

if such be your opinion you wrong me much. And, moreover, I feel deeply interested and anxious as to your approaching illness, trusting and praying sincerely that the Almighty will grant unto you sufficient strength to enable you to get through successfully; and that even under the distressing circumstances in which we are placed towards each other as husband and wife, we may have granted unto us an offspring. I expect to leave on Wednesday morning for the country, to spend a few days. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, my dear Julia,

Your husband,

ROBERT HUNTER.

REPLY.

CEDAR HILL,

St. John, N. B., June 10th, '61. }

MY HUSBAND,—As you have requested an answer to your letter of this date, I hasten to comply. You were surprised at my answer to your last,—what should you expect, knowing how you have treated me?—you having crushed and broken a heart which was wholly yours, and which clung only to you for love and happiness. You speak of our separation. *Who caused it? I did not leave you willingly, but was repeatedly ordered out of your house, nor did I go the first, second or third time you told me to; not when you threatened to take my life, and tie me neck and heels, pitch me into a coach and compel me to go; not when you told me you would no longer acknowledge me as your wife, and if I remained there I was only an usurper and intruder. I endured all this, still hoping there was yet one spark of affection remaining for me, but alas! there was not; and yet not until you put your threat into execution, and laid violent hands upon me for the second time, placing me in terror of my life, did I leave you. Robert, you speak of a drunken husband; had you been under the influence of liquor there would have been some excuse for you, and I could then have hoped that in your sane moments I would have received some kindness, but you have treated me far worse than many a drunkard treats his wife, and yet not influenced by liquor. Alas! I know too well what class my husband belongs to. You profess not to understand me when I say that the ruinous designs of your mother and sisters have been frustrated. I have heard, Robert, and I firmly believe that they have said, that I was in the same situation when I married you as I am at present, and that I only married you as a cloak for my shame. You, too, must have heard it, although you now plead ignorant, otherwise what could you have meant when I asked you where you had passed the night—as any other wife whose husband had left his own bed for a week previous—and your answer was “that you had not spent it with a vile, treacherous woman.” Who had you reference to, if not to your wife? You accuse me, Robert, of not caring for you and being perfectly indifferent to your wishes; you know that is false, as well as a great many more assertions you have made. I never told you that I did not care for you. In looking over the past,*

I cannot accuse myself of showing any want of affection for you. Have you so soon forgotten times when I have gone to you and thrown my arms around your neck, saying, Robert do you not love me? and in reply you have cast me from you as one not worthy of your love. In your heart, Robert, you know that any kind word from you was prized and fully appreciated by me, but you and our Heavenly Father know that they were few, very few. You say that you are anxious about my health, how can I think that you really mean it when I have never received one word of sympathy from you. You have known my situation and if I even complained of feeling ill, you would ask me how the woman did who had to go out washing every day; such is the kindness I have received from you. My father and mother have bestowed upon me the sympathy which I had a right to expect from my husband, yet it was denied me. You speak of our child, in all probability it will never know a father's love, and should I be taken I trust that the the kindness I have received from my family will be extended to my child. You say you are going to the country, no doubt your sister, who has always taken my place, will accompany you; I wish you both a pleasant time. Now, Robert, if you are really sincere about my health, do not worry me with any more unkind letters, as I feel quite unfitted for the task of replying to them; and when next you feel moved to talk to your friends or mine, for your own sake keep to the truth. You told Mr. Thorne many things far from the truth. Pray, who left the house first on the Sabbath day you referred to? Did you not go out with your sisters and leave me alone? Did you ask me to accompany you? Did I enter the meeting in the evening when the service was half over? Did you tell Mr. Thorne the language you made use of to me for the last week previous to my leaving you? For fear your memory is treacherous, I will remind you, although the repetition of such foul language is truly sickening, namely, you little devil, you bitch, you infernal devil. Those were your pet names. You to talk of love and call yourself a man, could use such vile language to your wife, is beyond my comprehension. There are many men in the lowest ranks of life, of no education, who would scorn to act such an unmanly part. My heart aches at the very thought of it, and I grieve that I have been so deceived in you. Again, you say that you took oath before a magistrate that you gently touched my cheek with your hand—that it could not be called a blow, and that it was the only time you ever laid your hands on me. You know, Robert, you said what was not true when you made that statement. You cannot surely have so soon forgotten that a few days previous to the last blow, you caught me by the chin and shook me violently, leaving the impression of your fingers upon my face for some hours after. Oh, Robert, who could have thought that you would treat me, your wife, in such a manner as you have.

Praying that God will one day show you the error of your ways,

I remain your wronged and injured wife,

JULIA HUNTER.