

# The Monitor and Democrat

"WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."—James Buchanan.

McCullum & Gerritson, Proprietors.

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## Select Poetry.

### MY WORK.

I have a work to do,  
A work I may not shun;  
One path I must pursue,  
Until my life be done.  
What others do I need not ask;  
Enough for me, I know my task.

Let others seek for fame,  
The homage of an hour;  
I care not for a name,  
For glory or for power.  
The race I leave to others free,  
Such transient bliss is not for me.

Pleasure, that siren fair,  
Has lost her power to harm;  
Her joys are empty air,  
I own no more her charm;  
For other scenes seek to see,  
"Stay not but work while yet 'tis day."

To wipe the trembling tear,  
From the pale, morose eye;  
To soothe the anxious fear,  
Or hush the rising sigh,  
This is a bliss to live,  
A joy that wealth can never give.

To strive against the wrong,  
Which takes the name of right;  
To battle with the strong,  
And conquer in the fight,  
Brings truer happiness than could  
The warrior's wreath if lathed in blood.

**IM GROWING OLD.**  
I'm growing old—'tis surely so,  
And yet how short it seems,  
Since I was but a sportive child,  
Enjoying childish dreams.

I cannot see the change that comes  
With sure and even pace;  
I mark not when the wrinkles fall  
Upon my fading face.

I know I'm old, and yet my heart  
Is just as young and gay  
As ever it was before my locks  
Of bright brown turned to gray.

Know these eyes, to other eyes,  
Look not so bright and glad  
As once they did; and yet 'tis not  
Because my heart's more sad.

I never watched with purer joy  
The floating clouds and glowing skies,  
While glistering tears of rapture fill  
These old and fading eyes.

And when I mark the cheek, where once  
The bright rose used to glow,  
It grieves me now to see instead  
The almond color of my brow.

I've seen the flower grow old and pale,  
And withered more than I;  
I've seen it lose its every charm,  
Then drop away and die.

"That is more than I can tell you, not being at home in this part of the world. My wish is to reach Berlin, but if I find a resting place before I get there, to that I am bound, for I am weary."

"I should think you must have two hours' walk before you," was the unsatisfactory remark that followed.

The young man made no reply, and after a short pause, the stranger said: "If it please you to rest on the step of the carriage for a few minutes, you are welcome to do so. Herr, what's your name?"

"My name is Heinrich Meyer," replied the young man, "one of those who never refuses the small benefit because the larger is not obtained."

From inside the windows the next question put to Heinrich was: "What are you going to Berlin for?"

"To hunt for some cousins," was the answer. "And pray who may they be?" asked the unknown.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have not an idea who they are, or where to look for them. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether I have so much as an acquaintance in Berlin, much less a relation."

"The questioner looked amazed, and he said: 'surely there must be some other motive for your going to Berlin, or what could have put this into your head?'"

"Why?" replied Heinrich, "I have just become a clergyman, without the smallest chance of getting anything to do in my own neighborhood. I have no relative to help me, and not quite enough to find me in necessities."

"But," said the Prussian, "what on earth has this to do with cousins in Berlin?"

"Well, now, who knows? Many of my fellow-students have got good appointments, and whenever I ask them to let me know how it was done, the answer always is, 'A cousin gave it to him,' or, 'I got it through the interest of a cousin who lives in Berlin.' Now, as I find none of these useful cousins live in country, I go without their help, or hunt them in Berlin."

"This was said in a comical dry way, so that his listener could not refrain from laughing, but he made no comment. However, he pulled out a piece of paper, and began to write upon it. When he had finished, he turned around to Heinrich, saying that he observed he had been smoking, and that he had felt inclined to do the same, but had forgotten to bring tinder with him. Could Herr Meyer oblige him with a light?"

rest. After breakfast he spent some time in searching for the residence of Grumkow. The house was, however, at last gained, and having delivered his missive to a servant, Heinrich waited the result in the hall. In a few minutes the servant returned, and requested him, in a most respectful manner, to follow him to the marshal's presence. Arrived there, he was received most courteously, and the marshal made many inquiries as to his past life and future prospects; requested to be told the name of the village or town in which he had been educated; at what Inn he was living in Berlin, etc. But still no allusion was made either to the note or to the writer of it. The interview lasted about twenty minutes; and at the end of which time the marshal dismissed him, desiring that he would call on that day fortnight.

