

March 1861. I have been this morning looking
over "My Journals". I can not quite make up my mind
to burn it, so I will write another page now. I have been
married two years and a half. My married life has so far
been very, very, happy. We are united in heart and feeling
as well as hand; and hand in dear little prattler, our
dear little girl to snick us still closer. We have seen
spoken to each other in angry words, and God grant to
never more. We want a house, a little home of our own,
and I think I should be almost perfectly happy. But
as long as we have each other, the darling babe & health,
we can be happy. I feel anxious for my brother my dear
dear, brother they are except Alonzo at School in Cleveland