exerciſe of that faculty of which the province is to judge upon compariſon ; but we have no reaſon to ſuppoſe, that from the riſing ſun he receives any emotions different in kind from what he would receive from a blazing heath, were it accompanied with the ſame varying tints of colour ; or that the church impreſſes on his fancy more than that wonder with which he would view any other building equal­ly large and equally novel, though of a form very different. In poetry and painting the vulgar are always delighted with the melody of the verſe and the brilliancy of the colours ; and think of nothing elſe as beauties, either in the one or in the other, unleſs the painting be the picture of ſome known object, and the poem deſcribe ſcenes or actions in which they may be ſelfiſhly intereſted. Hence it is that the vulgar are more captivated by the ſplendor of the Vene­tian ſtyle of painting, than by the ſimple grandeur of the Roman and Bolognian Schools ; for the art of the former, which has been carried to the higheſt degree of perfection, is to give pleaſure to the eye or the ſenſe ; that of the lat­ter is to fill the imagination. The powers exerted in the former ſchool Sir Joſhua Reynolds calls the *language* of painters, which he compares to an *empty tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.* The compoſitions of the latter ſchools may be compared to the ſublimity oſ Milton’s ſentiments, which would be diſgraced by thoſe pet­ty ornaments to which it leaves not the reader at leiſure to attend.

If this be ſo, the pleaſures which the vulgar derive from what are called objects of taſte are merely gratifications of the ſenſes ; or if any of theſe objects ever intereſt their higher faculties, it muſt be by inſpiring them with confidence or dread ; confidence of their own ſafety, for inſtance, if the building which they admire appear to them to be stable ; and dread, if they have formed of it a contrary opinion. Very different is the pleaſure which the man of cultivated taſte derives from the beauties either of nature or of art : when he beholds the riſing or the ſetting sun, he has indeed the pleaſing ſenſation, which is all that the rude man feels ; but along with this ariſes in his imagination a train of ideas, which hurries him beyond the object before him to its beneficent effects and its Almighty Creator : and if he has been much converſant with the works of deſcriptive poets, a number of pleaſing ideas treaſured up in his memory will, by the principle of association, paſs in re­view before him, though they be not connected either with one another, or with the riſing or ſetting ſun, by a relation ſo cloſe as that of cauſe and effect. In like manner, when the ſcientific architect views the Gothic cathedral, he muſt admire its solemn magnificence, though with leſs wonder than it excites in the breaſt oſ the clown ; but he feels an additional pleaſure, derived from a ſource to which the other has no acceſs. He perceives the many contrivances diſplayed in its ſtructure for uniting stability with lightneſs ; and from contemplating the building, he is inſtantly led by a natural train of thought to admire the ſkill of the builder.

The nature of any perſon’s taſte, therefore, is generally determined from the character of his imagination and the ſoundneſs of his judgment. When any object either of ſublimity or beauty is preſented to the mind, every man is conscious of a train of thought being immediately awakened in his imagination, analogous to the character or expression of the original object. The ſimple perception of the object we frequently find is inſufficient to excite theſe emotions, unleſs it is accompanied with this operation of mind ; unleſs, ac­cording to common expreſſion, our imagination is ſeized, and our fancy busied in the purſuit of all thoſe trains of thought which are allied to this character or expression.

Thus, when we feel either the beauty or ſublimity of natu­ral ſcenery, the gay luſtre of a morning in ſpring, or the mild radiance of a ſummer evening, the ſavage majeſty of a wintry ſtorm, or the wild magnificence of a tempeſtuous ocean, we are conſcious of a variety of images in our minds, very different from thoſe which the objects themſelves can preſent to the eye. Trains of pleaſing or of solemn thought ariſe ſpontaneouſly within our minds ; our hearts ſwell with emotions, of which the objects before us ſeem to afford no adequate cauſe; and we are never ſo much ſatiated with de­light, as when, in recalling our attention, we are unable to trace either the progreſs or the connection of thoſe thoughts which have paſſed with ſo much rapidity through our ima­gination.

If the mind is in ſuch a ſtate as to prevent this freedom of imagination; the emotion, whether of ſublimity or beauty, is unperceived. In ſo far as the beauties of art or nature af­fect the external ſenſes, their effect is the ſame upon every man who is in poſſeſſion of theſe ſenſes. But to a man in pain or in grief, whoſe mind by theſe means is attentive only to one object or conſideration, the ſame ſcene or the ſame form will produce no feeling of admiration, which, at other times, when his imagination was at liberty, would have pro­duced it in its fulleſt perfection. It is upon the vacant and the unemployed, accordingly, that the objects of taſte make the ſtrongeſt impreſſion. It is in ſuch hours alone that we turn to the compoſitions of muſic or of poetry for amuſement. The ſeaſons of care, of grief, or of buſineſs, have other occupations, and deſtroy, for the time at leaſt, our ſenſibility to the beautiful or the ſublime, in the ſame propor­tion that they produce a ſtate of mind unfavourable to the indulgence of imagination.

There are many objects of taſte, however, which produce not their full effect on the imagination, but through the me­dium of the judgment. We have given one inſtance in ar­chitecture, and ſhall give another in ſculpture. The beauty of the Farneſe Hercules is one kind of beauty ; that of the gladiator in the palace of Chighi another ; and that of the Apollo of Belvidere a third. Each of theſe figures is acknowledged to be perfect in its kind ; and yet Sir Joſhua Reynolds affirms, that the higheſt perfection of the human figure is not to be found in any one of them, but in that form which might be taken from them all, and would par­take equally of the activity of the gladiator, of the delicacy of the Apollo, and of the muſcular ſtrength of the Hercu­les, If the judgment of this eminent artiſt be admitted, the perfection of theſe ſtatues cannot conſiſt in any thing which is the immediate object of ſenſe, either external or internal ; but in ſomething which, being perceived by the eye, is referred by the underſtanding to what we know of the characters of Hercules, Apollo, and the Gladiator, and which we believe it was the intention of the ſtatuaries to expreſs. Nay, there are objects of which taſte is ſometimes ſaid to judge, though they have little or no effect whatever on the imagination. A book of abſtract ſcience, written in a prolix and intricate ſtyle, might be laid to be in a bad taſte ; and had Swift, in his clear and ſimple ſtyle, written A*n Esſay οn the Human Undeſtanding,* his work, ſuppoſing him maſter of the ſubject, would undoubtedly have diſ­played more taſte than Locke’s, in which the terms are ſometimes vague, and the periods often incumbered. This is actually the caſe of Berkeley, whom every man ad­mits to have been a writer of good taſte, though neither *The Principles of Human Knowledge, The Dialogues on Matter,* nor the beautiful work intitled *The Minute Philoſopher,* is capable of affording pleaſure to the ſenſes or the imagination. His beauty conſiſts merely in the perſpicuity of his ſtyle, of which the underſtanding alone is the judge. The meta-