

Colonel Jarvis at the Manitoulin Island. She was a rich lady from England, well educated, and travelling for pleasure. She was an agreeable woman, considerate of others and extremely kind-hearted. I was a pretty fair singer in those days, and she often asked me to sing those beautiful songs of the French *voyageurs*, which she seemed to think so nice, and I often sang them for her. Mrs. Jameson ran the "Sault Rapids" in a birch-bark canoe, with two Chippewa Indian guides. They named her Was-sa-je-wun-e-qua,* "Woman of the bright stream."

I was attendant on Mrs. Jameson, and was obliged to sleep in her tent, as a sort of protector, in a compartment separated by a hanging screen. I was obliged to wait till she retired, and then crawl in quietly without waking her. Mrs. Jameson gathered several human skulls at Head Island, above Nascoutieng, to take home with her. She kept them till I persuaded her to throw them out, as I did not fancy their company. When I parted with Mrs. Jameson and shook hands with her I found four five dollar gold pieces in my hand.

We lived near the shore just past the Barrack's Point while my father was in the Government service at Penetanguishene, and where my mother died. After he retired we moved into town, near Mrs. Columbus, where he died. Col. Osborne West, commandant of the 84th Regiment, stationed at the garrison, cleared the old cricket ground, and was a great man for sports. My mother was buried with military honors. Captain Hays, with a detachment of the 93rd Highlanders, Colonel Sparks, the officers of the Commissariat, Sergeant-Major Hall, Sergeant Brown, the naval officers and the leading gentry of the garrison, besides many others, formed the escort to St. Anne's cemetery, where she was buried. My father's remains were buried beside hers, and the new St. Anne's Church was built farther to the west and partly over their graves.

Stephen Jeffery owned a sailing vessel which he brought from Kingston, and in which he brought the stone from Quarry Island to build the barracks. He kept the first canteen on the spot now occupied by the Reformatory, just above the barracks, and built the old "Globe Hotel" where the "Georgian Bay House" now stands. He felled trees across the road leading to Mundy's canteen, on the old Military Road, so as to compel customers to come to the "Globe" tavern and patronize him. He afterwards built the "Canada House." Keightly kept the canteen for the soldiers at the garrison, and then a man named Armour.

* This name is spelled Wah-sah-ge-wah-no-qua by Mrs. Jameson ("Winter Studies and Summer Rambles," vol. 3, p. 200). She gives its meaning as "Woman of the bright foam," and says it was given her in compliment of her successful exploit of running the rapids.

Tom Landrigan kept a canteen, and bought goods and naval supplies stolen by soldiers from the old Red Store. He was found guilty with the others, and sentenced to be hung. It cost my father a large sum of money to get Tom clear. He was married to my sister.

One day I went up to the cricket ground and saw something round rolled in a handkerchief, which was lying in the snow, and which the foxes had been playing with. When I unrolled it, the ghastly features of a man looked up at me. It was such a horrible sight that I started home on the run and told my father. He went up to investigate, and found it was the head of a drunken soldier, who had cut his throat while in *delirium tremens* at Mundy's canteen, and had been buried near the cricket ground. Dr. Nevison, surgeon of the 15th Regiment, had said in a joke, in the hearing of two soldiers, that he would like to have the soldier's head. They got it, presented it to him, when he refused it, horrified. They took it back and threw it on the ground, instead of burying it with the body, and it was kicked about in the way I mention for some time. One of the two soldiers afterwards went insane, and the other cut his thumb and died of blood-poisoning in Toronto. The names of the two soldiers were Tom Taylor and John Miller.

I remember seeing a big cannon and several anchors standing near the old Red Store, the depot of naval supplies, but I don't know what became of them. I remember the sale of the old gun-boats at public auction by the Government, together with the naval stores and military supplies. One of the old gunboats sunk in the harbor, the *Tecumseth*, nearest the old naval depot, is said to have a cannon in her hold. I knew Capt. T. G. Anderson, Indian Agent and Customs Officer at Manitoulin Island. The 84th Regiment, Col. Osborne West, Commandant, was the last regiment stationed at Penetanguishene. Captain Yates, in the same regiment, was dissipated and got into debt. He was obliged to sell his commission, and finally left for Toronto. St. Onge dit La Tard, Chevrette, Boyer, Coté, Cadieux, Desaulniers, Lacourse, Lepine, Lacroix, Rushloe (Rochelieu or Richelieu ?), Precourt, Desmaisons and Fleury, a Spaniard, all came from Drummond Island. Altogether (in Louie's opinion) about one hundred families came.

