



KANT ON NATIONAL CHARACTER,
IN RELATION TO
THE SENSE OF THE SUBLIME AND
BEAUTIFUL.

MY purpose," says Kant, "is not to portray the characters of different nations in detail: I sketch only a few features, which may express the feeling, in those characters, for the Sublime and the Beautiful. In such a portraiture it is evident that only a tolerable accuracy can be demanded; that the prototypes of the features selected are prominent only in the great crowd of those that make pretensions to refined feelings; and that no nation is entirely wanting in minds which unite the best qualities of both feelings. Any blame, therefore, which may touch the character of a nation in the course of these strictures ought not to offend any one—the blame being of such a nature that every man may toss off the ball to his neighbour. Whether these national distinctions are contingently dependent on the colour of the times and the quality of the government, or are bound to the climate by a certain necessity, I do not here inquire."

Among the nations of our quarter of the globe, the Italians and the French are in my opinion those who are most distinguished for the sense of the Beautiful—the Germans, the English, and the Spaniards for the sense of the Sublime. Holland may be set down as a country in which neither feeling is very observable. The Beautiful is either fascinating and affecting, or gay and enlivening. The first contains something of the Sublime: and the mind, whilst under the influence of this class of beauty, is meditative and enraptured; but under the influence of the other, laughing and joyous. The first kind of beauty seems to be most congenial to the Italian taste; the second to the French. The Sublime, where it is expressed by the national character, takes either a more terrific character, which verges a little to the Adventurous and Romantic; or secondly, it is a feeling for the Noble; or thirdly, for the Magnificent. Upon certain grounds I feel warranted in ascribing the first style of feeling to the Spaniard, the second to the Englishman, and the third to the German. The feeling for the Magnificent is not natively so original as the rest: and, although a spirit of imitation may easily be connected with any other feeling, yet it is more peculiarly connected with the glittering Sublime: for this is a mixed feeling, composed of the sense for the Beautiful and the Sublime, in which each considered separately is colder—and the mind more at leisure to attend to examples, and stands more in need of examples to excite and support it. The German, therefore, has less feeling for the Beautiful than the Frenchman, and less for the Sublime than the Englishman: but in those cases where it is necessary that both should appear united, the result will be more congenial to his mind: and he will also more readily avoid those errors

into which an extravagant degree of either feeling exclusively is apt to fall. The taste which I have attributed to different nations is confirmed by the choice which they severally make amongst the arts and sciences. The Italian genius has distinguished itself especially in Music, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. All these fine arts meet with an equally* refined culture in France, although their beauty is here less touching. Taste, in reference to the poetic and rhetoric ideal, tends in France more to the Beautiful, in England more to the Sublime. Elegant playfulness, comedy, laughing satire, amorous trifling, and the light, cursory, and fugitive style of writing, are in France native and original. In England, on the contrary, the natural product of the national mind are thoughts of profound meaning, tragedy, epic poetry, and generally the massy gold of wit, which under the French hammer is beat out to thin leaves of greater surface. In Germany the fine thinking of the nation even yet gleams through a covering of false tinsel. Formerly this reproach existed to a shocking degree; but latterly, by better models, and the good sense of the people, the national style has been raised to a character of higher grace and nobility; but the grace has less naiveté than it has amongst the French, and the nobility not so firm and confident a movement as it has amongst the English. The tendency of the Dutch taste to a painful elaborateness of arrangement and to a prettiness, which is apt to settle into heaviness and

* To the injudicious reader it need not be said how strikingly in opposition to facts is Kant's judgment on the French taste in the Fine Arts. What the French poetry is most men know: the French music is the jest of Europe: and if we except the single name of Poussin, there is no other in any of the Fine Arts which can impress any ear with much reverence.

distraction, does not allow us to presume much sensibility for the artless and freer movements of the genius, the products of which are only disfigured by too anxious a fear of faults. To all the arts and sciences nothing can be more hostile than the romantic or barbaresque taste; for this distorts nature itself, which is the universal prototype of the noble and the beautiful: and hence it is that the Spanish nation has shown little feeling for the fine arts or the sciences.

