

an affront to the dignity of Human Nature; an affront to truth; an affront to every officer that bears Your Majesty's commission. Men of warm and nice feelings resent on the spot: the voice of honour is a call superior to delay: Offended Virtue is an importunate creditor; she *draws* at sight, and will be paid on demand. The claims of nature are strong; they *will* be satisfied; and the laws of the country, which, philosophically speaking, are devoid of passion, wisely make allowance for the impulse of the moment. Men of honour are not apt to *plan* away the lives of others, much less of the Princes of the empire, whereof they themselves are subjects. They consult not whisperers; neither run they up and  
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