

down in corners and club-rooms to acquire proof of imaginary provocations. They are governed by no such procrastinated resentments, such illiberal ideas, such narrow notions of honour! To what motive then shall we ascribe the conduct of that man who hath discovered so small a portion of those *fine sensations* by which men of dignified and exalted feelings are influenced? Shall we impute it to the blood that runs polluted in his veins? or to the cabals of some other person? To one, or to the other of these, his conduct must finally be referred. If to the first, then is Mr. Lenox beneath the resentment of those whose generous birth ranks them in the class of gentlemen. If to the latter, on whom is it natural
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