

Envelope - mourning -

Postmark:  
Kansas City, Mo.  
Nov. 20, 90.

Nov. 20/90

Chief Sitting Bull  
Standing Rock Agency  
North Dakota.

MCL-17

In pencil: Found in Sitting Bull's house after his arrest and death - handed me by Indian police. J. McL.  
Mrs. Weldon

Black-bordered writing paper.

Kansas City, Nov. 20th, 1890.

Chief Sitting Bull,  
My friend,

MB

My boy, my Christie, died on the Missouri River Steamer "Chaska". He stepped on a nail while we were at Mrs. Parkins; the foot got better; but on the boat he got cold in it & spasms & lockjaw set in & he died, suffering the most terrible pains. We could not land, the boat stuck on a sand-bar opposite Pierre, and when the boat could land, and the Doctors were sent for, it was too late. He did not like to die, but clung to life & to me; for day & night I could not leave his side & held his hands until he died. I took his body on shore & left the boat at Pierre. Put him in a coffin & an extra box & took him with me to this place, Kansas City. Last Monday the 17th we buried him here. All this extra expense has made me poor. You know that I told you I was no longer rich. Now I have nothing more to live for. Away from the Dakotas, my boy gone forever, what is there left for me? Unfortunately I cannot die, it seems to me that nothing will, or can kill me, and I would be so glad to go where all the rest have gone. If I only knew where my boy's spirit is. I never can dream of him since he has died, & before that I dreamt of him always. I sent White Eagle to you with a message before I left the Cannon Ball. I wrote you a letter too before I went & gave it to Miss Louise Primeau. Go and get it, or send for it. I do not want it lost. I also sent you a note from the boat, when we stopped at Yates landing, by a Yankton Sioux. The papers are full about the Indians, and that they may make war upon the white people. I have nothing more to say and advise that what I always said. I always advised you & your people for their own good and the day will surely come when ~~when~~ you will know it. War can do no good, only hasten your destruction. Oh, my friend, and my Uncpapas, you are deceived by your prophets, and I fear some bad white men who are leading you into endless troubles. I said enough when I was among you, you ought to remember my words. If I spoke harsh to you sometimes, forgive me; a true friend's warning is not always pleasant to hear. I meant it for the best.

Plenty of soldiers surround you now, on all sides; Should the Indians make trouble, it will be bad for them. Be reasonable, & take care!

Remember my boy! He was the only son of your best friend; Mourn for him. Tell Hoheci-kana, my brother, & all my friends. And if your prayers to the Great Spirit are heard, pray to him to give me a speedy death, that my heart may find peace.

Toka heya mani win.

C. Weldon.