MICHAEL LABATTE.

Michael Labatte, a typical French-Canadian *voyageur*, lives on an island in Victoria Harbor (Hogg Bay). His family history and descent is an interesting one. He claims over one quarter Indian blood, but the aboriginal element in his nature is most unmistakably marked. His

father went up to the North-West in the closing years of the last century, and probably accompanied the British army in their first move to "Sault Ste. Marie" and St. Joseph Island, on the first transfer of Mackinaw to the Americans in 1796. He also formed one of the contingent of one hundred and sixty French-Canadian *voyageurs* accompanying Mr. Pothier, under Captain Roberts, at the capture of Mackinaw by the British in July, 1812, and three years later he moved to Drummond Island with the British forces on the second transfer of Mackinaw to the Americans, and finally to Penetanguishene. For a man of his years (over 85) Michael is vigorous and alert, and his memory is apparently intact.

His Narrative.

I was born at Sault Ste. Marie (on the American side) in 1814, the last year of the war, my mother being there on a visit to friends at the time, though our home was on Drummond Island. My father was Louis George Labatte, a blacksmith by trade, who was born in Lower Canada. He was a soldier in the British Army, and was at the capture of Mackinaw in 1812. He went up from Montreal with the North-West Company, and moved from Mackinaw with the British soldiers to Drummond Island. My mother's name was Louisa Cadotte, a Chippewa, from whom I learned the Indian language. I was the eldest of a family of three children, two brothers and one sister, the others being dead. Nothing but French and Indian was spoken at Drummond Island. I learned English at Penetanguishene, where I first heard it spoken. I was twelve years old when we left Drummond Island. I came in a bateau with my mother, brother, sister, and an Indian, named Gro-e-wis Oge-nier, and his wife. We were two weeks coming. Several families started together in sail-boats, bateaux and canoes. We camped at Thessalon River, Mississaga River, Serpent River, LaCloche, She-bon-aw-ning,* Moose Point and other places on the way. We stopped at Pinery Point and made our toilet before entering Penetanguishene Bay. We landed at the Reformatory Point. We were all looking for the place where we expected to see the sand rolling over and over down the hill. I was married in Penetang, by Father Charest. My wife's maiden name was Archange Bergé, whose father came from Drummond Island. I was a volunteer in the enrolled militia of Simcoe. I have my discharge papers for 1839, signed by Colonel Gourlay and Horace Keating, certified by Wm. Simpson. Also for 1843, signed by Col. W. A. Thompson.†

I remember Bishop McDonnell's visit to Penetanguishene. I took

* The Ojibway name of Killarney.

†He presented both documents for my inspection.

him and two priests up to Manitoulin and round to the "Sault" and back again to Holland Landing in a big canoe. Henry and Louie Solomon and Francis Giroux were with us, and there were several other canoes. I often went with the late Alfred Thompson, of Penetang, to the Blue Mountains hunting. I was with Captain Strachan at Baldoon, on Lake St. Clair, shooting ducks. I went up the Nottawasaga and over the Portage to Lake Simcoe, when there were no white settlers there—nothing but Indians. Drummond Island had the best harbor on Lake Huron. The barracks at Penetanguishene was built of Norway pine from Pinery Point. The first houses built in Penetanguishene were built by Revol, Mitchell and Simpson for stores, all of cedar. Old Ste. Anne's (R.C.) church was built by Rev. Father Dempsey,* missionary, who died while on the road to Barrie, and was buried in the cemetery at Penetanguishene. The old church was built of upright posts and the spaces filled in with cedar logs, laid horizontally, and let into the posts by a tenon and extended mortise. Rev. Father Proulx was the next priest, then Father Charest. I came to Victoria Harbor (Hogg Bay) over thirty years ago. My mother has been dead over fifty years. She is buried at Lafontaine with my father. Kean & Fowlie built the mill at Victoria Harbor. Asher Mundy, who kept the canteen on the old military road, was married to Mrs. Vallières, widow of a French-Canadian. There was no house at Lafontaine when I first saw it. It was first called Ste. Croix. The nearest house was my father's, at Thunder Bay, about seven miles distant. Louis Deschèneau built the first house there. Toussaint Boucher built the "Iron Canoe" on the spot where Dr. Spohn's residence now stands in Penetanguishene, for Father Proulx, who afterward presented it to the Government.†

