

## AIRING THEIR AFFAIRS.

THE SHATFORDS' WAR OF AFFIDAVITS IN COURT.

Mr. Shatford's Broadside of Facts Have Shattered Those Presented by His Affectionate but Indifferent Spouse—Young men who Made Fools of themselves.

The Shatford case has created so much interest throughout the Maritime provinces, and the first statements of Mrs. Shatford regarding her husband were so widely circulated both in this paper and in others, that it is only right that Mr. Shatford's answer to them, especially regarding the indecencies and caprices of his wife, should be given a place in Progress; besides they are very interesting. In his principal affidavit in answer to those made by Mrs. Shatford, Mr. Shatford swears as follows:

That I believe that said Marion Shatford is not a fit and proper person to have the charge and control of my said children, and I have many good and substantial reasons for my said belief.

About three years after my marriage I began to notice that the conduct of my said wife with various young men was to say the least very indiscreet indeed. I frequently spoke to her on the subject, when she would ask my forgiveness and promise to do better in the future. For seven nights in succession during the summer of 1890 my wife had in the house as visitors to herself until eleven o'clock or midnight either one of two young men named Harry Kay and Claude Eveille and sometimes both. On the seventh evening, being Sunday, they came to tea at my house without my knowledge or consent. Upon their arrival my wife told me that they had been invited by her so to stay. I called her to my room and talked to her about it. She treated the matter as a joke. I felt so badly I left the house before tea, went to the club; from the club I went to the house of Charles Campbell and talked with Elizabeth B. Campbell and Annie G. Partelow and begged them to speak to my wife on the subject and tried to put a stop to her indiscretions, and to persuade her to confine herself more to the society of her family. The said Elizabeth B. Campbell and Annie G. Partelow said they thought that my wife had a right to ask whomsoever she pleased to my house, but finally admitted that I should have on Sunday night at least the society of my wife to myself. I returned to my house about half past nine o'clock. The said young men were still there. I immediately left my said house and went to the New Victoria Hotel where I spent the night, which is the occasion I stayed out all night as set forth in the eighth paragraph of the affidavit of Marion S. Shatford. Next day my wife sent a letter to me at my office by my sister Florence begging forgiveness asking me to return home. I sent word to her that I would not return to my house until I could feel absolutely sure that the indiscretion with young men should cease, which intention I was determined to carry out. I did not return to my house for breakfast, lunch or dinner, taking these at the club. About eight o'clock that evening my wife came to my office on Water Street and then and there swore to be a good wife and mother. These were her very words. About nine o'clock after finishing my work I returned to her to my house.

Everything went well apparently and she received fewer visits from young men at my house, but she would often remain out of my house when I was at home alone, till ten o'clock or even later, occasionally saying that she was at her mother's; and had called upon Mrs. Byron on her way home. During the four weeks previous to, and including the time of the holding of the Fair of Nations in the Lansdown rink, she was rarely in the house till eleven or half past eleven o'clock, stating that she was assisting in making preparations for the fair. I was very reluctant to consent that she should take any part in the fair, on account of the expense that it would involve, and the time it would take her from her home, and I finally did so on the express understanding that she was not to spend more than ten dollars in connection therewith. She actually did spend or pledge my credit for more than fifty dollars, which amount I had to pay.

During the summer, she, in company with her sister Rosa and the two children, visited my mother in Nova Scotia, and was away for about a fortnight. She arrived home in the boat about half past six o'clock in the evening. She came to my house and had dinner. Immediately after dinner she took my daughter Leslie and went out saying that she was going to her mother's house. I offered to accompany her. But she declined to have me, saying that she would be right back and that I could go to the post-office. I went to the post-office and returned to my house in about twenty minutes; but my wife did not appear until nearly ten o'clock, when she said she had been delayed at her mother's and the dressmaker's. She afterwards admitted to me however, about four weeks afterwards that she had been corresponding with the said Harry Kay, in her absence, and that she had met him that night by appointment and had been walking with him in Brittain, Mecklenburg, St. James and Pitt streets, and that he had left her in the middle of Queen square.

