

Nov. 23/90.

Envelope: Sitting Bull  
Please forward.

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Black-bordered writing paper.

Kansas City Nov. 23rd 1890.

Sitting Bull,

Once my best friend, what now? I send you an article cut from the papers it surprised me very much. I wrote to you informing you of the death of my boy. I addressed the letter directly to you. Did you get it? Since my boy is dead it seems that I have turned to stone. I could not weep until to day when I went to Church; then the ice around my heart seemed to give way & I feel more human. When he first died I was strongly tempted to kill myself; so that my heart might find peace; but then I thought of my niece & nephew & how such an act would disgrace them; and our religion teaches us that anyone who would do such a thing would not meet their friends again in heaven. My boy has been taken from me here, I would not want to be separated from him in the next world. Then when I read in the papers that there probably would be a fight between the Indians & the soldiers, I thought I would return to you so that I could be killed also & with the Indians; but when my brain grew more quiet, I thought I would become a sister, and devote the remainder of my life to God alone, & to the memory of the dead who have gone before me. God took my boy from me, because I did not deserve to have him. I gave my heart & soul to you & to the Dakotas, & their welfare alone was my care; & my poor boy was motherless. Had I taken better care of him, he would be with me still & we could be happy; instead of that black despair has seized my heart, & it never can find peace again, until I close my eyes in death. If God only will be merciful to me I hope it will be soon. I cannot see the green grass here, nor the sunshine without a heartache, for my boy in his grave cannot see them. I have spoken to a priest here I want to join some order. He advised me to do nothing rash, because I might regret it. While I am under the influence of this passionate grief I might conclude to do that which I would not do, were my grief less; but day by day I feel more determined to renounce the world. What right have I to enjoy what my boy can not have, what he can not see? I always had a heart for all unhappy people & tried to help & comfort them; but now it seems I am dead to all on Earth & only everlasting sleep I want. I wrote to Washington & stated how very small the Indians rations are. Your wife showed me what she received & I wrote everything to Washington, also that the Uncpapas do not get clothing. The major in his report to the Ind. Com. Morgan made many false statements about me & you. I send you the paper. He knew that he was lying about me while he wrote it. Will God ever punish him for his double-dealing?

I wish you would try to live an honest, noble life, & do what is right in the eyes of God, & let your heart be true to those who deserve it, that when death comes to both of us we may not be eternally separated, but meet again in a better world. I have made great sacrifices for you and your people, & you & they have stolen my heart & soul away from my own relatives, & made their hearts bad with grief & jealousy. Should you and the Dakotas lightly forget "Tokaheya mani win" then all my years of love have been in vain. I send my farewell to you all & to my brother "Hohecikana". I know he will grieve for my loss.

C. Weldon.