

**FORT AMITY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649210893

Fort Amity by A. T. Quiller Couch

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**A. T. QUILLER COUCH**

# **FORT AMITY**





*Fort Amity.*  
*A. T. Quiller Couch*

<i>John's Cleave</i>	<i>An Ensign in the 76<sup>th</sup> Regiment of foot</i>	<i>Dominique Guyon</i>	<i>Farmer to the Seigneur.</i>
<i>Richard Montgomery</i>	<i>His cousin</i>	<i>Batessa</i>	<i>Dominique's crippled brother a boatman.</i>
<i>The Commandant of Fort Amity</i>	<i>Also a Seigneur</i>	<i>Menahwino Azoka,</i>	<i>Indians who are friends to A Cleave.</i>
<i>Monsieur Etienne</i>	<i>His brother</i>	<i>Menahwino's daughter</i>	
<i>Mademoiselle Diane</i>	<i>His daughter.</i>	<i>Mashingon</i>	<i>Jesuit priests in the neighbourhood of Fort Amity</i>
		<i>Father Saury Father Joly</i>	

*The scene is laid during the period of the English  
 Invasion in Canada in the year 1758.*





FORT AMITY  
BY  
A. T. QUILLER COUCH



HODDER & STOUGHTONS  
SEVENPENNY LIBRARY

1912

HODDER AND STOUGHTON  
LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO





College  
Library

PR  
5194  
F77  
1912

TO HENRY NEWBOLT.

MY DEAR NEWBOLT.

Two schoolfellows, who had sat together in the Sixth at Clifton, met at Paddington some twenty years later, and travelled down to enter their two sons at one school. On their way, while the boys shyly became acquainted, the fathers discussed the project of this story; a small matter in comparison with the real business of that day—but that it happened so gives me the opportunity of dedicating "Fort Amity" to you, its editor in *The Monthly Review*, as a reminder to outlast the short life granted in these days to novels.

Yet if either of our sons shall turn its pages some years hence, though but to remind himself of his first journey to school, I hope he will not lay it down too contemptuously. The tale has, for its own purposes, so seriously confused the geography of Fort Amitié, that he may search the map and end by doubting if any such fortress ever existed and stood a siege; but I trust it will leave him in no doubt of what his elders understood by honour and friendship.

Of these two themes, at any rate, I have composed it, and dedicate it to a poet who has sung nobly of both. "Like to the generations of leaves are those of men"—but while we last, let these deciduous pages commemorate the day when we two went back to school four strong. May also they contain nothing unworthy to survive us in our two fellow-travellers!

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

1042322

becomingly—gilt tassels and yellow silken folds—and stepped down to the lakeside where the batteaux waited.

The scene is known to-day for one of the fairest in the world. Populous cities lie near it, and pour their holiday-makers upon it through the summer season. Trains whistle along the shore under its forests; pleasure-steamers, with music on their decks, shoot across bays churned of old by the paddles of war canoes; from wildernesses where Indians lurked in ambush smile neat hotels, white-walled, with green shutters and deep verandahs; and lovers, wandering among the hemlocks, happen on a clearing with a few turfed mounds, and seat themselves on these last ruins of an ancient fort, nor care to remember even its name. Behind them—behind the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains—and pushed but a little way back in these hundred-and-fifty years, lies the primeval forest, trodden no longer now by the wasting redman, but untamed yet, almost unhandseled. And still, as the holiday-makers leave it, winter closes down on the lakeside and wraps it in silence, broken by the loon's cry or the crash of a snow-laden tree deep in the forest—the same sounds, the same aching silence, endured by French and English garrisons watching each other and the winter through in Fort Carillon or Fort William Henry.

“The world's great age begins anew.” . . . It begins anew, and hourly, wherever hearts are high and youth sets out with bright eyes to meet his fate. It began anew for Ensign John à Cleeve on this morning of July 5, 1758; it was sounded up by bugles, shattering the forest silence; it breathed in the wind of the boat's speed, shaking the silken flag above him. His was one of twelve hundred boats spreading like brilliant water-fowl across the lake which stretched

for thirty miles ahead, gay with British uniforms, scarlet and gold, with Highland tartans, with the blue jackets of the Provincials; flash of oars, innumerable glints of steel, of epaulettes, of belt, cross-belt and badge; gilt knops and tassels and sheen of flags. Yonder went Blakeney's 27th Regiment, and yonder the Highlanders of the Black Watch; Abercromby's 44th, Howe's 55th with their idolised young commander, the 60th or Royal Americans in two battalions; Gage's Light Infantry, Bradstreet's axemen and batteau-men, Starke's rangers; a few friendly Indians—but the great Johnson was hurrying up with more, maybe with five hundred; in all fifteen thousand men and over. Never had America seen such an armament; and it went to take a fort from three thousand Frenchmen.

No need to cover so triumphant an advance in silence! Why should not the regimental bands strike up? For what else had we dragged them up the Hudson from Albany and across the fourteen-mile portage to the lake? Weary work with a big drum in so much brushwood! And play they did, as the flotilla pushed forth and spread and left the stockades far behind; stockades planted on the scene of last year's massacre. Though for weeks before our arrival Bradstreet and his men had been clearing and building, sights remained to nerve our arms and set our blood boiling to the cry "Remember Fort William Henry!" Its shores fade, and somewhere at the foot of the lake three thousand Frenchmen are waiting for us (if, indeed, they dare to wait). Let the bands play "Britons strike home!"

Play they did: drums tunding and bagpipes skirling as though Fort Carillon (or Ticonderoga, as the Indians called it) would succumb like another Jericho to their clamour. The Green Mountains tossed its echoes