



through evil report, has been the steadfast friend of the land we love so well.

We could not presume to take a step like this, did we not know well that the words we speak here, and the sentiments wherewith they are freighted, are but the reflex of the thoughts and the feelings of all our countrymen, from the green hills of New-England to the shores of the far Pacific. We are few in number, but we utter the voice of a nation!

One of the brightest pages that has graced the world's history since written history had its birth was recorded by your Majesty's hand when it loosed the bonds of twenty millions of men; and Americans can but esteem it a privilege to do honor to a ruler who has wrought so great a deed. The lesson that was taught us then we have profited by, and are free in truth to-day, even as we were before in name. America owes much to Russia—is indebted to her in many ways, and chiefly for her unwavering friendship in seasons of our greatest need. That that friendship may still be hers in times to come we confidently pray; that she is, and will be grateful to Russia and to her sovereign for it, we know full well; that she will ever forfeit it by any unmeditated, unjust act or unfair course, it were reason to believe.

SAM. L. CLEMENS, WM. GUNSON,
TIMOTHY D. CROCKER, S. A. SANFORD,
Chas. F. KINSEY, U. S. A.,
Committee on behalf of the passengers of the steamer Quaker City.

The Emperor had on a white cloth cap, and white cloth coat and pantaloons, all of questionable fineness. The Empress and her daughter wore simple suits of foulard, with a little blue spot in it, blue trimmings, low-crowned straw hats trimmed with blue velvet, linen collars, clerical neck-ties of muslin, blue sashes, flesh-colored gloves, parasols—lady readers will take due notice. The exceeding simplicity of these dresses would insure them against creating a sensation in Broadway. The little Grand Duke wore a red calico blouse and a straw hat, and had his pantaloons tucked into his boots. Simplicity of costume and kingly stateliness of manner cannot go very well together, and I was curious to see how the Imperial party would act. They acted as if they had never been used to anything finer. They were as free from any semblance of pride or vainglories as if their house had always been a village minister's house. They conversed freely and unconstrainedly with anybody and everybody that came along (they all speak English) and so did the great officers of the Empire that were with them. Our party of Americans who were so distressed the day before, as to how they were going to get through this severe trial with credit, suddenly found themselves entirely at home and comfortable.

The 15-minutes audience pleasantly augmented itself to half an hour, and then, instead of dismissing the guests, the Autocrat of all the Russias and his family transformed themselves into ushers, and led our tribe into the palace dining-room, into the library, the private chapel, the sitting-rooms, private writing-room—all over the establishment, in fact. I cannot recollect half the places. There was no hurry; there were plenty of affable Dukes and Princes, and Admirals to answer questions, and this part of the programme insensibly wore out another half hour, and something over. When there was nothing more to see, the Imperial family bade the guests good-by "till tomorrow," and we departed for the palace of the Grand Duke Michael. The young Grand Duchess, however, went to another door and bowed at the party in detail as they passed by. If you have ever called on an Emperor you will remember that little attentions not strictly in the bill were the very ones that went furthest toward making you feel comfortable. That young girl's pleasant face, its expression of friendly interest, and her timid bow, were not calculated to make any one feel like a tiresome nuisance. In my own case I know this was so. It struck me forcibly at the time that I had seldom felt so little like a nuisance before.

It is singular, but for the moment I forgot that before all this leave-taking occurred we were invited to the palace of the crown-prince of Russia (aged twenty), and shown all through it with the same absence of hurry as was the case at his father's mansion.

A drive of twenty minutes brought us to the beautiful park and gardens and the elegant palace of the Grand Duke Michael. The first persons we saw there were the Empress and her daughter. They had come by a nearer road, I suppose. Whether justly or not, we chose to consider this as a mark that they were not altogether tired of us yet. The introduction to the Grand Duke and his Duchess was hardly over when the Emperor arrived himself. This was about as cheerful as it could be. He caught up his brother's little children and kissed them affectionately. I could not help noticing that, because it was so little like what we had reason to expect from the stern Russian Bear we read about so much.

