

Corpus Christi April 18

Friday 12, C. W. 1884

My Dear Little Heart

This is a good time of the night to begin writing an answer to your kind and interesting letter of day before yesterday — I received it last night and was tempted to answer it [at] once in order to give vent to my emotions in some way but I thought that would be almost too prompt an answer, that you could hardly submit to an affection of this kind so frequently, so I simply took myself to my lonely room and there indulged in quiet reflection over the future, the present, and the past until I unconsciously found myself dreaming instead of thinking—dreaming of you, my little Darling, dreams so happy that the only regret they bring is that they are dreams and not reality. Yet I have the consolation of having enjoyed that happiness even if it is but imaginary—I cannot tell you, my little heart, with what emotions your candid expression of your love for me filled me. It fills my breast with pride and my soul with a peace that I never before experienced. I feel that I have won forever the greatest and

most precious prize that man can win—the unreserved and never dying love of a true and pure woman—but every attempt at describing, in expressing in words my feelings, proves but too plainly that is not the way to do it. I hope that I may be able to give better evidences of it than that.

I only wish my little darling that I could help you bear your troubles better. Rest assured that [I] appreciate your confiding them to me, and that you certainly have my sympathy. I hope that someday I can take some of them on my shoulders. They are better fitted for burdens than yours, and are more accustomed to their weight—and remember my little heart that all these troubles will make us appreciate the blessing we enjoy now and that may be in store for us in the future evermore —

I am sorry that I have not been able to see you before now but unexpected business will detain me until next week when I hope to be at Santa Gertrudis. I have been busily engaged in consummating a sale of Mrs. Rogers' Ranch and cattle in this county to the Mr. Rachal. It is quite a little piece of work but I shall finish it next Tuesday when I will have to go

out to the Rabb Ranch to close up the transaction—but these matters do not interest you nor do I think much of them when my thoughts turn to you. It seems true now that I would give all these days that I am spending away from you for one sweet kiss from my own little heart.

I received a letter tonight from my brother telling me of my sister's safe arrival in Galveston. How I wish I could be with my mother when she meets her, for they never expected to see each other again—both being in feeble health and so far apart—God bless the railroads for bringing us nearer than whom we love far away.

Yes, my little Darling, the time will come when none can say that they are happier than we, not even Richard and his dear little wife. I think that we will spend some happy days together with them.

I have not had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Rules[?] yet. I think he has gone away with the Stuttz troop though I do not know. I have heard nothing of him.

Don't let me look for [an] answer too long & tell me that you did not catch the Corpus Christi fever. It is said to be

increasing. I feel splendidly now & shall take good care of
myself.

Buenos Notches [sic] (kiss)

Your RJK

Corpus Christi

May 13th 1884

My Dear Little Heart—

I cannot tell you with how much anxiety I looked for the result of the mail last night. I felt so sure that I would get my letter, that I could not be disappointed, that I don't know what I should have done had I not soon gotten my letter. Especially have I longed for a word of encouragement since the beginning of this trial that seemed almost everlasting to me—And yesterday I felt so nervous that I could scarcely speak without betraying it as some very important questions arose during the trial. It was the hardest and most disagreeable work I ever did—to arise—and speak against the interest of friend and in favor of a man who cannot appreciate my position. No one but you can do that and it seems to me that the other attorney in the case with me, made it convenient that I should fight all the hard fights. Well today was the final day of this trial, the entire day being consulting?

with the arguments of the lawyers in the case. I had to make the closing speech to show that my friend's lawyers were mistaken in their positions & that their arguments were wrong and then finally show the defects of their case & the strength of my own. The court gave the law in favor of the Collins. The case was then submitted to the jury of twelve men and they have not at this hour 9 1/2 returned a verdict. There is one Negro on the jury & I have heard that he is hanging the jury—the other 11 white men being in my favor. If the jury does not agree it will be a mistrial and the whole thing must be gone through with again, but I am not going to say another word about it now. I have bored you with too much of it already.

Your good father is well but I fear much worried about the trial, of course. I hardly feel like going near him for he has been so kind and considerate towards me in this case. Now, my little darling, selfish fellow that I was, I have unburdened my troubles first and now I buried yours.

I certainly was decidedly astonished at what you tell me, to say the least, and I cannot be as with any degree of comfort or composure the thought of such a thing that someone

should try to come between us, but rest assured it shall bring me the closer (if that is possible) to you and while I have your love & life none ever shall be able [to] separate me from you. While I am speaking of this I will answer your little question about the change of our firm name, with pleasure for it pleases me to know that you are interested in my affairs. The cause of the change is simply because Mr. Lackey, who is growing old and his health delicate and because he has accumulated sufficient property desired to retire from practice entirely. That is all and it is a decided advantage to us, as he has not been able to give us but very limited assistance & our practice will remain the same—And? Little Noreia” is my little “adopted sister” & I shall always be as a brother to her and nothing more—the time has past when I could love another than you—on you I have set all my hopes for happiness and I shall not change

I actually believe that I could be jealous of anyone who would try to win your affections from me. I can't stand too much of it and our mutual friend must not be too attentive or I don't know how I would feel about it. I hardly know, my little

heart, how to advise you as to the best course to pursue in the matter you speak of. I think your own good judgment & heart and true womanhood will be your best guide in the matter. I should think it best to let him know as soon as he makes an inquiry on the subject that such a thing is not to be thought of. Let his friend tell him and that will perhaps satisfy him.

I have a little peace [sic] of gossip to tell you. I met our friend Mrs. Dr. S the other evening at in front of the St. James. She was in the buggy **while the Dr. had gone in tell you she called me up and congratulated me.** When I told as she was too precious she said that on that day your father had been at her mother's house & she told him that she understood we were engaged. Our conversation was interrupted about that time. I have not seen her since. I never saw such busy people about other people's affairs. This, however, is nothing new to me. I am getting used to it.

I don't know when I will be able to see you. I hope soon. Good bye now from the present—and believe me, forever.
Yours always. Good night.

Corpus Christi May 18, 1884

My Dear Little Heart

I cannot imagine why I have not heard from you in so long unless it is because you are unwell—suffering with one of those dreadful spells of headaches. I do not want to ask you to write to me if such is the case for I know that you will not let me wait any longer than you can help it. I felt sure last night that I would hear from you, but no. I got instead a little note from Mr. Welton acknowledging receipt of my last to him & in which his dear little wife & Little “Etta” send their regards. They are all well he writes. It cannot be that I have offended you in any way by anything contained in my last letter? I hardly remember what I wrote, for when I write to you I scribble down my thoughts just as they enter my head & heart without reflecting for a moment. Do not remain silent any longer if it is only a little note telling you that you will write to me soon. I will feel better. I cannot bear the

thought that I have offended you. It troubles me so that I cannot write of anything else. Your father is well. I think the case will terminate Monday evening if not at least Tuesday evening. Just send me a little note if nothing more, and tell me, my little heart, what the trouble is.

Yours Sincerely

Robert J. Kleberg

Corpus Christi May 27, 1884

My Dear Little Heart—

I did halfway expect to find a letter from you last Saturday, but since I got my letter last night I do not complain for it came just at the right time—a time when I would not have exchanged it for hardly anything else. It was just what I wanted and needed at that time—and its contents was the consolation I needed more than anything else. I cannot thank you enough for the sympathy and encouragement you expressed in it for me, for as long as I have your approval, your respect and your love, I can stand all else however hard the blow may be.

You will have learned the result of the trial before now from your father. We had a hard contest, every point in the case during the trial being contested in all these contests. Mr. Collins side was victorious. The case was given to the jury & was zealously contested by both parties—as much if not more so than any case I ever participated in. The jury returned a verdict in favor of Mr. Collins. The judge, in writing out his

instructions to the jury upon the law applicable to the case, left out the words “[illegible] before”. Upon this error of the court, a new trial was applied for by your father’s lawyers who complained that this error might have influenced the jury in finding their verdict, and the court granted a new trial so the whole case will have to be tried over again. As this error if error it was sufficient was made by the judge & not by me, I do not feel that I am in the least to blame by my client and I am perfectly willing, I fear more than willing, that your father should have another chance at the case. When the judge rendered his decision giving a new trial, setting aside the verdict of the jury, your father’s face changed, wearing a very perceptible smile so that I could not resist from smiling myself from the bottom of my heart. It seemed to please him so that I for the moment enjoyed it nearly as much as he did, though it was against my side. I am perfectly satisfied so far with the exception that I do not think that your father understood my feelings in the matter & for that reason may feel hurt at my action though he treated me with all the consideration & respect that I could possibly ask. And I can truly assure you

that during all his trials & disappointments he was very careful of himself not to drink too much. I made it a point to visit him often at his room to keep him from doing so if possible.

I did not do Mr. Collins justice in my last letter to you, probably because of the dislike I had for the case, for after the verdict was rendered he assured me of his appreciation of my situation in the matter & the manner in which I did my duty & as evidence he said of his appreciation he made me a present of five hundred dollars. When I told him that I had rather not have it & I would prefer to return my fee besides if I was only out of the case.

Yes, my Little Darling, your words of approval & consolation give me a thousand times more satisfaction than all the money in this world—and it repays me better for any trouble. I fear, my little Darling, that you are but too correct in your advice that it is better than I should not visit you now. Besides, I could not half enjoy it unless I knew that I was welcome in your father's house by him. I have never yet entered a man's house as a visitor unless I thought that I was

welcome. And it would be hard for me to do so now. Besides it might make things worse than they are & I fear that if I should even feel & know that I was not welcome I do not know what I should do. So for the present, I shall take your advice for once(?) follow your advice. At any rate I shall not attempt [to] turn the pages of life's book in that chapter until I hear again from you.

There are few things that are covered by the veil of the future that we can know, are there? But there is one thing that I do know of the future and that is that my love for you can never & will never change no matter what other changes the future may reveal. And I also feel that no matter what may [be] written on the pages of this book of life that are yet unturned, that through it will be written that I have your love, my little Darling, and I can read them all through though they may be blotted with tears as long as I can find there to read something of your love. I too confess that I should read ahead of the story a little to see what the plot of it is. I cannot but think that there is a story for us found here in the future. How near or far I cannot even imagine—a time when we shall be

happy when our fondest hopes shall be realized. Do not look too gloomily at things as they are, but I will not turn your thoughts to your to your troubles.

The game bag is finished. Good news. The thought of it brings back happy memories of the past. How I wish I could sit by your side now and help (?) you with your fancy works. I don't think I would find fault with anything this evening, if I could only be with you. When I go away this time I will probably be gone for several weeks or more as I shall stay with my Father as long as I possibly can. He is not recovering as rapidly as I had hoped or anticipated. He [is] still confined to his bed & I know the time hangs heavy over him for he is naturally of a very active temperament and likes to move around. I can't tell yet when I will be able to leave here as court is still in session. Besides, I have a heavy brief to prepare as soon as possible. I have been working at it until my thoughts kept turning to you so I stopped at the brief & began your letter. I hope that before I leave you will be able to tell me that I am as welcome at Santa Gertrudis as formerly. I don't

[know] what I shall do. I shall leave to by the Puerta for a happy hunting ground I presume.

I have not heard any more gossip in or rumor Perhaps if I go away for a while that it will die out. The city is quite gay now [with] theatrical performances twice every week & musical concerts and dancing at the Pavillion once every week. This evening I was invited to participate in a sailing party—given for the benefit of some visitors from Monterrey, among them a beautiful little Mexican Señorita. She speaks English well and is playing havoc with the heart of the Corpus Dudes. I was afraid I could not stand the pressure so I remanded to my office at work on my brief—writing to you. While I have promised to follow your advise I do not think that I can do without one letter a week anyway. Besides I cannot see the possible harm in this—Goodby now & do not let me “bide” too long for a letter from my little Darling—Yours always and
always RJK

Austin Tex. June 4th 1884

My Dear Little Heart,

This is strange looking paper to write you a letter on but it is either this or no letter until tomorrow for I neglected getting paper while the stationary stores were open & this is all I have in my room. I use this for writing briefs—which are afterwards printed.

