

Ash tubula O

July 7 1862

Ernest

Your letter was received on Friday and would have been answered at once had circumstances permitted. I am sure you will wish it had been sooner you get this for it is so crowded that I cannot even think. It seems but enough to express my love.

You wish to know just how I am. I don't know and I could tell you, as definitely as you desire, even if I should try. I will however say that if the weather continued I have very strong hopes of a recovery. I am now much better than I was

a few weeks since. From  
this however I am not so  
much encouraged as I have been  
by previous good symptoms for  
I am convinced that any slight or  
unfavorable circumstance may destroy  
the Dream in a moment. I think  
you may let some of the roses  
come back into your cheeks, at this  
intelligence and yet you must  
not indulge too much hope.

If favorable circumstances con-  
tinue I may have a sure and speedy  
recovery and I somewhat expect this  
good fortune. I have expected it be-  
fore however and been disappointed.

If you were near me I would visit  
you now for I know I could  
comfort you much even if I could  
not give you a sure hope. Do not  
let yourself depond, Darling, for the  
future may yet be very bright to you  
eye, and to see two. Poor Love,

for I will call you by that in-  
appellation, come what may.  
Do not lose heart and hope, because  
I have seen fit to forewarn and  
prepare you for what you may be  
compelled to face as an inevitable  
fact, by requiring you to make the  
thought familiar.

And please remember do not  
think that you may not write  
anything to me now the same  
as ever before. I am the same  
Altho' and ever shall be except  
so far as fate may compell me to  
be otherwise, not otherwise either  
but less myself. You must not be  
looking over and pale Darling  
for I may pop in upon you  
some day when you do not ex-  
pect it, and you would wish to  
look your prettiest then. I think  
you should keep a hopeful heart  
which you know always makes a

cheerful countenance that  
may fall upon you in  
the midst of sorrow and  
you would not wish to  
welcome it with a  
frown.

God bless and God  
give you strong heart

A. W. Trueman



