

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

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BIOGRAPHY.

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GEN. RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

Richard Montgomery was born in Ireland, in the year 1737, and was a member of a most respectable family in the north part of that country. They are not of the titled nobility, but are of such a standing as respects property and character, that they associate with the highest in the land. This was the standing of the family when Richard was born, and such it continues to be to the present day.

In 1775, when troops were raised for the Continental service in these (then) Colonies, Mr. Montgomery was found residing on the banks of the North River, in the State of New York.—He had previously been in the British service, and been on duty with his regiment in this country, and had, in soldiers' phrase, 'seen a great deal of service.' His career from the first (and he held a commission at the age of eighteen) was marked with intrepidity and remarkable courage, so much so, that he was a universal favorite with his fellow soldiers, from the highest to the lowest. Notwithstanding which, he resigned his commission when he returned with his regiment to England.

Soon after this event, which was probably only preparatory to the next step, he returned to this country, and, being a soldier by profession, determined, if he followed his profession, that his talents should be used in the cause of liberty rather than that of tyranny.

In 1775, it has been stated, found him residing in the State of New York, and the same year found him in possession of a commission of Brigadier General in the Colonial army. The post assigned him was under General Schuyler, who then had chief command of the northern army, so called, and whose position was on or near the Canadian lines. He was not long idle after joining the army, and his numerous engagements with the enemy were only a series of victories, until he finally captured and took possession of the important Fort of St. John and city of Montreal.

Whilst these operations were going on, Washington was encamped with the main army in this vicinity, in Cambridge, and then and there projected the expedition which set out under the command of Colonel Arnold, and crossed the wilderness from the Kennebec river to the Canada lines. The intention of General Washington was, that this detachment should join and cooperate with the northern army under Schuyler, and that when united they would attack and capture the fortress of Quebec. After Arnold had been some weeks on his march, and when he was in the depths of the wilderness, news came to Washington that Schuyler was sick, and was utterly unable to lead the army to the intended attack on Quebec. This was sad news to Washington, for two reasons; first, he was losing the services of an officer in whom he had great confidence; and next, the gentleman whom he believed to be second in command, and who would of course take Schuyler's place, was one in whom he had little confidence for the execution of such an enterprise as was then in hand. He believed the command devolved on General Wooster, and under this impression wrote to Schuyler (who was then sick) as follows: "General Wooster, I am informed, is not of such activity as to press through difficulties with which that service is environed. I am therefore much alarmed for Arnold, whose expedition was built upon yours, and who will inevitably perish if the invasion and entry into Canada are abandoned by your successor."

These fears, however, were not needed, the fact being, though then unknown to Washington, that Montgomery stood one degree higher than Wooster, consequently, he took the command, and Wooster, under him, took a portion of the army.

After this, when Washington was informed that Montgomery was entitled to and had assumed the command, his joy was

unbounded. He knew Montgomery's character for enterprise, perseverance and bravery, and consequently felt once more full confidence in the success of the expedition. In writing again to Schuyler, he requested him 'to convey his best wishes and regards to General Montgomery.'

The result of this bold attempt on a fortress which is one of the two strongest in the world, is known to every reader of American history.—Montgomery fell in the actual possession of victory, but his fall created such a panic and consternation amongst his followers, that defeat followed almost instantly.

To show the political sagacity, as well as the bravery of Montgomery, one fact may be noticed. Whilst he was pushing his conquests along the Canada lines, Congress saw the advantages that would be gained, if the Canadians could be brought over to take part with these colonies, and appointed a committee to proceed to the Northern Army and there confer with and assist General Schuyler. In the instructions to this committee are these words: "Congress desires you to exert your utmost endeavors to induce the Canadians to accede to a union with these Colonies, and that they form from their several parishes a provincial convention, and send delegates to this Congress. "This was done in the wisdom of Congress, and all the formality of a travelling committee had to be used to lay the invitations before the Canadians. But, what was Montgomery doing all this time? He had done, single handed, and by the volition of his own will, the very thing which Congress had voted to do. When he took possession of Montreal on the 12th of November, he issued a proclamation or address to the Canadians, in which he gives the same invitation that the Congress committee was instructed to give, and the language of the two documents is so similar, that it would almost appear as if they had been written by the same hand. So much for the sagacity and zeal with which he devoted himself to the service of his adopted country!

Montgomery's sense of honor was very acute. He was one of the most high-minded of men.—An instance in proof will be given. When the Fort of St. John capitulated to him, his own soldiers were not in the most comfortable situation as respected their clothing. The British soldiers were well provided. The circumstance was rather tempting to the victorious army, particularly on the approach and within the reach of a Canadian winter. They thought then, as some politicians are said to have thought since, 'that the spoils belong to the victors.' But Montgomery said No: private property shall be respected. 'These men are our prisoners, but we will not strip them. He describes the circumstance himself, as follows, in a letter addressed to General Schuyler at the lines—and any other language than his own would do him injustice, when that can be had access to.