I left Corpus Saturday morning, very unexpectedly as I was called by telegram Friday that I was wanted in the Supreme court to represent my Laredo land suit—so I could not wait to get my letters—Saturday, I enquired at Collins for letters, but this P.M. must have overlooked your letter as he told me there was none for me. I left instructions at Corpus to forward any letters and this evening your letter came. I thought of writing to you last night but reconsidered—thinking that I might be overdoing the thing to write too often. Now my little heart which the surroundings are not particularly favorable for a letter chat with you as I am in my room working at a brief, yet something I found out since receiving

your letter [is] that there is no use in my trying to write at my brief until I give vent to a little spell of devotion to my little Darling. I was in Judge Stayton's room when he handed me your letter—it was sent in his care—and discussing with him what he should say in reply to a letter addressed to him by members of the bars from different portions of the state insisting on his not resigning and becoming a candidate for Congress. This matter disposed of, as you will see in the next Galveston news in a letter from Judge Stayton in reply, I betook myself to [a] comfortable seat in his room and to read my letter. I also received one at the same time from home telling me of my Father's gradual recovery, and I can assure you that after reading both my peace of mind and heart was wonderfully improved. I am glad to hear that your father has expressed no ill feeling towards me. For it would grieve me very much to learn that I had offended one who has befriended me so much and whose respect and esteem I prize so highly and to whom I owe so much gratitude. Capt. Kenedy told me during this progress of the case that while the Capt. had spoken harshly of all other attorneys in the case he had not

said an unkind word about me—but I shall let this ever-lasting case rest now. I am now as [illegible] in trying before the supreme court this case which I tried and lost in Laredo this spring. It is a suit involving one hundred and fifty thousand acres of land—and if I am successful my fee will amount to over twenty thousand acres of the land. I shall try my best. The whole case turns upon my questions of law, and the decision by the supreme court will in all probability be a final decision of the case either for me or against me. After receiving such a nice long letter from my little Heart I can work with redoubled courage and vigor. So if I lose this case it will not be your fault.

I can appreciate your feeling in the Russell matter. You have taken the right resolution. Tell him plainly and frankly the truth and he cannot blame you, but I know that you will do this without telling me for I think I am a sufficient Judge of human nature that whatever weakness you may possess, insincerity is not one of them. For sincerity is the natural constituent of a truthful and noble character, and I know too that judging by the little encouragement which you gave me

that you cannot have given him much whom you did not love and I can also assure you that you need never fear that your affection for me will be unrequited, for my love for you has become a part of my very nature and existence, and will last as long as I do.

Ah, what would I give for a few moments with my little darling, that I might try to tell her how much I love her. I am again indulging in the vain effort to find relief in trying to give vent to my emotions but they fill my whole heart and soul so completely that to write it down in weak and in expression words can give but little relief.

When shall I see you is a question which I ask myself as often as I think of you. I will have to return from here to Corpus Christi before going home and I shall be strongly tempted to see you before I go home, but that shall be as you wish and think best. I think that I will be in Corpus by next Sunday though I cannot tell for certain. If you answer me immediately on the receipt of this, address your letter in care of Judge J. W. Stayton, Austin Tex.

Some friends have just called to see one student at the University here from De Witt Co.—boys whom I have known since they were children. So I must close and let them tell me of their University days and will have to tell them of mine. So goodby and Buenos Notches. (Kiss) Yours alone

JKB??

Corpus June 22 1884

My Dear Little Heart

You will hardly expect another letter from me this week, and I know that you deserve something better than an affliction of this kind, and the meanest of all is that I am going to be ungrateful enough to make the receipt of so beautiful a present from you the excuse for this otherwise inexcusable act of writing to you three times in one week—but I truly appreciate the little present so highly that I cannot help thanking you for it for to write it is just as I would have it, I can suggest no improvement upon its design, and I have been unable to find anything about to criticize. It is just [a] game bag to my heart to and if you are good at guessing you can probably tell that somebody's heart has been completely bagged and the meshes are so peculiarly woven & of such strong cords that the game will never get out of the bag.

I have just returned from a call at Major Whites with Edwin. The Maj & wife are going out on the morning train to the Puerta to visit Mr. & Mrs. R. King, Jr. and from there the

Maj. is going to Santa Gertrudis. I almost promised to go out with him but I do not think I will or [torn and illegible]

I fully intended starting to Santa Gertrudis this morning but [it] began raining very heavily here about 6 ½” and continued for some time & I feared the heavy road & the swollen streams so I sent my horses back to the stable & I have instead spent the day here. Edwin has been with me until just now—ever since this morning early.

I was out taking tea last night when he came in & did not learn that he was in town until after he had retired. I am now revolving the plan in my mind received that I will start tomorrow after noon—taking Edwin with me if it doesn’t rain again in the morning. If it does I don’t know what I will do. One thing is certain, I never wanted to see you my little Darling as much as I do now. Let this be an excuse for these frequent afflictions upon you—and another thing is certain that I am going to see you just as soon as I can, so you can take warning, that I may be before you before you know it.

Do you know that night before last I went to the office with a full expectation to find your letter & I am sure I had no

reason to expect it except that I just felt that I was bound to have it and could not stand to be disappointed. But now I am going to end [torn and illegible] of you & [torn and illegible] I will see you soon & [pray] that you are well. Goodbye RJK???

Corpus Christi

July 6, 1884

My Dear Little Heart

This is a little late to begin a chat with you—(eleven o'clock) but I think I will sleep better after writing to you tonight and I fear if you had to read this tonight that it would have a narcotic effect upon you—but this will not reach you until about 2 ½ PM tomorrow—just about the time you will want to take your little nap, and this will come just in time.

I had quite a time going home the other day—I could not keep my eyes open for about half the way and the result was that I did not drive very fast during that time and when I finally awoke I saw some plovers and though it was then getting late, I could not resist the temptation to shoot a few. The result was that I did not reach town until about 9 o'clock—after supper hour. Imagine my feelings—all the hotels closed for supper and I as hungry as a wolf. The city was crowded with Laredo Excursionists'. They were moving toward

the Pavillion to lunch and to dance. I at once joined the throng of the pleasure seekers, and in a few moments I found myself paying my compliments to the lunch, and having satisfied the inner man I "took in" the dance for an hour or two, and at 12 o'clock I was the most willing man to sleep you ever heard of and in a few moments I was on the Santa Gertrudis (with my dear little heart) dreaming over the near past, and in the morning I arose in fine spirits & health expecting to do much work during the day but it should not be so. Shortly after dinner I was called upon by two ladies to join them at a moonlight pick-nick that evening on the bay shore and when they spoke of the nice lunch they were going to have I was too weak to resist the temptation and I accepted their invitation. Ms Spohn and Msp. Loveniskold were the ladies. I thought of the scheme I had mentioned to you. I at once asked Msp. Lovenskiold to accompany me to the picnic ground and I think I have pretty well succeeded in starting my interested friend on a new track. I drove through the many streets of the city, by Mrs Doddridge, giving her a full benefit, and during the evening acted the gallant so well that Mrs. S. has become

decidedly doubtful as to the true state of affairs. I have heard from them today. Gossip now “says” that I have taken a new departure, something must have gone wrong elsewhere with me, etc. I think I shall now leave the city while this impression is abroad & perhaps they will let you rest for a little while

Well, so much for foolishness, my little Darling. On my return I found a letter from Robt. Stayton telling me that he would be in Corpus Christi on Wednesday so I shall not leave here until I have seen him—it seems that one thing after another postpones my trip.

Last night Judge Murphy died. He was buried today. He died very suddenly while he was eating his supper his [head] dropped upon his breast & his life was gone. I attended his funeral this evening. His poor wife seems hardly able to bear the weight of grief—& yet it was doubtless best—for her for him— — —

I sent the medicine your mother wanted & also the gun I took from the ranch—to Collins by tomorrow’s train

This evening since tea I called on Capt Kenedy he is unwell—so I spent the evening with him. I have just returned

from there now. He is suffering from some eruption of the skin. Nothing serious but annoying to him.

Now Buenos Notchetes, my little Darling, for I am getting sleepy—and I have a hope that soon my dreams shall lead me to your side. If you will write right now you can address your letter to Corpus Christi. Do not let me wait too long for a letter.

I shall write you when I leave here—Now, my little heart, take good care of yourself & don't have any more headaches & don't work too much on the crazy quilt. Goodnight. (Kiss)

RKJ?

Stayton & Kleberg

Attorneys at Law

Victoria, Texas, July 25th, 1884

My Dear Little Heart

You did the proper thing at the proper time when you feared an attack of the blues. You turned your thoughts to me to ward it off. You wrote me a little letter. I hope that it had the desired effect upon you. I can assure you that it was a success as far as I am concerned for it filled my heart with comfort and happiness and caused it to overflow with love for my little one in the far west. I wish that I could repay you as I feel that you ought to be, but what have I to give as return now? A reassurance that I love you, my little Darling, with all my heart and all my soul? What a meager return for the wealth of such a love as your heart is capable of and which you so unreservedly give to me. I can only justify myself by the thought that no man can be fully worthy of your love and that none can give you a truer and more unreserved love than I.

This I feel more and more every day, for I learn to know and understand my little sweetheart better all the time. You must not think, my little heart, that I am blind to your faults for if you have any I think I will see them. Doubtless you have them like all who are human, and I expect to see them some time—but that could never change my love—that is one thing in which I pride myself to be perfect in, that is as full as my nature is capable. I trust my little heart that this item upon which I dwell so much in my letters to you will not grow stale, for I see no relief from you as long as I am permitted to write to you—for I cannot think of you for a moment without such feeling filling every corner of my heart—and driving almost all other thought from my head. And I agree with him who said, “The selfish heart that but by babies is given Shall have no place in loves delightful heaven.” You say that you could not in reason look for a letter from me when you wrote. I think you should have and deserve to have a letter whenever you would like to read it, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to furnish it. This is my excuse for writing again today after having made an attempt to write you day before

yesterday, and before I forget it, I want to tell you that you write just as often as you want to—every day—and I think I would enjoy each letter as it came more than the one preceeding it.

I am glad you like Mr. Caruthers for he is one of my best friends. Our tastes agree. You may like him as well as I do as a friend—but no better. Do you know that I have always prided myself that I would never feel jealous and that now I know that under certain circumstances I could just be filled with that unholy passion? Yet as long as the perfect faith I have in your affection reasons with me I have no fears. The mere thought that I should ever lose this fills my soul with gloom. I shall not speculate on such thought again soon.

So you had a letter from Miss Kenedy. It seems that my scheme has taken well. Only our evenings apparently in the company with Miss Powell, when Miss Henning was not even present has convinced the ‘natives’ that I am the latest victim. I would be a victim if they were correct in their conclusions. I expect when you hear from the cat hunt that the latest is that have also been victimized by Miss Lovenskiold. I hope all this

will not be cares taken last and that they were thrown off the right tract and not torment you any longer with their impertinent inquiries. If that won't do, wait til Miss H comes back this fall—no I will not do that either, for I think too much of her for that an besides they may just as well understand now as then that as far as I am concerned that you have all the love that my heart can hold and you alone, and I will pay you for your little sarcasm by coming to Santa Gertrudis offener than ever if Miss H comes to C.C. And permit me to say “Take occasion to inform you”—that Miss Powell does not resemble you in any manner whatever the sight of her would never [illegible] use of you unless it be by contrast, but I will describe best you more fully when I see you. I wonder if Miss Henning[?] volunteered all her information because she thought it would be pleasant for you? How kind the people of the world are! What an interest they take in everyone's happiness. I shall certainly put an end to their anxiety on my account of any they leave at the earliest possible opportunity—

I have not seen the papers to which you refer but I think the Democratic nomination a very strong one and as far as

Cleveland is concerned it is as I expected and the nomination for the president is better than I expected for I feared that no man of the prominence of Mr. Hendricks would be satisfied with being placed on the ticket second to Gov. Cleveland. The nomination of Cleveland was made as a bid for the independent republican vote and for the vote of New York. Yet I doubt whether the nomination is as strong as that of such a man as Bayard would have been, for the Republican's candidate was not chosen with reference to carrying any particular state—but to carry the Republican party generally he was considered as first and is of his party as the rank point of ability and as a statesman; & I think that Bayard holding the same position in the Democratic party would have been their proper leader then it would have been Greek against Greek. We shall see the results. No one can tell in advance it is said you that there are three things that no one can foretell—“the verdict of a petit jury—the result of an election—and whom a woman will marry.”

