

Family Circle.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF JOSEPH HUME, M.P.
THE FISHERMAN'S BOY

On the south bank of the River Esk, at its confluence with the German Ocean, and immediately opposite to the picturesque and thriving town of Montrose, stands the fishing village of Ferrydon. Some seventy years ago there dwelt in one of its little huts a young fisherman and his wife, remarkable alike for their sober and industrious habits and indomitable spirit of perseverance. They began the world with no capital, and roughed its thorny path with few friends; but as their cares multiplied, new fields were open up for the employment of their industrial skill, and new sources were successfully cultivated under circumstances of the most remarkable and encouraging kind.

In those days, few of the fishermen on the east coast of Scotland would venture beyond what was technically called "the rock fit"—in other words the seashore—for fishing, but on the hero of the oar, in the present case, was ill at ease under such limitation. He had frequently met with a number of Dutch fishermen, who used to take shelter with their "busses," or fishing craft, in the harbour of Stouhaven, and from these he learned that, about ten or fifteen miles off, lay the "Dutch" as well as the "Dogger Bank"—a mountain in the deep, stretching from the Orkney Islands to the harbour, where there was an abundant supply of all kinds of fish, from the tiny sprat to the bottle-nosed whale. Animated by a strong desire to explore this mine, and having now saved a few pounds, the reward of industry and economy, a half-decked boat was purchased, rigged out after the smack fashion, and fitted with all the appointments of the deep sea fishery. In this enterprise he was joined by a few more daring spirits, and, taking with him one of his boys, set out on the evening of a fine summer day to try the adventure. The effort succeeded. Fish of a larger size, of greater variety, and finer quality, thenceforth landed in Ferrydon, and the market returns in money and provisions (fish being then sold by barter) were of the most profitable character. But he was not satisfied with the results of this experiment. The risks were great, and the returns, though good, not equivalent to the tear and wear of the service. By accident, the attention of the young fisherman was drawn to the cod and ling fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland and he felt a strong desire to draw something from the treasures of that wintry deep. This project necessarily involved considerable additional expense. But "where there's a will there's a way," and so it was in the present case for, in a few months, a fine sloop was got ready, an experienced crew of fishers engaged, and, in less than six months from the time the project was formed, the most sanguine expectations of its promoters were realized. By and by our fisherman became a sailor, and the sailor became an owner, until he both owned and commanded, in the coasting trade, one of the smartest and tidiest little crafts that sailed from the port of Montrose.

In all these adventures the boy Joseph was engaged. He toiled with his father at the oar of the fishing boat and the helm of his sailing vessel. He was a willing boy, and inherited all the spirit of perseverance of his parents—but it was not the wish of his parents, that Joseph should continue at the sea, and having now removed from Ferrydon to Montrose, he was sent to school, to learn at least the elements of a common education. While at school Joseph discovered a remarkable genius for the mathematics, and aptitude for languages, and was always characterized by an indomitable spirit of perseverance and self-will. Near to the residence of his parents, who lived in a plain but substantial and comfortably-furnished, old-fashioned house in Mary-street, a worthy bourgeois carried on business under the sign of "The Pestle and Mortar," to whom Joseph was apprenticed as a druggist, somewhat we understand, against his will. While engaged in the faithful discharge of the duties and the drudgery of this apprenticeship, he conceived the idea of becoming one day or other, a great man; and then it was that he gave himself up to study, choosing for his sanctum the attic room of his father's house, and for his motto "perseverance." Early and late he toiled at his books, and, in a few years, was one of the best informed and most devoted disciples of Esculapius of which the north of Scotland could boast.

Availing himself of the advantages which the medical school of Edinburgh afforded, he spent some time in that city qualifying for the degree of "surgeon," and having at length obtained his diploma, the patronage of a gentleman in the country, of great influence in high quarters, was promised in his behalf. Time passed on, and Joseph had to realise the truth that "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick," but at last, throwing himself entirely on his own resources, he pushed his way forward, and got an appointment, or rather footing, in the medical staff of the East India Company. When in India, Joseph's talents as a linguist soon attracted observation, and, in the course of a few years, he found the office of interpreter more safe and comfortable, than that of administering medicine or splicing broken bones. From one thing to another, in his intercourse with the merchant-princes of the East, he plodded up-

wards and onwards, now making a trading visit to England and anon returning to Bombay, until he gained a handsome competency, on which at the close of the war, he retired from the active commerce of disastory life.

But Joseph could not live in the quiet seclusion of his family. His temperament would not let him rest, and, having an earnest desire to benefit society, he sought a field wherein he could bring his talents and experience to bear in furtherance of the common good. Sincerely deploring the corruption which he saw prevalent in the administration of public affairs, he seized a favorable opportunity of presenting himself to a Scotch constituency, and was returned as their representative in Parliament. For twenty-nine years has the fisherman's boy enjoyed this honorable position, and he now sits in St. Stephen's, as he did at first and for many years, the representative of Montrose, his native town.