"The officers of the first regiment of Yorkers and artillery company were very near a munity the other day, because I would not stop the clothing of the garrison of St. Johns. I would not have sullied my own reputation nor disgraced the continental army, with such a breach of capitulation for the world. There was no driving it into their heads that the clothing was really the property of the soldier. That he had paid for it, and that every regiment in this country, especially, saved a year's clothing to have decent clothes to wear on particular occasions."

To such noble conduct did his sense of honor prompt him.

In those days it was no drawback to a brave man and a soldier, that he was an Irishman.—Washington esteemed the talents and services of the Irish Montgomery as much as he did those of the American Schuyler. An instance will be given. The insubordination of the troops was a source of great trouble to all the commanding officers in the colonial service. This contempt of authority had gained such as-

pendancy in the northern army, that Schuyler, and Montgomery were both driven to the determination at one time of resigning their commissions. Washington heard of their chagrin, and wrote to Schuyler as follows:

"I am very sorry to find that both you and General Montgomery incline to quit the service. Let me ask you, sir, when is the time for brave men to exert themselves in the cause of liberty and their country, if this is not? Should any difficulties that they may have to encounter at this important crisis deter them? God knows there is not a difficulty that you both very justly complain of, which I have not in an eminent degree experienced. We must bear up against them, and make the most of mankind as they are, since we cannot have them as we wish. Let me, therefore, conjure you to lay aside such thoughts whilst the country so much needs the services of gentlemen of your abilities."

One more instance will only be given, to show the esteem in which Montgomery was held by Washington. After he had heard of his fall in the city of Quebec, he wrote to General Schuyler a letter, from which the following is an extract:

"I am heartily sorry, and most sincerely condole with you, upon the fall of the brave and worthy Montgomery. In the death of this gentleman, America has sustained a heavy loss, having proven himself a steady friend to her rights, and of ability to render her the most essential service."

A REVOLUTIONARY ROMANCE.

West Point was one of the most impregnable posts of the American army during the revolutionary war. Its commanding situation afforded a prospect of the country for many miles round, and its natural defences, assisted with a little art, rendered it one of the most important fastnesses of the American army during the eight years contest with the British nation; and the consequences attached to it, in a military point of view, was evinced by the frequent but unsuccessful efforts of the enemy to obtain possession of it.—It was here that Arnold conceived the horrid purpose of bartering his country for gold. This conspiracy, however, which aimed a death blow at liberty in the western hemisphere, resulted, as every one knows, only in the universal contempt and ignominy of Arnold, and the lamented death of the unfortunate Andre.

It was in the latter part of the year 17—, the fourth year of the struggle between England and her colonies, that the British meditated another attack on West Point, which they intended should decide the contest. For this purpose, secret preparations had been going on for some time, and small parties were daily sent out to reconnoitre the American camp.—About three or four days before this memorable action took place, one of these reconnoitering parties, fatigued with the exertions of the day, and finding them unable to reach their place of destination before night, halted near the entrance of a wood, resolving there to take up their quarters for the night. The party was headed by a brave officer, Col W—, who though young, had already distinguished himself in several engagements. Being within three miles of the American camp, and of course liable at any moment to be surprised and taken prisoners by the Americans, or the savages who prowled around, two of the party were obliged to act as sentinels, while the others reposed themselves. Col W—, not being inclined to sleep laid himself on the ground near a tree, which his companion had ascended, and was soon completely absorbed in a reverie of bright hopes of future glory, strangely mingled with thoughts of those he had left in his native land. Suddenly he was aroused by the tramping of a horse, and seizing his musket, was preparing to awaken his companions, when he perceived through the trees, a foaming steed, who had ran away with its rider;

in an instant he perceived it was a lady, and darting through the thicket, he caught the bridle of the horse just in time to prevent her from being crushed under his heels. He assisted the lady to dismount, and half dead with error, she sank almost senseless on the trunk of a tree. By the time the officer had secured the horse, she recovered from her fright, and informed him that she was the daughter of General Montrose, commander of the garrison then stationed at West Point; that riding out with some of her companions, her horse had taken fright, and she was soon lost to their view, and probably but for his timely assistance, she would have been dashed to pieces in the forest. When the lady was sufficiently rested, the gallant officer, at her own request, set out to escort her home. The sun was just setting in all its splendor and throwing its departing beams upon the beautiful variegated hue of the distant forests, as they came in sight of the American encampment; they had not proceeded far, when they met the lady's companions, her own brother and a young friend, riding at full speed in search of her. Overjoyed at finding her in safety, they forgot for a moment the presence of a stranger; the rescued lady was first to remember, and turning to the officer, said, "by what name shall I thank the brave preserver of my life?" "Reserve your thanks, fair lady, for Him in whose hands I was but the humble instrument," said the officer; "my name is Eugene W— Colonel in his majesty's 42d regiment." "Eugene W—!" said the lady's brother, "is it possible he can have forgotten his friend George Montrose?" "What! are you George Montrose?" said the officer, and the soldiers embraced each other. They had been classmates and intimate friends at Oxford, and when the father of Montrose removed with his family to America, just before the breaking out of the revolutionary war, little did the friends expect at parting to meet again as soldiers in a different cause.