I shall comply with you a little request but I fear that I will not be able to get a good picture as there is no artist here

now but Mr. DePlanque. I shall try him however, and to you that I have kept my promise. I can tell you that I did not attend the Banquet given the delegates here the night of the convention, where wine of course flowed freely and, my little Darling, while I know that your fears on that score are unnecessary and unfounded, I shall ever follow your wishes. First [it] gives me more pleasure to deny drink and please you than to drink, and now I must close for I have “lots” of work to do yet and here I am writing to you, the sweetest token of all. I have written so much foolishness that I cannot read over my letter & I pity you if you accept it. Don't forget now that you are to write just as often as you possibly can & I will do the same. I saw my brother here & learned that my poor Father is still not well, but in no danger nor is he suffering any pain. Direct your letters to me at Meyersville De Witt Co. Lex after you receive this. Now adios and remember, My little heart, that every Nook and corner of mine is filled with love for you
(Kisses) RK

Home Aug 9th 1884

My Dear Little Heart

I have just arrived here again, and found awaiting me two letters from my little Darling—one written in preference talking to my old rival Moony??—how I wish I could have been in his place that night—how often when this last moon was shedding its glory over the sleeping world have I thought of you and wished that I were with you then for so it is that now there is no place on this wide world, no matter how I have longed to be there when I was away from it in how much I have enjoyed my stay there, but that there have been times when my thoughts turned to you that I have wished that I were with you if but for a few short moments that I might be near you and see you, though perhaps we would have sat in silence as we have so often done, in the past, and I have felt so happy that I did not think to speak except to see your heart open & through your eyes—but I am going to stop this topic if but to take it up again and I am going to answer your letter of the 30th last. I

don't know how it happened that both my letters reached you at the same time though I think I wrote them only a short time apart. I knew that I would not get a letter from you at Victoria—but still I would go on to the post office & hope against hope that perhaps my letters might be forwarded to me there as my stay was so much longer than I had expected when I left home for I intended to be away only for a few days—attending to probate court but twice when I was ready to start for home I was stopped by parties whom I had to defend in the criminal court, one was a very ridiculous case over a fuss between son-in-law & mother-in-law arising from a crazy quilt. This case I tried making the side of the son-in-law & came out victorious. The other was a very disagreeable case in which there was much feeling against my client. So far I have been successful as this case succeeded in having the same continued until next term of the court when I will be in Corpus or elsewhere & Mr. Slayton & Mr. Crain who is assisting me can fight the fight—but I started to answer your letter first & I am going to do it—so here is the “cat hunt again—you say that you felt hurt because I did not tell you

that I was going—I am sorry that I have caused you pain, my little Darling, but I did not know myself that I was going until the day before, for though I said I would go when I was asked at the time the hunt was first talked of, yet I had no idea at the time that I would participate in this unprecedented amusement. First because I had no fears that the hunt would actually take place, for I did not think for a moment that the ladies would go, and second I thought I would be away from Corpus at the time set for the hunt & third when I promised to stay over Monday to start out with the Cat hunters on next day I intended to sleep [stay?] with them only for one night—Now the balance I have told you of in my former letters—so you see the reason why I did not tell you of my going before I left. I have no defense to offer for the propriety of ladies participating in this amusement, and I am not responsible for them—nor am I particularly proud of the part I had in this [illegible] let it be numbered among the things that are past until I see you & then I can tell you many amusing things about it—thus endeth the first chapter—

Next comes Mr C. of C.C. well I think you have done the proper thing at the proper time, and I will add, as you ask me for further orders, that you need not enter into any scheme, for the purpose that I did so for you are not suspected as far as I know of giving any grounds for the reasons that are abroad, and more over it would be impossible for you to be as you are and carry on schemes—and have them fully understood by the other participant, as at least to the extent, that it was only done for the purpose of seeing how quick madam gossip would take it up. Follow your own good judgment in such matters and you will not be far wrong—Thus endeth the second chapter—

But now comes a more serious matter—then Mr. Rs. letter—I can well understand how unpleasant this matter must be to one whose heart is as pure & kind as yours—but I also know that you certainly could not have done anything which intentionally gave any false encouragement to him—that is contrary to your nature—I do not know as only you can know the full import of his letters—but as you have answered him once, he ought to know if he knows you correctly—that it

must necessarily give you such pain to be forced to answer him a second time—and I think the best answer you can give him is to remain silent & this will be your best protection for the future—Then your answers will remain the same as contained in your last letter—in which you have and all that you could say—I feel more than ever that I should have followed any first impulse in the matter and told your parents at once—so I wont say that either for I don't know; they have been so kind & good to me that I now since I fear that this matter will cause them trouble—it is perhaps best that they should not see cause at once—but be that as it may we have acted as was thought best for them, and now to the future I shall embrace at the first opportunity to tell them all & assure them that I will never cause them trouble and that I shall do all in my powers to make their declining days as peaceful & happy as possible—for otherwise you could not feel happy—or contented.

I have never said anything in reply to the little statement contained in your [illegible] letters & certainly appreciate the compliment, and can but confess that it gives me new hopes

that I may be able to add happiness to the little circle referred to—I have thought of them so often as my thoughts turned to Santa Gertrudis—and hoped that their troubles were lessening, though I feared that this continued drouth would necessarily give your poor father more trouble & worry; and that it would not help your mother's weakness.

I found my poor father as well as I could hope for he is still helpless—though his general health is as good as could be expected—My sister has almost entirely recovered so far all loved ones prayers have been heard.

Now my little Darling Buenos Notches. I am going to start from here next Saturday by way of Victoria, where I will probably remain for two days & then return to the South to Corpus so that by the end of next week I expect to be in Corpus. I will let you know immediately on my arrival—can't you have a little note there to greet me? with the tenderest devotion Yours only

RKB?? (initials)

from Keokuk, Iowa. This is probably not a Kleberg letter.

Perhaps from one of Alice's classmates from St. Louis?

from Keokuk, Iowa. This is probably not a Kleberg letter.

Perhaps from one of Alice's classmates from St. Louis?

November 9th, 1884

Alicia Mia

Your letter was received only yesterday and though you speak of answering my last epistle promptly it seems ages since I sent my last to you. What a time you are having dear. I feel as though I were reading a continued romance only that my interest in the fate of the heroine is something rather extraordinary. I am inclined to Mr. K's view of matters and think the indications decidedly favorable. But I can imagine, darling, just what a miserable state you are in, knowing that your father is "posted" [?] and yet hating to speak to him of it. Still I have a conviction that it will be pleasantly settled by your father, since he did not positively annihilate Mr. K during the interview.

I am so distressed dear at what you tell me of your sister Ella. You know we used both of us talk so often of how very

wrong it was for her to ruin her health by staying in the house the way she did. I know if I would do one month as she does I would break my health down completely, even if there were nothing the matter with her, (and of course she is not strong). The time she spends in bed and in the house is quite sufficient to make an invalid of her. So your mother was only with her two days; how hard it must have been for her to leave so soon. Hattie told me in her last note that Mrs. King had been in St. L. for two days. Really I wish you could have seen the note—not three sides of a sheet of paper. Mamie Clark is in St. L. now, did you know it? I heard through Mrs. Louise Howell who met her there and of whom Mamie made a number of inquiries about me. Dear old Mamie, how I would like to see both Kit & herself. So Addie is again in N.Y. how she does fly around, and how much she has travelled since June of '85. I, too, would like to hear of Fannie F. and believe I'll write to her at Jerseyville, to see if she is still there.

Mama goes to St. Louis tonight, sister and the baby to Chicago tomorrow so Papa and I will be quite alone for a few days. Mama will be back Wednesday morning, for we expect to

have a great political jubilee here Wednesday night & she would not miss it for anything. We have had nothing but politics for breakfast, dinner and tea for weeks, and I will be glad when it is all settled for a time. Of course we do not feel a doubt about Cleveland's election now, but I will be glad when next Tuesday is over, the result announced and people quiet down again. Mama I think will probably burn the house down in her attempts to illuminate sufficiently and Papa is nearly as enthusiastic. Lewis was here yesterday on his way from a business trip, looking so well and in such good spirits. He has such good business prospects now and Louis is getting as much better that we are all quite delighted.

How pleasant for you to have Mrs. Atwood & the children with you for so long a time. The only trouble is you will miss them so dreadfully when they leave. I do not know how we are to do without the baby even for the week or ten days she will be away. I do wish I could go with Mama to St. L. I am nearly destitute for clothes and there is nothing here that is decent. Anyway, I do not want anything but a tailor made ?? and of course I will have to get it in a city. Papa has been ill for three

or four weeks and though he is pretty well now, we cannot both go away very well and leave him.

Well, dearest, I must go see if Mama wants me to help her, so good-bye, with love, to Mrs. Atwood and to your mother.

Yours ever devotedly

Kate?

(Written on stationery from Joseph Christen, Proprietor,
Commercial Hotel, Post Office Lock Box No. 15, Telephone
Connection with all parts of the city. Laredo, Texas)

Laredo, Texas

Nov. 13th, 1884

My Dear Little Heart

We reached this glorious place this morning at 5 am rightside
up with care— Capt. Kenedy went with us this far but
returned by this mornings train—Your father seems in good
spirits and health—he ate a hearty breakfast this morning—I
give you particulars because I know how anxious you are
about his health—so far our trip has been very pleasant—
though we had but little sleep during the night—Well I must
close again as our party are ready to start for San Antonio—So
good by—will try and drop you a word from San Antonio—
Until then adios—may heaven keep and protect my little
Darling—

Yours affectionately

Robert J. Kleberg

Corpus Christi

Dec. 10th, 1884

My Dear Little Heart

I cannot tell you the happiness your letter gave me to-night. I went to the post office as soon as the mail arrived to get my letter, & on the way I said to myself—If I don't get my letter I will be dreadfully disappointed and if I get it I will almost be afraid to open it for fear that you would persist in your first resolve, but I did not hesitate a moment to open it and read it, for I gathered courage when I thought of the love you had shown me and which I could never doubt or lose faith in, and my faith was richly rewarded by the contents of your letter. I glanced at the end, and there I read in unmistakable words, my own feelings and resolutions, "yours until death," are no idle words when spoken by you, and I know it and can best understand their full purport when I look in my own heart and find the same words written there, so it shall be and all obstacles that may present themselves will only make those words more indelible, and add redouble force and strength to

my resolutions—it is the very essence of my existence and draws nourishment from every fiber and drop of blood in my body, the apparent resistance that has been manifested has only served to prove to me true futility to weaken my love & purpose

Now my little Darling perhaps it is because I always look at the bright side of every thing that I do not read your Fathers actions as darkly as you do. I know how powerful and impetuous his love for you is—in all his disappointments in his family relations he has looked to you for consolation, and I can well understand with what anxiety he looks upon this all important step of yours. He knows so well that your happiness as well as that of his declining years depend upon it, and he cannot well be too careful. He doubtless feels that he himself is to a great extent responsible for the existing state of circumstances. Have I not told you how confident I was at first of his approval, and that I gained this confidence from his actions and conversations, which were brought out, no doubt by my guarded diffident conduct towards you. Has he not talked as kindly and as fatherly towards me as my own

father—and spoken to me of the importance which matrimony was in the life of every man? Has he not told me of the beneficent influence which this step had had upon his own life happiness and success and with what diffidence and fear he had aspired to win the love of your dear mother, relating to me all the little circumstances of his first courtship—and how he tried to learn and know your mother’s real worth and character, by observing her mother, and reasoning that the daughter of such a mother could not well be much unlike her and then he told me the best way to judge a young lady was by her mother, and then he told me that you were exactly like your mother; all this he has told me after having told me to always consider his house a welcome home, and, that your mother would always bid me welcome, and then closed by telling me that he had never spoken to any one as he had to me—(I do not hesitate my little Darling to tell you the innermost thoughts of my heart or I could not tell you all this.) He has not forgotten all this, and perhaps fears that he has encouraged me too much, but he has judged me rightly for while I had long felt that there was no one whom I held in

such high esteem as you, and I felt so grateful to your parents for the many kindnesses they had shown me, how they had invited me into their own warm home and bade me welcome, I certainly struggled with all my force against winning your love, and against betraying my own for you, for fear that I might by so doing prove ungrateful to them and to you that I was asking too much when I craved your love, I say your father judged me rightly. Had I not had every indication that I would always be welcome in your parents house, I should have continued the struggle against my own inclinations longer, & you know and will remember that for a long time I never visited the rancho unless I had business which required it, and when there I did not enter the house except by special invitation—that I for a long time I never paid a mere friendly visit except when specially invited, though I had been repeatedly told to come whenever I felt so inclined, that I would always be welcome, and I shall never cease to feel thankful and grateful toward them for these many actions of kindness to me, for I really did not care to visit anywhere else, and how I can forgive any apparent little act of coolness by them toward me, for the

