

ity, I denounce it; in the name of our common country, and our common nature, I implore of the learned counsel not to promulgate such a slander upon both; but I need not do so; if the seal of advocacy should induce them to the attempt, memory would array their unhappy homes before them; their children would lisp its contradiction; their love, their hearts, their instinctive feelings as fathers and as husbands, would rebel within them, and wither up the horrid blasphemy upon their lips. They will find it difficult to palliate such turpitude. I am sure I find it difficult to aggravate. It is in itself a hyperbole of wickedness. Honor, innocence, religion, friendship, all that is sanctified, or lovely, or endearing in creation. What compensation can reprise so unparalleled a sufferer? What solitary consolation is there in reserve for him? Is it love? Alas! there was one whom he adored with all the heart's idolatry, and she deserted him. Is it friendship? There was one of all the world whom he adored with all the heart's idolatry, and he betrayed him. Is it society? The smile of others happiness appear but the epitaph of his own. Is it solitude? Can he be alone, while memory, striking at the sepulchre of his heart, calls into existence the spectres of the past? Shall he fly for refuge to his sacred home? Every object is eloquent of his ruin. Shall he seek a mournful solace in his children? O, he has no children; there is the little favorite that she nursed, and there—there, even on its guileless features—there is the horrid smile of the adulterer.

O, gentlemen, am I this day only the counsel of my client? No—no! I am the advocate of humanity, of yourselves, your homes, your wives, your families, your children. I am glad that this case exhibits such atrocity; unmarked as it is by any mitigating feature, it may stop the frightful advance of this calamity. It will be met now, and marked with vengeance. If it be not, farewell to the virtues of your country; farewell to all confidence between man and man; farewell to that unsuspecting and reciprocal tenderness, without which marriage is but a consecrated curse. If oaths are to be violated, laws disregarded, friendships betrayed, humanity trampled; national and individual honor stained, and if the perjury of fathers and husbands will give such miscreancy a passport to their homes, and wives, and daughters, farewell to all that yet remains to your country. Mark this day, by your verdict, your horror at the profanation, and believe me, when the hand which records that verdict shall be dust, and the tongue that asks it traceless in the grave, many a happy home will bless its consequences, and many a mother teach her little child to hate the impious treason of a dwelling. O, I know I need not ask this verdict from your mercy; I need not extort it from your compassion; I will receive it