About two or three weeks after her return from Nova Scotia, the said Claude Eveille came from Windsor, Nova Scotia to Saint John, to take part in the lawn tennis tournament and remained about ten days or a fortnight. He spent a number of evenings at my house and she was out a number of nights, where I do not know, but she generally stated that she was at her mother's. The first Sunday the said Claude Eveille was in St. John, I asked her to go for a drive with me in the afternoon, to which at first she would not assent, but after some coaxing she agreed to go, provided I would be back in time for church, as she wanted to go. Before she started she asked me to drive her to her mother's house, as she wanted to see her sister Rosa in case we did not get back in time for church. She would not see her said sister Rosa at the carriage although her mother had called to her to come out, but insisted on going in to the house. When she found that we probably would not return in time for church she became very angry.

That evening the said sister Rosa and the said Claude Eveille, came to my house where they spent the evening. My said wife some time afterwards told me that she had had an engagement to come home from church with the said Claude Eveille. The following Sunday night I wanted her to go to the stone church with me. She declined to go but said I need not go to Trinity church with her unless I liked. I remained home with the children until after eight o'clock when I went to the post office and immediately returned. I was standing at my door with Mr. John McLaren when my wife and the said Claude Eveille came and went into the house. Shortly after I went into my house with Mr. R. Murray Boyd. My wife was sitting in the parlor with Claude Eveille close beside her. There was no light in the room except what came from the light in the hall and in the adjoining room the door of which was open. Mr. Boyd and I went into the adjoining room. While there I twice called her, nominally, to do two errands for me, but really in order that without seeming to be rude I might get her away from the very indecent situation in which she had placed herself; as there was no lamp in the room and she was carrying on a whispered conversation with the said Claude Eveille. She did the errands and both times returned to exactly the same place she had been. Mr. Boyd left about ten o'clock, and I went to bed leaving my wife and the said Claude Eveille where they had been during the evening. They remained till a quarter to twelve. When she went to the door she stepped out into the vestibule and she stood in the doorway for at least fifteen minutes. During which time they held a further whispered conversation the tone of which, although I had got out of bed and was at the head of the stairs I could not hear. Immediately upon her coming up stairs and before I had spoken to her she said to me, "Now don't be cross Jeff." I was in such a position that I could not get him away before although I knew you were angry. And I cannot tell you why. After some pleading on her part I forgave her. About ten days after this while alone at home one evening I went to a closet in the bedroom where I kept the files of my "Turf, Field and Farm" which were on a shelf high up in the closet. I pulled them down and with them fell a dressing case belonging to my wife. As it fell on the floor a number of letters, about twenty-five, came out of it and were scattered about the floor. The case had been hidden behind the piles of the newspapers which were very seldom disturbed by me. The outside covers of most of the letters were addressed to Miss Rosa Campbell. Thinking this strange and feeling suspicious I looked at the inside contents of one which I found to be addressed to my wife. The handwriting on the outside was that of a man. I looked at the signature and found that the first letter was from Claude Eveille, and dated at Windsor, Nova Scotia. I took all the letters to my own private room where I read them. They were all except one those which she had written to Claude Eveille and had sent addressed to my wife. About twenty of them were from the said Claude Eveille and began sometimes "my dear Marion" sometimes "my dearest Marion" and some of them ended with "love" and were signed "Claude." The remainder of the letters were from Harry Kay to my wife addressed to her while she was visiting my mother. These began "My darling one" and "my darling sweet heart" and contained from eight to twelve pages of gushing protestations of love for her and were signed Harry. The letters from Claude Eveille contained many references to promises made to him by her, and read as though very intimate relations had subsisted between them for a long time. Her letter to Claude Eveille began "My Dear Claude," "It is now one week since I heard from you." And about half way down the first page was the sentence "No matter how badly I feel I will not write you a line till I hear from you." The language was of the most affectionate nature. The letters from Claude Eveille covered a period from the time he left St. John for Windsor until his return for the lawn tennis tournament, about ten weeks. That evening my wife returned home about eleven o'clock. When she came to her room I was in bed. I asked her what kind of a line she was leading, was she leading a dual life? I spoke to her without harshness and she laughed the question off. Before I mentioned the finding of the letters I talked with her for about ten minutes in order to see if I could draw any confession from her. But she still continued to treat the matter lightly. I then told her that I had discovered about twenty-five letters proving that she had been leading a dual life. She rushed toward me, threw her arms around my neck and began to cry. I pushed her from me without violence. I told her that I would leave her to herself for the night. I went to the adjoining room, locked myself in and stayed there all night. She several times knocked for admission, but I refused to allow her in. On the following day, which was Sunday, she arose about six o'clock and went to her mother's house. In about half an hour she returned again with her brother. I talked with both for some time, and afterwards told my wife that if she would tell me everything I would forgive her; which she promised to do that day. She admitted that she had been having recent meetings with Harry Kay and walking the streets with him after dark. That she answered his letters from Halifax. That she had declined to go to New York with me on two occasions because she had promised him (Kay) not to. That she deceived me about a diamond ring I had given her. That she had not lent it to her sister Rosa, but had given it to Claude Eveille one night in the kitchen of my house. Acting upon my promise, I forgave her. I wished her father and mother to talk with her and they promised to do so. The letters remained in my possession till about March, 1892, when my wife came to my private office one afternoon when my desk was open and while I was in the office, and took them, which I did not discover till about half an hour after she had gone. On my return home that evening I demanded the letters. My wife said she had given them to her sister Rosa, and the said Rosa said she had burned them. During the time I had the letters she frequently asked me for them, but I declined to give them up, assuring her, however, that no one but myself would ever see them. While I was in possession of the letters her conduct was without reproach, and she seemed very much afraid of exposure. I asked Charles Campbell to see if the letters had really been burnt as I wanted them on account of the influence they gave me over my wife.