[illegible] certainly seem ungrateful that after all their hospitality that I should ask for that which they prize more than everything else on this earth, their “little pet” love all that was left within home to shed sunshine upon it—and Heaven forbid that I ever do anything that would give them reason to regret that they had been so hospitable and kind to me. No it shall be my life’s task to prove to them that they have not placed their kindness upon an ungrateful, an unworthy one— And I can but think that the time is not far distant when they will know me well enough for this, for by the love I have for you which is stronger than all other passions that move within me, I shall never cease to try and prove worthy of their highest respect and esteem—and I can truly say that my esteem and friendship for them has not grown any less because of their apparent reluctance to give their consent to our union—and while we will never be united without their consent—still there is nothing on this earth to which I would yield of our love, this I must retain—come what may and as long as I have that I shall never grow weary to endeavor to win their consent, and to prove to them that I am not unworthy of the high trust they

have placed upon me—from, my Little Darling, I have written perhaps more earnestly than usual, but I hope I have said nothing that will give you pain or trouble—for your kind letter deserves a better answer—I think you will look for this tomorrow and you shall not be disappointed, and I will try and be as good as I know how and am able.

I wish other people would attend to their own affairs and let us attend to ours. I hope that the long expected guests will come soon if they are coming at all—for I should like to assist your father in entertaining them when they come—and after the 8th of this month I will have to be in court and attendance upon our court. Now good night, my own true heart, may heaven bless and protect you—and yours—with sincere prayer of your affectionate lover—

Robert Kleberg

R. W. Stayton, Victoria
Corpus Christi

R. J. Kleberg,

Law Office

Stayton & Kleberg

Victoria and Corpus Christi, Texas

Corpus Christi, Dec. 11, 1884

My Dear Little Heart,

Your more than welcome letter reached me night before last, and I assure you it caused no frowns but filled my heart with peace and happiness. Perhaps if I consumed the day time in writing to you, tonight it might be said that I devoted that time to something else. It would be better, but I have been at work all day and a good part of the night in answer[ing?] letters. Now all are ready to retire except those who are dancing just across the street and I certainly have this time for

myself and I am using it to the best purpose in the world—when I am writing to my Little Darling and I know too that her letters do not keep me from doing my duty, but on the contrary are the greatest encouragement to me to do my duty to the fullest extent, and they keep me from spending any time perhaps at the dance across the street from my office—and then I would not be as well fitted for court as I will be now, for as soon as I finish this I shall seek the healing balm of nature's sweet rest over.

I saw your father and mother every evening except the first evening they were here. In fact, I spent most of the evenings with them. They were both as cordial and kind towards me as they could be, which I was with them. They both seemed very well after the first evening.

I saw your friend and mine (?) Miss Maccrass [?] across the way this evening. She smiled bowed as sweetly as could be. Let them all talk and try to estrange my heart from you as much as they will, but there is no earthly power that can change my love for you except you. As long as I have your love

I am armed against them all. Let them use what weapons they will.

Now I must close for my light has burned up all the oil. This is a shorter letter than you deserve, but remember, my little Darling, that though my letter may not be so long in extension, my love for you is constantly growing—deeper and deeper & warmer and that I send Y. W. D. W. D. P. [meaning not known] Robert J. Kleberg

MYRTLE CLUB

Dec. 21, 1884

Your little letter of the 19th did not want to be taken out of the post office last [night], and after reading over only the first page I at once admitted the force of the point you made and its unanswerable argument in support of the same and here I am ready to abide your judgment. I moved yesterday into my new quarters and in consequence [I] have to resort to the stationary of the Myrtle Club—as everything is in a sweet state of confusion both in my room and in my office—so you will pardon the heading to this paper over the place I have chosen for a few words with my Little Darling—all alone here in our club rooms—where everything is as quiet as the [illegible] to be.

I am sorry to hear that you have been so unwell and hope that you have entirely recovered by this time. I heard of the arrival of Richard III as nice Xmas present for the Puerta—and

I can well imagine how proud Richard King II is and I trust that the Young King may fill the aching void in the hearts of your good parents. I long to meet the young man myself and to see the happy smile of his Little Mother. I must unto to Richard today. I can hardly await the time when Xmas will come. Never since the days of my early boyhood has the time seemed to drag along so slowly just before Xmas, and never have I looked forward to Xmas even most more pleasure than now when I shall be with my own true Little Heart.

Now I must stop my letter talk for here comes my friends Mrs. Gosbesy [?] and Mr. Keenan whom I have profused to take to church. Now it is time for us to go. So now goodby for the present. If I was prepared to write in my room I would write more tonight for I always little know a chat with my little darling when "courses sun is en rapt in sleep: and silence reigns supreme, but this time I fear I will not have that pleasure, so now again goodby until I see you next week. Be careful of your health and when we meet, our ecstasy will be so sweet, my Little Darling, that it will make up for the many hours of bitter separation.

Thursday 1 AM

Corpus Christi

January 1st 1885

My Dear Little Heart—

If I were not afraid that illness was the cause of my not hearing from you tonight I would scold you terribly. I have felt so disappointed at not getting a word from you by tonight's mail that I hardly knew what to do. First I said well I don't feel like writing to her now so I betook myself to reading a book. The title is Alice, and I read until the old year had silently passed into the ocean of eternity. Then I quit reading and sat by the fire and listened to the mournful requiem of the norther over the [illegible]. Then I looked out on the bay where the boats were tossing over the rough waters. No comfort in all that. I finally turn again to My Little Heart—for I know I can't sleep until I wish her a happy New Year and perhaps (?) she is looking for a word from me today, and I will not disappoint her for I feel too keenly how I miss that greeting myself. But I was

not going to grumble any more. I know it is not your fault, my little Darling.

I left your father and mother this evening about 7 ½ to take my supper and from there to the mail and from there to the Presbyterian Sunday School Xmas tree. It was a success from all appearances, for the little children seemed happy over their presents. You father & mother as well as usual. Again a happy New Year. Now good night, my Little Heart! (Kiss) Yours
RJK

Corpus Christi

March 29, 1885

Sunday

Miss King:

Of all the compliments passed on the Collins Exposition number that have come to me through the press by letter or by word of mouth, there is not one that I appreciate as highly as the few words from you. I feel sure you would not pay me a false compliment, for there is no cause for it; and I don't believe you deal in flattery at any time. I give you credit for sincerity. And I know you are fully competent in every way to pass judgment on the merits and demerits of such a production. So few persons are. Please believe that I would not attempt to flatter you

There is so much of adverse criticism and so little that is cheering in the life of a journalist that kind words and good wishes expressed by one whom he has every reason to hold in the highest esteem, come like rays of sunshine out of the cloudy, wintry sky. Could I have carried out all my plans in

producing the illustrated number it would have been more worthy of your good words. I thank you.

I learn with sincere regret that your father's health is not improving as rapidly as it should. I esteem him as one of my best friends, and I appreciate the favors he has done me. Therefore, if it is now within my power to help him I will gladly do it. Do you not need some one to sit up with him? Can I be of any service? If so, let me know and I will go to San Antonio and do all I can. I presume you are dependent more or less on strangers. I have some business there and can go at any time. So if you should need any one remember I will respond promptly to a call. I hope your father will soon be well.

Remember me kindly to your parents and accept for yourself my best wishes and again my thanks for your generous words.

Very sincerely,

W.P. Carruthers

[Not possible to know if this is 1884 or 1885. Not indicated on the letter or on the envelope.]

Brownsville 4/1

Wednesday

My Dear Little heart—

Many thanks for your more than welcome letter of the 26th. It was the first letter handed through the delivery this evening, as I was on hand and just as confident of getting a letter as any body could be. Yes, my little Darling, I was at your good old house when you wrote your last letter and while the place did not have its usual attractions still I too must confess that I have a strong attachment for the place. For there is no place outside of my own good old house, & which I do not expect to see very often again, that is more like a home to me than Santa Gertrudis.

Ah, my little Darling, I cannot tell you how my heart was filled with sadness at the cheerless news from your poor father & yet it gives me relief to know that it lightens the weight of

your grief to unburden your heart to me. It is in such trials that we feel the value of true friendship and love and the sympathy of those who love us, and this, my Little Heart, you know. You have to the fullest extent from me and while the prospect of your dear father's recovery does not seem to brighten much, still there is an old saying that even while there is life there is hope. Much less should we grow despondent now for there are so many cases that have baffled the learning of the most skilled & learned men & yet nature in her mysterious way has worked a complete cure & so I have strong hopes that before long your father's iron constitution and his unconquerable will will win the fight and force themselves from the sneaking clutches of diseases. Do not think, my little Darling, that your account of your father's sickness grew wearisome to me for there is nothing more interesting to me. Do I not know that there is nothing that so fills your mind and heart as that? Everybody that meets me inquires anxiously about your father's health & express their sympathy for him on account of this long suffering and express an earnest wish that he may soon recover. I can't tell

yet where I'll good through here. I intend to stay until I have done all that I can do. So far I have gotten along very well & I do not anticipate much trouble for there I was received when I had left my own house as by a new home and I have always considered it the greatest compliment your father ever paid me when he told me to consider the place as my home, that I was always welcome there, and every place that greets my eyes there is connected with some pleasant memory. There I found a little Heart that has given new life and light to my whole [?] being. How often have I felt when I was away from that dear old place that while the world might elsewhere present a thousand and one beauties of nature and art that were not to be found there still of all the world that was the place that I would have preferred going to & where I heard others speak of all other interesting places in the world that they would prefer going to. I thought that my wishes were more modest perhaps, but let me go to Santa Gertrudis & let others to—to where they pleased. Yet on my last visit I fully recognized that there was that wanting in the place that threw such a chasm about the place for me. I did not here the footsteps that I learned to

know so well passing my room in the morning before going to breakfast, the sound of which made my heart beat faster & filled it with [such] a strange and wonderful rapture that I could no longer sleep but I felt like rising (not because I wanted breakfast) but I wanted to hear a low sweet voice bid me “good morning,” and I longed to catch one short glance from a pair of dark eyes. So you won’t trust me now to say whether I would like to take you with me as my misses [?] let me tell you little tormentor if I will always be so glad to have you with me on my trips as I would have been to have had you with me on this one. You will not often be left if you wish to accompany me.

Imagine my disappointment when I found after my arrival here that my old friend Miss Cocke was not here. She is visiting her parents in Cuero & will not return while I am here. Don’t you sympathize with me? It is a good thing your letter arrived this evening before I went over into Matamoros & saw the dark warm lights of the señorita’s eyes, and let me assure you, my Little heart, that it is utterly impossible for me to think of loving anyone but you. Such a thought or possibility

of such a thing never would have entered my thoughts had you not spoken of it. That is out of the question. My heart is at rest in your love. It cares for no other & will have no other. That is a fixed fact. Just as much so as that there is no one else who can ever wear the love that I feel for my own master. No one can take her place & no one can take your place in my heart for that love has become a part of my very nature and you need not fear that the fountain of that love will ever cease & flow for you. No one else can drink there but you, and the more you drink it, the clearer and sweeter, stronger will flow the current of that love, for it always seem to me the more I try to let it overflow the more I feel my incapability of exhausting it. It is like a whole. The more you take from it the larger it grows. Not a very poetic comparison but it illustrates this thought. You once told me that I was conceited. Do you remember? (no, you don't) let me warn you if you apply such pictures of a man as is given by the little piece of poetry you enclose to me. I will grow conceited.

