

Envelope:

Sitting Bull  
Standing Rock Agency  
North Dakota

Postmark:  
Kansas City  
Dec 1 90

Dec. 1/90.

Please notify \_\_\_\_\_ (paper torn) & give to  
him or member of his family.

11/2-21

Small writing paper.

Kansas City, Dec. 1st 1890.

Sitting Bull,  
My friend,

I do not know if this letter will ever reach you, but I am going to send it all the same, and trust to good-luck. I am so unhappy since my only child is dead, that I have no words to express my grief. You will understand me better than anyone else for the death of your own daughter left a wound in your heart never to be healed. If you want to learn the particulars of Christies death Louise Primeau will tell you all about it. If he had died on the Cannon Ball I should be more content; for then I would have buried him there & remained near my Indians, which would have been some comfort to me. Now I am far from all my Dakota friends, & from you, and my only child gone too. Nothing left to me. This city is a horrible one. If my nephew & niece would not have returned here from Europe I never would have come here. It was the very worst thing I ever have done in all my life, & which will probably destroy me utterly. If I had only returned to Brooklyn or New York as I had intended last September & October, all would have been well & my dear boy might still live. When I think of it I become almost insane. There is no one here who sympathises with the Indians; people take no interest in them. This is a very poor place & there is no business doing here. One could starve here. The papers make many unpleasant statements about you, & call you many bad names. My friends in the East send me the "Herald". That paper always speaks well of the Indians & you & me - instructs the public why the Indians want to fight because they are starving & because the Gov't does not fulfill the treaties. My dear friend, I am quite sure that you, do not believe in this false report about the "Son of God" who is to help the Indians. You know that I always warned you not to be deceived. I very much fear that some bad white people are at the bottom of it all. I wish that "Mato Wanah'taka" would have come forward like a man when I was staying at your house so that I could have talked to him & convinced him of the truth of what I said. I fear that my poor Indians must suffer for opposing the Gov't. & I fear for you. All the Mandan, Bismark, Chicago & St. Paul papers have been making statements about me which are quite false. Because I am your friend they denounce me, & even lay the blame for the Ghost dance & the threatened outbreak at my door; & you know best that I opposed the dance, & always counselled against war, & opposition against the Gov't. I had not slept for months while in Dakota fearing this; for I knew the minds of your people; but I always hoped you would keep your people in check; you had assured me that for my sake you would not fight against the white people any more. How I do regret having left Dakota; I might have prevented much unpleasantness had I remained with you. Since Christies death all has gone wrong with me. It is as if an Angel had left my side. And I feel like a poor Eagle shot in the wings not wounded enough to die & too helpless to fly. You know how many goods I had with me at the Cannon Ball. When I got off from the boat at Pierre, with the dead body of my boy, I took but a small trunk with me containing some travelling clothes. I could not look after much baggage, so I let that follow me as freight. All my silver, & you know how much I had; all my valuable books & paintings, including your two portraits are with it. My clothes, beds, carpets & artist materials in fact all I possess. Our letters & all valuable documents. I arrived here on the 16th Nov. Now we have the 1st of Dec. & my goods are not here & noone knows anything of them. Captain Talbot of the Steamer "Chaska" "Abner O'Neil" promised to put my goods on shore at Sioux City & then send them by mail to Kansas City; but he has paid off the freight until Sioux City; - from there it was to come C.O.D.