I made a trip in the "Iron Canoe" with fifteen men, Father Proulx, a young priest named Lavelle and a Bishop from Europe, up to Manitoulin, the "Sault" and Mackinaw, and back. Father Crevier visited Drummond Island twice in my recollection. I carried the mail to the "Sault" in winter on snow-shoes. I made the trip from Penetanguishene to the "Sault" and back (three hundred miles) with a sleigh and two dogs in fifteen days—snow three feet deep. I once made the trip in fourteen days. Dig a hole in the snow with my snow-shoes, spread spruce boughs, eat piece of cold pork, smoke pipe and go to sleep. I often had *Mal de racquette*. I would sharpen my flint, then split the flesh of the ankle above the instep in several places, and sometimes down

* For a notice of Father Dempsey and his work, see Lizars' "In the Days of the Canada Company."

† It was made of Russian sheet iron.

the calf of the leg for a remedy. I was in the Shawanaga country for furs on two occasions when I could not get out, on account of floods. I was four days without food, which was *cached* at the mouth of the river. At another time I was five days without food, except moss off the rocks, on account of floods and soft weather. I was sent by the Government to clear the land where Waubaushene now stands, for the Indians. I planted potatoes and sowed grain. I was there when the Government built the first grist-mill and houses for the Indians at Coldwater. The Government afterwards moved the Indians to Beausoleil Island, Christian and Manitoulin Islands. A man named Stone built the first mill at Severn River, before there was any mill at Waubaushene. I remember seeing several cannons at the old Red Store or Naval Depot at Penetanguishene.

Squire McDonald, uncle of Squire Sam. Fraser, of Midland, was agent for the North-West Company, and came from Drummond Island the year before we did. Dr. Mitchell, his son Andrew, Wm. Simpson and Revol, all came about the same time. I knew about the Tom Landrigan scrape—getting into trouble about stolen Government military supplies—mighty close shave for Tom—he was sentenced to be hanged. I saw Prisque soon after he fell and broke his neck in Penetanguishene. He looked as if he had a black handkerchief tied round his neck. He was sawing off a board lying across the beams, and sawed it too short and pitched down head first. I saw the drunken soldier, who cut his throat at Mundy's Canteen, and who was buried near the old cricket ground. I was fireman for three summers on the steamer *Gore*, commanded by Captain Fraser, who married a daughter of Hippolyte Brissette. I went with the volunteers to Chippawa and Navy Island to clear out the Mackenzie rebels. My father was married twice. I was the eldest of the first family, and worked for myself since I was fourteen years old. I have had a family of fifteen children.

MRS. BOUCHER'S NARRATIVE.

My maiden name was Rosette Larammee, born on Drummond Island December 12th, 1815, the year after the war. My husband was Jean Baptiste Boucher, also a native of Drummond Island. My father's name was Jacques Adam Larammee, born in Lower Canada. He hired with the North-West Company and went up to Lake Superior, came back, and went to New Zealand (?), where he caught the fever. On recovering, he came home and went up to Mackinaw with the British soldiers, where he afterwards married Rosette Cloutier, a half-breed woman; then moved with the forces to Drummond Island. We left Drummond Island