The national mind is in any case best expounded by the direction of its moral feelings: I shall therefore next consider the feelings of different nations in relation to the Sublime and Beautiful from this point of view. The *Spaniard* is serious, reserved, and punctiliously faithful to his word. There are few more upright merchants in the world than the Spanish. The Spaniard has a proud soul, and more sympathy with grandeur in actions than with those qualities of action which come more under the title of the Beautiful. Not much of benignity or gentleness is to be found in his composition: and hence he is often harsh and even cruel. The *auto da fe* keeps its ground in Spain not so much through superstition as through the national passion for a barbaresque grandeur, which is affected by the solemnities of a dreadful procession, in the course of which the *San Benito*, painted over with devilish forms, is delivered up to the flames which a hideous bigotry has lit. It cannot be so properly said that the Spaniard is prouder or more amorous than those of other nations, as that he displays both passions in a more barbaresque manner. To leave the plough standing still, and to strut about in a long sword and cloak until the traveller is past: or in a bull-fight, where the beauties of the land are for once seen unveiled, to proclaim the lady of his affections by a special

salute—and then to seek to do honour to this lady by precipitating himself into a dangerous contest with a savage animal, are strange acts, and far remote from nature. The *Italian* seems to have a mixed temperament, composed partly of the French and partly of the Spaniard: he has more sensibility to the Beautiful than the Spaniard, and to the Sublime than the Frenchman: and by this clue I am of opinion that the other features of his moral character may be explained. The *Frenchman*, in regard to all moral feelings, has a domineering sense of the Beautiful. He has a fine address, is courteous and obliging. He readily assumes a confidential tone: is playful and unconstrained in conversation; and he only who has the polite feelings of a Frenchman can enter into the full meaning of the expression—a man or a lady of good tone. Even the sublimer feelings of a Frenchman—and he has many such—are subordinated to his sense of the Beautiful, and derive their strength from their fusion with these. He is passionately fond of wit, and will make no scruple of sacrificing a little truth to a happy conceit. On the other hand, where there is no opportunity for wit, a Frenchman displays a spirit of as radical and profound investigation as men of any nation whatever: for instance, in mathematics, and in the other profound and austere sciences. In the metaphysics, however, the ethics, and the theology of this nation, it is impossible to be too much upon one's guard. A delusive glitter commonly prevails in such works, which cannot stand the test of sober examination. A Frenchman loves the audacious in all his opinions: but he who would arrive at the truth had need to be—not audacious, but cautious. French history tends naturally to memoirs and anecdotes, in which there is no improvement to desire but that they were—true. A *bon-mot* has not that fugitive value in

France which it has elsewhere; it is eagerly propagated, and treasured up in books, as if it were the weightiest of events. The Frenchman is a peaceable citizen, and revenges himself for any oppressive acts of the* Farmers-General by satires or by parliamentary remonstrances, which, having fulfilled their purposes by shedding a patriotic *eclat* over the fathers of the people, are dismissed to be celebrated by the poets. The great object to which the meritorious qualities and national capacities of this people are mainly referred, is the female sex. Not that woman is in France more loved or esteemed than elsewhere, but because it is woman that furnishes the occasion for exhibiting in the best attitude the darling talents of wit, good breeding, and polished manners; in fact, a vain person loves in either sex nobody but himself; all other persons are simply the engines by which he makes the most favourable display of his own advantages. As the French are not wanting in noble qualities, which, however, can be animated and excited only by the feeling of the Beautiful, it is evident that the fair sex would have it in its power to animate the men to noble actions beyond what is seen in any other part of the world, if there were any disposition to favour this direction of the national temper. Pity that the lilies do not spin! The fault to which the character of this nation most verges is the tendency to trilling, or (to express it by a more courteous expression) to levity. Matters of weight are treated as jests; and trifles serve for the most serious occupation of the faculties. In old age the Frenchman is still singing songs of pleasure, and to the best of his power is still gallant to the women. In speaking thus, I have high authorities to warrant me from amongst the French

* The reader must remember that this essay was written as early as 1764.