Such is a brief outline of the rise, progress and present position of Joseph Hume.—From the forthcoming number of Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

AN INSTRUCTIVE SKETCH.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been in our own country. It is important that young females should possess some employment by which they might obtain a livelihood in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitifully contemptible it is to see the mother desponding or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant as he returned one evening to his home. "We can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man, to-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he. "You shall see, you shall see," answered several voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor. We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and the nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left their stately house. The servants were dismissed. Picture and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold, and she who had been mistress of the mansion, shed no tears.

"Pay every debt," said she, "let no one suffer through us, and we may be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one instructed the household, and also assisted the younger children—besides they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to a merchant in this city.

They cultivated flowers, sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables, they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at her post busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a beehive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I was never so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house," said the children "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father, and you make just such honey as the heart-likes to feed on."

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed; nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became an assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

The dwelling which had always been kept neat they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines of the flowering trees were re-planted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine covered porch in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy drawing room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he, "shall we return to the city?"

"Oh, no," was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich and did not work. So father please not be a rich man any more."

Geographic and Historic.

THE SACRED MOUNTAINS.

MOUNT HOREB.—BY J. T. HEADLEY.

Jehovah was about to reveal himself, and Elijah evidently expected some exhibition of divine goodness or power, though he was not prepared for the scene which was about to transpire. Before he reached the entrance of his cave he heard a roar louder than the sea, that arrested his footsteps and sent the blood back to his heart. The next moment there came a blast of wind as if the last chain that bound it had suddenly been thrown off, and it had burst forth in all its unrestrained and limitless energy. In the twinkling of an eye the sun was blotted out by the cloud of dust, and the fragments that filled the air as it whirled them in fierce eddies onward. It shrieked and howled around the mouth of the cave, while the fierce hissing sound of its steady pressure against the heart of the mountain was more terrible than its ocean-like roar. Before its fury and strength rocks were loosened from their beds and hurled through the gloom—the earth rent where it passed, and so boundless seemed its strength that the steady mountain threatened to hit from its base and be carried away. Amid this deafening uproar and confusion and darkness and terror, the stunned and awe-struck Elijah expected to see the form of Jehovah moving; but that resistless blast, stroving the sides of Horeb with wreck and chaos was not God in motion.

"Twas but the whirlwind of his breath,
Announcing danger, wreck, and death."

The hurricane passed by, and that wild strife of the elements ceased; but before the darkened heavens could clear themselves the prophet heard a rumbling sound in the bowels of the mountain, and the next moment an earthquake was on the march. Stern Horeb rocked to and fro like a vessel in a storm, and its bosom parted with the sound of thunder before the convulsive throbs that seemed rending the heart of nature. Fathomless abysses opened on every side, and huge precipices, toppling over the chasms at their base, went thundering through the darkness. The fallen prophet lay on the floor of his cavern and listened to the grinding, crushing sound around and beneath him, and the steady shocks more terrible than all, that ever and anon shook the heights, thinking that Jehovah at last stood before him. Surely it was his mighty hand that laid on that trembling, tottering mountain, and his strong arm that rocked it so wildly on its base. No "God was not in the earthquake."

"Twas but the thundering of his ear,
The trampling of his steeds from far."

The commotion ceased, and Nature stood "and calmed her ruffled frame;" but in the deep ominous silence that followed, there seemed a foreshadowing of some new terror, and lo, the heavens were suddenly on fire, and a sheet of flame fell like falling lightning from the sky—its lurid light pierced to the depths of Elijah's cavern till it glowed like an oven, and from the base to the summit of Mount Horeb there went up a vast cloud of smoke, fast and furious, while the entire sides flowed with torrents of fire. The mountain glowed with a red heat, and stood like a huge burning heaven, and groaned on its ancient seat as if in torture. But God was not in the fiery storm,

"Twas but the lightning of his eye"

that had kindled that mountain into a blaze and filled the air with flame.

But this too passed by and what new scene of terror could rise worthy to herald the footsteps of God—what greater outward grandeur could surround his presence? The astonished prophet still lay upon his face, wrapped in wonder and filled with fear at these exhibitions of Almighty power, waiting for the next scene in this great drama, when suddenly through the deep quiet and breathless hush that had succeeded the earthquake and the storm, there arose "a still small voice," the like of which had never met his ear before. It was small and still," but it thrilled the prophet's frame with electric power and rose so sweet and clear.