At last the time appointed for his second visit to the marshal arrived. His reception was again most favorable. The marshal begged him to be seated at the table at which he was writing, and proceeded at the same time to business. Unlocking a drawer and bringing forth a small bundle of papers, he asked Heinrich, as he drew them forth one by one, if he knew in whose hand writing the various papers were.

Heinrich answered that, to the best of his belief, one was that of Herr Muel, his former schoolmaster; another that of Doctor Von Hummer, the principal of such a college and so on.

"Quite right," remarked the marshal, "and perhaps it may not surprise you to hear that I have written to these different gentlemen, to inquire your character, that I may know with whom I have to deal, and not be working in the dark." As he said these words the marshal fixed his eyes on Heinrich to see what effect they had, but the young man's countenance was unaltered; he evidently feared no evil report. "I feel bound," continued the marshal, "to tell you that all they say of you is most favorable, and I am equally bound to believe and act upon their opinion. I have now to beg of you to follow me to a friend's house."

The marshal descended a private staircase leading to the courtyard, which he passed through a gate in the wall into a narrow side-street, down which he conducted Heinrich, till they arrived at a private entrance to the palace. Heinrich began to be exceedingly nervous; the conviction that this idea was not a mere trick of the imagination became stronger and stronger. Could he have had his own wish, Heinrich Meyer would at a moment have been forty miles from Berlin. At last he found himself following Grumkow even into the palace; he could not refrain from exclaiming, "Indeed, Herr Marshal, there must be some mistake!"

No answer was vouchsafed as the marshal continued to lead him through various galleries and apartments, until at last they reached the door of one situated in a corner of a wing of the palace, where the marshal's knock was answered by a short "come in."

As the door opened one glance sufficed to convince Heinrich that his friend in the mud and the king were one and the same person. The poor cousin creaked, greatly confused, knelt before Frederic Williams, and began faltering out many contrite apologies.

"Rise, young man," said the king, "you have not committed treason. How on earth could you guess who I was? I should not travel quietly if I meant everywhere to be recognized."

After reassuring Heinrich, the king told him that he was prepared to do what he could to push him forward in the profession he had chosen.

"But first, he said, 'I must hear you preach. On Sunday next, therefore, you shall preach before me; but mind, I shall choose the text. You may retire.'"

By the time Heinrich Meyer reached his room in the Inn, he had fixed in his mind the fact that he was to preach to the king. The text was only too clear, and all he could do was to set about preparing his sermons soon as he should receive the text. For the remainder of the day he never stirred out: every step on the stair was to his ear the bearer of the text.

Nevertheless, evening and night passed, and the next day was advanced, and still no text. What was to be done? There was only two days before Sunday; he must go and consult the Marshal, but the latter could give him no further information. All he could do was to promise that if the king sent the text through him, it should be forwarded with the utmost possible dispatch.

That day and the next passed, and yet Heinrich heard nothing from either the king or marshal. Only an official intimation had been sent, as was customary, that he had been selected as the preacher on the following Sunday at the Chapel Royal.

If it had not been that Heinrich knew himself to possess no mean powers of oratory, and that he could even extemporize in case of emergency, he would certainly have run away and abjured his discovered cousin. As it was, he aided by the course of events, and fortified himself by prayer and philosophy for the momentous hour.

Sunday morning arrived, but no text—Heinrich went to the church appointed, and was conducted to the seat always set apart for the preacher of the day. The king with the royal family occupied their accustomed seats.

The service commenced, but no text. The prayers were ended, and while the organ pealed forth its solemn sounds, the preacher was led to the pulpit. The congregation were astonished, not only at his youthfulness, but at his being a stranger.

The pulpit steps were gained, and the thro' flashed across Heinrich's mind that possibly he should find the text placed for him on the desk.

But, as he was on the point of mounting the stair, an officer of the royal household delivered to him a folded piece of paper, saying, "His majesty sends you the text!"

After having recited the preliminary prayers, the preacher opened the paper and it was blank! Not a word was written on it. What was to be done? Heinrich deliberately examined the whole paper, and, after a short pause, held it up before the congregation, saying: "His majesty has furnished the text to the sermon. But you may perceive that nothing whatever is upon this sheet of paper. 'Out of nothing God created the world.' I shall, therefore, take the creation for the subject of my discourse this morning."

