G. Hilt, May 8th 1849.

My dear Mother,

Last saturday's mail brought me another of your very welcome letters, the receipt of which, I assure you, gave me, as it always does, much pleasure. For the last few minutes I have been sitting in one of the large windows of my room, listening to the conversation of my little "Chimes" and one of our neighbors; but as I pass in rather a nursing mood, and feel like communing with my own dear mother, I have omitted my pleasant seat, for this most pleasing duty. I wish very much that you could not only have as delightful a room, as I occupy; I think that you would not care less of it, as being close, inconvenient, etc. But as I have but little else to fill up a letter, you must expect me for giving you a short description of it, though I cannot promise that you will be much benefited by my descriptive powers. In the first place there, it is some 30 by 18 feet, with a ceiling 10 feet high; three very large windows, with long green curtains, and furnished with a real centro table covered with green table-cloths, a meat-trolley, table, two beds, a good washstand, washstand, bookcase, two chairs, a large expanse for canisters, candlesticks, etc. On the mantel-piece, we have a picture of Gen. Taylor and Gen. Scott, and between them the picture of a very pretty lady. I had almost forgotten the chairs, sofa, easy chairs, to which we have. So, if this you will forgive me for living you