

the child from its cradle—creatures scarce alive and creatures still unborn—the grandsire, shivering on the verge of death—the infant, quickening in the mother's womb—all with one accord re-echo God, and execrate adultery. I say, then, where it is once proved that husband and wife live together in a state of happiness, no contingency on which the sun can shine can warrant any man in attempting their separation. The hour of adversity is woman's hour. In the full blaze of fortune's rich meridian, her modest beam retires from vulgar notice; but when the clouds of woe collect around us, and shades and darkness dim the wanderer's path, that chaste and lovely light shines forth to cheer him—an emblem and an emanation of the heavens. No, it is not for the cheerfulness with which she bore the change I prize her; it is not that without a sigh she surrendered all the baubles of prosperity; but that she pillowed her poor husband's head, welcomed adversity to make him happy, held up her little children as the wealth that no adversity could take away, and, when she found his spirit broken and his soul dejected, with a more than masculine understanding, retrieved, in some degree, his desperate fortunes, and saved the little wreck that solaced their retirement. What was such a woman worth, I ask you? If you can stoop to estimate by dross the worth of such a creature, give me even a notary's calculation, and tell me then what was she worth to him, to whom she had consecrated the bloom of her youth, the charm of her innocence, the splendor of her beauty, the wealth of her tenderness, the power of her genius, the treasure of her fidelity. She, the mother of his children, the pride of his heart, the joy of his prosperity, the solace of his misfortune, what was she worth him? Fallen as she is, you may still estimate her; you may see her value even in her ruin. The gem is sullied, the diamond is shivered; but even in the dust you may see the magnificence of its material.

After this they retired to Woodstock, where they resided, in the most domestic manner, on the remnants of their once splendid establishment. The butterflies that in their noon-tide of prosperity fluttered around them, vanished at the first breath of their adversity; but one early friend still remained faithful and affectionate, and that was the defendant. Mr. Gordon is a young man of about eight and twenty, of splendid fortune, polished in his manners, interesting in his appearance, with many qualities to attach a friend, and every quality to fascinate a female. Most willingly do I pay the tribute which nature claims for him; most bitterly do I lament that he has been so ungrateful to so prodigal a benefactress. Now, if it shall appear that all this was only a screen for his adultery; that he took advantage of his friend's misfortune to seduce the