

"You will not find the Emperor at home, as he is gone out—but at two o'clock he will receive you," and continued to chat with him in the most familiar manner—enquired about his family—where he had been, and his prospects in life. He learned that at a very early age he had entered the Imperial navy—had never been at court, or seen his majesty. After chatting this way a short time, Alexander, addressing the youngster in a benignant manner, said,

"You may, sir, hand me your dispatches—I am Alexander."

"You rogue!" exclaimed the Middy, setting up a laugh. "You the Emperor?"

"Yes," replied Alexander, "the Emperor of all the Russians."

"As much as I am Emperor of China," exclaimed the Middy.

"And why," answered Alexander, "should you not be Emperor of China?"

"Yes, as you are that of Russia," replied the Middy, laughing heartily.

Alexander, more and more taken up with the manners of the Middy, continued his walk with his young acquaintance, when he sees the King of Prussia coming towards him.

"Do you understand German?" says the Emperor.

"Not a word of it," replies the Middy.

Alexander addresses a few words in German to the King of Prussia. "Here is a good opportunity," says he to the Middy, "of introducing you to the King of Prussia. Please your Majesty, allow me to introduce to you an officer of my navy."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Middy, "better and better. This gentleman is King of Prussia—you are Emperor of Russia, and I am" making a bow "Emperor of China. We are three Sovereigns, and why not? My Captain says, after God, he is sovereign on board his vessel. By the bye, how are the affairs of Prussia going on? In truth, that ancestor of yours, Frederic, was a noble fellow—as also your Majesty of Russia's ancestor, Peter I. But great as they undoubtedly were, I doubt if they would have imitated my grand-father, who, at the battle of Tchesme, blew himself up with his crew, rather than surrender his vessel to the Turks."

This was said with such frankness and gaiety that the two Sovereigns laughed heartily. When they arrived, opposite to a coffee house, the Middy invited them to continue the chat and take some refreshments. The two Sovereigns to humor the joke, accepted the invitation, and sat down to talk, and filling a glass with wine—

"To your health, my brother," says William of Prussia to Alexander of Russia.

"Truly," says the last, "we only want, with such a toast, the salutes of the batteries of our capitals."

"Be it as you say," exclaims the Middy, raising his pistols, 'here is a cannon, it is true, of small calibre, but it will serve for the occasion,' and the two Sovereigns could only prevent him from carrying his intention into effect by assuring him he would collect a mob about the house. On leaving, the two Sovereigns wanted to pay for the refreshments, but the Middy observed—'when I invite guests I never allow them to pay' and insisted on his settling for the whole. On the way back, the crowd seemed to follow them and thicken, as they usually did when they saw Alexander in the streets, and which the Middy could not account for. He sees the Duke of Richlieu whom he knew, as he had served under him at Odessa, come up to the Emperor of Russia and address him very respectfully.—The poor Middy gets alarmed—he is afraid he has got into a sad mess. But quickly reassured by the kind and joking manner of Alexander, he hands him the despatches which the King receives laughing, and invites him to dine with him that evening. Report says the Middy's frankness and jovial manner did him more good than twenty years of service.

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