

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 Angélique 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, Angélique 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 tirteen 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, Angélique, 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 Angélique. We come Gordon's pinte; mak wigwam cedar bark, stay dare leetle tam; wait for land, den come ware