The morning at last dawned, which was as it might be said, to decide the fate of the colonies; for the British were already in possession of New York, and several other important places, and expected, if successful in this last attempt, to bring the colonies into entire submission. But their projects were defeated—the Americans received intelligence of their movements a few hours before, and made such hasty preparations as time would permit, and being actuated by one spirit, "to conquer or to die," this small garrison of five hundred men, held out against four thousand of the British troops, till they received relief from head quarters, three days after, and then the British were entirely defeated. General Montrose was wounded, but not mortally, and his son escaped unhurt, although he was in the thickest part of the fray. Several of the enemy were taken prisoners, among whom was the gallant Col. W—. Severely wounded, he would never have recovered, but for the care and attention of Emily Montrose. After the campaign was ended, these two persons, so singularly bro't together, were united in marriage.

A WEDDING.

The bride turned a little pale, and then a little flushed, and at last had just the right quantity of bright, becoming color, and almost shed a tear, but not quite, for a smile came instead and chased it away. The bridegroom was warned not to forget the ring, and a' were assembled round the altar. "I will," was uttered in a clear, low voice, and the new name was written—and Sophy Grey was Sophy Grey no more: and she turned her bright face to be looked on, and loved; and admired, by the crowd of relations and friends surrounding her; and they thought that Sophy Stoketon was still dearer and prettier than even Sophy Grey had been—and then the carriages were entered, and the house was reached, Sophy walked into her father's

house—her childhood's home—her home no longer—and the bridal dress was changed, and the travelling dress took its place and all crowded round her to say good by—to look and look on that dear face once more—to feel that her fate was sealed—to pray that it might be a happy one—to think that she was going away—away from her home—away with a stranger? and tears and smiles were mingled, and fond looks, and long embraces, and father's mingled tear and sorrow was on her cheek; and the sister's tear, that vainly tried to be a smile, and the mother's sops; and Sophy Grey left her father's house—left with the bright beam of joy and hope upon her brow; and another moment, the carriage door was closed, the last good-by uttered—and Sophy was gone. Oh! how melancholy! how lonely does the house appear, where but a moment before all had been interest and hurry! Who has not experienced the deserted sensation, when those we have been accustomed to see are gone—when the agitation, the interest at parting is over: the forlorn, empty look of the room—the work box, the drawing materials, the music, all gone; or perhaps, one single thing left to remind how all was—a flower, perhaps, that had been gathered and cast aside—the cover of a letter which had been scribbled over in the forgetfulness of the happy conversation.

MODESTY.

Modesty is an essential moral qualification to every individual in society, but this virtue shines with a peculiar lustre in the female character. As the sun in the firmament, through the medium of its rays, imparts a genial warmth to our earth, and thereby accelerates the growth of vegetation, so this bright luminary of virtue diffuses its vivifying influence over the moral horizon, and dispels the clouds of vice by its refulgent beams. Genuine modesty, in contradistinction to false modesty, may be known by its general unassuming character and a manifest diffidence in attaching claim to undeserved merit. The perpetual cultivation of this invaluable moral principle, is essentially requisite both at home and abroad. At home it establishes a character of virtue, and abroad it deservedly excites universal applause.

YOUTHFUL LIFE.

Whenever I want to be exquisitely happy I call up to my recollection the passionate emotions which thropped in the bosom when it had counted about eighteen summer suns. The age of romance, fancy, and imagination too often ceases at five and twenty, but there is no pleasure so exquisite as the first sensations which female loveliness excites in the bosom of a romantic youth. It approaches to the ecstasy of a higher existence. The object of his thoughts seen afar off is sufficient to put him on flame. The very green sward which she treads acquires the character of holy ground. The house in which she resides kindles the flame of devotion. But how soon all these fine feelings subside in the breast of the male sex. It glows, and flames, and burns for a few short years on both sides of twenty, and then sinks down forever. The heart of woman is different. Love and affection are the absorbents of her whole existence. Man has a hundred other objects.

Young men are not unfrequently discouraged from engaging in useful studies or elevated pursuits, because they are told they possess no *Genius*. There is hardly a word in the English language which has been more misapplied than this. Original genius, says a distinguished writer, which is by many supposed to mean a natural brilliancy of intellect, is nothing more than an *acquired habit of thinking*. And any person, with the assistance of those about him, may be considered as the author of his own genius.

Misfortunes.—Misfortunes eat into us as do insects into the pearl-shell, but it is only that pearls may grow.