

and splendid instrument; but when we notice such unscrupulous violations of truth as have been so widely disseminated, we deem it a duty incumbent upon us to set the public right."

That I might be the better able to take an intelligent part in so interesting a controversy, — a controversy in which, considering the importance of the point at issue, it is really no wonder though people should lose temper, — I attended a musical meeting in the Town Hall, and heard the great organ. The room — a very large one — was well filled, and yet the organ was the sole performer; for so musical is the community, that night after night, though the instrument must have long since ceased to be a novelty, it continues to draw together large audiences, who sit listening to it for hours. I have unluckily a dull ear, and, in order to enjoy music, must be placed in circumstances in which I can draw largely on the associative faculty; I must have airs that breathe forth old recollections, and set me a dreaming; and so, though neither Yorker nor Birminghamer, I may be deemed no competent authority in the organ controversy. I may, however, at least venture to say, that the Birmingham instrument makes a considerably louder noise in its own limited sphere than that of York in the huge Minster; and that I much preferred its fine old Scotch melodies, — though a country maiden might perhaps bring them out more feelingly in a green holm at a *clacs-lifting*, — to the "great Psalm-tune" of its rival. When listening, somewhat awearied, to alternations of scientific music and the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience, I bethought me of a Birmingham musical meeting which held rather more than a century ago, and of the especial plaudit through which its memory has been embalmed in an anecdote. One of the pieces performed on the occasion was the "Il Penseroso" of Milton set to music; but it went on heavily, till the well-known couplet ending