in April, 1828, and were in the sugar camp when some of the others started. The Labattes left before the soldiers. We came in a large bateau with two other families and a span of horses. Our family consisted of father, mother, four children—Julien, Zoa, James, and myself. James was only two years old. I was about thirteen. There were with us Louis Lepine, wife, and one child, Frances, who afterwards became the wife of William Rawson, of Coldwater. Pierre Lepine, who with his wife and child were wrecked with the soldiers, was Louis's brother. Antoine Fortin, wife, and three children, were also with us. We came by the North Shore, and were one month on the way. We camped at Mississaga Point, McBean's Post,* La Cloche, She-bon-an-ning, Moose Point and Minniekaignashene, the last camping-place before reaching Penetanguishene. Belval, Quebec, and Rondeau all came from Drummond Island and settled at old Fort Ste. Marie. Pierre Rondeau, while planting potatoes, found a root of *la carotte à moureau*, and his wife took it away from him. While she was getting dinner he ate some and died. Fraser, who kept a canteen on Drummond Island and was wrecked with the soldiers, started a tavern at the old cricket ground, near the little lake, which was afterwards called Fraser's lake.† Joseph Craddock, of Coldwater, and his sister, Mrs. Simpson, came from Drummond Island. Their mother was a half-breed. I remember a bishop, named Thombeau, and Father Crevier, once visited Drummond Island. My father and mother were married in Penetanguishene by Bishop McDonnell, who married several couples during his visit to Penetanguishene shortly after we moved from Drummond Island. Louis Descheneaux and his wife, Gustave Boyer and his wife, Charles Cadieux and his wife, and several others were married at the same time. We settled on the lot now owned by Quesnelle, and afterwards moved to our present home on lot 17, con. 17, Tiny. Dr. Boyer practised and lived in Penetanguishene. Joseph Giroux started for Thunder Bay with provisions for his son, Camile, who was fishing. He lost his way and wandered down to Pinery Point. My son, Narcisse Boucher, and several others started out to hunt for him. The snow was two feet deep and no roads. They found him on the third day in the afternoon lying on some boughs behind a big oak log, his hands and feet frozen solid, and his dog wrapped in the breast of his coat to help keep him warm. They made a stretcher of withes covered with boughs, and carried him home on their shoulders, relieving each other by turns. Giroux was obliged to suffer amputation of both hands and feet. Mr. Boucher, my husband, died several years ago.

* Mrs. Jameson, writing in 1837 ("Winter Studies and Summer Rambles," Vol. 3, p. 256) places McBean's Post at La Cloche.

† Now St. Andrew's or Mud Lake.

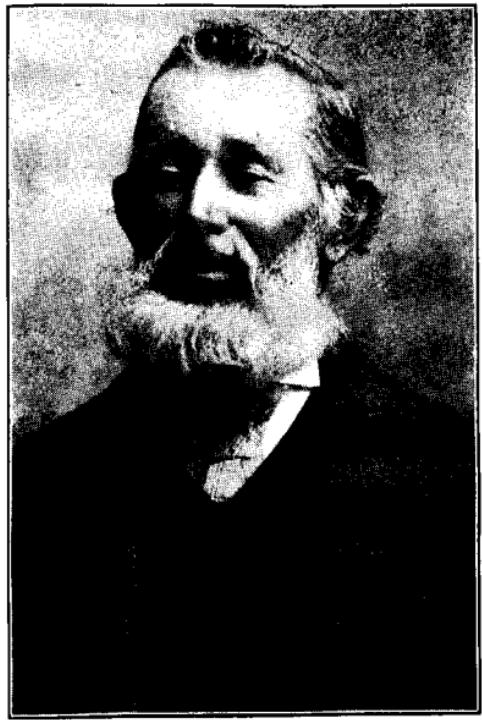
I was born at Mackinaw on All-Saints' day in 1813, the second year of the American War. My father's name was Jean Baptiste Sylvestre, who went up with the North-West Company, became a soldier in the British army and fought at Mackinaw. He received his discharge, moved to Drummond Island with the troops, and started business as a fur trader. He came from the North-West to help the British, and joined the force at St. Joseph Island. My mother's maiden name was Angelique McKay, a half-breed woman of Scotch descent, whom my father married at Mackinaw, where she was drowned when I was about two years old. Just before Mackinaw was given up to the Yankees my mother left in a small sailboat with a company of young people to visit Manitoulin Island, and was only a few yards from the shore when the boom shifted, and, striking my mother on the forehead, knocked her overboard, and she was drowned. The officers and men of the garrison assisted in dragging the lake for her, and did all they could to find her, but her body was never recovered. After moving to Drummond Island, in 1816, my father brought me to Nottawasaga River in a large birch-bark canoe, with some Indians, on our way to Montreal, to leave me with my grandfather. We went up the river, crossed the portage to Hewson's Point, Grassi Point, Roache's Point, where we met a lot of Indians, then to Holland Landing and on to Newmarket. There were only a storehouse and two small log huts at the landing. My father made arrangements with Mr. Roe, merchant at Newmarket, who sent me to school, and then I engaged to drive team for him and make collections all over the country. I met a party of young people in Georgina and played the fiddle all night for them while they danced. My father came to Newmarket with his furs. He met tribes of Indians in the west clothed in deer and rabbit skins,* and who had no axes, knives or iron instruments. He traded among the Muskoka lakes and at Sylvestre's Lake in Parry Sound. He took me with him on one trip. We got short of provisions, and he sent two Indians out for more. They got drunk and did not return. Father was obliged to eat moss from the rocks and kill our little dog to save our lives. At last we reached the Narrows, near Orillia, where Francis Gaudaur, a half-breed, lived. Captain Laughton and my father came from Holland Landing across Lake Simcoe to the Narrows, down the Severn River to "Baushene" (Waubaushene), thence to Penetanguishene to see the channel. When they arrived at Penetanguishene Bay the Drummond Islanders were

