

wife of his bosom; that he affected confidence only to betray it; that he perfected the wretchedness he pretended to console, and that in the midst of poverty he has left his victim, friendless, hopeless, companionless—a husband without a wife, and a father without a child—gracious God! is it not enough to turn Mercy herself into an executioner? You convict for murder; here is the hand that murdered innocence. You convict for treason; here is the vilest disloyalty to friendship. You convict for robbery; here is one who plundered virtue of her dearest pearl, and dissolved it even in the bowl that hospitality held out to him. They pretend that he is innocent! O effrontery the most unblushing! O what insult, added to the deadliest injury! O base, detestable, and damnable hypocrisy! Of the final testimony it is true enough their cunning has deprived us; but, under Providence, I shall pour upon this baseness such a flood of light, that I will defy, not merely the most honorable man, but the most charitable skeptic, to touch the holy Evangelists and say by their sanctity it has not been committed. Attend upon me now, gentlemen, step by step, and with me rejoice, that no matter how cautious may be the conspiracy, there is a power above to confound and discover them.

Here the learned counsel went into a lengthy detail of the evidences:

Now, gentlemen, I request you will bear every particle of this scene in your recollection. Little wonder that Mr. Summer's tone should be violence and indignation. He had discovered his wife and friend Gordon, totally undressed, just as they had escaped from the guilty bed-side, where they stood in all the shame and horror of their situation. He shouted for his brother, and that miserable brother had the agony of witnessing his guilty sister-in-law in the bed-room of her paramour, both almost literally in a state of nudity. Gordon! Gordon! exclaimed the heart-struck husband, is this the return you have made for my hospitality! O heavens! what a reproach was there! It is not merely that you have dishonored my bed; it is not merely that you have sacrificed my happiness; it is not merely that you have widowed me in my youth, and left me the father of an orphan family; it is not merely that you have violated a compact to which all the world swore a tacit veneration;—but you—you, have done it—my friend—my guest, under the very roof (barbarous reverence!) where you enjoyed my table; where you pledged my happiness; where you saw her in all the loveliness of her virtue, and that at the very hour when our little helpless children were wrapt in that repose of which you have for ever robbed