

Nov. 20/90

Envelope - mourning -

Postmark:
Kansas City, Mo.
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,

M B

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 boys 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 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 friends 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.

X