

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.