

family. But it was of no use. The propensity for the salt water, the very instinct of the breed, was too powerful within him. He left the farm, went to sea, became a man-of-war's man, was in the battle with the Dutch off the Dogger Bank, sailed all over the world, then took "French leave" of the royal navy, returning to Cromarty with money enough to buy a sloop and engage in trade on his own account. But this vessel was one stormy night knocked to pieces on the bar of Findhorn, the master and his men escaping with difficulty; then another vessel was fitted out by him, by the help of his friends, and in this he was trading from place to place when Hugh Miller was born.

What a vivid picture of sea-life, as seen from the shore at least, do we obtain from the early chapters of Miller's life! "I retain," says he, "a vivid recollection of the joy that used to light up the household on my father's arrival, and how I learned to distinguish for myself his sloop when in the offing, by the two slim stripes of white that ran along her sides, and her two square top sails." But a terrible calamity—though an ordinary one in sea life—suddenly plunged the sailor's family in grief; and he, too, was gathered to the same grave in which so many of his ancestors lay—the deep ocean. A terrible storm overtook his vessel near Peter-head; numbers of ships were lost along the coast; vessel after vessel came ashore, and the beach was strewn with wrecks and dead bodies, but no remnant of either the ship or bodies of Miller and his crew was ever cast up. It was supposed that the little sloop, heavily laden, and laboring in a mountainous sea, must have started a plank and foundered. Hugh Miller was but a child at the time, having only completed his fifth year. The following remarkable "appearance," very much in Mrs. Crowe's way, made a strong impression upon him at the time. The house door had blown open, in the gray of evening, and the boy was sent by his mother to shut it:—

"Day had not wholly disappeared, but it was fast posting on to night, and a gray haze spread a neutral tent of dimness over every more distant object, but left the nearer ones comparatively distinct, when I saw at the open door, within less than a yard of my breast, as plainly as ever I saw any thing, a dissevered hand and arm stretched towards me. Hand and arm were apparently those of a female: they bore a livid and sodden appearance; and directly fronting me, where the body ought to have been, there was only blank, transparent space, through which I could see the dim forms of the objects beyond. I was fearfully startled, and ran shrieking to my mother, telling what I had seen; and the house-girl, whom she next sent to shut the door, apparently affected by my terror, also returned frightened, and said that she, too, had seen the woman's hand; which, however, did not seem to be the case. And finally, my mother, going to the door, saw nothing, though she appeared much impressed by the extremeness of my terror, and the minuteness of my description. I communicate the story as it lies fixed in my memory, without attempting to explain it: its coincidence with the probable time of my father's death, seems at least curious."

The little boy longed for his father's return, and continued to gaze across the deep, watching for the sloop with its two stripes of white along the side. Every morning he went wandering about the little harbor, to examine the vessels which had come in during the night; and he continued to look across the Moray Forth long after anybody else had ceased to hope. But months and years passed, and the white stripes and square topsails of his father's sloop he never saw again. The boy was the son of a sailor's widow, and so grew up in sight of the sea, and with the same love of it that characterized his father. But he was sent to school; first to a dame-school, where he learnt his letters; worked his way through the "Catechism," the "Proverbs," and the "New Testament;" and then emerged into the gold-region of "Sinbad the Sailor," "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Beauty and the Beast," and "Aladdin and the wonderful Lamp." Other books followed—"The Pilgrim's Progress," "Cook's and Anson's voyages," and "Blind Harry the Rhymer's History of Wallace;" which first awoke within him a strong feeling of Scottish patriotism. And thus his childhood grew, on proper childlike nourishment. His uncles were men of solid sense and sound judgment, though uncultured by education. One was a local antiquary, by trade a working harness maker; the other was of a strong religious turn: he was a working cartwright, and in early life had been a sailor, engaged in nearly all Nelson's famous battles. The examples and the conversation of these men were for the growing boy worth any quantity of school primers: he learnt from them far more than mere books could teach him.

But his school education was not neglected either. From the dame's school he was transferred to the town's grammar-school, where, amidst about one hundred and fifty other boys and girls, he received his real school education. But it did not amount to much. There, however, the boy learnt life—to hold his own—to try his powers with other boys—physically and morally, as well as scholastically. The school bought out the stuff that was in him in many ways, but the mere book-learning was about the least part of the instruction.