"That all in heaven and earth might hear;
It spoke of peace—it spoke of love;
It spoke as angels speak above."

and God was in the voice. The prophet knew that He was nigh, and, rising up, wrapped his mantle about his face, and went to the mouth of the cave, and reverently stood and listened. Oh, who can tell the depth and sweetness of the tones of that voice which the Lord of love deemed worthy to announce his coming! A ransomed spirit's harp—an angel's lute—a seraph's song, could not have moved the prophet so. But while his whole being, soul and body, trembled to its music, a sterner voice met his ear, saying, "What doest thou hear, Elijah?" The prophet again poured the tale of his woes and of Israel's sin into the Infinite bosom. His

wrongs were promised redress, and Israel deliveredance and the hunted exile went boldly back to his people, and Horeb again stood silent and alone in the desert.

THE ESCURIAL.

The Escorial is, perhaps, the most celebrated palace on the continent of Europe. It is situated among the wild and sombre scenery of the Old Castilian mountains, about twenty-two miles from Madrid. This enormous palace, seven hundred and forty feet in length by five hundred and eighty feet in breadth, was reared by Philip II. in the middle of the sixteenth century, at an expense of about fifty millions of dollars. Philip, austere, gloomy, fanatical, selected this wild and gloomy mountain fastness as the site of his palace, and reared the regal mansion in the form of a gridiron in commemoration of the instrument of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence. The embellishments of modern kings, and the luxuriant foliage of trees and shrubbery, have now invested even this uncouth order of architecture, with a kind of venerable beauty. Four towers at the angles, represent the legs of the gridiron. The apartments of the enormous pile especially devoted to the residence of the reigning monarch, constitute the handle of the gridiron. The Spanish description of this structure runs a large quarto volume. It is stated that there are eleven thousand doors. This may be an exaggeration, and yet the enormous edifice, with its cupola, its domes, its towers, its chapel, library, painting-gallery and college, mausoleum, cloisters, regal saloons, apartments for domestics and artisans, its parks, gardens walks, and fountains, constitute almost a city by itself. A statue of St. Lawrence is over the grand entrance, with a gilt gridiron in his hand. Spacious reservoirs, constructed upon the neighboring mountains, collect the water, conveyed by aqueducts, to supply ninety-two fountains. A very beautiful road, about one mile in length, fringed with lofty elms and lindens, is the avenue to this magnificent palace; and a subterranean corridor of equal length, arched with stone, connects the edifice with the neighboring village. Underneath the building is the subterranean chamber called the Pantheon, the burying place of the royal family. It is a very magnificent apartment, circular in its form, thirty-six feet in diameter, its walls incrustured with the most beautiful and highly polished marble. Here repose the mouldering remains of the Spanish monarchs. Their bodies lie in marble tombs, one above another. A long, arched stairway lined with polished marble, beautifully vened, conducts to this mausoleum, far below the surface of the earth. A magnificent chandelier, suspended from the ceiling, is lighted upon extraordinary occasions, and sheds noonday brilliance upon this grand, yet gloomy mansion of the dead. The labor of many years was devoted to the construction of this sepulchre. For nearly three hundred years the domes and towers of this monument of Spanish grandeur and superstition have withstood the storms which have swept the summer, and wrecked the winter's sky. Many generations of kings, with their accumulated throng of courtiers, have like ocean tides, ebbed and flowed through these halls. But now the Escorial is but a memorial of the past, neglected and forgotten. Two hundred monks, like the spirits of dead ages, creep noiselessly through its cloisters, and the pensive melody of their matins and vespers, floats mournfully through the deserted halls.—Abbot.

EGYPT.

This country is celebrated both in sacred and profane history; for a full description of it, see Calmet. The whole region was known to the Hebrews by the name Mizraim; and the princes who governed it were styled in virtue of their office Pharaohs, i. e. kings, until the time of Solomon; after which they are designated in the Scriptures by their proper names. After the captivity, Egypt became a place of resort to great numbers of the Jews, who settled there either of their own accord, or from the invitations, and encouragements held out by Alexander the Great and the Ptolemies, so that in the reign of Ptolemy Philopater, they were able to erect a temple at Leontopolis similar to the one at Jerusalem, and to establish in it all the rites of their paternal worship; see Jos. Ant. 13. 3, 1, 2, 3.—Matt. 2: 13, 14, 15. Acts 2: 10. al. In Rev. 11. 8, Egypt is put as the symbolical name of the Jews, thus likening the obstinacy and stubbornness of this nation to that of the Egyptians of old.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.—Two columns of the Pesth Zeitung are filled with the sentences passed by courts martial upon the persons who have been compromised in the late Hungarian revolution. All the sentences of death have been commuted to terms of imprisonment in irons in the fortifications, for periods of twelve to sixteen years. The Austrian government has repealed Baron Haynau's tax on the Hungarian Jews, and even promised to indemnify those who have already paid the assessment. An inundation of the Danube has caused immense injury in Hungary, especially at Comorn, Raab, and the Kasper district. Fifteen thousand persons have taken refuge at Raab in the greatest destitution.