

Oct. 19, 1855

(Copie d'une lettre du Rd.P. Durieu au Rd. P. Richard)

Mission of the Yakimas, Sept. 30, 1855

You must recognize that it is F. Durieu who is writing and that instead of going to Nesqually he has stayed alone in Attanem while F. Pandosy went to Olympia so has Brother Sarel. It is a "ressuscite" who is writing you, for the last sacraments have been administered to him, the extreme unction. An attack of appplexy has put me in less than an hour near the doors of the tomb, but God did not want me and I came back to fall back in hot fever excessively violent after the departure of F. Pandosy. But as soon as I had known definitely the kind of sickness, the hour and day of its arrival, I have applied a remedy and now here I am better since three days after a continuous illness of a month.

You talk about the death of agent Mr. Bolon. It is news which surprises me very much for eight days ago Mr. Bolon arrived at the house, coming from the Spokanes, to talk to Aouraie on the subject of the murder of an American who had been committed by the Pchounouapams. Mr. Bolon had arrived at the house at 1 o'clock p.m. and left around 3 o'clock, refusing to accept provisions for his journey, saying that the day after (it was last Monday) that he was at the house..in the morning he would be at the Dalles. He left at the same time a letter for F. Pandosy, so that this letter would write him to the Dalles to signal him when Aouraie would have come down in the plains. If therefore, Mr. Bolon is not at the Dalles, it is a proof that something happened to him. Has he been killed? I do not know, and how could I know it for as we have had during the month of September no savages near us except our servant. Father Pandosy is not yet returned, in spite that he should have been two days ago. A savage arrived two hours ago coming from the mountains and says that the Americans had killed Father and three of his Indian companions. As for me I am between life and death. When I returned from the Cayuses the Indians had plotted to kill the priest, take his powder, burn his house and then if the Americans

were coming avenge him and go on war. I have always believed that it is a story of Indians more than reality and every day all the savages whom we have met have shown us a certain interest but I do like

F. Vincent did at the Osier in 1848, I am giving tobacco to black faces.

Here ~~xx~~ my dear father, write to the major was for me an impossible thing. I had no Indians and moreover there will be only 8 days Monday that Mr. Bolon would have passed by at the mission and then he did not know anything possible. I can say that since the reunion at Walla Walla all the savages have dreamt only of war and it was by our death that it had to start. Is the ~~a~~ war started? I do not know.

Excuse my writing. I am writing Sunday night with a candle and a shaking hand. Your humble brother. Durieu