

C. H. B.

1906

Benjamin Franklin

Adams

Amesbury

Famess





Amalienborg
26. Mj. 1906

Милый государь
мой Милан!

Сердечно бла-
годарю тебя за
твое почтительное
напутствие ко государю
и семье, которое
неизменно и верно
отвечено.
Хорошо мне Baby
наконец-то вернуться

[illegible]

и неcessе въ ономъ формѣ
 и въ форма въ нѣдрахъ;
 и неcessе моча ест.
 и въ ономъ ономъ. Но
 Надростъ это эта бочка
 погрѣхъ почерка на поносѣ
 и поносѣ у мѣдѣ. Это
 неcessе, не поносѣ
 на то зѣбѣ у мѣдѣ
 это неcessе моча
 и на то бочка у
 Ксесіи и бочка. На
 Ксесіи у мѣдѣ добротѣ
 и добротѣ неcessе
Домановича и бочка
 и неcessе неcessе
 погрѣхъ поносѣ

Seu representatum Sp.
Reverentissime probo unice
Domine honi: coq
Reverentissime Xopos coq
q o h m o p p s. Imo Son tra
o d i c t a d e s' a d r e s
à des me co m m e s q i
p e u v i n t i t e d e s c h a r
l a t u r s e f a i r e d e
m a l a s a n t i a
s i c c e d e b i e n, S e n
S o n d e q u a n d i l y a e t
e x c e l l e n t B o t t i n
q i i s a c e p t e q i l e t
p r o p r o m e d e c i n
e t p r o p r o m e s i
s y m p a t h i q e e t b o n



qui Taccat
 Tant plus. Fair
 Le dome venir,
 s'est cep. cep. Bonkunk.
 — Mon menestry avec
 d'laasner. Kasper
 keentnoffa smokovine
 enaba bou, xom y-
 d'icmba de krasja
 m'rogandramer.
 d'g'et nooga moner
 mosturka et v'v'v'v'
 d'zet no tobe v'v'v'
 m'v'v'v', 8 et 10. Koga
 eannege 16. Et mo m'v'v'
 m'v'v'v'v', a y v'v'v'
 yre m'v'v'v'v' et d'v'v'v'v'

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Но менше ноща похити
и доглед ме и издого
но и горой гледи кина
да и бод меа бего хощено
Томаг и маторо!

Torpedo medusivora

Steven Marna

Maria Feodorovna to his son Michael

Amalienborg, 26th October 1906

My dear darling Misha !

I thank you with all my heart for your last, short, but dear letter which, as always, made very happy. It is all right that Baby finally came back and that you are now often together. I am glad to learn that you are in a better mood. But, what is happening to poor Petia ? Once again, he underwent surgery and they now must remain in Petersburg. God help him to completely recover ! It is just terrible to be always ailing, poor Petia ! I am sending you "guava Gelée" and I hope that you will eat it with appetite and like it; I have got it too and like it very much. I hope that the pain you had under the shoulder-blade disappeared. That is unbearable, I can't understand why must you have, happening to you, the same thing that happened to Xenia last summer ? Who is your physician ? I don't know at all Romanovski, and I am afraid of those strangers. It would have been better to consult Prof. Veliaminov or Botkine who is a renowned, good physician. It is a big mistake "de s'adresser à des inconnus qui peuvent être des charlatans et faire du mal à la santé au lieu du bien, surtout quand il y a cet excellent Botkine, qui, excepté qu'il est un bon médecin, est un homme si sympathique et bon qui t'aurait tant plu. Fais-le donc venir, c'est Sergueï Sergueïevitch Botkine".

What is going on now in Russia ? It seems that things quieted down a little, although murder and robbery still continue. Here, we are having now a gloomy and windy weather, but quite warm, 8°C and 16°C when the sun is shining. It is so agreeable, while you are already having frost and dirt. I came back here last Sunday in the evening and to-day at 2.30 p.m. I leave again for Fredensborg until to-morrow evening, as it is uncle Bertie's birthday and there will be a big supper with British officers who presented uncle Fredy with a splendid tunic. Next Saturday, before 8 a.m., Ch. and Maud will arrive and stop for 3/4 hour at the station, where of course I shall go and meet them, in spite of that awkward time, so early !!

Here, in town, I am after all more comfortable than in Fredensborg, where I feel indescribable sadness and moodiness. My own rooms became disgusting to me, such emptiness and darkness ! Everything has changed so much, even all people are new and unknown!

Here, I am surrounded by good old people, Arara and Atata, so that I feel myself more at home, "dans la bonne vieille" atmosphere. Everyday I give small suppers with guests, after which we play whist. To-day is Erik's birthday, his 16th. They will have lunch with me and Mary.

But now, I must finish this letter. My tenderest kisses to you, my dear little soul Misha. Give God the best to you and bless you !

With my warmest love !

Your Mummy.