The school-house looked out on the beach, fronting the opening of the Frith, and not a boat or a ship could pass in or out of the harbor

of Cromarty without the boys seeing it. They knew the rig of every craft, and could draw them on the slate. Boats unloaded their glittering cargoes on the beach, where the process of gutting afterwards went busily on; and to add to the bustle, there was a large killing-place for pigs, not thirty yards from the school door, "where from eighty to a hundred pigs used sometimes to die for the general good in a single day; and it was a great matter to hear, at occasional intervals, the roar of death rising high over the general murmur within, or to be told by some comrade, returned from his five minutes' leave of absence, that a hero of a pig had taken three blows of a hatchet ere it fell, and that even after its subjection to the sticking process, it had got hold of Jock Keedie's hand in its mouth, and almost smashed his thumb." Certainly it is not in every grammar-school that such lessons as these are taught.

Miller was put to Latin, but made little progress in it—his master had no method, and the boy was too fond of telling stories to his schoolfellows in school hours to make much progress. Cock-fighting was a school practice in those days, the master having a perquisite of two-pence for every cock that was entered by the boys on the days of the yearly fight. But Miller had no love for this sport, although he paid his entry money with the rest. In the mean time his miscellaneous reading extended, and he gathered pickings of odd knowledge from all sorts of odd quarters,—from workmen, carpenters, fishermen and sailors, old women, and above all, from the old boulders strewed along the shores of the Cromarty Firth. With a big hammer which had belonged to his great grandfather, John Feddes, the buccaneer, the boy went about chipping the stones, and thus early accumulating specimens of mica, porphyry, garnet, and such like, exhibiting them to his uncle Alexander, and other admiring relations. Often, too, he had a day in the woods to visit his uncle, when working as a sawyer, —his trade of cartwright having failed. And there, too, the boy's attention was excited by the peculiar geological curiosities which lay in his way. While searching among the stones and rocks on the beach, he was sometimes asked in humble irony, by the farm servants who came to load their carts with sea-weed, whether he "was gettin' siller in the stanes," but was so unlucky as never to be able to answer their question in the affirmative. Uncle Sandy seems to have been a close observer of nature, and in his humble way had his theories of ancient sea-beaches, the flood, and the formation of the world, which he duly imparted to the wondering youth. Together they explored caves, roamed the beach for crabs and lobsters, whose habits uncle Sandy could well describe; he also knew all about moths and butterflies, spiders, and bees—in short, was a born natural history man, so that the boy regarded him in the light of a professor, and, doubtless, thus early obtained from him the bias toward his future studies.

There was the usual number of hair-breadth escapes in Miller's boy-life. One of them, when he and a companion had got cooped up in a sea cave, and could not return because of the tide, reminds us of the exciting scene described in Scott's "Antiquary;"—there were schoolboy tricks, and schoolboy rambles, mischief-making in companionship with other boys, of whom he was often the leader. Left very much to himself, he was becoming a big, wild, insubordinate boy; and it became obvious that the time was now come when Hugh Miller must enter that world-wide school in which toil and hardship are the severe but noble masters. After a severe fight and wrestling-match with his schoolmaster, he left school, avenging himself for his defeat, by penning and sending to the teacher that very night, a copy of satiric verses, entitled "The Pedagogue," which occasioned a good deal of merriment in the place. In a few weeks after, Miller was bound apprentice to a working mason.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

School discipline includes all those means and appliances whereby the order and healthful action of a school are maintained and promoted.

I. ORDER, &c.

Under this head may be classed, obedience, punctuality, silence, cleanliness, politeness, and general good conduct. It is quite unnecessary to explain in detail how these matters of discipline should be carried out in a school. The following general principles are well deserving the teacher's notice.

1. *The teacher should endeavor to establish a principle of limited self-government in his school.* This will occasionally relieve him of some of his most onerous duties; but even this is the least important end which will be gained by such a plan. The great end to be attained by it, is to interest the pupils in the management and proper discipline of the school,—to identify them, as it were, with the good name of the school, to have it said that the order of the school is mainly due to their own good sense and self-government.

One of the most obvious plans for carrying out this plan, is for the teacher to delegate (under supervision) his authority, in relation to order, &c., to his pupil teachers. But the principle should not stop here: he should endeavor to enlist the co-operation of all the ad-