Now, good night, my little heart, & remember that when we meet, our spirits shall mesh together as we drink at its

same fountain, and we shall feel that bliss that is the sweet reward of true love.

I will read the sermon you sent me tonight. I will probably wire before I leave here, to your father, when I leave so you can know when I will leave. Now may Heaven be with you, my little Heart, and hear your prayers. Good night (KISS)
Yours always, Robert

Laredo May 8th 1885

My Dear Little Heart

Here I am again in this heroic city — my fears were limited & well founded. All night long the rain fell, at any rate from the time that I wrote until after twelve. I heard the rain dashing against the window of my room. I was so tired I could not sleep though I went to bed immediately after having written my note to you I picked up my book—The Colonels Daughter & read and than I tried to sleep but I could not for I thought of a little daughter on the Santa Gertrudis & of the last moments I had spent with her, & how I wished I could be with her there again. I turned to my book until my eyes began to burn & then I fell to sleep and several times a little frisky pony scampered through my dreams some times his name was Ranger and then it was something else & I finally was back riding horseback through Lovers Lane with the dearest companion to me on earth & then such a peaceful refreshing sleep—filled with little short dreams that carried me about from place to place & then finally landed me near a window in

which someone was sitting & then I dreamed I tried to put a ring on my finger but my finger was too clumsy. Then I began to pay for my ring but the more I paid the more I felt I owed but such a sweet debt. The longer it grew the happier it made me. I felt that I wanted to keep paying it off & still I did not want it your less yet [?] my little darling. This debt & the desire to pay off constitutes the mainspring to my whole life. I can't thank you enough for your little present. I did not know that [I] could appreciate it as much as I do. A long time ago you gave me a little present just before I left for this place. I had it in my vest pocket & when in my room here—the same I am occupying now—I took it from my pocket and began thinking of the giver—and when I put it to my lips not to kiss it then but to blow it, it made very strange music. I thought again of the giver & wondered if it had been given with any motive in meaning. Yes I reised it. I had made a goose of myself that was it & this little present would assist me in speaking in my mother tongue. Do you remember the little duck caller you gave me? But now I have yet another present to play with. I try in vain to place it on my finger & would if you would [not]

object to my having it enlarged so that I could wear it? I
stopped here, as the train was just about to start [at?] 5 P.M.
arriving San Antonio 6 A.M. I arrived here at 3 ½ A.M. & start
now for Austin. Train was delayed by washouts. Goodby (Kiss)
Your Robt.

Corpus Christi Aug 21/85

My Dear Little Heart

I received your letter of Sunday evening last night but did not find time to answer it as I had an engagement with Capt. Kenedy and the old gentleman generally has a great deal to talk about and so I did not leave him until nearly twelve & when I got downtown I met Mr. Wells who had an interminable long talk about business, the result of all of which was that I failed to write to your mother on yesterday as I had fully intended. Today I have been unusually busy attending to business for Capt. Kenedy. I felt quite complemented that he should entrust the matter to me, the move, as he had concluded to take my advice on the matter given him some time ago. That together with a thousand and one things has kept me harder at work than usual. The fact is that I have not only failed to find time for a siesta in the afternoon but I hardly get enough sleep at night and you know

how I enjoy it even more here away from you. When I am near you, for do you know, my little Heart, I dream as soon as I fall to sleep, and there my little Darling is brought to my side, and we have such happy little talks in the hammock in the hall at home—in one the cars on the way to St. Louis for the good angel that watches over me when I lay me down to sleep knows that I never sleep so sweetly as when in my dreams you are near me and for that reason he leads me across hills and vales streams & forests & prairies on the swift railway train.

I am glad that your mother stood the trip so well. Tell me do you eat meat? and sleep enough? do try to and you will soon be strong. I told you often that your gloomy [illegible] caused you much unnecessary worry. So you found your little niece as well and happy as could be. When I first read of the grand reception you met at the depot I began to feel badly that I could not be there. I thought you had reference to your friends & I felt relieved that it was Maxwell they came to see. That's a nice compliment is it not? But the fact is I don't care if your St. Louis admirers make themselves scarce. I don't want them to bask in my little Pet's smiles. I prefer that you should

look at the little engraving you spoke of in your letter and then you may smile and think of the pleasant, the happy moments that we have spent together. I do not know of any other moments than happy that have passed where we were together. Even in the saddest moments our being together gave us all the relief that we could find on earth from our cares and sorrows. For it is but too true that in our gloomiest moments we learn to love each other most and we can appreciate best the sweet consolation of love's sympathy. Oh my own true Little Heart, how can I tell you the happiness and peace that fills my heart and mind at the thought of being able someday of clasping you in my arms as my little wife. It seems to me that I would never want to let you loose again. How that last sweet kiss at parting makes me yearn for the first kiss of our meeting. How your last linger[ing?] look makes me look forward to the first glance of those dear loving eyes when they first meet mine on your return.

I am not showing good manners to my guest Mr. Robt. Slayton. My good friend & partner came over to pay me a visit and is sitting near me reading, waiting for me to get through

with my long letter writing. He is trying to get me to go with him tomorrow evening across the bay to see his little boy & wife & I would like the best as the world to get off tomorrow evening & return the next evening. It is only twelve miles to Ingleside where they are & he says that it is a shame that I have not paid him a visit in all this time that we have been so near.

Now good night my own true Little Alice. May heaven protect you and your good mother. Give her my love & tell her that surely tomorrow will be her time for a letter. You may read it over her shoulder. Now again, good night from your
Robert

Corpus Christi Aug. 24th/85

My Dear Little Heart

I have been hard at work all day drawing up legal documents for Capt. Kenedy, & now that all may be well that ends well I shall at the close of the day write to you, my own precious darling, for after supper I have an engagement with Capt. Kenedy & I know it will be late before I will get through there.

Just think of it. [It] is over eight days since you wrote the last letter which I received (you wrote last Sunday). It seems twice that long. I thought yesterday evening on my return to the city from Ingleside where I went last Saturday evening to visit my friend Robt. Stayton & see his wife & boy, that I would find a letter. I went directly from the wharf, where the boat landed that brought me across the bay, to the post office but only business letters & a law journal greeted me there. Well tonight I am sure I will hear from my little pet. I cannot tell you with what anxiety I am awaiting to hear how your trip & visit is benefiting you and your mother.

I am afraid that I wrote her too long a letter about business matters but I could not well avoid it. Besides, if she did not hear from me often she might imagine that all was not going right and that would worry her more than the little business worry.

I had quite a pleasant little visit at Ingleside. Mr. Stayton came over for me in a buggy, but I could not leave here until after 4 P.M. & it is 18 miles from here & across the reef which you cannot cross in much less time than an hour. So we did not reach the end of our trip until after sundown, but it was a bright moonlight night and we had a very pleasant drive in. On our arrival we found other visitors there—Mr. Geo. Fulton, wife & two young ladies from Rockport. I spent the evening playing with the boy who seemed to take to me wonderfully having heard so much about me. I had not seen him for over a year. He is a fine boy, 28 months old. The young ladies entertained us with songs so the time passed well enough. I remained next day until 5 P.M. when I took a boat across the bay to Corpus & in a short time, less than two hours, I was in Corpus. Had full sail across the bay, which was just rough enough to make

it lively. How I wish my little Heart could have been with me on the boat. You would have enjoyed it, I know, for I do not think a sailboat would make you sick.

Mr. Stayton leaves for his house in Victoria today. I wish I could make the trip with him & then go home from there but our court is still in session & as the special judge has failed to put in an appearance this week I fear that I will be detained here all next week & then the week after that I have a case in Rockport. But I will not fill your letter with all the disagreeable things I am looking forward to. There is one consolation. I will get through with all the work as well as I can so that I will have more time to be with you, my Little Darling, when you return; I have had the good luck not to meet Mrs. S. so far & I hear she intends leaving in the morning to be away for some time, so her father informed us. Where to I did not ask. So I am getting on finely in that respect. I had feared that as she was so persistent when I was in town last before this that she would continue, but it seems that she has probably learned better sense since then.

I did not hear from Santa Gertrudis since I saw Mr. Doughety last Saturday. I had hoped that I would find time to make a flying trip over there some time this week to see how things were coming on, but I fear now from the way business is pressing here that I will not be able to go.

Now I am going to bid you good evening until 8 P.M. when I will have a little quiet time reading your letter and then I will let my thoughts turn to all the many happy little moments we have spent together & then I will call on old Capt. Kenedy, for old man he is worrying considerably about fixing up his business matters with his children & wife's children. I hope they will behave themselves.

Now again, good evening. The supper bell is calling me to my supper.

Last night, darling, after writing your mother I was terribly hungry when I got to my room, so I looked in my ginger snap box & sure enough I found a half a dozen snaps, just as nice as they could be, but now they are out, so hurry & come back [so] that you keep me from starving physically and mentally. I am getting terribly hungry to see my little Darling,

to clasp her in my arms and to look in those dark eyes where I
read what words cannot speak & there I would answer with a
(kiss) Adios. Your [illegible] of love, always, and yours only,
Robert.

My regards to your mother.

Sent to Alice G. King, 3815 Delman Avenue, St. Louis Mo.

Friday

Corpus Christi Sept. 4, 1885

My Dear Little Heart,

I shall never forget the first time I wrote those words and how happy I was that I could tell you what you were to me My dear little heart. Nor have these words lost any of their magic charm since then for me. It always gives me relief and fills my soul with peace and happiness beyond all measure when I know that I can rightly call you so and that you permit me to do so that gives your answer to me at once that you love me with all your heart. I have just formed the little request on the (envelope) "illegible" and you see I am obeying at once. I have just returned from Capt. Kenedy where I went since supper with your mother's answer to my telegram and now I have come to my room to have a little chat with you my own precious darling. First I want to kiss you for being so good &

writing me a letter on Sunday. You stated in your letter of Saturday that I must not expect a letter from you but I could not be fooled that way. I went to the post office with all the confidence in the world expecting my Sunday letter. You see I am right, never despair. Never look at the dark side of anything until you are compelled to do so. I am making good use of this pencil to remind me of our little trip together. I think of our last moments together. They were sad in some respects because we were parting, but in others they were of the happy [sic] of my life. Never can I forget your dear mother's blessing and pressure of her hand when I had kissed you my own precious one in her presence and I shall certainly do my best to prove worthy of the trust she has placed in my keeping and that which you Darling have placed in my care your happiness and very life. All I ask is an opportunity to prove my worthiness. How my heart fills with sweet emotions of happiness at the thought that some day my little Darling my Little heart will also be my precious wife. Then I can prove all my professions. Then I can help my Little Heart to bear the ills and burdens of life so much better even that I now can for

when others are near us I must always look on like an uninterested observer. Never mind, Little Heart. The time will soon pass when we must meet as strangers before others.

Your nice long letter is a good consoler for me when I think of the visit of the other young attorney who did not come quite soon enough to keep my little heart from going pitty-pat for me though far away on the borders of civilization. I wrote your mother last night asking her not to go to Va unless Richard could go with her and unless she felt stronger than she has been feeling since she left and I agree with you that it will be better for her to go Ky? Besides she would perhaps find her old friend so engrossed with her family duties or in other words so much married that she would be as she used to know her & then she would feel disappointed and she would not enjoy her visit there. I think next year she ought to try Saltillo, Mexico. I have known several ladies who suffered from nervous prostration [sic] like your mother and yourself who were so much benefited by their stay there even for a short while only one instance I remember particularly Mrs. Geo. Fulton, Jr. she had lost one of her children and had been so

grief stricken by it that they almost despaired of her recovery. She suffered principally from nervous prostration and want of appetite—and there seemed to be something in the purity—purity of the mountain air there that soon restored her appetite and with it came new strength—and she soon recovered entirely. I met her at Ingleside on my recent visit there & she seemed just as healthy and strong as ever.