In accordance with this decision, the preacher went through the whole of the first chapter of Genesis in a masterly way, his style being forcible and clear, and fluency of language remarkable. His audience, accustomed to the king's eccentricities, were far more astonished at the dexterity with which the preacher had extricated himself from the difficulty, than at the dilemma in which he had been placed. At last, the sermon ended, the congregation dismissed, and Heinrich followed himself in the sacristy, receiving the congratulations of several dignitaries of the Church, who all prophesied for him a brilliant future.

Heinrich ventured to express his amazement at the singular proceedings of the king, but was told that he could only have arrived recently from the provinces, if he had not known that such vagaries were quite common to his majesty. In the midst of the conversation a messenger arrived to conduct him to the royal presence. Being totally unaware what import his sermons might have made upon the king, the cousin-seeker rather dreaded the approaching audience. But Heinrich had scarcely passed the threshold of the king's room, when his majesty jumped up and thrust a roll of paper into the young preacher's hand, exclaiming, "Hurray, sir, pull away! take this for the light you gave me!"

Then, throwing himself back in a chair he laughed heartily at the young preacher's look of surprise and confusion. The latter scarcely knew what to reply to make, or what to do, but just as he got as far as "your majesty," the king interrupted him saying: "Make no fine speeches; go home quietly and examine the contents of your paper. You came to Berlin to find a cousin; you have found one, who, if you go on steadily, will not neglect you."

It is hardly necessary to add that the roll of paper contained a good appointment at the University of Berlin, and made Heinrich Meyer one of the royal preachers.

**THE GRAVE OF MONROE.**  
The New York Times calls attention to the fact that the remains of Monroe are interred in a burial ground in that city without a monument to mark his resting place. He lies beneath a simple slab, upon which is merely the inscription—"James Monroe, Robert Tiltonson, Vault No. 117." There is nothing to indicate that the James Monroe mentioned is the Monroe who was in the battle of White Plains, and received a ball in the shoulder at the attack on Trenton; who fought by the side of Lafayette at Brandywine; who was Minister to France in 1794, and afterwards to England; who was Secretary of State in 1811, and for two full terms President of these United States. Yet such is the fact, and that weather-stained slab of marble, two feet square, is all the monument that ex-President Monroe has. The Times states the following additional facts:

As Mr. Monroe was a Virginian, it is the supposition of most people that he died and was buried within the Old Dominion; but this is an error.

Mr. Monroe, in his last days, resided with Samuel Gouverneur, late postmaster of this city, who married his only daughter; their residence was on the corner of Prince and Elm streets.

The venerable Dr. Francis tells us that he often met Mr. Monroe walking out when the weather was fine, and on these occasions he was the object of the most affectionate attentions. He has often met him making purchases for the family at Centre market, where all the stall men knew and honored him. He was tall and spare, very modest in his bearing, dignified and gentlemanly. In his address he was hesitating and diffident; as polite to the poorest and humblest as to any. He was one of the most industrious of men, a hard student, and his cares left their marks on his face. The wound he received at Trenton was felt for many years afterwards—indeed, throughout all his life he occasionally suffered from it.

His last illness was a long and tedious one. His attendant was his son-in-law's family physician, Dr. Berger. He expired at half-past ten o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July 1831.

His funeral was a very imposing one—the largest that at that time had ever been seen in New York. The military, under Gen. Jacob Morton, grand marshal filled Broadway from Prince to Broad streets, through which it passed to the cemetery. The day was fine, and the signs of mourning were

generally adopted by our citizens. The vault in which his dust still lies is on the east side of the cemetery, just to the right of the main walk as you look in from the entrance. The passer-by will notice a small pole on which a dove is perched. Within a yard of that pole is the sacred spot.

Mr. Adams shares his grave with another man. He had no wealth when he died, and in his death no tomb of his own.

**FROM BENTON'S THIRTY YEARS' VIEW.**  
**DEATH OF JOHN Q. ADAMS.**  
"Just after the years and days were taken on a question, and the Speaker had risen to put another question to the House, a sudden cry was heard to the left of the chair, 'Mr. Adams is dying!' Turning our eyes to the spot, we beheld the venerable man in the act of falling over the left arm of his chair, while his right arm was extended, grasping his desk for support. He would have dropped upon the floor, had he not been caught in the arms of the member sitting next him. A great sensation was created in the House; members from all quarters rushing from their seats, and gathering round the fallen statesman, who was immediately lifted into the arms in front of the Clerk's table. The Speaker instantly suggested that some gentleman move an adjournment, which being promptly done, the House adjourned."