themselves; and I shall shelter myself from any displeasure which I might else incur by pleading the sanction of a Montesquieu and a D'Alembert. The *Englishman*, at the commencement of every acquaintance, is cold and reserved, and towards all strangers is indifferent. He has little inclination to show any complaisance or obligingness in trifles; on the other hand, where he feels sincere friendship, he is disposed to express it by important services. He gives himself very little trouble to display wit in conversation, or to recommend himself by any politeness of manner: on the other hand, his demeanour expresses high good sense and sobriety of mind. The *Englishman* is bad at imitation; he asks little about other people's opinions, and follows nothing but his own taste and humour. In relation to women he does not manifest the French spirit of courtly homage, but nevertheless testifies far more of sincere respect for them; indeed, he pushes this too far, and in the married state usually allows his wife an unlimited influence. He is firm, at times even to obstinacy; bold and resolute even to rashness; and he acts in general upon principle in a degree amounting almost to obduracy. He is prone to fall into eccentricity of habits or opinions, not from vanity, but because he has a slight regard for what others say or think, and because he is not forward to put any force on his own inclinations out of complaisance or out of imitation; on this account he is rarely so much beloved as the *Frenchman*, but, when he is once known, much more respected. The *German* has a mixed temper, composed of the *English* and *French*, but partaking much more of the first: and, whenever a *German* discovers a closer resemblance to the *Frenchman*, it is undoubtedly an artificial or mimical resemblance. He has a happy equilibrium of sensibility to the *Sublime* and the *Beautiful*:

and if he does not rival the *Englishman* in the first nor the *Frenchman* in the second, yet he surpasses either separately in so far as he combines them both. He discovers more urbanity in social intercourse than the *Englishman*; and if he does not bring into company so much wit and agreeable vivacity as the *Frenchman*, he manifests more modesty and good sense. In love, as in every other direction of taste, he is tolerably methodic; and, because he combines the sense of the *Beautiful* with the sense of the *Sublime*, he is cold enough, in contemplating either separately, to keep his head free for considerations of decorum, of pomp, and show. Hence it is that, in his civil relations no less than in love, family—rank—and titles are matters of supreme importance. He inquires far more earnestly than either the *Frenchman* or the *Englishman*—what people will think of him: and, if there is any one feature of his character which calls aloud for a capital improvement, it is this very weakness, which is the cause that he shrinks with timidity from the hardness of originality even when he has all the talents for it: and, through this over-anxiety about the opinions of others, his moral qualities lose all ground of stability, and become fickle as the weather, hollow, and artificial. The *Dutchman* is of a regular and painstaking temper; and, looking only to the useful, he has little sensibility to that which in a finer sense is either *Beautiful* or *Sublime*. A great man is equivalent in his vocabulary to a rich man; by a friend he means a correspondent; and a visit is exceedingly tedious to him, unless it returns some nett profit. He is the ideal contrast to the *Frenchman* as well as to the *Englishman*, and may be briefly described as a phlegmatic *German*.

If we make an attempt to apply these thoughts to any particular case,—as, for instance, to the feeling for honour and distinction,—the following national differences discover

themselves. The sensibility to honour is, in the Frenchman vanity; in the Spaniard arrogance; in the Englishman pride; in the German haughtiness; and in the Dutchman (*sit venia verbo!*) pomposity. These expressions may seem at first sight to be equipollent; but they denote very remarkable differences. Vanity courts approbation, is inconstant and changeable, but its outward demeanour is courteous. The arrogant man is bloated with a false and pleasurable conceit of himself, which he takes little trouble to support by the approbation of others; his deportment is stiff and unbending. Pride is, strictly speaking, nothing more than a greater consciousness of one's own merits; and this consciousness may often be very justly founded; whence it is that we talk of a "noble pride;" but we can never attribute to a man a noble arrogance, because this always indicates an ill-founded and exaggerated self-estimation: the deportment of the proud man towards others is cold and expressive of indifference. The haughty man is a proud man, that is, at the same time a vain one.* The approbation, however, which he solicits from others, must be shown in testimonies of respect. Therefore it is that he would willingly glitter with titles—genealogies and external pageantry. The German beyond all other people is infected with this infirmity. The words "Gracious," "High-born," "Well-born," and the rest of that bombastic diction, make the German language stiff and unwieldy—and stand in the way of that beautiful simplicity which other nations have

* It is by no means necessary that a haughty man should be at the same time an arrogant man—*i.e.*, should make an exaggerated and fanciful estimate of his advantages: it is possible that he may value himself at no higher rate than his just worth. His error lies in a false taste which presides over his manner of giving expression and importance to his claims externally.

been able to communicate to their style. The characteristic of the haughty man's demeanour in company is—ceremoniousness. The pompous man is he who expresses his self-conceit by clear marks of contempt for others. The characteristic of his behaviour is coarseness. This wretched temper is of all the furthest removed from polished taste, because obviously and unequivocally stupid: for assuredly it is no rational means of gratifying the passion for honour to challenge everybody about one by undisguised contempt to hatred and caustic ridicule.