His reply was that the letters were my wife's not mine and that she ought to be allowed to write to whom she pleased. I got from my said wife two orders directed to the said Claude Eveille and Harry Kay requiring them to deliver up the photographs of herself which she had given them, also her letters and presents to them. These orders I gave to her brother, Frederick R. Campbell, to obtain from Kay some photographs of my wife, but Kay stated that he had destroyed her letters to him. Campbell also went to Windsor and saw the said Claude Eveille in Windsor, Nova Scotia, and said that he had her letters, photographs and presents at his home that was some distance out of Windsor and when he went home he would send them to my wife. But so far as I know he never did so.

I saw Robert Campbell, of this city, bank clerk in the Bank of Montreal, enter the house of Charles Campbell, where the said Marion S. Shatford now resides. That I am informed and believe that on Tuesday night, November 28th, he left the said house at five minutes before midnight. And I am also informed and believe that for a long time past he has been and still is the companion of my said wife. I am further informed and believe that on the first day of July last my said wife and the said Robert Campbell went to Rothery together. That they walked into the country and did not return to the city till nearly midnight.

Then on the fifth day of July last I received from the said Marion S. Shatford a letter dated the second day of July last which I have in my possession and which is in the words and figures following that is to say:—

SAINT JOHN, N.B., 2nd July, 1893.

"MY DEAREST.—You must excuse my writing in lead pencil, but I have no ink and am not going to ask anyone to lend me any. Mamma has been annoyed with me ever since I only paid her sixteen dollars out of the check that you sent me—if you possibly can I wish you would send her the amount due her, a couple of weeks ago, and let her know that you did not intend me to pay her more than sixteen dollars out of the fifty sent to me, for I think she is accusing me of keeping it from her. I am properly annoyed and disgusted with such treatment from her, and I don't mind her knowing it—I feel thoroughly independent though and do not care what she thinks or feels. I like best in the house, she is very nice to me and some of the others too. To-day is no raining after all, still much better than when we were in good luck if I had it, but such luck—oh? The Costers' I believe will not be home until the middle of July. I don't know whether they will be in Chicago all that time or not. Haven't you caught a glimpse of them yet? Eric is out sitting on the doorstep waiting to run and meet everyone as they come from church, and his Sunday afternoon usually, I am going to church this evening I think. I hope and believe you are getting better. I am afraid though, that you are not. I wish you would take a nice rest. With all my love and kisses, ever your own. S. L. MARION."

AFTER THE OPERA.

Detective Ring Gives Some Idea of an Evening's Programme.

Detective Ring swore that during last spring and summer I have frequently seen Marion Shatford walking with Robert Campbell, a clerk in the Bank of Montreal in this city, and have seen them together at entertainments in the opera house, and have met them after eleven o'clock at night and at other hours walking about Pitt, Duke, Currier, Elliott Row, and other streets in the city, and many places, and by any other person and so much were they seen together that their intimacy was talked about in police circles and by many others in the city.