You ask me if I knew when I would go to Brownsville and I do not know but I am going to Santa Gertrudis Monday morning and stay there for several days as Charley Blucher has some surveying to do that will keep him busy for some three or four days and besides, I cannot leave now until I close a transaction with Mr. Carson. I will surely take a “rest” in the hammock on the good old porch at Santa Gertrudis—and oh how I long for someone there to bring me ginger snaps and some one that I could make perfectly “furious”—a the little cowhide will be hanging in the same place and I think I would be only too glad to have a little Tyrant strike me with it, the thought of all these things makes me homesick. How much more will I miss you when I find the place we deserted. I fear

my little Heart that I will not be able to make my visit home as soon as I expected nor have I heard lately one reason. I presume because I have been too busy to write them lately and then I could hardly have the heart to tell them that I was not coming as I had expected for I know it will be a sad disappointment to them. I will not tell them this until I know all hope of my visiting them is lost.

Now good night my own precious Darling. How the days seem to drag until I can clasp my own true noble Alice to my breast. Do not form too many resolutions for the future. We will first take in the situation before we make any rash promises. I may not be able to be with you so very much during the coming winter that you must prepare beforehand toward offering to demonstration devotions. We will not cross that bridge until we get to it. Speaking of bridges that reminds me of the fact that the bridge has been repaired and that we can find the way across the creek now and we can retreat to the good old confidant—the old mesquite tree if the little nieces & nephews are too curious. Now good night again my own precious Alice. “Kiss” May God keep you harmless and

return you to me soon. Give my love to your mother. I will
write her again soon. Goodnight (Kiss) oh what an
unsatisfactory kiss, but this is all I can impart now & with it
remember comes my undivided boundless love for you.

Yours always

Robert

Sent to Alice G. King, 3815 Delman Avenue, St. Louis Mo.

Wednesday morning

Santa Gertrudis Sept. 9th, 1885

My Dear Little Heart

Such [a] night I had. Just begun writing to you when Don Reubin came in and remained until nearly 12 P.M. so I took up what I had written & considered I had best wait until next mail before writing to you as your mother's letter of last night would tell you that I was still among the living & loving. This morning I find the mail bag still there as they have not been in the habit of sending for the mail until evening. So I conceived while I was waiting for breakfast I would drop a note at least to my little Pet as I am going out immediately after breakfast to the Leoncitos League. Somehow, Darling, I don't care to stay about this house as much as formerly & I prefer being out driving. Can you understand why? Why I cannot tell you how much I miss My Little Darling. This is the first time since I

learned to love my Little Pet that I have remained here for any length of time, when she was absent & I can tell you it does not seem like the same place to me—but I am not going to permit myself [to] feel any more lonesome than I now do by permitting my memory to run away with me this early in the day. Tonight will be plenty of time for that so I will tell you of yesterday.

I went out with Mr. Doughty to the [Gilch? Fitch?] Pasture and on the way there while crossing the woods I saw a large bunch of turkeys & of course I at once attacked them & had to run about $\frac{1}{4}$ of [a] mile before I regained sight of them again & then I fired & killed one. This paid me for my mornings trip. We did not get back to the Ranch until after two—got dressed & wheeled the old reclining chair on the front porch took all the papers out with me and in a few moments read myself to sleep & oh what sweet dreams soon came to me. They brought my Little Darling to me & I felt her loving lips on my forehead when I awoke almost ready to reach out my arms for you. I don't know what awakened me. Your spirit I think. Well the bell has just rung & I must say adios (Kiss Kiss Kiss) with all my heart and soul

Yours ever

Robert

Sent to Alice G. King, 3815 Delman Avenue, St. Louis Mo.

Wednesday night

Santa Gertrudis, Sept. 9th, 1885

My Own Precious Alice

I wrote you a short and hurried note this morning—and I expect one such a scrawl a day is about as much as you can stand, but I know you have always been very considerate to me in the post, putting up with so many of my short courings [?] so I will trust to the generosity of your nature this time and afflict you with another scrawl.

Don Reubin has just made his appearances in the Hall and is walking up and down with the majestic strides of a pent up bear, just as he did last night, but he shall not prevent my writing you this time. I shall give him about 30 minutes & then resume this letter.

Well here I am again after about an hour. He had a telegram for me from Mr. Carson informing me of the arrival at

Corpus by nights train of Don Bernardo Yturrio who has come up on business with me. I have wired him to come out here as I am not ready to transact his business just at this time—but you do not care to hear all this long business matter.

Well, I went out this morning (here comes Mr. Doughty—he thinks I am lonesome and that he ought to talk to me—but I shall get through with him in a little while—tell him I have some letters to write) Well I shall start again, for I will tell you of the days doings. I started to the Leoncitos on dry creek land [?] took Ducky [?] & Mr. Doughty along to determine upon best moves and place of repairing or rebuilding the tank there which was washed away by the heavy rains this summer. We had two of the young horses in a jerky and away we went. I took my gun with me again and we had not gone more than about a mile or two from the ranch when a wandering[?] coyote sneaked across our path. I at once began the attack and before the wolf knew it his legs failed to sustain him and he fell. I jumped out and found that I had wounded him but he was not dead so I put the heel of my immense boot upon his head a few times as he soon was dead and his soul in the

happy hunting grounds. I scalped him and on we went—in full tilt—until we reached the San Fernando. “Andres” was driving and though there was considerable water in the creek he drove in and when the horses got about half way across down they sank into the mud. They floundered around and one horse soon got loose from the harness & struggled out to the bank—but the other horse could not get out of the harness. Finally Andres got him loose and out the second horse struggled. All passengers except my dogs Dick & Dock had to get out and wade out through mud & water. Then they hitched the horses to the buried axle of the wagon & pulled it out backward. We soon were on our way again found a better crossing and got over the San Fernando all right that time, took in the situation at the tank and returned to the Ranch. On my way back I killed a new mess of Plovers and at about 2 ½ we were back all safe sound and hungry, but we had my turkey for dinner. It was fine. I then adjourned to the front gallery wheeled out the big reclining chair and had a glorious nap (the hot weather is breaking I think for the summer).

This evening I went out again for a short drive to train my dog—after quail—had a nice drive. My dog did finely think he will make a good dog but I had rather taken a drive in the old big carriage with you and your mother. So it is we never know how much we enjoy a thing until after it is past & we can't enjoy it again. Then we feel that if we had just another chance we would certainly enjoy & appreciate the opportunity so much more. Thought I certainly have enjoyed the quiet drives at the ranch with you and your mother, the many little walks down to the old creek or to the bridge. By the way, the bridge is rebuilt, a suspension bridge one span across the creek. I looked for your little seat near the bridge but I think it has been moved, but Darling of all the different objects in this old hall there is none that reminds me of you like your little rocking chair. It is sitting near me now. What would I not give if the owner would only come and sit in it even if she remained ever so quiet (here comes Don Reuben again. The spirit of restlessness must be possessing him. He has taken up his time of march again with solemn stride) so I might as well give up the idea of writing more tonight.

Good night my own precious Pet. What an unsatisfactory good night this is when you are away from this old house so many miles. May He always protect you and bring you and your good mother safely back to me is my prayer tonight and believe me as ever forever your with all my heart & all my life.

Love—

Robert

Menger Hotel

Curlis Davis Manager

San Antonio, Texas Nov. 3rd 1885

My Darling Little Pet:

It is late now and I am a little wearied and feel like resting but I think I will feel a little more like I could sleep quickly after saying good night to you and acknowledging the receipt of the nice lunch you sent me to Collins, and the dear letter you sent with it. I was hungrier for that than for the lunch, though I had failed to get my breakfast before leaving Corpus, I presumed because I had failed to get my little supper of Kisses the two nights before. So I find the packages, took out my letter, and devoured [it] the first thing, and while it filled me with happiness it also gave me a strong touch of homesickness when you told me of the little delegation of two

sitting in the hall the night before and of the little girls with eyes filled with tears and I not there to kiss them away and of the little walk with your mother in the evening. Oh, my little Alice, I don't think that I would ever grow tired of sitting in the old hall or taking little walks to the good old Santa Gertrudis Creek if you were only with me, for it surely gives me great pleasure to share your quiet life in the country with no one near us but your dear mother, whose presence seems to shed a halo over it all, than to [jossie?] along the busy streets of crowded cities crowded with people who are nothing to me & I nothing to them, or to travel among the loveliest scenes which must always be [liking] the chief attraction when you are not there. And it is more pleasure to me and gives my inward longings more comfort to talk to you, Darling, and hear you talk of all the little every day occurrences around your home—of your love for me—than to hear the wisest statesmen or scholars speak of the great events that are daily occurring in the outer world. All these things at last only seem to be of interest to me so far as they can have any bearing or influence on my little Heart's life and love for me, for that is sworn to me

than all the rest, but you do not care to hear any more of my likes and dislikes and besides I did not say that I was going to speak of anything this time but the little lunch. I enjoyed it every bit. I made my dinner and supper out of it with a friend on Monday & today I made my dinner off of it and I had some ginger cakes left for a lunch tonight. I truly wish I could open my desk tonight and take a cake out of it. I think it would taste a little better in the old Hall than away out here. I also had that portion of your friend's letter enclosed in yours. I agree with her, Darling, that horseback riding would be more beneficial to you, only I am always afraid that [illegible] might move a little too quickly for you sometime and hurt you, and then I would never forgive myself for permitting you to ride him for I know you will never ride him against my wish but we will find some way for you to take horseback rides to suit us both.

Now, my Little Heart, I must bid you good night. I will have to be fresh in the morning for work in court. I will write to your mother tomorrow evening. Give her my love. May God

watch over you both and keep you harmless is the prayer of
your Robert, who loves you more than he can ever tell

RJK

The Myrtle Club

Corpus Christi, Texas

Corpus Christi, Dec 7th 1885

My Precious Little Tyrant

I cannot tell you how much I sympathize with you in your illness & how disappointed I was that I did not get my letter tonight, but your good mother had the kindness to write me a little note telling me how her little "chick" is getting on & while nothing gives me more pleasure than [your] letters still, Darling, I would not for the moment wish you to visit while you are too ill to do so without impairing you. Our good mother will keep me posted and I have authorized her to do my scolding & petting while I cannot give the matter my personal attention, my most pleasant occupation now, my Little Heart. I am only sending you this little short note because Richard is with me and I think he now is growing sleepy and as he does not take any interest in whist & card

games I am going to take him to my room and here we will have a long talk. Now good night, my own precious Heart. God Bless you and keep you free from harm and may he soon have you restored to good health again. I am going to do some little praying now for you as you did for me while I was in San Antonio, though I fear my prayers will not be heard as well as yours were. Still, what my praying lacks in merit, my subject is better & more deserving. Good night again & [I] send you a thousand kisses each as a message to tell you that I love you, my little Heart, with all my life. Your Robert

Tuesday

Corpus Christi Dec 8th 1885

My Own Precious Alice—

Tonight I was made happy by the receipt of your letter commenced on the 6th and finished on the 7th, and while I can well imagine how ill my own little heart must have been not to have been able to write to me on Sunday, it also shows that she was a little better on the following day. Now, my Little Heart, while there is nothing that gives me greater pleasure when I am away from you than to receive a letter from you, still I would not have you make yourself worse by taxing your strength too much in writing to me, for your good mother will write me and tell me how you are getting on and then when you are well again I shall insist on your making up your short coming in writing.

Now, my Little Heart, I am not going to quarrel with you now about what you say about my giving you presents. I will explain the propriety of that when you are well and will

content myself at this time by not saying anything more than to express my unqualified sanction to your using the little writing desk just as often as you possibly can when you are well enough. In writing me such long letters, one thing is certain I am improving in the selection of my presents. I think the desk was just what you needed as a reward for the many good, and to me, dear letters you have written me, and the little glass is just the thing of all others that I should do without, according to your judgment; but I am going to wait with my explanations. I only wish I could be near you to pet you, my own precious little Pet, and show you how deeply a truly loving heart can sympathize with you. I feel it more every day, that I am but poorly repaying you for the wealth of love you have shown me and given me by simply returning that love with all my heart, for I should be near you now, my little Heart, to comfort you and nurse you and cheer you. How I wish I could give you that kiss on your throbbing temples. Never mind. All will come right in the sweet by and by and then I will help you, and Richard has been with me all day.

