

Distinguished MESS:

our relationship to the book store is so good, that I can send you today the grammar which you mentioned last time. I hope that your like of the Russian language which will help you get over the boredom of linguistic studies and when I will be honored meeting you again I hope that in Russian you will be able to tell me about your progress. In case you should need other help, I do not have to mention that I am at your service. My regards to your mother and the doctor, similar to Mrs. Bakes. Very truly yours.
Dr. V. Alshen.

~~20~~ 20/7 1872

My dear Karlo

I have a little time to write if I want to send of the letter today and thus I want to announce, that we got to Breitenstein in order. On the way I had a miserable company, but this was only agreeable, I could then give myself to my thoughts and be with you. Until now being tired and the change of conditions interfered too with my activities, I am afraid to think how I am going to feel when fully I realize how far away you are and how long my cute "Kerolke" I have to miss you. I hope that you have received my telegram from Pilsen. Kiss our mother, hands for me also kiss Anne^(?) for Vlasta and Kvedentka a kiss. I am kissing you every times Willibald
Breitenstein 14/8/1872.

Dear "Karlíčka"

I wish to make known to miss, that again today I have received no letter; if I would know for sure, that she forgot to write, I would not permit myself to bother you with this letter, but it is possible that the letter got lost or got delayed at the post office, and therefore I wish to let you know. In this case it would be better to start writing registered again. Kiss father, mother and the sist. in laws. Greeting to Miss Anne. Beautiful weather. Your fidel
28/8 1872. from Urtibald

Dear Karkko.

You don't have to worry about the best news, as I was with the "Injektar" today, that very distinguished young man that I did not find at home, but Injektar in his name proposed, that he will take you to the altar. Imagine, yesterday I stayed in Blavsko until 8 o'clock. It was impossible to get set the architect (contractor) from over here, we arrived at home only after 10 o'clock. Greetings from my mother. I kiss you and all the clerics.
30/10 72. Jon Urtibald

Dear Kerolles,

I am sending you thus that birth-day certificate.
The # of our house is 18. F. That is in the
first ~~for~~ town district. I hope you are coming
home now, at least father had no objection
when I mentioned your project. When you
go through Bobkovic, have the roof of the
chaise down, I would like that the curious
individuals in Bobkovic will thus meet you as
my wife. In greeting from mother. & Kiss you
and the rest yours Vitabal.

26/10 72

My ~~the~~ golden "Korticku"

thus my wish did not help, and you left me
without a letter; I should not reproach you as I also
forgot to write one day but I at least have a
formal ~~my~~ right today, as I did not promise
to write every day, but my cute "Kortik" promised
this time and now I want say a word
and let you blush for yourself, that you broke
a promise. That's it!

From the letter from the miss in Koudnice
I saw, that the in laws family are your friends,
and thus you may be interested about the ~~man~~
swearing activities of their Bull. Be well
dear "Karmshka" and don't forget me. Sincere
Kisses to all. My beloved ~~wife~~ bride kisses sweetly
26/18/1872 Vitabal

My beloved Wilibald:

I am sitting down to the definite intention to complain about the life and about myself in a long letter. I hope you have enough patience and will listen? 10 o'clock just passed and I have arrived at home, we were at the Veible's and then at the Arsin (R.R.H.) Now I was annoyed by this stoned, ~~the~~ socialist group of people and the booring faces. Even though I was laughing and forced to be gay. For jokes I was not prepared. The words of Van Machalicky come to mind: I can not force my foot into the narrow shoe of life - I don't belong to this human society - my head does not fit into any close circle, however small, it must break it, or dis itself.

I don't fit with these people, I am perhaps too much of an idealist, who is battered by the world literature - when I come from a party where I had to suppress my idealism, I am unhappy, I would like to ~~for~~ enclose myself from the whole world and I can't open my heart so soon to the pain of the world, which distorts my crazy thoughts. I am always angry at myself, I think ^{then} that I am stupid, detestable I will consider my feelings as a salad which I shall sell on the market of the literary kitchen.

Now this life lacks interest, I despise the
noise, all those stupid parties, I am
happier in my little room in the midst
of the noise of all those superficial
people. If anyone should read this or
could look into my thoughts, I would
laugh at all those crazy illusions; are
you laughing at me too?

To our very, very, sweetest and your
letter made me so happy, I did
drowse immediately, happily I entered
in between the other people and sent
my heart to you with sincere kisses.
I bought me melancholy, I am
nostalgic, the time of your absence is
too long, but no, I would not desire
the retrojection and you yourself
considered as a probing period of
the truth of our love, which I doubt
has to be tested.

You reproach me that I am not
sending you any kisses. You know how
easy it is to hand them out. You
want some replacement, No joke I
have a hard heart, but at the end
I will please what I am neglectful in

About the gossip I shall not talk any
more, mother is ~~so~~ unhappy, she
says she won't write to you, she says
does not know how to believe and
what to talk about etc. She wants
to know who could derive anything from
the words "mein Kind" (= "my child"), if
the letters we read by anyone else!

You are happy that I have fat cheeks
a true moon face; I get a headache
from beer, but I drink only because
I am sad. declaration of love?

When you come, father will make for you
a "Kiebetts Erklärung" I should do it in his
name, I send thank you. I tell you, that
he said that you are a bad man, I
love you nevertheless. Now I start' jobing
again as in the other letters, so good night.

In every word of this letter love is a kiss
from your fidel Karl.

25/8 1872