

The Old Fort - A Poem

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THE OLD FORT.

Interesting Verses Written by Major J. Montgomery Wright, of Washington.

The following verses written on Christmas day by Major J. Montgomery Wright, now Marshal of United States Supreme Court, were sent in response to a Christmas greeting sent him by one who knew him in his boyhood at old Fort Ontario. Among the readers of the PALLADIUM there are a few who will remember Colonel George Wright, of the Fourth United States Infantry, stationed here from late October, 1848, to June, 1852, when the Regiment was ordered to California via the Isthmus of Panama. The Regiment came from the Mexican War and was sent to the various forts up the lakes, the headquarters being Sackets Harbor as now. Colonel and Mrs. Wright were very popular with the townspeople. They

Major J. Montgomery Wright was the son of Colonel George Wright, stationed at Fort Ontario from 1848-1852. Major J. Montgomery Wright wrote this poem about his childhood home, Fort Ontario.

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boyhood home. He has never visited it, but holds it in loving memory. Colonel Wright became General Wright, and some will recall the sad fate of himself and wife, who were lost on the dangerous Pacific coast off Cape Mendocino in northern California, on trip to mouth of the Columbia river. * * *

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The Oswego Daily Palladium,
Saturday, January 3, 1919, page 3.

The Old Fort.

Memories of my boyhood,
Dear mem'ries sad and gay,
Come stirring deep my heart blood
Upon this Christmas Day.

I see the old Fort standing
Dark frowning o'er the lake,
The old grim guns commanding
Each point the foe might take.

Again I read the story
Of French and British war;
My boy-heart thrill'd with glory
And fancied cannon roar.

High o'er a bastion streaming,
Our country's flag I see,
And feel each star is beaming
A message to the free.

Ah me, those days were charming,
And play was all of life—
But angered howls were coming
For years of bloody strife.

The old Fort stood there sighing
Through all the years of strife;
The flag aloft still flying
For those who gave their life.

Like a veteran long retired,
The old Fort's work is done,
But the thought it once inspired
Clings 'round each useless gun.

Today 'mid boyhood longing
Kind Christmas thought now blends;
I miss the old Fort thronging
With troops of early friends.

Some fell in battle fighting,
Some sank beneath the sea,
Some died while youth seemed lighting
The way to victory.

But some are left to wander
Mid mem'ries sad and gay,
And of old Fort grow fonder,
Upon this Christmas Day.

J. MONTGOMERY WRIGHT.
December 25th, 1918.

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