

I then went to my sister-in-law and sent her to see my wife and try to reconcile matters. I never heard any charge against my wife's character. My letters to my wife did contain my genuine feelings towards her. I went to Shediac after receiving her second letter, and again wrote to her from there:

[Copy.]

SHEDIAC, Thursday morning,
15th June, 1861.

MY DEAR JULIA:—On Tuesday evening, being the evening previous to my leaving home, I quite unexpectedly received a letter from you, hearing, as I had done during the day, that I had written letters to you for the purpose of annoying you, thinking that I considered you too happy and comfortable, and was desirous of giving you annoyance, and that you would answer no more of them. Such were very different from the motives and the feelings which actuated me in addressing you, and I think there was nothing in these letters which could have led you to suppose so. But such is only in accordance with the misconstructions and misrepresentations which has been of frequent occurrence with you. Many are the assertions in your last letter, now before me, which are false and extravagantly so—so much so that I cannot call forth language sufficiently strong in which to reply to them—and this is the course which you have been unnaturally pursuing, and which has resulted in bringing matters to the unhappy position they are now in between us—misrepresentation and extravagant exaggeration. In some few instances you have gone over to some occurrences, which have taken place between us shortly after they happened, quite differently from what actually did occur, making it appear so as to suit your own purpose, and I have told you so at the time. Your abilities Julia in that respect are great. You say that I threatened to take away your life; to tie you neck and heels, and pitch you into a coach and compel you to go, and not until I put my threats into execution and laid violent hands upon you, for the second time placing you in terror of your life, did you leave me.—Oh, Julia—my wife, my wife—how can you thus write, how can you invent such falsehoods, it is murder and nothing short of it—such wild, such extravagant untrue accusations. Think, my wife, that although you may accomplish certain ends and create a bad feeling against your own husband unnatural though it may be for you to do so, yet there is a God before whom you will require to answer for those things, and not knowing how soon, repent oh, my Julia, before it is too late. On the evening of the Tuesday on which you told me after I had at your request mentioned to you what I disapproved of in the course you were pursuing—those exact words—that you would go just where you liked and when you liked; that you had always been accustomed to it, and that you would always do it, and that you did not care for me.—Feeling much hurt and annoyed at being thus spoken to by my wife—from whom I had also for some time previously been experiencing manifestations of the greatest indifference towards me—

which wounded my heart most terribly—I, on the evening referred to, told you in our own room to pack up your things on the following day, and that I would send a coach and have you and them taken home, that I would not put up any longer with such treatment—repeating to you what you had told me in the morning—to which you replied you would not go one foot, &c. On the following day at dinner time, I told you, certainly, after your making some remarks to something that mama said—that Mr. Ewing from Boston had been in with me that forenoon, and told me that every one he had met with were down on me from the character they had heard of me from my wife, through theirs—and that from you pursuing such a course towards me, and from you having told me what you did on the previous morning, that I could not look upon you or consider you as my wife in future; from that time I occupied another room. Nothing occurred between us further, until the Monday morning you left, when you came down stairs, and finding me alone in the sitting room reading the morning paper, you addressed me in the following manner: Good morning Mr. Hunter, how do you do this morning? how did you spend the night? was it on the street? To which I replied, right well you know that it was not on the street—that I had never been in the habit of spending my nights on the streets. After a few remarks passing between us I got up to leave the room, when you also got up, and turning towards me told me that I was a devil, that I was no man, that I was only a poor, miserable tailor, the ninth part of a man. It was this, Julia, and under such provocation, that turning around I struck you (if you may so call it) slightly with my open hand on the cheek, when you exclaimed, as if having accomplished your desire, now you have struck me, you devil, and I will have you at the Police Office before five minutes, running up stairs, in a great hurry, and putting some things on, down again in the same way, and out of the door, slashing it after you.—That is the only time, Julia, on which you can say that I ever struck you, and that the only extent, unless it may be that you say I caught you by the chin on another occasion. *I never threatened to take away your life*—never said that I would tie you neck and heels and pitch you into a coach and compel you to go. I never made a threat that was put in execution, by putting violent hands on you and thus placing you in terror of your life—until which time you say you did not leave me. You left me under the circumstances I have described. Julia, those are dreadful accusations that never occurred. You do not believe me when I say that I am quite ignorant as to the meaning of the ruinous designs of my mother and sisters towards you of which you accuse them; and in explanation of that, say that you heard, and you firmly believe it, that they said you were in the same situation when you married me as you are now, and that you only married me as a cloak for your shame, and that I also must have heard it though pleading ignorance; otherwise, why did I tell you the morning you left, that I had not spent

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