

for some hasty expression, deliberately form the purpose to take away his life. Instigated by a spirit of fell revenge, he will pursue this purpose with inflexible resolution; drag his friend to the field of battle; determining either to take his life, or lose his own. And yet, the man who does so, is to be looked upon as *a man of honour*, and one who is possessed of all polite and gentlemanly accomplishments! The ancient Romans considered it highly honourable to take the life of an enemy, and nothing was more disgraceful, in their judgment, than to lift the hand against the life of a friend. But now these notions of honour have been completely reversed; it is honourable (as it ought to be) to treat an enemy with indulgence, and grant him all the advantage of the most charitable construction of words and actions; but to show an equal degree of indulgence and charity to a friend would be a symptom of cowardice! Oh, what perverted notions of propriety! That man is to be decked with the reputation of honour, whose friendship is a perpetual snare, and who maintains it to be sometimes necessary for his reputation to dip his hand in blood, the worst of human crimes—the blood, it may be of a friend, or intimate acquaintance. There is something in this inexpressibly revolting. Murder always gives a violent shock to the public mind, though the circumstances attending it should not be of an aggravated nature; but when one friend sheds the blood of another upon the ground, a thrill of horror passes throughout the community,—an expression of the public sense of the appalling enormity of the deed.