That late in the month of July or early in the month of August last I saw the said Marion S. Shatford and Robert Campbell leave the Opera House on Union street after a performance there, accompanied by her mother and one of her sisters. In company with Captain Frederick W. Jenkins, of the St. John Police Force, I followed them to the corner of Princess and Carmarthen streets, and there the party separated, the said Robert Campbell and Marion S. Shatford going up Princess street, and her mother and sister going on down Carmarthen street. The said Robert Campbell and Marion S. Shatford then went up Princess street to Wentworth street, from Wentworth street to Duke street, to the house of Charles Campbell where the said Marion S. Shatford then resided. It was then after eleven o'clock. The said Robert Campbell and Marion S. Shatford arrived at the house, sat down close together on the doorstep and remained together for a period of at least twenty minutes. While they sat there the door leading into the vestibule of the house was open. After sitting on the steps for at least twenty minutes as aforesaid, the said Robert Campbell and Marion S. Shatford got up and went in through the said vestibule door closing it after them. While they were so sitting on the door step as aforesaid the only light in the house was in one of the back rooms up stairs, and after they entered the vestibule door I saw no indications of any light being put up in any other part of the house.

On many other occasions during the last of spring and summer, I have seen the said Marion S. Shatford and Robert Campbell together, sitting on the doorstep of her father's house, at the corner of Duke and Carmarthen streets; standing near the corner together, and going into the vestibule of the said Charles Campbell's house together at different hours of the night, up to between eleven and twelve o'clock, and I have seen Marion S. Shatford and a lady to whom he has engaged, his attentions to her could not have been more marked.

Captain Jenkins Followed Them Too.

Capt. Jenkins of the police force swore that on a certain night during the month of July or August last past, I saw Robert Campbell and Marion S. Shatford, wife of Jefferson D. Shatford, leave the Opera house on Union street, in this city. The said Robert Campbell, is a clerk in the Bank of Montreal in said city of St. John. After leaving the Opera house they proceeded through the old grave yard to the corner of Carmarthen and Princess streets, where they parted from the ladies who had been accompanying them, and the said Marion S. Shatford and Robert Campbell proceeded together down Princess street towards Courtenay Bay, and the ladies aforesaid went on down Carmarthen street. The said Robert Campbell and Marion S. Shatford turned from Princess street into Wentworth street and from Wentworth street to Duke street and when they reached the house of Charles Campbell at the corner of Duke and Wentworth streets they sat down on the doorstep of the said house and remained sitting there close to one another for a period of about twenty minutes when they got up and went in through the vestibule door, and I did not see them again that night.

Another Man on the Watch.

William Melliday, residing on the corner of Duke and Wentworth streets, swore:—

That I have seen the said Marion S. Shatford in the company of a man whose name I have been told and verily believe is Robert Campbell, a clerk in the Bank of Montreal, as often, at least, as three times per week during the past summer—many of which times has been as late as half past ten or eleven o'clock at night, standing around the residence of Charles Campbell, situated on the corner of said Duke and Wentworth streets; that on one occasion during the past summer I saw the said Marion S. Shatford and the said man who I believe to be Robert Campbell standing on the southeast corner of Duke and Wentworth streets at about one o'clock in the morning, said Marion S. Shatford, at the time above mentioned was standing with her back against the house of the said Charles Campbell, and the said Marion S. Shatford appeared to be crying, having her handkerchief continually up to her eyes during the fifteen minutes that I watched them. At that time I went to bed, and they, the said Marion S. Shatford and man above referred to remained standing on the corner as aforesaid.

A Brother's Evidence.

The brother of Mr. J. D. Shatford in Chicago sends a long affidavit in which he testifies to the correct habits, etc., of his brother. He goes on to say:—

I have read what purports to be copies of the affidavits of Marion S. Shatford, Elizabeth B. Campbell, Charles Campbell and Annie G. Partelow read before Mr. Justice Tuck on the fourth day of December instant in certain Habeas Corpus proceedings instituted by Jefferson D. Shatford for the possession of his two children, and the statements therein contained as to the scolding, blasphemous and irreligious language and conversation, the drunken and dissolute habits and the cruelty of the said Jefferson D. Shatford towards his wife are utterly false and without foundation in fact.

That early in the month of June last I received from the said Marion S. Shatford the letter hereto annexed.

St. John, N. B., May 29.

Dear Alma:—Many thanks for your letter which as you say came "better late than never." Ever since the receipt of it I have been intending to write to you but my many little duties have compelled me to put it off from day to day.