Religion, in our quarter of the globe, is not the offspring of taste—but has a more venerable derivation. Hence it is only the aberrations of men in religion, and that which may be regarded as strictly of human origin, which can furnish any means of determining the differences of national characters. These aberrations I arrange under the following classes—credulity, superstition, fanaticism, and indifference. *Credulity* is, for the most part, the characteristic of the uninformed part of every nation, although they have no remarkable fineness of feelings. Their convictions depend merely upon hearsay and upon plausible appearances; and with the impulses to these convictions no refinement of feeling is blended. Illustrations of this must be sought for amongst the nations of the north. The credulous man, when his taste is at all barbaresque, becomes superstitious. Nay, this taste is of itself a ground of credulity; and if we suppose the case of two men, one of them infected with this taste, and the other of a colder and less passionate frame of mind,—the* first, even though he

* By the way, it has been noticed as a singular fact that so wise a nation as the English are notwithstanding easily moved to put faith in any marvellous and absurd statement which is boldly advanced: and many examples of this are on record. But a bold style of intellect like

should possess a much more powerful understanding, will nevertheless be sooner seduced by his predominant feeling to believe anything unnatural than the other—whom not his discernment but his commonplace and phlegmatic feelings have preserved from this aberration of the judgment. The superstitious man places between himself and the supreme object of his adoration certain mighty and marvellous men—giants, if I may so express myself, of religion—whom nature obeys, whose adjuring voice opens and shuts the iron gates of Tartarus, and who, whilst with their heads they reach the heavens, plant their feet upon the earth. Intellectual culture will on this account have great obstacles to overcome in Spain; not so much from the ignorance with which it has to contend, as because it is thwarted by a perverted taste which never feels itself in a state of elevated emotion unless where its object is barbaresque. *Fanaticism* is a sort of devout temerity, and is occasioned by a peculiar pride and an excess of self-confidence—with the view of stepping nearer to the divine nature, and raising itself above the ordinary and proscribed course of things. The fanatic talks of nothing but immediate revelations, and of direct intuitions; whereas the superstitious man spreads before these great images a veil of wonder-working saints, and rests his whole confidence upon the imaginary and inimitable perfections of other persons participating a common nature with himself. I have before remarked that the intellectual aberrations carry

the English, previously trained by an extensive experience in which many inexplicable difficulties occur to a meditative mind, bursts more vigorously through all the little jealous considerations and scruples by which a weak and mistrustful intellect is checked and fettered in its assents: and thus the inferior mind, without any merit of its own, is sometimes preserved from error.—*Note of Kant's.*

signs along with them of the national character of feeling; and hence it is that fanaticism has been chiefly found (formerly at least) in Germany and in England, and is to be regarded as an unnatural product of the noble feeling which belongs to the characters of these two nations. And let it be observed that fanaticism is not by many degrees so injurious as superstition, although at first it is more outrageous; for the fervours of a fanatical mind cool and effervesce by degrees, and agreeably to the general analogies of nature must at length subside to the ordinary level of temperature: whereas superstition roots itself continually deeper and deeper in a quiet and passive frame of mind, and robs the fettered being of all the confidence requisite for ever liberating itself from a pestilent delusion. Finally, the vain and frivolous man is always without any powerful feeling for the Sublime: his religion, therefore, is unimpassioned and generally an affair of fashion, which he goes through with the utmost good-breeding and entire cold-heartedness. This is practical *indifference*, to which the French national mind seems to be the most inclined: from this to the profanest mockery of religion there is but one step: and, to say the truth, estimated by its inner value—indifference seems but trivially preferable to the entire rejection of religion.