* Some branch or tribe of the Beaver Indians of Peace River or Mackenzie River.



BAPTISTE SYLVESTRE.

Born at Mackinac, on All Saints' Day, 1813 ;
removed to Penetanguishene and Newmarket in
1816.



ANTOINE LABATTE.

Born on Drummond Island, 16th Sept., 1824 ;
removed to Penetanguishene, 1831.

camped on Barrack's Point, in wigwams made of poles covered with cedar bark. My father traded with Gordon, who settled on Penetanguishene Bay long before the troops moved from Drummond Island. William Beausoleil came before him and settled on Beausoleil Island. I was with the party who brought Colonel Jarvis, Colonel Sparks and Lady Jameson down from Manitoulin Island to Penetanguishene in birch-bark canoes. We stopped at Skull Island, where there was a large pit in the solid rock filled with skeletons. Mrs. Jameson asked someone to get a skull for her, and Thomas Leduc went down and got one. They put it in the canoe near my feet, and I told them to take it away. Mrs. Jameson kept it in the canoe with her. We took her to Coldwater, where an ox-team and waggon was procured, and she was driven to Orillia (the Narrows), where she boarded a vessel for Holland Landing, thence on to Toronto. I once took the wife of Colonel Jarvis in a canoe, with two Indians, from Coldwater to Beausoleil Island and Penetanguishene to visit the Indians. She returned by the old military road to Kempenfeldt Bay, and across to the Landing home. I recollect seeing Sir John Franklin at Newmarket in 1825. I hauled the oak timber from Lanigan's Lake to build the *Penetanguishene*, the first steamer built here, near the site of McGibbon's mill. Mr. Morrison had the contract for building the first Indian houses on Beausoleil Island. Mr. Roe had the contract for supplying provisions to the garrison at Penetanguishene. He hired twenty-two teams from the Davidites, near Sharon. I drove one team, and they followed each other at intervals of one hour, going from the landing across the ice, through the old military road to Penetanguishene and the barracks. I was with Mr. Longhouse in Vaughan for two years, and with Captain Strachan for three seasons hunting on Lake St. Clair. Two of the vessels sunk here in Penetanguishene harbor (*Scorpion* and *Tigress*) were American schooners captured at the Détour by Adjutant Keating and his men. William Robinson built the first mill at the head of the bay, now owned by Copeland. Andrew Mitchell was the first postmaster at Penetanguishene. Serpent River got its name from a perpendicular rock at its mouth, on which a huge serpent is neatly carved. I went with Colonel Sparks, Colonel Jarvis and several Government officers on a trip round the lakes hunting for the rebel Mackenzie. My brother-in-law, Lewis Solomon, and several French-Canadians went as assistants. We went up to Manitoulin and the Sault, around by Mackinaw and down to Sarnia, Detroit and Malden, then down Lake Erie to Buffalo. The Americans said, "If he were hidden anywhere there, they would give him up." We went down the Niagara, portaged round the falls, and

went round the head of Lake Ontario, Hamilton, then down to the Credit to see the Indians, and so on to Toronto.* One of the Government officials expressed himself very strongly, saying, "They had no business spending money on such a trip." Lady Jameson had been up to Lake Superior, and had been brought down from the "Sault" by some of our people of the North-West Company to Manitoulin Island, where she was taken in charge by Colonel Jarvis and his party. I often stopped with Capt. T. G. Anderson, Indian superintendent at Manitoulin. I was at Baushene (Waubaushene) when Mackenzie's Rebellion broke out in 1837. We lived at Coldwater, where my father died at the age of seventy-one years. I married Rosette Solomon, daughter of William Solomon, Government interpreter to the Indians.