To-day I had a letter from Jeff which has worried me dreadfully. He says he has been ordered by his doctor to take a rest from business and to go to my mind, sounds as if something serious were the matter; he has asked me to say nothing about it to anyone consequently I have no one in the house to talk it over with, and on that account it is even doubly hard. Do write to me immediately upon receipt of this like a dear boy and tell me all about it. Jeff and I, to my imaginary mind, seem as far apart as the poles, having travelled as little as I have, and seen so little of the world Chicago seems to me, and I feel utterly helpless about giving Jeff advice—but you must see advisability of insisting upon his taking the doctor's advice—the sticking too closely to business was always one of Jeff's failings. I used to talk to him about it continually before he went away at all, but it always seemed the very nectar of life to him. Surely he will take a holiday if you talk to him seriously about it. Let me know at once just how seriously he is. He ought to take care of himself.

We have been having lovely summer weather, and everything is getting green and seems flourishing. I suppose Jeff has told you Rosa "has got engaged," since I last wrote to you, or no? I believe I told him to keep it a secret for a while, but as Progress, our wonderful St. John weekly paper, published the fact on Saturday last, I don't see why we should make a mystery of it any longer. They are quite a pair of turtle doves, but that is the way of the world, eh? Bye the bye how is it I never hear anything of the kind about you? Are you going to be the bachelor of the family? Or is it "early days" yet to make any enquiries.

In your last letter you speak as if it were optional with me as to whether I go to Chicago at once or not. You must know, or if you don't you ought to, that I have to wait until things are ready for me to go, or until Jeff is able to have me. I can readily understand how very expensive everything in the way of living is in Chicago on account of the "Fair" but some day, I hope not far distant, I shall be with Jeff again, indeed with you both. I never dare think very much of how long Jeff has been away I got so lonely and have such "doldrums" at once, and they are not easily got rid of in my case unfortunately. Oh, how unsatisfactory letters are, so many misunderstandings and such playing at cross purposes, I sometimes think that they are not worth the paper they are written on, but after all what would one feel like never to receive them, when there is no other way. I am afraid I am a little blue, but you must forgive me. I will try and make my next letter more cheerful. I want bore you any more to-night. Remember to do as I ask for the sake of my peace of mind.

The girls send kind regards, hoping to have a nice letter soon from you; believe me, Ever very sincerely, MARION.

P.S. Your letter received. You have asked me a hard question, as I know so little about what Chicago prices are, but going by St. John prices I should say about five dollars per week, making allowances for your not coming home to lunch. Be sure and answer right away, won't you? M.

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The girls send kind regards, hoping to have a nice letter soon from you; believe me, Ever very sincerely, MARION.

P.S. Your letter received. You have asked me a hard question, as I know so little about what Chicago prices are, but going by St. John prices I should say about five dollars per week, making allowances for your not coming home to lunch. Be sure and answer right away, won't you? M.

SAINT JOHN, N.B., 2nd July, 1893.

"MY DEAREST.—You must excuse my writing in lead pencil, but I have no ink and am not going to ask anyone to lend me any. Mamma has been annoyed with me ever since I only paid her sixteen dollars out of the check that you sent me—if you possibly can I wish you would send her the amount due her, a couple of weeks ago, and let her know that you did not intend me to pay her more than sixteen dollars out of the fifty sent to me, for I think she is accusing me of keeping it from her. I am properly annoyed and disgusted with such treatment from her, and I don't mind her knowing it—I feel thoroughly independent though and do not care what she thinks or feels. I like best in the house, she is very nice to me and some of the others too. To-day is no raining after all, still much better than when we were in good luck if I had it, but such luck—oh? The Costers' I believe will not be home until the middle of July. I don't know whether they will be in Chicago all that time or not. Haven't you caught a glimpse of them yet? Eric is out sitting on the doorstep waiting to run and meet everyone as they come from church, and his Sunday afternoon usually, I am going to church this evening I think. I hope and believe you are getting better. I am afraid though, that you are not. I wish you would take a nice rest. With all my love and kisses, ever your own. S. L. MARION."

AFTER THE OPERA.

Detective Ring Gives Some Idea of an Evening's Programme.

Detective Ring swore that during last spring and summer I have frequently seen Marion Shatford walking with Robert Campbell, a clerk in the Bank of Montreal in this city, and have seen them together at entertainments in the opera house, and have met them after eleven o'clock at night and at other hours walking about Pitt, Duke, Currier, Elliott Row, and other streets in the city, and many places, and by any other person and so much were they seen together that their intimacy was talked about in police circles and by many others in the city.