If we throw a hasty glance over the other quarters of the world, we find the Arabs—the noblest people of the East, but of a temperament in respect to taste which tends much to the barbaresque and the unnaturally romantic. The Arab is hospitable, magnanimous, and observant of his word; but his fictions, and his history, and his whole feelings are veined and coloured with the marvellous. His inflamed imagination presents objects in unnatural and distorted images; and even the propagation of his religion

was a great romance. If the Arabs are, as it were, the Asiatic Spaniards, the *Persians* are the Asiatic Frenchmen. They are good poets, courteous, and of tolerably refined taste. They are not rigorous followers of Islam; and they allow to their own voluptuous tendencies a pretty latitudinarian interpretation of the Koran. The *Japanese* may be regarded partially as the Englishman of the Oriental world; but hardly for any other qualities than their firmness, which degenerates into obstinacy, their courage, and their contempt of death. In all other respects they show few marks of the grand English style of mind. The nations of *India* discover a domineering taste for fooleries of that class which run into the barbaresque. Their religion is made up of fooleries. Idols of hideous forms—the invaluable tooth of the mighty ape Hanumann, the unnatural penances of the Fakir (the mendicant friar of Paganism), are all in this taste. The self-immolations of women, on the same funeral pile which consumes the corpses of their husbands, are abominable instances of the barbaresque. What senseless fooleries are involved in the prolix and elaborate compliments of the *Chinese*! Even their paintings are senseless, and exhibit marvellous forms that are nowhere to be seen in nature. They have, also, more than any people on earth besides, traditional fooleries that are consecrated by ancient usage; such, for instance, as the ceremony still retained at Peking, during an eclipse of the sun or the moon, of driving away the dragon that is attempting to swallow up those heavenly bodies—a ceremony derived from the elder ages of grossest ignorance, and still retained in defiance of better information.

The negroes of Africa have from nature no feeling which transcends the childish level. Mr. Hume challenges any man to allege a single case in which a negro has shown the

least talent; and maintains that, out of all the hundreds of thousands of Blacks who have been transported from their native homes to other countries, not one (though many* have been manumitted) has been found that has ever performed anything great either in art, science, or any other creditable path of exertion; whereas among the Whites many are continually rising to distinction from the lowest classes of the people: so radical is the difference between these two races of men—a difference which seems to be not less in regard to the intellectual faculties than in regard to colour. The religion which is so widely diffused amongst them—viz., the Fetish, is probably that form of idolatry which descends as profoundly into imbecile folly as human nature can tolerate. A bird's feather, a cow's horn, a cockle-shell, or any other trifle, is no sooner consecrated by a few words than it becomes an object of adoration, and of abjuration in the taking of oaths. The Blacks are very vain, but after a negro fashion; and so talkative that it is necessary to cudgel them asunder.

Amongst all savages there are no tribes which discover so elevated a character as those of North America. They have a strong passion for honour; and whilst in chase of it, they pursue wild adventures for hundreds of miles; they are exceedingly cautious to avoid the slightest violations of it when an enemy as stern as themselves, having succeeded in making them prisoners, endeavours to extort from their agonies sighs of weakness and of fear. The Canadian savage is veracious and upright. The friendship which he

* How many, Mr. Professor Kant? And at what age? Be this as it may, common sense demands that we should receive evidence to the intellectual pretensions of the Blacks from the unprejudiced judges who have lived amongst them, not from those who are absurd enough to look for proofs of negro talent in the shape of books.

contracts is as romantic and as enthusiastic as anything which has descended to us from the fabulous times of antiquity. He is proud in excess, is sensible of the whole value of freedom, and even through the period of education he brooks no treatment which could subject him to a degrading submission. Lycurgus in all probability gave laws to just such savages; and if a great lawgiver were to arise amongst the Six Nations, the world would behold a Spartan republic arise amongst the savages of the new world; as in fact the voyage of the Argonauts is not very dissimilar to the military expeditions of the Indians; and Jason has little advantage of Attakakullakulla except in the honour of a Grecian name. All these savages have little sensibility to the Beautiful in a moral sense; and the magnanimous forgiveness of an injury, which is at the same time noble and beautiful, is wholly unknown to savages as a virtue, and despised as a miserable weakness. Courage is the supreme merit of the savage; and Revenge his sweetest pleasure. The other natives of this quarter of the globe show few traces of a temperament open to the finer impressions of sentiment; and indeed the general characteristic of this division of mankind is an extraordinary defect of sensibility.

