but one other sophism in the language that at all approaches it in the elegance and delicacy of its form, and which resembles it, too, in its perfect honesty and good faith; for both authors wrote as they felt, and failed in producing more than partial truth, which is always tantamount to error, simply because they both lacked a faculty all essential to the separate inquiries which they conducted. Both were fully sensible of the immense power of association in eliciting images of delight; but the one, insensible to the beauty of simple sounds, from the want of a musical ear, attributed all the power of music to association alone; and the other, insensible to the beauty of simple colours, attributed, from a similar want of appreciating faculty, all their power of gratifying the All our readers are acquainted with eye to a similar cause. the article on the Beautiful; but the following fine stanzas, the production of John Finlay, a Scottish poet, who died early in the present century, when he had but mastered his powers, may be new to most of them :-

"Why does the melting voice, the tuneful string, A sigh of woe, a tear of pleasure, bring? Can simple sounds or joy or grief inspire, Or wake the soul responsive to the wire? Ah, no! some other charm to rapture draws, More than the fingers' skill, the artist's laws; Some latent feeling at the string awakes, Starts to new life, and through the fibres shakes; Some cottage-home, where first the strain was heard, By many a tie of former days endeared; Some lovely maid who on thy bosom hung, And breathed the note all tearful as she sung; Some youth who first awoke the pensive lay, Friend of thy infant years, now far away; Some scene that patriot blood embalms in song; Some brook that winds thy native vales among, -All steal into the soul, in witching train, Till home, the maid, the friend, the scene, return again. 'Twas thus the wanderer 'mid the Syrian wild Wept at the strain he caroll'd when a child.