That late in the month of July or early in the month of August last I saw the said Marion S. Shatford and Robert Campbell leave the Opera House on Union street after a performance there, accompanied by her mother and one of her sisters. In company with Captain Frederick W. Jenkins, of the St. John Police Force, I followed them to the corner of Princess and Carmarthen streets, and there the party separated, the said Robert Campbell and Marion S. Shatford going up Princess street, and her mother and sister going on down Carmarthen street. The said Robert Campbell and Marion S. Shatford then went up Princess street to Wentworth street, from Wentworth street to Duke street, to the house of Charles Campbell where the said Marion S. Shatford then resided. It was then after eleven o'clock. The said Robert Campbell and Marion S. Shatford arrived at the house, sat down close together on the doorstep and remained together for a period of at least twenty minutes. While they sat there the door leading into the vestibule of the house was open. After sitting on the steps for at least twenty minutes as aforesaid, the said Robert Campbell and Marion S. Shatford got up and went in through the said vestibule door closing it after them. While they were so sitting on the door step as aforesaid the only light in the house was in one of the back rooms up stairs, and after they entered the vestibule door I saw no indications of any light being put up in any other part of the house.

On many other occasions during the last of spring and summer, I have seen the said Marion S. Shatford and Robert Campbell together, sitting on the doorstep of her father's house, at the corner of Duke and Carmarthen streets; standing near the corner together, and going into the vestibule of the said Charles Campbell's house together at different hours of the night, up to between eleven and twelve o'clock, and I have seen Marion S. Shatford and a lady to whom he has engaged, his attentions to her could not have been more marked.

Captain Jenkins Followed Them Too.

Capt. Jenkins of the police force swore that on a certain night during the month of July or August last past, I saw Robert Campbell and Marion S. Shatford, wife of Jefferson D. Shatford, leave the Opera house on Union street, in this city. The said Robert Campbell, is a clerk in the Bank of Montreal in said city of St. John. After leaving the Opera house they proceeded through the old grave yard to the corner of Carmarthen and Princess streets, where they parted from the ladies who had been accompanying them, and the said Marion S. Shatford and Robert Campbell proceeded together down Princess street towards Courtenay Bay, and the ladies aforesaid went on down Carmarthen street. The said Robert Campbell and Marion S. Shatford turned from Princess street into Wentworth street and from Wentworth street to Duke street and when they reached the house of Charles Campbell at the corner of Duke and Wentworth streets they sat down on the doorstep of the said house and remained sitting there close to one another for a period of about twenty minutes when they got up and went in through the vestibule door, and I did not see them again that night.

Another Man on the Watch.

William Melliday, residing on the corner of Duke and Wentworth streets, swore:—

That I have seen the said Marion S. Shatford in the company of a man whose name I have been told and verily believe is Robert Campbell, a clerk in the Bank of Montreal, as often, at least, as three times per week during the past summer—many of which times has been as late as half past ten or eleven o'clock at night, standing around the residence of Charles Campbell, situated on the corner of said Duke and Wentworth streets; that on one occasion during the past summer I saw the said Marion S. Shatford and the said man who I believe to be Robert Campbell standing on the southeast corner of Duke and Wentworth streets at about one o'clock in the morning, said Marion S. Shatford, at the time above mentioned was standing with her back against the house of the said Charles Campbell, and the said Marion S. Shatford appeared to be crying, having her handkerchief continually up to her eyes during the fifteen minutes that I watched them. At that time I went to bed, and they, the said Marion S. Shatford and man above referred to remained standing on the corner as aforesaid.

A Brother's Evidence.

The brother of Mr. J. D. Shatford in Chicago sends a long affidavit in which he testifies to the correct habits, etc., of his brother. He goes on to say:—

I have read what purports to be copies of the affidavits of Marion S. Shatford, Elizabeth B. Campbell, Charles Campbell and Annie G. Partelow read before Mr. Justice Tuck on the fourth day of December instant in certain Habeas Corpus proceedings instituted by Jefferson D. Shatford for the possession of his two children, and the statements therein contained as to the scolding, blasphemous and irreligious language and conversation, the drunken and dissolute habits and the cruelty of the said Jefferson D. Shatford towards his wife are utterly false and without foundation in fact.

That early in the month of June last I received from the said Marion S. Shatford the letter hereto annexed.

St. John, N. B., May 29.