If we examine the state of the sexual relations in these various regions of the earth, we find that the European only has discovered the secret of adorning the sensual attractions of a mighty passion with so many flowers, and of interweaving it with so much of moral feeling, that he has not only exalted its fascinations, but has also brought it entirely within the limits of social decorum. The Orientalist is, in this point, of very false taste. Having no idea of the morally Beautiful that may be connected with this instinct, he forfeits even the better part of the mere sensual

pleasure; and his Harem becomes to him a perpetual source of inquietude. Woman, on her part, degraded to the level of the mere instrument and means of sensual pleasures, loses all her dignity—and consequently her personal rights. Whether as an unmarried virgin, or as the wife of a jealous and intractable brute, she is in the East eternally a prisoner. Amongst the Blacks, what can a man look for better than what in fact is everywhere found—that is to say, the whole female sex in a state of the profoundest slavery? A faint-hearted man is always a severe master to his weaker dependants; just as with us, that man is sure to play the tyrant in his own kitchen who has hardly courage enough to look anybody in the face when he steps out of doors. Père Labat indeed tells us—that a negro gentleman, whom he had been reproaching with his tyrannical treatment of his women, returned this answer: “You Whites are downright fools: for you first of all allow your wives too much liberty; and then you complain when they abuse it—and make your heads ache.” At first sight it might seem as if there was something in this remark which merited a little attention: but, to cut the matter short, the fellow was a Black—black as soot from head to foot; an unanswerable proof that what he said was bestially stupid. Of all savages there are none amongst whom women enjoy more real consideration and influence than the noble savages of North America. In this point, indeed, perhaps the Canadian women have the advantage of those even in our refined quarter of the globe. I do not mean that any submissive attentions and homage are there paid to women: these are mere forms of hollow compliment. No, the Canadian women enjoy actual power: they meet and deliberate upon the weightiest ordinances of the nation—whether regarding peace or war. Upon the result of their

debates they despatch delegates to the male council; and commonly it is their voice which prevails. This privilege, however, they purchase dearly: all the household concerns are thrown on their shoulders; and they take their share in all the hardships and toils of the men.

Finally, if we cast a glance over the page of history, we perceive the taste of men—like a Proteus—everlastingly assuming new and variable forms. The ancient times of the Greeks and Romans exhibited unequivocal marks of a legitimate feeling for the Beautiful as well as the Sublime in Poetry, Sculpture, Architecture, Legislation, and even in Morals. The government of the Roman Emperors changed the noble as well as the beautiful simplicity into the magnificent and gorgeous—and at length into that spurious glitter of finery which still survives for our instruction in their rhetoric, their poetry, and even in the history of their manners. Gradually, and in sympathy with the general decline of the state, even this bastard relique of the purer taste was extinguished. The Barbarians, after that they had established their power on the ruins of the empire, introduced a peculiar form of corrupt taste which is styled the Gothic—and is built upon the passion for the childish. This passion displayed itself not merely in architecture, but in the sciences and in the general spirit of the manners and usages. The highest point to which human genius was able to soar in its attempt to master the sublime was the Barbaresque. Romances, both temporal and spiritual, were then exhibited on the stage of nations; and oftentimes a disgusting and monstrous abortion of both in combination—monks, with the mass-book in one hand, and the warlike banner in the other, followed by whole armies of deluded victims destined to lay their bones in other climates and in a holier soil; consecrated warriors, solemnly dedicated by

vow to outrage and the perpetration of crimes; and in their train a strange kind of heroic visionaries, who styled themselves knights—and were in search of adventures, tournaments, duels, and romantic achievements. During this period, Religion together with the Sciences was disfigured by miserable follies; and we have occasion to observe that taste does not easily degenerate on one side without giving clear indications of corruption in everything else that is connected with the finer feelings. The conventual vows transformed a large body of useful citizens into busy idlers, whose dreaming style of life fitted them to hatch a thousand scholastic absurdities—which thence issued to the world and propagated their species. Finally, after that the genius of man has by a species of Paligenesis toiled up from an almost entire desolation to its former heights, we behold in our own days the just taste for the Beautiful and the Noble blooming anew as well in the arts and sciences as in moral sentiment; and we have now nothing left to wish for—but that the false glitter, with its easy and specious delusions, may not debauch us imperceptibly from the grandeur of simplicity; more especially that the still undiscovered secret of education may be extricated from ancient abuses—so as to raise betimes the moral sensibilities in the bosom of every youthful citizen to efficient and operative feelings; and for this happy result—that all culture and refinement of taste may no longer terminate in the fugitive and barren pleasure of pronouncing judgment with more or less good taste, upon what is external to ourselves and alien from our highest interests.