ANTOINE LABATTE'S NARRATIVE.

I was born on Drummond Island, 16th September, 1824. We left the Island in 1827. My father's name was Louis George Labatte, a soldier in the British Army, and a blacksmith by trade. He was at the capture of Mackinaw, and fought in the war of 1812. He was born in Lower Canada, and went up with the North-West Company, and after three years in the British service at Mackinaw, returned to Drummond Island with the soldiers and stayed there eleven years. He then moved to Holland Landing, stayed there two years, then to Penetanguishene, and lastly to Thunder Bay (Tiny), where he died in 1872. My mother died in 1863, and both are buried at Lafontaine. Her maiden name was Julia Frances Grouette, a half-breed. I am three-quarters French and one-quarter Indian blood. We left Drummond Island in August, in a bateau, towed by the schooner *Alice*, Captain Hackett commander. The vessel was subsequently wrecked on Horse Island. We came by the outer channel, past Tobermory, and landed at Cedar Point in Tiny, the same month. Eighteen persons came in the bateau, besides provisions and household effects. There were six of the Labatte family, four of the Grouette family, Antoine Recollet and child, Francois Recollet and child, Jessie Solomon, and an Indian named Jacobe. Captain Hackett had suffered shipwreck on the sea. His vessel was burned and he saved his life by clinging to a small piece of the burning wreck till he was rescued. Captain Hackett was badly burned on one side of his face and neck, so that the cords were drawn down, causing a peculiar twitching of the muscles and a continual turning of his face to one side. We

* An expedition (perhaps this one) to intercept W. L. Mackenzie in 1837, is mentioned in the Narrative of John Monague, of Christian Island. See Transactions of the Canadian Institute, Fourth Series (1892), vol. 3, p. 4.

camped at Cedar Point one night and left next morning for Nottawasaga. We went up the Nottawasaga to Pine River, within nine miles of Barrie, and portaged over to Lake Simcoe, and down to Holland Landing. We stayed there two years, then went to White's Corners in Oro and stayed there about one year, then came to Penetanguishene in 1831. We first lived on the lot on the corner next Shannahan's blacksmith shop, Penetanguishene, now owned by Mrs. Mundy, then on the lot now owned by Charles McGibbon. The little steamer *Penetanguishene* was built, I think, about 1832, by Mitchell & Thompson, on the spot where McGibbon's Mill now stands, on Water Street. We left Penetanguishene in 1834, to go to Meaford to take up land received for Government service. We were in a bateau with our goods and provisions, being towed by the steamer *Penetanguishene*, on board of which were Captain Workman and family and Mr. Rattray and family, with their household furniture, also going to Meaford, accompanied by a Mr. Vail; Stephen Jeffrey in his sail-boat was also being towed. A heavy storm arose before we reached Christian Island. Our bateau smashed the back windows of the cabin of the little steamer, and one of the lines broke by which we were being towed. We were driven on Christian Island, near where the lighthouse stands. After a little time the captain thought he would try again, and my father refused to go. We were obliged to unload the bateau, as it belonged to the steamer. We unloaded our goods and blacksmith's tools into a birch canoe, while they started the second time for the Blue Mountains, but were obliged to return. We camped there about a week. There were no Indians there then. When the storm ceased, Captain Beman came along with his sloop and took Captain Workman and his party to Meaford, but left Mr. Vail. My father found him one day without any food, and brought him to our camp. Antoine Lacourse, a fisherman from Penetanguishene, and some friends, came to take us back to Penetanguishene. We started, but the ice was so thick it took three men with sticks in the front of the bateau to break it. We got as far as Thunder Bay (Tiny), and landed at a fisherman's cabin, but twelve feet square, where we stayed for the night, with fifteen men, besides eight of our own family. We built a place to winter in, then built a log house, and lived on the bay ever since. The old house is still standing. Tontine Martin, a fisherman from Penetanguishene, built a small cabin just before we came, but occupied it only temporarily. Camile Giroux was the next settler, about twenty years after we came. My father set out fruit trees, which grew from seed dropped on the beach by fisherman and travellers. Michael Labatte, of Victoria Harbor, is my half-brother. His mother's Indian name was Oh-ge-ke-qua.

