

Good Land May 24th 1852

My dear Eugene,

I have not received a letter from you since I last wrote, but knowing how much happiness a letter affords you, I write whenever I have a spare moment, and then I must confess a selfish feeling has something to do with my punctuality in this particular, as nothing gives more pleasure than to talk with one I so dearly love. You are my darling son in heart if not in flesh and blood, and time and distance can not diminish my interest in your welfare, and high appreciation of your goodness and devotion to me. (When I think you are not my own and get so distant from your love and kindness, I can not sufficiently appreciate you but all that you do fully understand and appreciate. The Good Land is sold in two weeks and as yet can form no idea of who will purchase it, after it is over Emily, Elford, Henry, Orwin, and myself go north for the Summer which I hope will