithstanding. When against such high handed proceedings the laws of the realm were pleaded, it is said that the chairman of the directors, Sir Joshua Child, wrote back to the Governor of Bombay, that he expected his orders to be his (the Governor's) rules, and not the laws of England, which were a heap of nonsense, compiled by a few ignorant country gentlemen, who hardly knew how to make laws for the good of their own private families, much less for the regulation of companies and foreign commerce. Arrogant abroad, at home the Company made use of their wealth to corrupt the Legislature. A new charter in

1693 was obtained by the most flagrant bribery; a sum of nearly £30,000 being divided amongst members of the Upper and Lower House, and one Duke was impeached for corrupt practices. Thus, in the course of a century, had grown up a stupendous and unscrupulous power, which, beginning with the day-book and ledger, soon became ready for aggression and dominion, and was first ripening into that military-mercantile corporation, described by Sheridan, "which united the mock majesty of a bloody sceptre with the petty traffic of a merchant's counting-house; wielding a truncheon with one hand, and picking a pocket with the other."

Meanwhile, it appeared doubtful whether English dominion in the East would not have been forestalled and prevented by the efforts of her ancient European rival. As early as 1664, the wise and wary Colbert, conceived the design of a French East India Company, and in a few years the disputes of the English traders with the Mogul, afforded the long hoped for opportunity of establishing a French settlement in Hindoostan. The place selected was Pondicherry, on the coast of the Carnatic. The successes of the French in India were brief, but brilliant. In the conception and consolidation of an Indian empire, they took the lead of the English. They also had precedence of us in the adoption of the most material expedient for bringing under the European yoke the supple natives of a softer clime. By them, Sepoys were drilled in the European fashion. The English, indeed, had long employed (though at first sparingly) the native Sipahi, or soldier (corrupted into Sepoy); but they permitted him to remain armed, in the manner of his country, with sword and shield. At Pondicherry, however, the French, at an early period of their occupation, had drilled several companies of natives in the European fashion. It must be conceded, likewise, that France was served in Asia by three of her ablest sons, Dupleix, Labourdonnais and Lally. Dupleix went out to India as a member of the council of Pondicherry in 1720. His father was a Farmer-General of the Revenues, one of that corrupt body whom Voltaire once saterised in a company of ladies and gentlemen, by proposing 'that they should each tell a story about robbers;' and when it came to his turn, exclaiming, 'Once upon a time there was a Farmer General,' and there stopping short. Unscrupulous, as became his origin, and very clever, Dupleix was well fitted for Oriental intrigue. In 1742, he had risen to be the Governor of the French possessions in India. Two years afterwards, war was declared between France and England, and another remarkable Frenchman appears on the scene.—This was Labourdonnais, who, born at St. Malo in 1699, had embraced a sea-faring life, and had made several voyages to the Indies. His abilities and Oriental experience pointed him out in 1735, as a fit person to govern the Isles of France and Bourbon, and in that position he greatly distinguished himself. 'With the hand to execute, and the head to contrive,' he could, it is said, 'construct a ship from the keel upwards.' He improved the islands under his rule by judicious management, whilst his bravery, and naval and military skill were undoubted. On the breaking out of the war, Labourdonnais was sent with a well disciplined host to the coast of Coromandel; Madras (where the English first established themselves in 1639) fell; and the French flag floated from Fort St. George. At that time, Madras contained only a handful of English inhabitants, and these were treated by the French commander with kindness and consideration. They were permitted to remain in the place on their parole, and their residences and factories were protected from injury. As soon as Dupleix, however, heard of these proceedings, as Governor of the French possessions in India, he ordered the adoption of a different course. He commanded the instant destruction of the conquered town, and caused the principal servants of the Company to be sent prisoners to Pondicherry. The chivalrous kindness of Labourdonnais was remembered with gratitude by all the Anglo Indians. When he afterwards fell into their hands he was treated with marked consideration, whilst he experienced the very opposite conduct from the country he had served so well. On some wretched pretext, when he returned to France, the miserable Government of the old regime threw him into the Bastille, where he lingered for three years—a prey to the deepest melancholy.

When the English settlers at Madras were cowering beneath the humiliation of this disaster, there escaped from the town, in the disguise of a mus-sulmar, a young writer, or clerk, with whose name and fortunes are inseparably associated the growth and greatness of British power in the East. This was Robert Clive, the son of a Shropshire gentleman, whose stormy boyhood and wayward youth, gave little promise of a glorious manhood, and whom his relatives had been glad enough to pack off to India at the age of 19, little caring whether he lived or died, sank or swam. As soldiers were scarce, and the crisis terrible, Clive had little difficulty in securing an ensign's commission, and relinquishing the pen for the sword. As in India everything seems the result of accident, it was doubtful, however, at one time, whether Clive would not have returned again to the desk and the ledger, till such time as he had earned