So wrote the editors of the National Intelligencer, friends and associates of Mr. Adams for forty years, and now witness of the last scene—the sudden sinking in the chair which was to end in his death. The news flew to the Senate chamber, the Senate then in session, and engaged in business, which Mr. Benton interrupted, standing up and saying to the President of the body, and the Senators:

"I am called on to make a painful announcement to the Senate. I have just been informed that the House of Representatives has this instant adjourned under the most afflictive circumstances. A calamitous visitation has fallen on one of its oldest and valuable members—one who has been President of the United States, and whose character has inspired the highest respect and esteem. Mr. Adams has just sunk down in his chair, and has been carried into an adjoining room, and may be at this moment passing from earth, under the roof that covers us, and almost in our presence. In these circumstances the whole Senate will feel alike, and feel wholly unable to attend to any business. I therefore move an immediate adjournment of the Senate."

The Senate immediately adjourned, and inquiries were directed to the stricken statesman. He had been removed to the Speaker's room, when he slightly recovered the use of his speech, and uttered in faltering accents, the intelligible words, "This is the last of earth," and soon after, "I am composed." These were the last words he ever spoke. He lingered two days, and died on the 23d—struck the day before, and dying the day after, the anniversary of Washington's birth—and attended by every circumstance which he could have chosen to give facility in death. It was on the field of his labors—in the presence of the national representatives, presided over by a son of Massachusetts (R. C. Winthrop, Esq.) in the full possession of his faculties, and of their faithful use—at octogenarian age—without a pang, plunging over in his last unconscious moments by her who had been for more than fifty years the worthy partner of his bosom. Such a death was the "crowning mercy" of a long life of eminent and patriotic service, filled with every incident that gives dignity and lustre to human existence. I was the only one named to second him. My part was then fixed. I went to the other end of the city to see Mrs. Davis.

I was sitting in my library-room in the twilight of a raw and blustering day, the lamp not yet lit, when a note was delivered to me from Mr. Webster—I had saved it seven years, just serene—when it was destroyed in that conflagration of my house which consumed, in a moment so much which I had so long cherished. The note was to inform me that Mr. Adams had breathed his last and to say that the Massachusetts delegation had fixed upon me to second the motion, which would be made in the Senate the next day, for the customary funeral honors to his memory. Seconding the motion on such an occasion always requires a brief discourse on the deceased. I was taken by surprise, for I had not expected such an honor: I was oppressed; for a feeling of inability and unworthiness fell upon me. I went immediately to Mr. Winthrop, who was nearest, to inquire if some other senator had been named to take my place if I should find it impossible to comply with the request. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry as to how they were. But no one will miss an except our immediate connections, and in a short time they will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and their soon will be gone. In a few years not a living being can say, "I remember him."

We lived in another age, and did business with those who slumber in the tomb. Thus it is with life. How rapidly it passes away! **THE FIRST MURDER IN KANSAS.**—The first man killed in Kansas was Clark, who was murdered by McCrea, a "Free State" man—a minion of the Massachusetts Aid Society. **Yide Greely's** Chronological view of the facts

**CHARACTER OF PETER THE GREAT.**  
BY SAMUEL M. SMOCKER, 1840.

It has fallen to the lot of but few of the human family to mould the characters and control the destinies of millions of their fellow beings. The unenviable pre-eminence has belonged to such men as Mahomet, Charlemagne, Columbus, and Napoleon. In a few great almost equal to any of these, it was the portion of the great man, who has justly been termed the founder and creator of that vast, diversified, and powerful empire, over which the house of Romanoff now sways with a despotic sceptre.

