

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.