

sacrifices, at dramatic exhibitions, at their banquets, and in their processions, though its material and form were varied to suit the sacredness or hilarity of the occasion. It was a kind of imperfect flageolet; sometimes single and sometimes double, blown at the end. The *fistula* was the mouth organ or shepherd's pipe, usually with seven reeds; and except horns, there only other instrument was the bagpipes.

Suetonius informs us that Nero made a vow that he would appear in public in the character of a bagpiper, but this princely charlatan, who in many ways, defiled the imperial purple, would certainly have made but a most sorry figure in the ball room, or even in our Highland glens, alongside of one of our brawny and majestic Caledonians in his clan tartans, hose, and philabeg, giving forth the deep baritone notes and clear emphatic expression from the *drone*s and *chant* of our modern bagpipes. And if the ancients were destitute of musical instruments, their knowledge of the science was in the same ratio. The compass of two tetrachords was their scale, while they were not agreed what it contained; one school held that a tetrachord was two full tones and a half tone, but another school held that it was a major tone, a minor tone, and a half. The construction and completion of the scale has been the work of modern times. Guido, a monk of Aversa, who lived in the 11th century, divided the scale into three series or columns of notes, which he called hexachords. His scale consisted, therefore of 18 notes, and this was the musical scale for centuries, till the 17th century. Le Mair, a French musician, completed the octave as it now stands, and assigned the vocal scale 22 notes. Le Mair, being opposed by all his contemporary professionals, laboured 30 years to introduce his improvement, and died unrewarded. No essential improvement in music, as a science, has been made since the days of Le Mair, although innumerable efforts have been put forth, and many books have been written with a view to simplify it to suit the ordinary capacities of men. There is, however, no royal road to learning. He that would possess it must sweat for it. He who will not be at the trouble to learn the alphabet will never read. Its mysteries vanish upon inquiry. Its rules are more simple and exact than many of the questions in common arithmetic. The composition of the octave, the compass of the vocal scale, the lively and plaintive modes, the transposition of keys, the laws of harmony, are a fixture: a knowledge of them must be acquired. Yet how many vain attempts are made to set them before unthinking minds. We have M. Pierre Galin's *Méthode*, lines without notes; M. Jea de Bernval's *Monogram*, new shapes given to the heads of the notes; M. Wilhem's *Vocal Indicator*, music taught without either lines or notes of the fingers and spaces of the hand—an old device adopted also by Hullah. You have Nainzer's famous effort to teach the millions of Great Britain without scales, notes, or knowledge, and it has vanished, like the Hamiltonian scheme of teaching the languages without grammar: and, in addition, we have at the present time attempts to change the established musical notation altogether. We do not

believe that any of these speculations have thrown any real light on music, either as a science or an art.

MEN TO BE HONOURED

Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that, with earth-made implement, laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard and coarse hand; wherein, notwithstanding, lies cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence! for it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed. Thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For is thee too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour, and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on; thou art in thy duty, be cut of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honour, and still more highly him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable—not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he too in his duty, endeavouring toward inward harmony; revealing this by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all when his outward and his inward behaviour are one, when we can name him artist, not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, that with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us. If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light and guidance, freedom, immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honour: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimed in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of heaven spring from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness. It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor. We must all toil or steal, (howsoever we name our stealing,) which is worse. No faithful work man finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst, but for him also there is food and drink: he is heavy-laden and weary, but for him also the heavens send sleep, and of the deepest. In his smoky cribs, a clear dewy heaven of rest envelopes him and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted dreams. But what I do moan over is that the lamp of his soul should go out, that no ray of heavenly or even of earthly knowledge should visit him, but only in the haggard darkness, like to spectres, Fear and Indignation. Alas! while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded,