were pulled from the chair,) I could not pretend to say that I saw any thing that transpired. Mr. Crisfield would excuse himself by saying the child held him, and would not let him go. Why could not he extricate himself as easily as Mrs. Henry extricated herself from the child? Because forsooth, Mr. Crisfield's feelings for the child were more tender and sympathetic, and his heart made up of the milk of human kindness, bled as the poor little girl cried, because her cruel, thrice cruel mother wished to clasp her to her bosom, the first time she had had an opportunity to do so for nine years. Yes, the Trio express wonderful interest and sympathy for the child and the mother's torn dress, whilst they treat the mother's feelings with contempt and derision. Away with such sickening sensibility! But no, the truth is this, Mrs. Henry is a mother, and she could not but appreciate a mother's feelings on such an occasion, whilst the conduct of the Trio, proves that genuine sympathy is a virtue to which they are utter strangers.

I repeat emphatically, that as to the mother starting with the child towards the door, the story itself is not even plausible, and there is not a ray of truth in it to gild the black assertions; and the Trio are conscious of it. They well know that it was Mr. Henry and Mr. Crisfield themselves that dragged them in that direction, and this most probably they did for a cloak to their base designs; being, no doubt, a part of an infamous and matured plan to make the child believe her mother wished to tear her away;—for the inhuman purpose of exciting in her breast a still higher degree of terror and aversion towards her mother.

One reason they give for supposing it to have been the intention of Mrs. Polk to abduct the child, is, that she cried out, "I will have my child, at the risk of my life I'll have her," and similar exclamations. She did utter such exclamations whilst they strove to take the child from her. Could any thing be more natural? Here was a mother who had not been permitted to see her child for nearly nine years, struggling to hold it to her bosom, to which it had not been clasped since it was three years old, against the efforts of two men to prevent her. Were any thing more natural than that she should cling to the little girl, exclaiming, "she is my child! I will have my child! You shall not take her away! I will have her at the risk of my life! &c." Had she tamely yielded her up without a struggle or a word, she would have richly merited the appellation of an unnatural mother. I appeal to every mother and ask, what, under all the circumstances, would you have done? I am sure there is not one that will give a verdict of condemnation against Mrs. Polk. On the contrary, all will appreciate her feelings, and her efforts to maintain for a few brief moments, peaceful possession of her long lost daughter.

And is it surprising that she should wish to get possession of her

child-even by force, if she could succeed in no other way? seeing that its tender mind has been imbued fromits earliest infancy with prejudices against her, whether by her father, to whose sole account the trio would charge this wicked, this horrid education, or by that vile woman, who, it has been proven, was a woman of ill fame, to whose especial care,—even after learning how infamous she was, -in his own house, before his wife's face previously to the separation, and for five or six years after, he voluntarily consigned this his only child?—seeing that she, her only child, is disinherited by her father's will, and, though nearly thirteen years of age, has never been put to school? Is it strange, I say, that the mother should wish to remove those prejudices, and to give her daughter a good education? Surely not. And I can tell this worthy trio for their comfort, that had the mother recovered her child, though by force, she would have been applauded by nearly the whole community, and hailed with acclamations by every one who has a heart of sensibility and virtuous feeling-as was that mother who took possession, recently, of her little son in the streets of Boston, and bore him away in triumph, though sorely against his will, and in spite of his bitter and distressing cries; which, had our tender hearted trio been there, would have made their hearts bleed to death, if they could not have been permitted to oppose the cruel mother. But Mrs. Polk was not so foolish as to think of attempting such a thing at Mr. Henry's.

For the purpose of bolstering up their feeble cause, they introduce a long rigmarole about what they learned after the transaction, that might have excited their suspicions. I will not enter into controversy with the trio concerning new matter with which they have nothing to do. I am ready and willing to answer any allegations coming from legitimate authority; but, as Mr. Williams has not signed their pamphlet, and they have not signed it as his attorneys, I disdain to notice-save presently with a passing remark—their impertinent charges, irrelative to the point in controversy, mixed up with some truth and some falsehood, and lugged in for want of justifying facts, in order to divert public attention from the black and blasting outrage, of which they know they are guilty—the act of tearing a child from the mother's bosom, the very first time for nearly nine years that she had been able to approach so near as to take her in her arms. By what authority I have demanded, did they perpetrate this indecency—this ungentlemanly act—this brutish outrage? And how have they answered? Why verily, their great regard for the law! And what is this law for which they entertain so high a regard? It is a law, which, in this country, where the rights of parents and orphans are well guarded by our own statutes, is entirely unnecessary. Which in its operation, as in the present case, may become one of the most barbarous of the British code; which was