

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 Brisette. 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