

to their second fort at Crown Point, ten miles down the lake, and Amherst in his deliberate fashion followed them, but only to find this also gutted and abandoned. Bourlamaque had carried his army to the extreme end of Lake Champlain and, according to his instructions, prepared to resist Amherst at the *île-aux-Noix*. This last was an island in the centre of the Richelieu River, the waterway to Canada and a position of great natural strength. But, in spite of the numbers and spirit of his force and his own skill, Amherst was now stopped by an obstacle, small enough in itself, but insuperable. This was the presence on the lake of four vicious little French vessels, armed with cannon and manned with sailors. Amherst had nothing to cope with them. It is often said that, as their existence was no secret, he should have provided himself with a superior armament, building it on Wood Creek early in the season. But it was too late for regrets; he had now to sit down and create his little fleet with the sole assistance of the historic but inefficient sawmill near Ticonderoga.

It was now only the beginning of August, and his ships were not finished till the middle of October, by which time there was little hope of reaching Canada, and none whatever of assisting Wolfe, of whom no news had come. Three messengers had been sent to him: one of them had got through, but the others were caught and sent to Montcalm. Amherst had a passion for fort building, and having patched up Ticonderoga, he decided to restore and enlarge Crown Point, which, standing out on a promontory at the narrowest part of the lake, was eminently the key to the whole situation. Three thousand men were now set to work upon the fortress. Others worked upon the ships. The remainder practised their manoeuvres or fished in the lake, while the Rangers, under Rogers, scoured the woods.

Our invaluable traveller, Dr. Kalm, had been staying at Crown Point a few years earlier in the piping times of

peace, as a guest of the commandant, M. Lusignan. He gives a delightful account of the almost idyllic life led by the garrison at this romantic spot. The fort, he tells us, was a quadrangle with high stone walls, rendered still more formidable in some parts by the steep rocks over the lake on which they stood. At one end was a high stone tower mounted with guns from base to summit, while in the enclosure were excellent stone houses for the men and officers, and a chapel. On the shore adjoining the fort were cleared fields where the garrison cows wandered, and where every private soldier had his garden. The commandant was a man of culture and varied information. The soldiers, though in no way disrespectful, seemed on the friendliest terms with their officers. They were sufficiently paid and admirably fed, for the woods were full of game, the lake of fish, and a holiday could always be had for the asking. The men served till they were forty or fifty years old, when, as we know, the king presented them with a farm and provided them with food for the first two or three years, and sometimes even with a wife. The learned Professor gazed with admiration at the lofty, wood-clad masses of the Adirondacks behind the fort, and marked across the lake the long, level plain of then virgin forest, backed by the swelling ridges of the green mountains, from which the State of Vermont took its name. He rambled everywhere, noting birds and flowers and trees and rocks, these things being his immediate business. He also tells us of a stone windmill, mounted with cannon—so placed as to command a splendid view of the water towards Ticonderoga—whence the hostile barks of the British or their Iroquois allies could be seen approaching. All this was in 1749, and though blood enough had been shed even then along these lakes, neither the Doctor nor his host could have guessed what warlike pageants and stirring scenes they were yet to witness.

News came to Amherst in August of