In my father's time a "Yankee" vessel often came to Thunder Bay with whiskey and hid the barrels in the sand. Stephen Jeffery, of Penetanguishene, would come through the Indian trail from Colborne Bay and get the whiskey and take it across to his canteen. After the barrels were emptied they would break them up and leave the staves on the sand. They would sometimes dig holes in the gravel at Lighthouse Point, on Christian Island, and hide the whiskey and cover it with brush, until they came after it. The distance through the Indian trail across to Colborne Bay opposite to the barracks was called seven miles. I worked two years in Saginaw and at the Bruce Mines, with three hundred men, under Manager Campbell.* I attended school in Penetanguishene three months under a teacher named Antoine Lacourse. His grandson, Wm. Lacourse, and Francis Marchildon were drowned some years since on their way to Christian Island. I knew Rondeau at the old Fort, who ate a root of *la carotte à moureau* (wild parsnip) and was poisoned. He was planting potatoes and found the root. His wife said it was good to eat. While she was getting dinner he ate some and died the same night. I saw him when they buried him in Penetanguishene. The Labattes left Drummond Island in 1827; the troops left in 1828, and most of the French-Canadians in 1829.

I heard of the burning of the schooner *Nancy* at Nottawasaga. She ran into the river followed by the Yankee schooners. She got inside the bar, where they had a slight skirmish, when the captain set fire to her to prevent her falling into the hands of the Yankees. While passing Detroit the captain kept a keg of powder on deck ready to blow her up in case of attack. The captain and his men were left with nothing but the yawl boat, and they made their way back to St. Joseph Island by the North Shore, where they saw two "Yankee" vessels. They ran across to Mackinaw and got permission from the Colonel and returned and captured the two schooners. Capt. McTavish boarded one of the vessels as a negro was in the act of loading a cannon, when he cut off his head with a sword, the former falling overboard. The captain seized the body and pitched it over also, saying, as he did so, "Follow your head."†

Pierre Giroux took a squaw for his wife from Moose Point and

* A very interesting account of the Bruce Mines when at the height of their prosperity (in 1849-50) may be found in the Second Report of the Ontario Bureau of Mines (1892) pages 171-8. It was written by Walter William Palmer, and is entitled, "A Pioneer's Mining Experience on Lake Superior and Lake Huron."

† This is a popular version of the capture of the two "American" schooners, *Scorpion* and *Tigress*, near Mackinaw in 1814. Another version of the capture, from the pen of John McDonald of Garth, may be found in Masson's "Bourgeois," II, p. 55.

settled on Penetanguishene Bay. She appeared to be a little crazy. When Bishop McDonnell visited Penetanguishene he ordered them to marry or separate. Giroux gave her a blanket and sent her away. She wrapped her babe in the blanket and started across the ice, but when she reached Giant's Tomb Island her babe was frozen to death. Pierre afterwards got his hands and feet so badly frozen while hauling fish down from Moose Point that they had to be amputated. His brother, Joseph, started with provisions for his son, Camile, who was fishing on Thunder Bay, and got lost. The snow was two or three feet deep and no roads. He was found three days later near Pinery Point, with his hands and feet frozen. They had to be amputated. His son Joseph still lives in Penetanguishene.

Andrew Vallier parted with his squaw and they afterwards met again and were married by Rev. Father Proulx. They generally married their wives when the priest came. Point Douglas, to the west of Thunder Bay (Tiny), was named after a marine surveyor. My lot is north half No. 16, con. 19, broken front, Tiny. My brother, Ambrose, lives on lot 13, con. 17, Tiny. I married Mary Côté for my first wife.

ANGELIQUE LANGLADE.

The concluding narrative of these personal recollections is that of Angelique Langlade, still living in Penetanguishene at an advanced age, and the last survivor but one of a somewhat noted family. Her command of English is very limited, but her mixed dialect so picturesque and pointed, that I am constrained to present it almost *verbatim*, in her own simple but expressive style, with apologies to several writers of dialect literature.

Her Narrative.

