

Montour, Jean-Baptiste. (b. 1860)

Jean-Baptiste, born March 16, 1860 at Pembina, was the son of Abraham Montour Sr. and Marie Page. He married Christine Parenteau, the daughter of Jean Baptiste Parenteau and Pélagie Dumont, on June 22, 1885 at Batoche. He fought in the 1885 Resistance at Batoche.

The second day (at Batoche, May 10) Sunday – Gilbert is in the distance – on the steep bank of the cemetery with Phillippe Garnot and about 15 others including the First Nations people. The soldiers, along the river, did not leave their camp.

They exchanged shots without much results on one side or another – Isidore Dumas doesn't do much on Sunday – Pierre Parenteau, Jean Dumont, Baptiste Rochelot, these 3 placed in one hole, were forced to flee, each their turn. – Too many balls were being launched – Rochelot first, Parenteau the 2nd carrying the little hatchet, and Jean Dumont the last – One left, and flew 8 to 10 steps in the little coulee, in the rosebushes, those in the hole watched, observing if they were going to get chased. We warned 2 sharpshooters in a hole near the rosebushes: Elzéar Tourond, Gabriel Smith: Try to get away from there, we will watch out for you – Pierre Parenteau sees something red in the rosebush – We got away from there. Jean Dumont hid behind a little bush – Pierre Parenteau laid down in a cow trail – I tried to get to a hole on the side near Batoche's, but a little prairie put me too much in the open. – So I wait a bit and I hear talking near me: it is Baptiste Arcand and Donald Ross – These two came to us and seeing that we were in a bad place, they took off in the distance towards the steep river bank and all took off after them – One soldier advanced sliding on his stomach. A Native guy killed him and the other 1st Nations began yelling and hitting their mouths with their hands and jumping about – The Native guy loaded his rifle and leans it on an aspen and it fell on the head of old Parenteau and wounded him on the head- The soldiers reclinced the hill; some followed: White Cap, **Baptiste Montour**, Falcon and others, about 10 in all and once they arrived at the cemetery, the soldiers sent a volley of shots and we scramble to get away and from there Pierre Parenteau goes to the hole we assigned to him behind Batoche's.¹



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¹ Père Cloutier, vol. 2, pp.34-36.