The Grand Duchess was as simply dressed as the Empress—as gentle and unreserved, and as ready to talk with everybody. Her husband was just like her in these respects—a splendid looking man, over six feet high, well formed, and endowed with as kingly a presence as one could wish to see. He wore a handsome Cossack uniform, and looked the military commander to a charm. He it was who crushed out, in a two-months' campaign, the Caucasian war, that had lasted 60 years, and won the coveted first-degree cross of the Order of St. George—the only man who has been so decorated in 30 years. It is a distinction that can be achieved, but the terms are not easy—dauntless courage, exalted military genius, and—success.

There was but little ceremony here. We were shown through the palace in the free-and-easy way we had already got accustomed to, and then our friends, the Princes, and Generals, and Baronesses, conducted the gang all about the lawns and groves of the park. I enjoyed it. I had reached my level at last. If there is one thing that I am naturally fitted for, it is to converse with Dukes. I got along well. They could not understand the subtleties of an American joke, it is true, and so they generally laughed in the wrong place. However, it wasn't any matter—they were inferior jokes anyhow, and some of them very old.

Some of us lingered in the grounds a good while, and when we got back we found the balance of the mob scattered about the reception-room and the verandahs, sitting at little tables, and drinking tea and wine and eating bread and cheese and cold meats with the Grand Duke, who ate at one table a while and then at another, and kept the conversation and the destruction of provisions going with a zeal which was perfectly astonishing in the brother of an Emperor. I did not suppose that the brothers of autocrats were so much like other people. Some people have curious ways about them. This sort of thing may have suited His Imperial Highness, but if I were a Grand Duke I wouldn't eat with those varlets. As the circumstances stood, however, I took a hand. They give you a lemon to squeeze into your tea there, or iced milk if you prefer it. The former is best. The Grand Duke's tea was delicious. It is brought overland from China. It injures the article to transport it by sea.

Well, to cut a long story short, it was a chatty, sociable ten-party, and free from restraint. Whoever chose got up and walked about and talked, and in all human probability would have been allowed to whistle if he had wanted to. And it was a pleasant picnic all through, from the time we left the ship till we got back again. We had spent nearly half a day with the heads of the Russian Empire, and it had seemed as if we were merely visiting a party of ordinary friends. There was not one of them but had said the kindest things about America, and said them with an earnestness that proved their sincerity—not one but had done everything he could to make us feel contented and at home. I fear for our less liberal hospitality. If they visit the ships they will find a sign up: "No smoking abaft the wheel"—but the Grand Duke passed around his box of cigars in his own reception-room. And there was another incident that shows how little he was inclined to put on airs, and how genuine the seeming cordiality of our reception was. This lordly brother of an Emperor, and himself sub-chief of half an empire, came down on his horse to Yalta, three miles, when we first came ashore, and escorted our procession all the way to the palace, keeping a sharp look-out, and dispatching his aids hither and thither to furnish assistance whenever it was needed; and, being dressed in an unpretentious uniform, nobody ever suspected who he was until we recognized him in his own palace. I doubt if he goes about escorting a rabble of plain civilians every day.

You may possibly think that our party tarried too long, or did other improper things, but such was not the case. Their going and coming, and all their movements, were quietly regulated by the imperial master of ceremonies. Mr. M. Curtin, our Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, was present, and his advice was frequently asked and followed. The company felt that they were occupying an unusually responsible position—they were representing the people of America, not the Government—and therefore they were especially anxious to perform their high mission with credit.

On the other hand, the Imperial families, no doubt, considered that in entertaining us they were more especially entertaining the people of America than they could by showering attentions on a whole platoon of ministers plenipotentiary; and therefore they gave to the event its fullest significance, as an expression of good will and friendly feeling toward the entire country. We took the kindnesses we received as attentions thus directed, of course, and not to ourselves as a party. That we felt a personal pride in being received as the representatives of a great people, we do not deny; that we felt a national pride in the warm cordiality of that reception, cannot be doubted. The address and an account of the proceedings have already been forwarded to various Russian newspapers for publication, and thus our little holiday adventure is invested with a degree of political significance. It is well. We represented only the true feeling of America toward Russia when we thanked her, through her Chief, for her valuable friendship in times past and hoped that it would continue.