We have been buying one thing and another all day long. The rest of the time we have spent in the Myrtle Club & he seems so much pleased with it that he has made application to become a member. He is stopping with me and while I am writing this he is talking with Dr. McGregor in the next room. He leaves for the Puerta in the morning. I expect to go out to see him Friday for a hunt and take some friends with me for a quail hunt. I wish I could go to see my little heart instead but I can't well do our mother to nurse and comfort one another. I wish I had nothing else to do and was at perfect liberty to do all for you that I would like.

By tonight's mail I also received your letter of the 3rd and the other one you wrote to me at Cuero. So you see, my little pet, your letters come in good time, just when you are not able to write. I also received one from Capt. K., which I enclose for your mother. It was written by his nurse and signed by himself. I hope he will be here the day after tomorrow night but without giving offense.

Now Good Night, little pet. God grant that you may be well again by this time at least, that that miserable old

headache has left you long before this reaches you. I am going to enclose just a little note to your good mother. You will not grumble at that because I have on several occasions enclosed notes to you in her letters. Good night again. Take good care of yourself my now precious little Heart and get well just as soon as you possibly can & then don't get sick any more. That is my order. Yours with a heart full of love for you only Robt.

My Own Precious Alice—

I have so often tried to tell you with what perfect happiness it fills my heart to be able to say those four words and to know that it is me and that you delight in hearing me call you so. This almost sounds like conceit, and it certainly is enough to make any one conceited. Still, my Little heart, I do not hesitate to talk to you as I would to myself. I cannot in fact keep from confiding to you my most innermost thoughts and emotions, and so I must confess that I do feel a little conceited just on this one point. And I cannot understand why one so undeserving as I should have been so favored as to win your love, my precious heart, for I believe with Schiller—“that to win the one love of a pure and good woman is the greatest achievement of mans life”—but while I feel that I have been successful in this, there is still one greater achievement, and that is for a man after having won such a love to prove himself worthy of it—and that, my little heart, shall be my highest ambition and I feel that there is nothing so great or good

which I could do in this life which would be more than your love for me deserves. So you must not feel gloomy or discouraged because you do not feel so strong yourself at this time for you are the main spring to all my actions, and my good health and strength are yours and the knowledge that you truly love me makes me wonderfully strong.

I am going to the Puerta in the morning. Mr. Alteo M. Campbell is going with me. It seems that no one else is able to get off just at this time. We will hunt until Saturday evening [and] take the train back to Corpus that evening. I am sorry that I will have to miss my letter for one day—Friday. But you are perhaps right, my little heart. My cold is much improved and I hope that by this time you will have reserved your throne & scepter and Key—Your greatest ornament in the way of dress.

Capt. Kenedy did not come tonight his doctors having advised him to remain until Sunday. Now good night, my little Heart. I have several other letters to write tonight. It is growing late for one who has to rise at 6 in the morning. Take good care of yourself and obey all our good mother's instructions. I

am sure you will soon be well again. God bless you. With
purest and deepest love for you alone.

Your Robert

Corpus Christi 12/22/85

My Own Precious Little Heart

I am again waiting for the arrival of the train and the letter which I think it is carrying for me, and I shall wait to get it before I start for the concert company or no company and thought it may [illegible] still I shall not deny myself the pleasure of reading it. Just to be prompt my excuse will be if I am late, which I expect to be that [I] was compelled to await the arrival of the mail in order to get my mail in which I expect a letter of importance, yes that little letter will be of considerable importance, so much so that I should be disappointed in and not receive it I will not be in a good humor to enjoy the concert nor to will I be as agreeable to my company. So Miss [Hennie? Harris?] should not complain at my tiredness.

Your little note contained but a few words but it told me what above all changes I would read in your hand writing that

you love me and that you are well and if I get the same news tonight again I will be in a good frame of mind to enjoy myself to be agreeable to those whom I may chance to meet. I send you enclosed a program of tonight[’s] entertainment.

The train has arrived. I heard the whistle as I began this note. So I must close and go. My friend Dr. McGregor is better today. Poor fellow he has a very uncertain future to look forward to. What a blessing good health is. I thank God [I] am as well as a fish, am free of my cold at last. So think I will be improved [in] time for Santa Gertrudis Thursday morning, and having arrived there we both will have that little walk which you promised down from old mesquite tree. Good night my own Darling Alice. God bless you and preserve you for him who loves you with all heart & life.

Your Robert

Law Office of

M. E. Kleberg

Galveston January 6, 1886

My Dear Little Heart,

While it gives me pleasure to write to you at any time, it gives me still greater pleasure to answer a letter from you but the letter is out of the question. I shall take advantage of the present message to indulge in the pleasure of telling you what I feel [torn and illegible] and what I have been [torn and illegible] to you so is necessary and I have you my own precious heart with all my life and I miss you so this evening.

How [I] wish you were here with me tonight & that you could attend the opera with me and hear Emma Abbott in Linda in which she sings [illegible]. Tonight I have company, my brother Randolph, the one who lives in Cuero. He arrived here last night on his way to Brownsville where he is going to stay with Judge Turner to attend Federal Court. It was quite

an agreeable surprise to us all to visit here together—the first time that we have all three been together for three years.

Tomorrow night Mrs. Judge Stayton is going with me then [torn and illegible] she and the Judge arranged last night [torn and illegible] of [torn and illegible] for a [torn and illegible] for eighteen minutes she I used to each his [torn & illegible] other. The next night I shall take my sister-in-law to the opera. The last & fourth night will be *Faust*. So you see I will have an opportunity of enjoying the opera to my heart's content.

No not that either for [torn and illegible] for the second night on compan?? for me to [torn and illegible] you. I am at [torn and illegible] the day [torn and illegible] preparing in [torn and illegible] your return [torn and illegible] for my mother on a [torn and illegible] of my last [torn and illegible] will hear it is again a delegation of [torn and illegible] attorneys. So I must close for now this callers are gone but it is time for the opera So good night & when I hear sweetheart my thoughts will turn to you and a [torn and illegible] evening up in the mist of the distant (?) future. May God keep you harmless. Give my love to

your dear mother and believe me to be as ever and for ever
your devoted lover

Robert

[This poem is written in black-bordered paper, as after a death]

From the Defattis

In this sad world of ours—
The dreary wilderness of care & pain,
This mystery, this turmoil of unrest
This rough & stony pathway to the touch,
There many tears & blurring shadows fall—
How sweet, O Lord, to know that we are
Thine.

That in thy hand this mighty chaos his,
That twice the key of this great mystery—

We could not hear it else!

For as the years go by

One sorrow makes a strange, prepared my

For yet another one by one our joys

Are wrested from us ere we call

them ours

And sweetest human ties are severed wide,

And sweetest human cares slip from our grasp

And dear home nests are robbed of

all the birds

And family trees are stripped of

flower & leaf

Any many graves lie greenly

side by side

And oceans roll between [illegible]

we hold dear—

Tell with sad folded hands we sit and say

How can God have it so?

For human hearts will cry out for their

loves,

And human eyes see dumbly for the smiles

of angel faces gave

God pity us!

A wrap us in the fulness of Thy love!

in infinite compassion by Thy hand

Upon our hearts & [illegible] Turn very still

And [illegible] help

us fear

It very patiently, until that blessed morn

Then all the shades of night

Shall flee away,

When we shall clasp again the

loved & lost

And every severed bond shall join

again,

When in the light that circles round

the throne

In all his beauty—All shall see the King!

Law Office

R. W. Stayton, Victoria

Stayton & Kleberg

R. J. Kleberg, Corpus Christi

Victoria and Corpus Christi

Corpus Christi, Texas Jany. 22nd 1886

My Own Precious Alice—

You must pardon me for using this business paper to write to you for I was compelled to borrow a little of the night to finish my days task so I am in my office. I have no other letter paper here & I assure you that a little chat with you tonight in this place has a very cheering effect on me. I feel that after the days labor is over I have someone to turn to for a few pleasant moments—someone who has been with me all day but while I was conscious of her cheering presence I could not take the time to say anything to her until now that I

am alone in my office with the key turned in the door & now I am going to tell her first about my new room.

I moved my furniture & put down my carpet yesterday & today I have it all arranged & fixed up. All this I did by proxy of course for I had neither the time nor the inclination to attend to that part of the performance except to drop in occasionally and see how things progressed. I went up about 12 today and found every thing in ship shape but my company the Dr. had not been in so I went up to Ms. Malloys' where I found him still in bed suffering from a stiff neck I was only too glad that it was nothing worse & stayed to dinner and now I have just returned from another visit to him as he sent me word that he expected to go out in the morning. I came just a few moments too late for supper but I remained a few moments and chatted with him, Mrs. D Hayney[?] & Miss [illegible] until train time and then I had the cheek to think that perhaps I would find a letter from my little pet at the post office & sure enough it was there & such a nice good letter too it was, just what I had looked for.

I did not write last night as I had a number of letters to write & then I thought, well tomorrow I can't look for another letter so I will wait until then & I will write one if I can't read one, but you see I did not know myself; for tonight I was on hand in time at the post office so that if there should be a little letter for me it would not have to wait one moment. You have doubtless just about returned from your little trip by now & are now talking to your friend. She is in her room. Will she see an old picture hanging near the door of your room & your mother's? If so what are you going to say about it? Will you blush & smile at the warm tender thoughts which it will kindle in your heart? Ah how I wish I could be there to speak for myself, not that you will not fully represent me, I fear only too generously. If you speak of me do not say too much for your friend might be disappointed when she sees me.

I did not like the looks of the saddle I had. I was afraid it might not be good and strong so I sent out a new one which I think is much better & I am sure safer for I can't tell what horse it will be placed on. I have nothing to say on the subject of horseback rides. I fear I have already said too much. I feel

just as I imagine you felt when I made an honest confession to you not long since & as you were so good and forgiving on that occasion I haven't the heart to be otherwise but do be careful, darling. What a terrible thing it would be if something were to happen to you & all just for the sake of a little ride! I presume I have an antipathy to your riding anything but the very safest horse. Well, Darling, I must close this now for I have a number of other letters to write, one to our own good dear mother so buenos notches [sic] God bless & protect you & watch over the horse you ride & may I soon have the pleasure of being with you, my little Pet—my little hertzchen[?possibly tyrant?], my own True Alice, so dearly loved by me.

Your Robert

Corpus Christi, Texas July 26, 1886

My Own Precious heart

I have just time enough to say good morning and to tell you that I will see you before the week is out, though I cannot say yet what day I will be out—Friday or Saturday. I think as court has adjourned until Friday & I have no cases set for that day & the prospects are that I will soon be through with my part of court, as most of my cases have been continued already as I am on the defense in each case, I do not object. Mr. Stayton is here and I will be engaged with him for the balance of the evening as he is going away again on the morning. So good night, my own true Heart. God bless you & preserve you. I shall answer your dear letter of last night in the morning when I will have more leisure. This is just to tell you that I am well and that I haven't quite forgotten you that I love you, my own Darling Alice, more & more each day. Good night (kisses)

Yours with a loving heart

Robert

Corpus Christi, Texas Jan'y 27th 1886

My Own Precious Heart

Tonight as usual I was on hand promptly to get my letter and while your letters always seem short to me still I cannot & do not complain for, Darling, you could never write me so lengthy that I would grow weary with reading it as long as I could find a trace of love in it but you must not deprive yourself of any pleasure just to please me by writing to me, for I do not deserve such sacrifices at your hands. Your pleasures at home are but few at best. No I will not say that either for I know there is nothing on earth now that you enjoy so much as being at home with your mother and doing little acts of love for her. I know that there is nothing that gives me such true pleasure as to be with those I love & those that love to have me near them, and the simplest little pleasure that I can enjoy with them gives me more real satisfaction than the grandest entertainment can give me when they are not near me. The truth is I am not all anywhere when I am alone and my best

part, that which is at the bottom of all my enjoyment, is a little girl that is very fervent[?] of horseback riding & her little request is so tempting that I cannot say no. I ride with you that is hardly fair—to tell me that you will go with me if you can ride [illegible] but I will not discuss that now. I am going up to see Capt. Kenedy as soon as I mail this letter & I will try & learn from him when he can go out with me. One thing is sure if he can't go with me on Saturday that then I shall go without him. I shall try to get him to go with me Friday. Now good night, my own Precious Heart. God bless you & keep you harmless and may He grant that we may soon meet.

