

trusted, he was careless, and crime, in the infatuation of its cunning, found its justification even in the virtues of its victim. I am not deterred by the prejudice thus cruelly excited. I appeal from the gossiping credulity of scandal to the grave decisions of fathers and husbands; and I implore of you, as you value the blessings of your home, not to countenance the calumny which solicits a precedent to excuse their spoliation. She was then in the very spring of life, and never did the sun of heaven unfold a lovelier blossom. Her eye and look was beauty, and her breath was fragrant; the eye that saw her caught a lustre from the vision, and all the virtues seemed to linger round her life, so many spotless spirits, enamored of her loveliness. What years of tongueless transport might not her beauties gain, to render them all perfect. In the connubial rapture there was only one, and she was blessed with it. A lovely family of infant children gave her the consecrated name of mother, and with it all that Heaven can give of interest to this world's worthlessness. Can the mind imagine a more delightful vision than that of such a mother, thus young, thus lovely, thus beloved, blessing a husband's heart, basking in a world's smile. It was indeed the summer of their lives, and with it came the swarm of summer friends that revel in the sunshine of the hour, and vanish with its splendor. High and honored in this crowd — most gay, most cherished, most professing — stood the defendant, Mr. Gordon. He was the plaintiff's dearest friend, to every pleasure called, in every case consulted, his day's companion and evening's guest, his constant, trusted, bosom friend; and, under guise of all, O, human nature! he was his self, deadliest, final enemy.

Here, on the authority of this brief, do I accuse him of having wound himself into my client's intimacy — of having encouraged that intimacy into friendship — of having counterfeited a sympathy in his joys and in his sorrows — and when he seemed too pure even for skepticism itself to doubt him, of having, under the very sanctuary of his roof, perpetrated an adultery the most unprecedented and perfidious. If this be true, can the world's wealth pay the penalty of such turpitude? Now, gentlemen, if this be proved to you, here I may take my stand, and I say, under no earthly circumstances can a justification of the adulterer be adduced. No matter with what sophistry he may blaspheme, through its palliation, God ordained, nature cemented, and happiness consecrated that celestial union, and it is complicated treason against God, and man, and society, to attempt its violation. The social compact, through every fibre, trembles at its consequences; not only policy, but law; not only law, but nature; not only nature, but religion, deprecate and denounce it. Parent and offspring — youth and age — the dead from the tomb —