The sea has been very rough to-day, but still many Russian nobles, civilians, and officers of the army and navy have visited the ship. Among them were Baron Wrangel, formerly Russian Ambassador at Washington, the Admiral and several Vice-Admirals of the

Russian fleets, and Gen. Todleben, the honored defender, for 18 trying months, of Sebastopol. For his distinguished services there he has been decorated with the crosses of the third and fourth degree of the Order of St. George. By invitation we visited the Empress's yacht this morning, and afterward brought back the captains of that vessel and of one of the Emperor's yachts to breakfast with us. We have visitors on board all the time, and if we only had the boundless politeness these Russians are naturally gifted with we could entertain them well. They are able to make themselves pleasant company, whether they speak one's language or not, but our tribe can't think of anything to do or say when they get hold of a subject of the Czar who knows only his own language. However, one of our ladies, from Cleveland, Ohio, is a notable exception to this rule. She escorts Russian ladies about the ship, and talks and laughs with them, and makes them feel at home. They comprehend no word she utters, but they understand the good-will and the friendliness that are in the tones of her voice. I wish we had more like her. They all try, but none succeed so well as she.

The Emperor is very tall and slender—sane, one may say—and his bearing is full of dignity and easy self-possession. An unbending will is stamped upon his face, and yet when he smiles his blue eyes are as gentle as a woman's. His hair and whiskers are very light. He is 48 years old, but looks about 53 or 54.

The Grand Duke Michael is very tall and well shaped; has a blue eye that must beam with wicked light when he is angry, though it is lively and pleasant enough under peaceable circumstances; his whiskers and mustache (a modification of the Dandreaud pattern) are light, and he cuts his hair as close as push, and don't curl it. He is as straight as an Indian, and if ever a man looked what they call "born to command," he does. His is the stateliest figure in Europe, I am willing to believe. His courtly grace, his fine military bearing, his varied accomplishments, and his knightly achievements make of him a Russian Sir Philip Sydney. He is greatly beloved in Russia.

The Czar and his brother would be marked in a crowd as great men and good ones. The Emperor Napoleon would be marked in a crowd as a great man and a cunning one. The Sultan of Turkey would not be marked in a crowd at all. I want to see one more assortment of Kings and average them, and then I shall be satisfied.

The day is drawing to a close, and the sea is so rough that the Emperor will certainly not visit the ship. Baron Ungern-Sternberg, the director of all the Russian railways, has come on board, and is evidently at home with the passengers. He has traveled a great deal in America. He is preparing to web the Empire with railroads. Prince Dalgoronki and Count Pesteties, members of the Emperor's Court, are also here, and we are getting ready to fire a salute for the Governor-General, who will be along directly with his family. They are laying carpets on the pier for them to walk on. They might have done that for the poet, but I suppose they did n't know he was here.

We shall have a champagne spree directly, I suppose, and then bid our guests and Russia farewell, and sail for the Sublime Porte. We have got so used to Princes now, that it is going to be hard work, during the next few days, to get down to the level of the common herd again. MARK TWAIN.

RUSSIA.

AMERICANS ON A VISIT TO THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

From Our Special Correspondent.

YALTA, Russia, Aug. 26, 1867.

The passengers on board the American steam yacht Quaker City have been paying a pleasant, informal visit to His Majesty, the Autocrat of all the Russias, at his Summer palace near this village. We were not smothered with attentions at Constantinople. America is in bad odor there, on account of her outspoken sympathy with the Cretans. But we found a different atmosphere in Russia. At Sebastopol we were received with great cordiality, and were not even asked to show our passports—a singular thing to occur in a Russian port. We were surprised because we had been warned that those documents would be called for and strictly scrutinized about every 40 minutes while we remained in the Czar's territories. One of the passengers began to inquire into the matter. The Russian officer he spoke to explained it in a very few words, and very graciously. He said: "Yonder is your passport—the flag you are flying is sufficient!"

