The following paſſage expreſſes finely the progreſs of conviction.

Let me not ſtir, nor breathe, lest I diſſolve

That tender, lovely form, of painted air,

So like Almeria. Ha ! it sinks, it falls ;

I’ll catch it e’er it goes, and graſp her ſhade.

’Tis life ! ’tis warm ! ’tis ſhe ! ’tis ſhe herſelf !

It is Almeria ! ’tis, it is my wife !

*Mourning Bride, act 2. ſc.* 6.

In the progreſs of thought our reſolutions become more vigorous as well as our paſſions.

If ever I do yield or give conſent,

By any action, word, or thought, to wed

Another lord; may then just heav’n ſhow’r down, &c.

*Mourning Bride, act* 1. *ſc.* 1.

And this leads to a ſecond obſervation, That the dif­ferent ſtages of a paſſion, and its different directions, from birth to extinction, muſt be carefully repreſented in their order ; becauſe otherwise the ſentiments, by being misplaced, will appear forced and unnatural. — Reſentment, for example, when provoked by an atro­cious injury, diſcharges itſelf ſirſt upon the author : ſentiments therefore of revenge come always ſirſt, and muſt in ſome meaſure be exhauſted before the perſon injured think of grieving for himſelf. In the Cid of Corneille, Don Diegue having been affronted in a cruel manner, expreſſes ſcarce any ſentiment of revenge, but is totally occupied in contemplating the low ſituation to which he is reduced by the affront :

O rage ! ô deſeſpoir ! ô vieilleſſe ennemie !

N’ai-je donc tant vecu que pour cette infamie?

Et ne suis-je blanchi dans les travaux guerriers,

Que pour voir en un jour fletrir tant de lauriers ?

Mon bras, qu’avec respect tout l’Espagne admire,

Mon bras qui tant de fois a fauve cet empire,

Tant de fois affermi le trône de son roi,

Trahit donc ma querelle, et ne fait rien pour moi !

O cruel souvenir de ma gloire passé !

Oeuvre de tant de jours en un jour effacée !

Nouvelle dignité fatale a mon bonheur !

Precipice élevé d’où tombe mon honneur !

Faut-il de votre éclat voir triompher le comte,

Et mourir fans vengeance, ou vivre dans la honte ? Comte, fois de mon prince à present gouverneur,

Ce haut rang n’admet point un homme fans honneur ; Et ton jaloux orgueil par cet affront insigne,

Malgré le choix du roi, m’en a sû rendre indigne.

Et toi, de mes exploits glorieux instrument,

Mais d’un corps tout de glace inutile ornement,

Fer jadis tant à craindre, et qui dans cette offense,

M ’as fervi de parade, et non pas de defense,

Va, quitte déformais le dernier des humains,

Paffe pour me venger en de meilleures mains.

*Le Cid, act 1. ſc. 7.*

Theſe ſentiments are certainly not the firſt that are ſuggeſted by the paſſion of reſentment. As the firſt movements of reſentment are always directed to its ob­ject, the very ſame is the caſe of grief. Yet with rela­tion to the hidden and ſevere diſtemper that ſeized Alexander bathing in the river Cydnus, Quintus Cur­tius deſcribes the firſt emotions of the army as directed to themſelves, lamenting that they were left without a leader, far. from home, and had ſcarce any hopes of returning in ſafety : their king’s diſtreſs, which muſt na­turally have been their firſt concern, occupies them but in the ſecond place according to that author. In the Aminta of Taſſo, Sylvia, upon a report of her lover’s death, which ſhe believed certain, inſtead of bemoaning the loss of her beloved, turns her thoughts upon herself, and wonders her heart does not break :

Ohime, ben ſon di ſaſſo,

Poi che queſta novella non m’uccide. Ac*t.* 4. *ſc,* 2.

In the tragedy of Jane Shore, Alicia, in the full purpoſe of deſtroying her rival, has the following reflec­tion :

Oh Jealouſy ! thou bane of pleaſing friendſhip,

Thou worſt invader of our tender boſoms ;

How does thy rancour poiſon all our ſoftneſs,

And turn our gentle nature into bitterneſs !

See where ſhe comes ! Once my heart’s deareſt bleſſing,

Now my chang’d eyes are blaſted with her beauty,

Loathe that known face, and sicken to behold her.

Act 3. sc. 1.

Theſe are the reflections of a cool ſpectator. A paſſion, while it has the aſcendant, and is freely indulged, suggeſts not to the person who feels it any ſentiment to its own prejudice : reflections like the foregoing occur not readily till the paſſion has ſpent its vigour.

A perſon ſometimes is agitated at once by different paſſions ; and the mind in that caſe, vibrating like a pen­dulum, vents itſelf in ſentiments that partake of the ſame vibration. This we give as a third obſervation :

*Queen.* Would I had never trod this Engliſh earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !

Ye’ve angels faces, but heav’n knows your hearts.

What ſhall become of me now ? wretched lady !

I am the moſt unhappy woman living.

Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes ?

[To *her women.*

Shipwreck’d upon a kingdom, where no pity,

No friends, no hope, no kindred, weep for me ?.

Almoſt no grave allow’d me.

*Henry* VIII. *act 3. sc. 1.*

*Othello.* Oh devil, devil !

If that the earth could teem with woman’s tears,

Each drop ſhe falls would prove a crocodile.

Out of my ſight !

*Deſdemona.* I will not ſtay t’offend you. *[Going.*

*Lodovico.* Truly, an obedient lady:

I do beseech your lordſhip, call her back.

*Oth.* Miſtress-

*Deſ.* My lord.

*Oth.* What would you with her, Sir ?

*Lod.* Who, I, my lord ?

*Oth.* Ay; you did wiſh that I would make her turn. Sir, ſhe can turn and turn, and yet go on ;

And turn again. And ſhe can weep, Sir, weep ;

And ſhe’s obedient : as you ſay, obedient :

Very obedient—proceed you in your tears— Concerning this, Sir,— oh well painted paſſion !—- I am commanded home—get you away,

I’ll ſend for you anon—Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice. Hence, avaunt !

*[ Exit* Deſdemona *Othello, act* 4. *ſc.* 6.

*Æmilia,*