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MONDAY MORNING, 6th June, 1861.

My Dear Julia.—Should you have any desire to see me, I will call up this forenoon. Probably you know what morning this is—being nine months this very morning—both the day of the week, and the month on which we were married. Severe have been the occasional trials which I have endured during that short period—such as had not been experienced during all the previous part of my life. We know not but that the Almighty has some good in contemplation in these trials, of which we know not at present, but may know hereafter. I feel rather diffident in addressing you at this time, owing to the very excited manner in which you left my house on the morning of your sudden departure, with the object of taking your husband to the Police Office, which would have been a rather novel situation for him to be placed in, never having been required to go there for any misdemeanour—also the unbecoming language made use of previous to your leaving. The interview, if desired on your part, I should like to be without the presence of any of your family. Hoping that you are in the enjoyment of good health,

I am, My dear Julia,

Your Husband.

ROBERT HUNTER.

The boy will wait a little for your reply.

To this I received the following reply:—

CEDARVILLE, June 6.

My Husband.—I am surprised to receive those lines from you, and much more at the request you have made. On a former occasion I granted it, and was persuaded to return to your house, and treated with greater indignity than before. Should I grant you another interview, it might lead to the same request, and that I can never comply with. I have nothing to hope for now. My life has been clouded and blighted by too many scenes of misery for me ever to trust my happiness in your keeping again. You speak of the day of the month—I have reason to remember it. God Almighty has protected me thus far, and the ruinous designs of your mother and sister have been frustrated. I have proved to the world that I have been a true wife to you, and not the guilty woman they tried to make me appear. You refer to the language used by me the morning I left. Think Robert of the epithets you bestowed upon me for a week before I left you, and let your heart answer whether I am to blame or not. You also speak of your unhappiness. What has yours been when compared with mine? You, a man able to battle with the world. I, a weak woman, looking and depending upon you for happiness and protection. Nothing but God and his goodness has supported me through very many trials, and to him alone I still look for strength and consolation.

Your wronged and injured wife,

JULIA HUNTER.

In reply to the letter received from Mrs. Hunter, dated 6th June, sent the following:

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MONDAY MORNING, 10th June, 1861.

MY DEAR JULIA:—I was quite surprised at the contents of the note which I received from you in reply to mine of last Thursday morning, being very different from what I had expected. You commence with the words *My husband*, expressing your surprise at receiving a few lines from me, and your astonishment that there should be a desire on my part for an interview, objecting to and refusing such, lest such an interview would result in your again returning to your husband. Such, Julia, are not the expressions or the feelings of an affectionate, attached wife—unwilling to see your husband, from whom you have been separated for the past four weeks, under painful and unhappy circumstances—dreading even an interview lest it should lead to your return to him. Was I the greatest monster in the world, rolling in drunk to you at all hours of the night, beating and abusing you in the most beastly manner, there might be some excuse for such expressions; but your husband is not of that class. But what I most particularly wish to refer to in your letter, are some expressions therein contained, and charges made of which I am entirely ignorant. You say the ruinous designs of my mother and sisters has been frustrated—that you have proved to the world that you have been a true wife to me, and not the guilty woman they tried to make you appear. Now, Julia, those are charges which I think you cannot substantiate, but are imaginary and exaggerated. Although such is my opinion, yet should you explain the matter sufficiently, and satisfactorily show that my mother and sisters have such designs against you, of which I have been ignorant, I will leave nothing undone to have matters rectified to your satisfaction; and surely, Julia, such explanation is justly due from you to me in justification of such charges; and I certainly expect to be gratified in that. You speak of my unhappiness as nothing when compared with yours. I, a man, as you say, able to battle with the world. Could you but realize my present situation, such would probably not be your opinion—representing yourself as a weak woman, depending upon me for happiness and protection. Surely, Julia, although such may be your language now, certainly your conduct towards me on many occasions did not manifest such to be your feelings—telling me, as you did the week previous to your leaving, that you would just go where you liked and when you liked; that you had always been accustomed to it, and that you would always do it; and in addition, that you did not care for me, manifesting your total independence of and indifference toward me. Surely, Julia, even supposing that you had always been accustomed previous to marriage to going when you liked and where you liked, you might reasonably consider that your being a married woman ought to make some difference in that respect, and that your husband's feelings and wishes should be worthy of a little consideration. In my last I made some reference as to your health, which you made no reply to, thinking, probably, that in that I felt no interest; but

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