time, though ~~very~~ passingly only
that I never in any of my waking
waking moments was in the least made
unhappy by them. And I never had
them but just the last few weeks,
and what particular cause originated
them, I may tell you one day when
we are quietly by ourselves. God
knows, they were forced upon me,
not by myself, or any indulgation on
my part, or want of trust.
But it is impossible for me
to say more by letter, — I know
you trust me that I can explain
it ~~all~~ all to you in its own good
time satisfactorily; — and you will
think me then, I want only, dearest
or anything but right in telling you everything. I trusted
you entirely always, and even when
my soul was darkened, it did not
in the least abate my love. Oh! how
I battled with myself, whether I
could honestly forbear saying anything
about them to you, and let them
quietly

quietly die away in the hindermost
redesses of my soul, as they, I knew,
soon would, when dispelled by your
own ~~dear~~ presence. But as they
had so lately disturbed me, and the
cause (none of your or my making) of
them was not yet annihilated, —
it ~~appeared~~ appeared to me wrong to say
nothing regarding them. I feel
sure that you will understand me bye
and bye, — though you may not yet.
Nothing but thorough love and trust could
have brought me not even to be untrue
regarding ~~anything~~ to myself might appear
to might so likely in ~~itself~~ a disturbance of both, alas!
really done that. It has not
calmly consider it, it appears to me
so clear that it must ~~have~~ have given you
a painful shock, ~~more~~ even after
words when thinking of it, than at the
time when I said it, and God knows
how I wish I could have seen it
right to spare it to you. Oh! darling!
you do not know how I grieve for this
apparent necessity. But I knew any
falseness on either side just during
this precious ~~boarding~~ time, might risk our

our both future mutual happiness.
You could not have forgiven ~~you~~ me if
only after our marriage I had told
you of these my black ~~troubles~~ dreams, and
that I had had them, — whilst now I
left you still free, in case this should
have shaken your trust in me — No,
I cannot finish this sentence.
I did not mean 'I.' I knew you
would forgive me, and would even
bye and bye forget all about that, — I
knew we would try to make each other
forget all past painful things, and only
to recollect what joy was mixed up with
them, or rather formed the great
burn, on which the other ~~[illegible]~~ were merely
like tiny spots.

Saturday morning 5 a. m.

I have had some rest, yet my mind
is not perfectly at rest. The bare
suggestion that what I thought a duty,
might in its effects have made a rate
your love, trust and confidence in me
in the least degree, just when I want
it so thoroughly and entirely make
me wretched, though I really do not
believe it, yet I do not regret having done
what I did — I feel it was the right thing,
and

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Pour vous seule!

Near midnight

My own darling,

I can not sleep, and must
needs think of you, and I cannot
help a little fretting at not being with
you. It seems so very hard that
so near I can really have so
little of you, and there are still
so many things which I long to assure
you of, and which I find it impos-
sible to say, except where we can
be perfectly by ourselves, as we
certainly are not ~~home~~ anywhere
now. I so long to tell you really
more about my feelings towards you,
but like you, I feel ~~[illegible]~~ chilled when under
possible observation or interruption. And I am dreaming
again, and it appears that I had
created a black cloud, by telling you,
as I felt bound to tell you every thing of
the kind, even my blackest dreams — though
they had been only ~~[illegible]~~ creations of a
morbid fancy, which had caused me
great mental pain and anguish at the
time

to be at home, at rest, at peace
with you and to have that
constant communion of thought
and mind, which will make us
become more one every day.
I am afraid, if we wait much
longer, we may both break down
it is too galling to be so near and
not to be able to say even all that one
wishes, nor even the tenth part of it.
I wished, in my vexedness, I could
turn Mrs. R. and all her boarders
out, and come whenever I liked, and
stay as long as it did not tire you.
But yesterday I am afraid, you were
too tired, and I ought not to have
you made stay so long with me. And I
was myself more tired and worn
than I imagined, and
so really very little good to you. I mean
I was not quite awake in my inner-
most mind, though the outward reflection
performed all the little things required
by it, sufficiently well, I think.
If Lucy thinks of going to the
House this morning, please let me know
when

when that I may send her a
conveyance, as she is not fit
to walk, particularly in this
weather, and whether she wishes
me to be there to arrange things &c.
But I must close this rambling
letter, and merely say to the end
again how I long to be reassured
of your being perfectly at rest
with me though I know we
could forgive each other almost
anything, ~~that~~ in this case I cannot
even blame myself, nor would
be blamed by you, if you understood
it all, and could have explained
what at present I cannot explain,
but what I know you will trust
me with. — Oh! my darling! may
God bless you, and make us both
daily grow more together in a
life which — though it may not
be perfectly unshaken by outward
things &c (and what lives are?)
yet may make us daily happier in
~~that thought~~ true union of the spirit

which

which is the great main thing
and in comparison with which
all other things are hardly
worth thinking of. — Though in
the duties they entail upon us, we
are not allowed quite to overlook
them.

With my love
my own Darling
yours for ever

J Clark

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and in that oneness which ought to
exist between us, I owed even to
point to you out the elements for its
disturbance. and I know you will
deal in the same manner with me, and
whatever even blackest thoughts
may have occasionally arisen in your
soul regarding me, tell me them all
in their own good time. But you better
do not now say more than absolutely
necessary regarding this or anything.
I so fear of your exerting yourself and
straining your powers — and I have that
perfect trust that I can wait for it
all in its own good time. — Only tell me
how you are, & further whether I may
bring you word regarding the hours
of the closing of the Mail when I
know it, or whether you think it
wisest, that I should send only a
messenger. — If you have anything to
send to me, which you wish me to
read before I speak with the lawyer,
Thomas can take them, now if they are
ready. If not, — never mind. I suppose,
I may see our way clearly without them.
I so long to have done with it all, and
to

written to Lucy Parks