

Wilkinsburg I March 30, 67

You Dear Old, Queer Old Fellow, Jo: I take my pen to let you know that my “Old Pidge, here, Outie Jo is at the table writing Jo. She wrote last week; but [?] an O; And so that letter did not go. Well, that young lady’ho got a bean – Was mine, some thirty year ago – The Swiss, of Swissvale, down below. He’s had a miff, two months or so, because to law poor I did go about a bit of land, you know. He ceased to visit little Jo. He did purpose, to send, ho, ho! The sheriff here to give her notice she must come right down [hlow] to his own home, or s’d forego my [uieked?] purpose; I keep Jo. I said, in answer, [?] be slow, and the young girl shall go home to the valley, down below. Today we’re having quite a snow.

[He?] stoped coming here; & nobody cried. She went down there luckily no fat was fried; and when the “big seare” was thoroughly tried, back here to see her, the gentlemen hied, when, finding that quinsy had wholly denied me part in the confab, he quickly espied, that something was wanting. Down went his pride. Up posted he, in his pocket, at side a great quart of ale, which, he said, must be tried, to make her grow stronger. &, also, beside to cure my bad habit of loving so wide the mark of good health! What [?] shall betide & he smiled on her gently, with such being pride! She kissed him! He stood & for I akenly sighed, until, even I, could have “sat down and cried”

For months now just two we’hv all opened wide our eyes, busy day, & have carefully pride into the papers to see on which side the Court had concluded that case to decide last Autumn so hastily started & tried between King & [?], who, side by side agreed to refer, nor argue a [?] to the court that Supreme! Both parties were blind with such a hot haste, they frankly avered, to have a decision &no one demurred.

The Court must adjourn, & could not here stay to hear what the lawyers had got to say. In Philadelphia would gather & lay the law down plain. Which no one might gainsay. The met, of this new year the second day; and now us all appear as far away from that decision as when first the hay was cut last summer. Oh then, well a day! Who’d bar the scorn of fortune “Law’s delay,” the quinsy, [?], diphtheria – aye – and coming old age & going old friends – those gone who have no one to make amends – with selfishness sticking its own small [?] in the eye which with holds, the hand which [?] a welcome to seems t’which memory lands. The rainbow of hope which so lovingly lands o’er childhood & youth, from which there depends life’s promise & Will, I would & do! Just hark! There’s not a spot on Earth that’s dark! Who makes one, [?] in the clay; & scoops a can to shut out day. My light’s so clear that I’m afraid some ether worm is in the shade unless the [?] new supply is measured by electricity. My happiness; & I have much, surpasses all I fancied such, when [hope?] built padders to the sky to [?] my rainbow, ly a ly. Through lip I’hv labored, not for self, for duty, not for worldly pity. Each day brought work, & gave ward. My [?], now, are with the Lord! Theirs cannot [?] – nest cannot man! They fear no change of peace or war. World’s could not buy [?] the deed. I, nothing having, nothing need. So, you might add the whole array – of in Hamlet’s sentimental lay – of ills that this poor life down night, then take his cowardice far of death away; and in this world I’d church to stay as happy or the kinds in may. Until I hear the Master Day, “Thy work is finished! Come away!” Jane G. Swisshelm

The [?] has decorated the walls, in which he entertains company, with the most gorgeous draperies of clouds, with myriads of lights, hung on high, millions of minors, of ocean, lake, river & [?] to multiply them indefinitely, and with [vistas?] of building loneliness. No portion of his walls are blank; and the meanest picture there mocks, by its inapproachable perfection, the proudest proud of the painter & skill. His [carpets?] far no rivalry, from the looms of Turkey; & his cabinets supply, all others from their fragments, without detriment to the vainly or abundance of his collections.

In these superb apartments, guests, whom no man can number, [?] over with [escubance?] of life & joy. This is on Father's hour; & he has made it our pleasant duty to aid him in dispensing his munificent hospitality. When in turn from the contemplation of the wrath of glory of which, even here, in an made partakers, to [?] for the try imitations which he has seen [?] withhold us are going back to "The [?] elements of this world."

Margaret Nyslen – by Jane G. Swisshelm