

MR. ROBERT FREYNER'S STATEMENT

Priscilla

During the battle of Fish Creek in 1885, I was one of the eighteen men who held up the troops of Gen. Middleton by our rifle fire from the Fish Creek ravine. Our bunch of saddle horses, tethered below the hill farther up the Creek, were all shot by the soldiers, excepting one little brown mare.

We were so well protected in the ravine by the bank and the trees, that we could pick off many men without any danger. We were so close to the troops that we could hear quite distinctly the orders given by Gen. Middleton to his men. He was very rough in his language to the men. One young man in uniform, standing near him turned once, when the bullets were coming thick and fast as if he would run. Gen. Middleton drew his revolver and shot him. Finally the troops were forced to retire.

We then slipped out of the ravine and headed down the river trail to Batoche, about twenty miles away. No one had been killed, but one man by name: Parenteau, had been badly wounded. He was bound up and taken along and survived. We also took along the little mare, running nearly all the way to Batoche.

During the battle of Batoche, I was also in the trenches. Finally our ammunition gave out and we were making our own bullets, but could not make them fast enough, and a white flag

RECEIVED

was raised. A priest came running down to us, but as soon as he saw we were out of ammunition he ran back to the troops, and they opened fire against us without any more notice of the white flag.

I said to those around me, "I am not going to stay here to be killed," and jumping out of the trench, headed down the hill, keeping close to the edge of the river bank. The shots were flying around me, and being in a great hurry to get out of range of their fire, when I came to a little horse shoe shaped cut bank, instead of running around, I jumped over and landed right on the heads of others who were already hiding there. Scrambling up the other side, away I ran, and I tell you, too, that you have no idea how fast you can run until you are running away from rifle fire. As long as you are fighting you are not afraid, but as soon as you start to run your courage fails completely. We ran away through the bush near to St. Louis, and remained in hiding, ragged and hungry, three or four days before venturing home!

The above is the story related by Mr. Bremner of Domremy-- 6 miles N. E. of there as nearly as I can give it. He related it to me about seven years ago.

Yours Sincerely,
Thos. C. Milliken
Sask. Forks, Sask.