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Title: Letter from Joe Belford to George

Date: February 8, 1870

Location: I-CohenB-1973-1

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Dickinson College,

Carlisle, Feb. 8th. 1870.

Dear Friend George:-

It would be a waste of words for me to tell you, that I read your letter with pleasure. It would be proper, however, to say, that in it I recognized the same old Geo. H. — whom I have known for years and esteemed as a friend.

You ask me, 'what is new in Carlisle'? Could I tell you, I would willingly do so, but the fact of the matter is I take very little interest in Carlisle news. Mr. Howard Kirk was over here last week.

I did not see him. He called to my room several times, but I happened (?) to be out. I understand He had something of importance to tell me, but unfortunately I did not hear it.

There is a fair going on in town now. George, I wish you were here, and could go there a night or two. I fancy you would see fun. The girls (excuse me, I should have said young ladies) never flirt any. They are up like "a morning star," and not on it at all.

No sooner are you fairly in the door than out comes a handkerchief of some fine looking young lady. A slight cough, and out the door she goes. Of course you must not follow.

So Mary C— has arrived at last. I am aware of the very

close connection which did exist
between you and her, at least
on a certain trip to Camp-meeting.
I observe the point in the "After-Clap".
The Natural Philosopher would call
the former operation, "reciprocating
motion".

But I am fooling. Horace says,
Dulce est desipere in loco, and
truly if there is a proper place
in which to act the fool it is
where friend is communing
with friend.

Take this on a fly and
send me back to first red-
hot.

Kind regards to North (?) -

Your well-wisher &c,
Jos M. Belford.

Carlisle Feb. 8th 18670

Dear Friend George,

It would be a waste of words for me to tell you that I [illegible] your letter with pleasure. It would be proper, however, to say, that in it I recognized the same old Geo. W---- whom I have known for years and esteemed as a friend.

You ask me, what is new in Carlisle? Could I tell you, I would willingly do so, but the fact of the matter is I take very little interest in Carlisle news. Mr. Howard Kirk was over here last week.

I did not see him. He called at my room several times, but I happened (?) to be out. I understand he had something of importance to tell me, but unfortunately I did not hear it.

There is a fair going on in town now, George, I wish you were here and could go there a night or two. I fancy you would see fun. The girls (excuse me, I should have said young ladies) never flirt any. They are up like "a morning star", and not on it at all. No sooner are you fairly in the door than out comes a handkerchief of some fine looking young lady. A slight cough, and out the door she goes. Of course you must not follow.

So Mary C has arrived at last. I am aware of the very

close connection which did exist between you and her, at least in a certain trip to Camp- meeting. I observe the [point] in the "after-clap". The Natural Philosopher would call the former operation "reciprocating motion".

But I am fooling. Horace says, Dulae est desipim in loco, and truly if there is a proper place in which to act and fool it is where friend is communicating with friend.

Take this on a fly and send me back to first and hot.

Kind regards to Norch (?)

Your well-wisher [illegible],

Joe M. Belford