so constituted by nature as to relish those kinds of food which are most wholesome, and such a taste is justly said to be sound and uncorrupted. It is at first in the highest perfection, for it depends not on culture of any kind, and is incapable of improvement. The reverse is the case with respect to internal taste. Every voice, it is true, unites in applauding elegance, simplicity, spirit in writing, and in blaming affectation, or a false brilliancy ; but when critics descend to particulars, this seeming unanimity vanishes. Perhaps no man ever beheld the rising or setting sun with­out feeling emotions of pleasure ; yet it is certain that the emotions of the clown are not the same, at least in degree, with those of the philosopher. Any beautiful object pre­sented to the eye gives a pleasing sensation to the mind ; and it appears to us that the clown feels nothing more than a mere sensation from the view of the rising sun, similar to what he would feel from a blazing heath. 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.

If this be so, the pleasures which the vulgar derive from what are called objects of taste, are mere gratifications of the senses ; but very different is the pleasure which the man of cultivated taste derives from the beauties of nature or of art. The mere sensation of the clown is followed by a train of ideas which hurries him beyond the object before him to its beneficent effects and its Almighty Creator. The nature of any person’s taste, therefore, is generally deter­mined from the character of his imagination and the sound­ness of his judgment. The simple perception of the object we find is insufficient to excite these emotions, unless it is accompanied with this operation of mind. Thus, when we feel the beauty or sublimity of natural scenery, we are con­scious of a variety of images in our minds very different from those which the objects themselves can present to the eye.

If the mind is in such a state as to prevent this freedom of imagination, the emotion is not perceived. In so far as the beauties of nature or art affect the external senses, their effect is the same on every man who is in possession of these senses. But to a man in pain or in grief, the same scene will not produce any feeling of admiration, which at other times would have produced it in perfection.

There are many objects of taste which do not produce their full effect on the imagination, but through the medium of the judgment. The beauty of the Farnese Hercules is one kind of beauty, that of the gladiators in the palace of Chighi another, and that of the Apollo Belvidere a third. Each of these figures is acknowledged to be perfect in its kind ; but, according to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the highest perfection of the human figure is not to be found but in that form which might be taken from them all, and which would partake of the activity of the gladiator, of the deli­cacy of the Apollo, and of the muscular strength of the Hercules. In this view the perfection of these statues con­sists 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 suppose it was the intention of the statuaries to express. There are, besides, 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, may be said to be in a bad taste ; and had Swift, in his clear and simple style, written an Es­say on the Human Understanding, his work, supposing him to have been master of the subject, would undoubtedly have displayed more taste than Locke’s, in which the terms are sometimes vague, and the periods encumbered. This is the case of Berkeley, who is admitted by all to have been a writer of good taste, though neither the Principles of Hu­man Knowledge, nor the Minute Philosopher, is capable of affording pleasure, either 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 meta­physical writings of Dr Reid possess in an eminent degree the same beauty ; and no man of true taste can read them without admiring the elegant simplicity of the composition as much as the strength of the reasoning, and feeling from the whole a pleasure which the inflated style of Shaftesbury cannot communicate.

If this be a just account of the pleasures of taste, that faculty cannot be properly considered as a mere internal sense, since to its enjoyments a well-stored fancy is neces­sary in some cases, and the reasoning power in all ; and the poet and the painter who wish to excel in their respec­tive professions, must not content themselves, the one with filling the ear of the reader with mellifluous sounds, and the other with dazzling or deceiving the eye of the spectator by the brilliancy of his colours, but both must strive for fame by captivating the imagination ; while the architect who aspires to a similar celebrity must make the purpose of his ornaments obvious to every person capable of judg­ing. The landscapes of Claude Lorrain, the music of Han­del, and the poetry of Milton, excite feeble emotions in our minds, when our attention is confined to the qualities which they present to our senses, or when it is to such qualities of their composition that we turn our regard. It is then only we feel the sublimity or beauty of their productions, when our imaginations are kindled by their power, when we lose ourselves amid the number of images that pass before our minds, and when we waken at last from this play of fancy as from the charm of a romantic dream.

It is well observed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that taste is sometimes praised in such terms by orators and poets, who call it inspiration, and a gift from heaven, that though a student by such praise may have his attention roused, and a desire excited of obtaining this gift, he is more likely to be deterred than encouraged in the pursuit of his object. “ He examines his own mind, and perceives *there* nothing of that divine inspiration with which he is told so many others have been favoured. He never travelled to heaven to gather new ideas; and he finds himself possessed of no other qualifications than what mere common observation and a plain understanding are able to confer. Thus he be­comes gloomy amidst the splendour of figurative declama­tion, and thinks it hopeless to pursue an object which he supposes out of the reach of human industry. But on this, as on many other occasions, we ought to distinguish how much is to be given to enthusiasm, and how much to com­mon sense ; taking care not to lose in terms of vague ad­miration that solidity and truth of principle upon which alone we can reason.” Whoever possesses the ordinary powers of perception, sensibility of heart, good sense, and an imagination capable of being roused by the striking ob­jects of nature and of art, may, without inspiration, be­come, by mere experience, a man of fine taste in the objects of which he aspires to be a critical judge.

This being the case, we may easily account for the va­riety of tastes which prevail among man, not only as indi­viduals, but as nations. We have already mentioned the difference in one instance between the European taste and the African respecting female beauty ; and we may now affirm, as we hope to prove our affirmation, that the one taste is equally correct with the other. The charms of fe­male beauty exist not in the mere external form and colour considered by themselves (for then the inanimate statue of the Venus de’ Medici would give more delight to the Eu­ropean beholder than the finest woman that ever lived) ; but we associate external beauty with sweetness of disposi­tion, and with all the train of endearments which take place in the union of the sexes ; and it is this association which delights the man of taste, as giving refinement to an appe­