I wonder how long your friend is going to stay! I am growing jealous, for court will soon be over & then—then—I will want to be near you all the time. Life is no life at all without you. Good night. Give my love to our mother & tell her that I have sent a kiss in this letter to her for you & that she must let you have it. I know of nothing important to [illegible] except that she must keep well.

Your Robert

Corpus Christi, Texas Feby 17th 1886

My Own Precious Alice

Tonight is my night to write you so I will not wait for the train to come in to see if it brings a message for me from you and tomorrow night I am to get your letter, still I might as well confess to you at once that I am going to the post office as soon as the mail arrives, for you might have changed your mind or something might have occurred since my departure which would cause you to write—and I would never forgive myself if I would not go to the post office tonight and then in the morning find a little white winged messenger in my post office box—caged there all night—anxious to get to me to impart a certain sweet little story that I never tire of reading or hearing. One thing I am [illegible] sure of you have not rode [sic] the pony since my departure for today has been quite chilly and damp [illegible] or rain all day. What a blessing it would be if it would only rain good a regular log roller and trash lifter[?].

The train was about an hour late last night and on my arrival last night I found that both Capt. Kenedy and Dr. McG. have shaken the dust of Corpus from their feet. The former took the train yesterday morning for San Antonio and the latter left last Saturday for a short visit to Mr. Geo. Fultons a cabin in Fultons Pasture & this morning the Dr., his cousin & Mr. Geo Fulton arrived. I have just left them all in my room. I told them a little white _____ that I had some important business letters to write. Speak of the angels & you hear the rustling of their wings. Here is one of them now shaking my office door demanding admittance. I will let them in but I must finish this letter. They will not know but that it is on business. I am going to tell you first how much pleased I am with my pictures. They are very grand I think. I am going to keep yours for you. I shall see if I can find a frame for it. If not, I will have it framed & send it out to you and if you like you can hang it.

The special judge did not come down yesterday and he may not be here for a day or two. If so, I will not get off from here before the end of the week. I shall try and get through with Mr. ODoherthy so that I can go to the Puerta next week if

you go out there—and I will bring with me either Mrs. Alta McCampbell or Dr. Mel[illegible] The Caruthers have gone to Washington to appear before the Harlon committee to tell all of them what he knows about Aransas Pass, so he cannot be at the Puerta. But I must close now for my friends are growing impatient. So good night, my own [illegible] heart. Be careful about the pony. If he should hurt you—what then? I shan't say. Take good care of your mother and do not fail to bring her with you. Kiss Kiss. God bless and protect you, my own darling Alice, & do not fail to write me for time hangs heavy without a word from you. Good night Kiss Kiss

Yours will be at soul & life Robert

Menger Hotel

San Antonio, Texas Nov. 16th 1886

My Dear Little Pet

I reached San Antonio this evening at 5:40 and after taking my supper called on Rudolph whom I found at his post in his office. With him were several old mutual acquaintances. Among them Mr. [illegible], collector of customs at Eagle Pass, my old room mate at Cuero of whom I have spoken so often, Mr. Gresser[?] little Luna's[?] father. Do you remember the little girl we met at my parents? He looked well and was only [illegible] I did not mention business matters to him however & ??? and ????? how he was getting on. While it was quite pleasant to meet old friends it deprived me of the pleasure of talking about home with Rudolph as I would have done otherwise. He is well and hard at work and seemed a little disappointed when I told him that his little sister did not accompany me. Old Judge Turner also stepped into Rudolph's room and took occasion to congratulate me and to tell me that

he knew I had a very sweet little wife. I told him I knew it too but was glad to get the judgment of the U.S. Court on the subject. I saw Mrs. Spohn Mrs. Starks & one of her daughters at the supper table. It seems "the lion and lamb," etc. I did not call on them [illegible] Miss Lott but asked Mr. L to remember me to his wife. Also saw Mr. Driscoll & daughters at supper. Did I not see lots of people in a little while?

The weather was fine today & I wished you and mother were with me on this little trip but tonight a cold norther is blowing & I begin to think that you are better off at home. I found the trip quite pleasant not [illegible] at all. I only saw Mr. Lott a few moments in the morning. I am to wake at 5 o'clock to take the train for Austin at 6 in the morning. Horrible to contemplate is it not? But if I have good luck I may get back tomorrow evening from Austin & thus save one day in getting home Friday instead of Saturday.

I bought my new hat tonight according to orders, am feeling well but sleepy as it is late, my watch not keeping correct time as usual.

Now, Little Darling wify, good night. How I wish I could be with you in our little room—singing laughing and talking before going to sleep—but that can't be, so good night, Pet. God protect and keep you [and] Mother safely [sic] until my return is the prayer of your loving husband,

Robert

Corpus Christi

July 27th 1887

My Darling Little Wife:

I have just finished reading your most precious and welcome letter — and to prove that you are not tormenting me in writing to me every day, I will tell you that the Hon. Geo P. Finley is now making a speech on the front gallery of the hotel while I have been reading your letter—and am now answering it. So you see I prefer reading your letters & writing to you to listening to the prohibition eloquence of the distinguished orator. He was afraid to permit Judge Hancock to reply to him tonight for he refused to divide time with him.

I will try Dr. Spohn once more & see if he will say what is best. So far he has said that unless I could get a comfortable and good place for you here you had better remain at home. I hope to be able, Pet, to see you Saturday at 2 o'clock.

I am sorry that poor Nettie is so worried about the question left her to decide but it seems to me that any of these

places would be preferable to Santa Fe to her. Still, I presume if her husband cannot decide for her, that no one else can.

I am glad your miserable cough has at last relented for it worried me and I knew it was so injurious and distressing to you.

Well, Pet, I am writing under difficulties—as parties[?] are moving around so, listening to the speaker, that I cannot write in peace. So I will bid you good night, be careful and to attend the show too frequently but as I have been with my old friend M for supper I have a first class ticket for a front seat at the show in a pass to better my spirit to the Santa Gertrudis an wild horses & if I take the trip I think I will see you & not stay out with the horses. God bless & keep you, my precious wife—with a heart overflowing with tenderest love for you, my little wife—Your husband

Robert

love to all

St. James Hotel

Corpus Christi, Tex., August 17th 1887

My Darling Little Wife,

Your dear little note and enclosed letter from Mr. James Hobbs came to hand and in due time tonight & while your note was short still as you say, under the circumstances, it was just what I would have you do. For I know it is not good for you to keep late hours and it told me that you and all others at home are well & that is the main thing.

I am sorry the military were so unchivilarous as to impose on your mother by quartering themselves in [illegible] house without being asked. I am glad their visits are short few and far between.

Dr Spohn called on me today for the gray horse I told him he could use so I sent a note by a man today to Mr. Dougherty to send the horse down by him. Tell mother about it. I feel it quite important just at this time to keep my promises with the

Dr. & to keep on the good side of him. I will make the matter all right.

Now good night, my own true heart. God bless & keep you safe from harm. I think I shall not be able to be home before Friday. If I do not send word to the country[?] house conveyance for me on that day.

Now Good night again with love for all and for you, my darling wife, from your devoted husband

Robert

ALICE'S TWO LETTERS TO ROBERT

(She is 6 months pregnant with Richard Mifflin Kleberg, born Nov. 18, 1887 in Corpus. Also see letter from Robert above where he is consulting with Dr. Spohn July 27th, perhaps about Alice's pregnancy.)

On beautifully monogrammed stationary AGK

Home Aug. 8, 1887

Sunday Morning

My Darling:

Here I am at my Sunday pastime again—but how much more would I enjoy the day if you were sitting by my side reading to me as you were last Sunday—but maybe you will be next Sunday so I try and be brave as you asked.

I received your dear little note from Collins yesterday—as usual it was a comfort to me; I shall enclose the letters in this you ask for. I am sorry to see from Mrs. Stayton's letter that they are not coming this summer for I never even so thought

they were a trouble as ?? ??? summer visitors are. Mama and had a good laugh over Noria's?? message to her Mother. It is just like her though. I am glad she is so pleasantly situated.

I had another sad letter from my friend Hattie. You don't know how badly it makes me feel when I contrast my own peace & happiness with her trouble. She seems to have resigned herself to fight it out, I fear under the mistaken idea of duty. I do so hate to see a young & beautiful life thus marred. and I feel quite certain it is her uncle's doing—if so I have no respect for him but I will not worry you with other peoples troubles. Miss Hou??? is visiting big. We had quite a little cleaner??? at supper time last night, and it has cooled the air wonderfully. It looks cloudy again this morning so I hope we are going to have more rain.

I presume Johnson told you of the good rain he had up his way day before yesterday?

You must take some Corpus water Darling, and try to get that bileousness?? out of you or you may get down sick & then your little wife would come to you “noleus voleus”??? so do be con??? and don't have too many things on your mind at

once—thinking, I believe has much to do with your ???? my well at present.

I am going to write to your dear parents this morning for I fear you will not have time to write this week—don't tax yourself to write me only when you have the time for I am old enough to realize that I can't claim all your time.

I feel well this morning with the exception of those ???? old back pains that the Dr. says are all right. I will lie down after writing ???? & then it will be all right. I want you to go home some time this month or next for it will be your only opportunity for so long a time ad it is so little we can do for those who have done so much for us.

After were no letters from you last night. No news, all well-with love & a kiss

Your always devoted

Little Wife

It is clabber time. will you have some, Darling? I enclose the three letters you did not ask for ???? old ??? you want it.

Home August 9 1887

Monday night

My own precious Husband:

Your expected letter reached me today and was so welcome to your lonely little wife. I am glad you had a pleasant tie yesterday for I thought of you all day and wondered where you could spend your Sunday not to be lonesome and where you would take Sunday dinner. ?? had a nice ??? voice told me you were taking a boat to Engleside. I would have been anxious and uneasy for you have had two risky trips on those waters and I would not want you to go that way again. While ?? I am glad you enjoyed yourself with those who think so much of you. I have no doubt little John ?? enjoyed your little visit for I have never seen the child yet that didn't love you darlig and I know we think if Geo?? spares that will love you more than all. I also know a little woman whose whole life is wrapped up in yours and ??? does so long to see you Hubby Mine.

Mother is not very well today—has something like cholera worked again and so feels blue—low spirited. I think it will do her good if she is cough?? but she imagines she is going to be like ??? in Galveston & so gets down hearted. I think tomorrow she will be all right.

I see that Rudolph is in Austin ??? he didn't have much time at home

Mr. Doughety came in today especially to see me he said and see how my life busy. Frank King has chills & fever—said he had them last night. It is too bad for they are ?????? he sent to Collins for some ague medicine. We did not drive today so ????? was not well but yesterday we had a lovely ride nearly to the Long?? gate on ??? road. And darling i don't think I ever saw so many plovers. I wished for you but as it was Sunday we could still only have looked at them. When you come back we will go & play the evening.

it does look so fresh, green & beautiful on those prairies. The grass is lovely down there & the cattle are rolling fat. I enclose you a note from O'Connor 7 Sullivan which came today.

Your little wife is keeping right well so do't worry. All the same I want you to come home as soon as you can for it doesn't seem half home without you any more.

Mother & Nettie send love and we are and all miss you. I wrote home for you yesterday and also tried to extort a letter from Ella by writing again.

I hope you are feeling better than when you left home & will keep well and not worry.

Well pet for some reason I couldn't get my nap this afternoon so I must go to bed betimes. Maybe it was because there was a hammock swinging to & fro ??? when I opened my eyes. There was no dear hubby in it to speak or look at me???

Now Darling don't branch out too much with Mr. Sutterland for you will have heavy expenses ahead of you in a little while so we must save up for the recession?? If Mrs. S. can enlarge our home that will be sufficient??????????

well good night dear. Take good care of yourself.

As ever,

Your Little Wife