The Sebastopolians said the Emperor of Russia was spending the Summer at the little watering-place of Yalta, 40 miles away, and warmly recommended us to take the ship there and visit him. They said they could insure us a kind, reception. They insisted on telegraphing and also sending a courier overland to announce us. But we had been told that the great Viceroy of Egypt had had his visit there almost for nothing a few days before, and we were modest enough to have our doubts. So we went our way to Odessa, 200 miles distant. Again we were well received, and again they said "Go and see the Emperor." Finally the Governor-General telegraphed the court, a prompt reply was returned, and we sailed toward Yalta. A great question had to be solved: What is to be done and how are we to do it?

We had the United States Consul on board—the Odessa Consul. We assembled all hands in the cabin and commanded him to tell us what we must do to be saved, and tell us quickly. He made a speech. The first thing he said fell like a blight upon every hopeful spirit: he had never seen a court reception! [Three groans for the Consul.] But he said he had seen receptions at the Governor-General's in Odessa, and had often listened to people's experiences of receptions at the Russian and various other courts, and believed he knew pretty well what sort of ordeal we were about essay. [Hope huddled again.] He said we were many; the Summer palace was small—a mere mansion; doubtless we should be received in Summer fashion—in the garden; we would stand in a row, all the gentlemen in swallow-tail coats, white kids and white neck-ties, and the ladies in light-colored silks, or something of that kind; at the proper moment—12 meridian—the Emperor, attended by his suite arrayed in splendid uniforms, would appear and walk slowly along the line, bowing to some, and saying two or three words to others. At the moment His Majesty appeared, a universal, delighted, enthusiastic smile ought to break out like an epidemic among the passengers—a smile of love, of gratification, of admiration—and with one accord. The party must begin to bow—not obsequiously, but respectfully, and with dignity; at the end of 15 minutes the Emperor would go in the house, and we could shin along home again. We felt immensely relieved. It seemed, in a manner, easy. There wasn't a man in the party but believed that with a little practice he could stand in a row, especially if there were others along; there wasn't a man but believed he could bow without tripping on his coat-tail and breaking his neck; in a word, we came to believe we were equal to any item in the performance except that complicated smile. The counsel also said that we ought to draft a little address to the Emperor, and present it to one of his aides-de-camp, who would forward it to him at the proper time. Therefore, five of us were appointed to prepare the document, and the 50 others went sadly smiling about the ship. During the next twelve hours we had the general appearance, somehow, of being at a funeral where everybody was sorry the death had occurred, but glad it was over—where everybody was smiling, and yet broken-hearted. The Consul's closing statement was that it would be etiquette to invite the Emperor to visit the ship, and that he would respectfully decline, as usual.

A committee went ashore to wait on his Excellency the Governor-General, and learn our fate. At the end of three hours of boding suspense they came back and said the Emperor would receive us at noon the next day—would send carriages for us—would bear the address in person. The Grand Duke Michel had sent to invite us to his palace also—both desired to visit the ship the following day with their families, the weather permitting. Counterfeited smiles never gave place to real ones so suddenly before! Any man could see that there was an intention here to show that Russia's friendship for America was so genuine as to render even her private citizens objects worthy of kindly attentions.

At the appointed hour we drove out three miles, and assembled in the handsome garden in front of the Emperor's palace. In five minutes the Autocrat came out, and with him the Empress, the Grand Duchess Marie (her daughter, a pretty, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl of 14), and a little Grand Duke, about 50 years old. With them came a few princes and great dignitaries in handsome, but not gaudy uniforms. We took off our hats. I found a reckless smile at the finest uniform, but I said it was only the Lord High Admiral, and so I had to smile it all over again. If I had had any sense I might have known that the Imperial family would be the plainest-dressed personages on the spot. The Consul read the address to the Emperor and then handed it to him. He said a word or two in reply, and passed the document to a court dignitary. This is the address: To His Imperial Majesty ALEXANDER II., Emperor of Russia:

We are a handful of private citizens of America, traveling simply for recreation—and unostentatiously, as becomes our unofficial state—and, therefore, we have no excuse to tender for presenting ourselves before your Majesty, save the desire of offering our grateful acknowledgments to the lord of a realm, which through good and