It is singular to observe, how, in the written instructions which Peter left behind for the guidance of his successors, there is to be found designated the exact line of policy which they have ever since pursued. In these instructions he enjoins that the Russian nation must be constantly kept on a war footing; that the most able commanders from other countries must be invited to take service in the army of Russia; that no opportunity must be lost in interfering in the affairs and disputes of the rest of Europe; that Poland must be divided by internal feuds, in order that she may ultimately be conquered; that the imperial family must always marry among the German princes, and, especially, that constant reference must ever be had to the legitimate and paramount purpose of enlarging the dominions of the Sultan, to the sceptre of the Muscovite kings. And the real intent of his ambition will be apparent from the following passage, with which he concludes these remarkable instructions: "When Sweden, our Persia, vanquished, Poland, subjugated, and Turkey conquered, when the Empire and the Baltic are completely and exclusively subject to our control, overtures should be made to the courts of Versailles and Vienna, to divide with them the dominion of the world. If either of them accepts, we must make me of that one to assist us in subjugating the other. We may then, on some spacious quarter, quarrel with our only remaining rival, and subjugate him to our power!"

In a word, the vast genius of Peter had projected the acquisition of universal Empire. The same but glorious chimera which had inflamed the ambitious mind of Napoleon, had also attracted the adventurous and daring genius of Peter; thus, proving that, between intellects of the highest and mightiest calibre, there are often strange coincidences, both of passion and of weakness.

The character of Peter the Great was a singular combination of adverse and incongruous qualities, but a combination in which the good and the great largely preponderated. His mind possessed extraordinary vigour and energy. Nothing was too minute and insignificant to escape his scrutiny. If it either promoted his purposes or impeded them, thus, driving one of his foreign-born, he sent back to Russia the model of a coffin. At another time he imported, at an immense number of brush-makers, of basket-makers, of rat catchers, and of Dutch cats, into his capital. At the same time, while he was depending to these insignificant details, he grandeur and magnificence of his enterprises were such as to excite the wonder of all men and to rival those even of Chastelaine and Napoleon.

The innumerable interests of nearly the half of two continents engrossed his attention, nor did these seem to be too great for the grasp of his comprehensive mind. The objects of all his reforms and labors evidently were, to do good, and to benefit his people. That he was a wise, sagacious, persevering patriot, cannot be denied. That, under any circumstances, or in any position of life, he would have been a remarkable person, is unquestionable. But it is also true that he was deformed by several great defects. His passions were ungovernable; and he cared but little for his value and the worth of human life. It is true that he could found a vast empire; that he could infuse into a sluggish people active enterprise and life; that he could develop national resources; that he could build great cities; that he could skillfully organize and administer the machinery of government; that he could discipline armies, build navies, and gain victories. But a nature, which bestowed upon him in a liberal measure all these high qualities, had withheld from him that nobler and more exalted attribute, without the possession of which no man ever reaches the sublimest niche in the pantheon of immortal fame—the power to conquer and civilize himself. Until the day of his death, Peter the Great, in this respect, eminently deserved the title of Peter the Little. Until his death hour, he remained a rough hewn Colossus in some respects as savage as Attila; his blood-thirsty as Tiberius, as implacable as Atrée. Nor was he himself devoid of the discrimination necessary to see, or of the candor necessary to confess the existence of these great defects. He confessed openly one to his friends, after one of his terrible outbreaks of passion, that he could forgive others, but himself he could not forgive. But he was entirely ignorant of the age in which he lived, and for the people over whom he ruled; and he was not to blame him for not having done more, or for not having been greater, just as we cannot blame Columbus for not having discovered the virgin glories of this western world, or stately ships propelled by steam.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE CLERGYMAN'S ADVENTURE.

A CAPITAL PRESSION STORY.

On a dreary day, in the reign of Frederic William, a heavy travelling carriage was slowly lumbering along the muddy road from Potsdam to Berlin. Within it was one person only, who took no heed of the slowness of the travelling; but leaning back in a corner, was arranging a multiplicity of papers contained in a small pocket-book. Since he was dressed in a plain dark military uniform, it was fair to suppose that this gentleman belonged to the Prussian army, but to what grade of it nobody could determine, as all traces of rank had been avoided. A chilly November evening was closing in, and though the rain had for a time ceased, yet dark masses of clouds flying through the sky gave warning of a "weeping" darkness as at hand. The road grew heavier, at least as it should have seemed to a foot-traveller who was ploughing his way through the mire; and so doubtful it did seem to the carriage horses, who floundered along so slowly that the pedestrian when they had overtaken kept easily by the side of the coach, the occupant of which looked out of the window, and perceiving the stranger, called out in rather an authoritative tone of voice:

"Hallo! young man, whither are you bound this stormy looking night?"