

and I called out to the people, "They want to pillage the coulée; we must go down and take all the horses and prevent them." And I told a young man to take Gabriel's horse, and I took mine; and going down the coulée I saw Gabriel, and he asked me where his horse was? I told him the young men were taking it away. It was the last time I saw Gabriel, and then I tied my horse in the wood and went up the hill on the south side, and firing began on both sides, and suddenly some one called out to me, "There they are coming down the coulée with their cannon!" I looked and saw them coming down, and I shouted to the young men, "Take courage, take courage and pray to God." Then they began firing at us with their cannon and rifles, and the balls fell like hail. It was about two in the afternoon, and I began shouting "fire, fire," and when our men began firing I saw that the police fell, and I heard the cry, "They are going to run," and I called out "fire, fire," and shouted for joy, and when the soldiers retreated out of the coulée, I asked the people where Gabriel was, but no one knew, and I asked continually where my children and nephews were, and I thought all our people had been killed except a few, for nobody answered me but two of my boys, and every time we stopped firing we prayed to God. Suddenly I heard a young man singing in French the song of the Bois Brulé, the song of the Falcon. That gave me courage. I kept shouting, "courage, courage!" Afterwards it began to rain and hail, and I said to the people, "Don't fire now, we must wait until they come, and if they come near we'll fire altogether. It was about 5 o'clock in the evening, I called out, "Where is Johnny?" (my brother's boy), and I heard him answer about a hundred yards from us. Immediately after his answer they fired three cannon shots and some rifle shots in that direction. Some time afterwards I stood up and went to see all the people, and I said to them, "my friends, we shall start away this evening, but before we leave this we must pray to God for our dead and our wounded, and also for ourselves, so that He may give us a way out of this," and I told them that "as to the wounded, those who can walk we must not leave them, we shall carry them to the groves and cover them well, and we shall go away quietly all together." I then counted the men and found but 48, with the wounded, and I said to them, "do not stir, I shall go and see my horse." He was only 40 or 50 rods from us. Then my nephew said to me, "Uncle, come here, I want to speak to you." I answered, "Do not stir, nephew, and do not fear; I will not leave you, I will go and see my horse, and then I will go to you." When I went to see my horse, my boy and another young Indian, followed me. I found my horse still standing and unhurt, but all the other horses around him were dead. It was then about sundown. My coat was on the saddle, and while I was untying it, I saw our people on the hill shouting joyfully. When they came up I shook hands with them, saying, "We are only forty-eight, and I think many have been killed." As I spoke, I saw six of our people come out of another wood, bringing our number up to fifty-four. Then when our people had come, they wanted to follow them up, but I called out: "Do not follow them, we have done enough for the present." They desisted and went to the battlefield to gather rifles and other things, and I said to them: "We must try and find carts to take home the wounded this evening." And I found a cart and harness at Mrs. Tourond's house, and the men on foot started on in front, and the horsemen remained behind. I got a mattress from the house and put two wounded men in the cart; the other wounded were placed on a buck-board. I walked in front, leading the horse with a rope. When I had gone about two miles, a young man lent me his horse. He said he would lead the horse, as I was tired. I was very glad to get the horse. When we got together at Touronds' house, I found that there had not been many of our people killed; only four were missing. A man came and called out in Cree: "What are you fellows doing there? Your people are all going?" I said to our people: "Let him talk away; don't answer him." Then he said: "How many are you?" I again told our men not to speak. He called out a third time, saying: "You must be hungry, come and eat." I said to our people again: "Do not speak." He spoke after the last cannon shots were fired.

There were not many of us in that wood, but God gave us a good road, and we reached the house in safety.