Ma name, Angelique Langlade; born Drummon Islan; me Chippawa half-breed; ma mudder, Josephine Ah-quah-dah, Chippawa squaw, Yankee tribe; ma fadder, Charles Langlade, French half-breed, hees born Mackinaw, an move Drummon Islan wid Breeteesh. I no spik good Eengleesh ver well. I not know how old I be—ha-a—I no chicken—me. I tink bout seven, ten, mebbe thirteen year ole when we come Pentang. Mebbe some day God tell me how ole I be when I die. Ma fadder, mudder, Charlie, Louie, Pierre, two Marguerites, Angelique, dats me, an Delede, all come in big bateau from Nort shore. Priess mak mistak an baptise two Marguerites. Katrine born Pentang. All dead but two, Delede (Mrs. Precourt) an me—dat's Angelique. We come Gordon's pinte; mak wigwam cedar bark, stay dare leetle tam; wait for land, den come ware

McAvela's place on de hill, an levee dare lang, lang tam.* Soldiers come nex year after we come Gordon's pinte. Ma granfadder Capn. Charles Langlade.† Good French, come Montreal; work for Hudson Bay Coy., marry Chippawa squaw—big, big soldier in Breeteesh army—he fight fer Mackinaw 1812—much good, loyal to Eengleesh—had ver fine sword—after war went to Green Bay, where he die—had tousan acre lan—built ver big fine stone house, where he lef hees sword, piano an lots money—ver, ver rich. Had tree sons an tree daughters—Alix, Indians mak him big chief way, way off in Unat Stat; Charlie, dats ma fadder, he come Drummon Islan wid Breeteesh soldiers and den he come Pentang; Napoleon, he go way an nevare come back no more—nevare hear from him every years—speks lak hees dead long tam. One daughter kep Mackinaw, where she married an levee; two go to school, Montreal, get married an go to Lac Montaigne to levee. Lots ma friens Langlades levee Montreal—fine peoples—ver rich. Ma granmudder, Angelique Langlade, she come on visit from Green Bay an die in Pentang. She ver, ver ole when she die. Father Point, Missionary Priess, on veesit from Wekw-wam-i-kon, he bury her. He say she more as hunner year ole. Ma sister, Marguerite, she marry George Gordon, hees secon wife. She die in Toronto. Odder Marguerite, she die in Pentang. Dr. Mitchell come Drummon Islan, too; hees wife Chippewa squaw; she die fore he come here. Hees son, Andrew Mitchell, kep store in ole log-house where Charlie Wright's barn ees, on Water Street. Ole Dr. Mitchell, hees son André an some more buried on ole Mitchell farm. Jacko Vasseur, Batcheesh, young Jacques, Marguerite, Paul an Rosette all buried on Gidley's. Mr. Simpson, trader, he marry squaw on Drummon Islan; she buried behind ole store on Water Street; hees secon wife half-breed, sister Jo. Craddock, Coldwater. Mr. Keating capture Yankee schooner on Drummon Islan.

[I have in my possession a copy of a letter (Report) in French, written by Capt. Charles Langlade, Angelique's grandfather, in 1783, from La Bai to the commandant at Mackinaw, detailing an attack on Wisconsin Portage by the Indians, which he was sent to repulse.‡ He was also sent with a detachment to the relief of Governor Hamilton, who was imprisoned by the Indians at Vincennes. At the close of the war Captain

* The old Langlade mansion and original block-house is still standing.

† For a long article on Chas. de Langlade, see Joseph Tasse's "Les Canadiens de l'Ouest" Vol. I., which also contains some lists of his descendants. See also the index to Coues' edition of the Journal of Alex. Henry the younger, under "Langlade," for a concise biography.

‡ Notices of Langlade and his Indians at Labaye (Green Bay) and Vincennes may be found in the Report on Canadian Archives, 1890, Calendar of State Papers, pages 81, 84, 85, 109, etc.

Langlade and one son went to Green Bay, Wis., while another son, Charles, accompanied the British forces to Drummond Island. Subsequent to the Captain's death in Green Bay, his wife died in Penetanguishene, while on a visit to her son, about the year 1845, at an advanced age. She was reputed to be over one hundred years. The stone mansion, sword and piano are still in possession of descendants at Green Bay, and highly prized as memorials of Captain Langlade. Records in possession of the Gordon family prove that Angelique was born about 1820, if not earlier.]