

lined only to last a few short years. He dug deep and built strong, laying every stone as he advanced with as much care as if all depended upon it; so that the structure reminds one of those ancient *keeps* that look like the handiwork of giants, or those massy cathedrals where the light struggles in through strong embrasures and tracery work which seem intended to last to the end of time. How shall we account for such a man dashing down with his own hand the copestone of that building, leaving it like the unfinished dome of the Cologne Cathedral, with its mortar tub and huge crane looming athwart the sky in such unseemly and abrupt contrast with the beauty and magnificence of the temple which it overtops? Could there be a stronger proof that the hand which dealt that blow was no longer under the control of its former master—that, in the expressive phrase of his country, Hugh Miller was *not himself*!

We do not intend and cannot be expected to write a memoir of Hugh Miller, or even a sketch of his history. He himself, as if in anticipation of its sudden close, has furnished the world with his own life in his "Schools and Schoolmasters, or the Story of my own Education," a work which will be read now with intensified interest by all who delight in tracing the steps by which a master-mind ascended from the lowest grade of labouring life to the highest literary eminence. None could have written the history of these schools, but the pupil who passed through them; and there can be no doubt that it was penned, not out of a common vanity, but from that loftier egotism, which seems almost inseparable from poetic genius; appearing less, however, in the morbid form which it assumed in the reveries of a Rousseau, or the ravings of a Byron, than in the healthier type which it presents in such a work as the "Pilgrim's Progress," which is a picture, as Cheever has shown, of the man's own life and a picture drawn from motives too large and loving to be ascribed to vulgar self-conceit. What Bunyan indeed did for the christian man, that has Hugh Miller done for the working man. He has taught him how he may, like himself, not without the aid of religious principle, but in the exercise of prudence, energy, self-restraint, and self respect, avoid the City of Destruction in which so many of our operatives are content to live and die; and how he may reap enjoyments of no mean order, and reach respectability at least, if not eminence, even as a wayfarer on that earth, which, mean as it is when viewed in comparison with the Celestial Country, presents so many wonders to the eye of the science led pilgrim. He has warned his fellow-workmen against the Slough of despond, and encouraged them to breast the Hill of Difficulty, and opened up to them wonderful things and beautiful views among the Delectable Mountains. And as Israel of old was enjoined to be very tender towards strangers, "forasmuch as they knew the heart of a stranger," so Hugh Miller, the man of science, whom Buckland envied for his style, and Argyle lauded for his genius, never forgot Hugh Miller the stonemason. He retained to the last a lively sympathy for those whom Burns describes, as "howking in a sheugh, wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke, boring a quarry, and sic lyke." Fresh in his memory were the days when, engaged in these occupations, "the blood oozed from all his fingers at once, and burnt and beat at night, as if an unhappy heart had been stationed in every finger, and cold chills used to run, sudden as electric shocks, through the feverish frame;" when "he lived in hovels that were invariably flooded in wet weather by the overflowing of neighbouring swamps, and through whose roofs he could tell the hour at night, by marking from his bed the stars that were passing over the openings along the ridge;" and reduced to the extremity of "eating his oatmeal raw, and merely moistened by a little water scooped by the hand from a neighbouring brook." Far from being ashamed of these recollections, he speaks of them with the same decent pride which led him, down to the last, to wear the coarse "hodden gray" which he had been accustomed to in his humbler days. What