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Article Summary: Angeline Johnson, wife of an army captain, wrote lively letters home to her family in Pennsylvania from Camp Robinson in 1876. She described everyday life as well as major events including Indian surrenders at the end of the Great Sioux War, the death of Crazy Horse (which she witnessed), and the Cheyenne Outbreak.

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Photographs / Images: Angeline Hankins Johnson; Captain Charles Johnson; Angeline Johnson and her siblings Mary, Lucas, Rebecca, Samuel, Abigail, and John (1894); Yellow Bear, probably 1877; illustration: "The Imprisoned Cheyennes Fortifying Their Temporary Quarters at Fort Robinson" (*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, February 15, 1879)

Camp Robinson Letters of *Angeline Johnson*

1876-1879

Edited by Phillip G. Twitchell

Introduction

Angeline Hankins Johnson, an army officer's wife, followed her husband of three years to his new station at Camp Robinson in November 1876. Angeline, or "Angie," kept up a correspondence with her sister Abigail, or "Abbie," Hankins Bush, who lived at Susquehanna Depot, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania. Four of Angie's letters to Abbie have survived and tell of the momentous events at this northwest Nebraska post. Long treasured by family members, three of the letters, along with additional documents and memorabilia, have been entrusted to the Nebraska State Historical Society for preservation. The fourth letter, a rare eyewitness account of the death of Crazy Horse, has been donated to the Crazy Horse Memorial in South Dakota.¹

By the time the first letter was written, the Johnsons had seen much of army life in the West. Charles Akers Johnson was born in Jamestown, Pennsylvania, on June 4, 1840. At the time of the outbreak of the Civil War Johnson was residing in Wisconsin. His military record states that in April 1861 he volunteered for the army and served four months as a private in the First Wisconsin Infantry. In 1863 he volunteered again and eventually received promotions to the rank of first sergeant in the Thirteenth Wisconsin Battery, Light Artillery. In 1865 he became a second lieutenant in the Fifty-first Wisconsin Infan-



Angeline Hankins Johnson. NSHS-MS1652

try and was mustered out with other volunteers in May of that year.

In August 1867 Johnson was commissioned a second lieutenant in the regular army, although a newspaper clipping referring to a notice in the *Wisconsin State Journal* (Madison) at the time indicated some difficulty in informing him:

Governor Fairchild has received from General Grant, Secretary of War, ad interim, an appointment for Chas. A. Johnson as Second Lieutenant in the 14th regiment of U.S. Regulars. The Governor does not know the residence of Lieut. Johnson, and as it is important, in order that he may secure his commission, that he should be informed of his appointment without delay, state papers will confer a favor by mentioning the fact.



Capt. Charles Johnson. NSHS-MS1652

Johnson's army career proceeded smoothly, but slowly, from this beginning. By January 1876 Johnson had advanced to the rank of first lieutenant in the Fourteenth Infantry. In November he was assigned to Camp Robinson, Nebraska, where his duties often involved serving as acting agent for the Red Cloud Agency.² Stationed there until March 1879, he left with his company of men for Fort Douglas, Utah, one of his many subsequent assignments. Vancouver Barracks, Washington Territory, proved to be the Johnsons' home from 1884 until 1892, when Charles was promoted to captain and placed on the retired list for "disabilities incurred in the line of duty."

Phillip G. Twitchell is the grandson of Samuel Hankins, the brother of Angie Hankins Johnson and Abbie Hankins Bush. He lives in Novato, California.



Angeline Hankins Johnson and her siblings in 1894: (seated, left to right) **Mary, Lucas, and Rebecca;** (standing) **Samuel, Abigail (Abbie), John, and Angeline (Angie).** Courtesy of the author

Since his July 8, 1873, marriage Charles had been accompanied by his wife Angie, born in Hankins, Sullivan County, New York, on November 18, 1838. Their transferral to and comparatively long stay at Camp Robinson allowed them to witness two of the most significant events of the post's history. On September 5, 1877, the Sioux leader Crazy Horse met his death at Camp Robinson; on January 9, 1879, Cheyenne prisoners broke out of their barracks prison, and many died in this desperate escape attempt. Immediately after both events, the memories fresh in her mind, Angie Johnson wrote detailed, informative accounts that are presented here.

Regarding editorial procedures, all

relevant passages pertaining to the events at Camp Robinson have been presented. Portions of the letters dealing strictly with family matters back home have been excluded. Punctuation and paragraph breaks have been added for clarity. Angie Johnson's spelling has been retained.

Angie's first two letters are packed with details about the winding down of the Great Sioux War of 1876-77, a time when many Indian surrenders occurred at Camp Robinson. Her account of the Crazy Horse killing, the third letter here, joins those of at least seventeen other individuals. Johnson's, however, is the first eyewitness account by a woman.³ Her letter on the Cheyenne Outbreak, the fourth, adds to a much smaller body

of documents and provides many details on this tragic incident.

Not long after his retirement, Captain Johnson died on December 22, 1893, at his home in Washington, D.C. He was buried at Arlington National Cemetery. His memorial resolution prepared for the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States stated:

As a soldier, his record is without a blemish. He was a typical Christian gentleman; singularly modest and unobtrusive; of pure life; upright in character and with a knightly sense of honor. A tender husband, a faithful friend, with a broad charity for all mankind, he has left us the rich legacy of a noble life.

Angie Johnson, a resident of Binghamton, New York, during her widowhood, lived until February 1, 1903.

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She was buried next to Charles at Arlington. She, too, left a "rich legacy" in the form of these splendid additions to the historical record.

The Letters

Camp near Red Cloud Agency,
[Sunday] Dec. 3d, 1876

Dear Sister,

Mr. [2nd Lt. Frederic S.] Calhoun leaves here to-morrow morning for the east, so I will send the photographs by him to Sidney, and he can mail them to you from there. I think I told you before what you were to do with them, one pair for the folks at home, also for Lucas and Mary Ellen, Johny and Em, Sammy and Lillian, Rebecca, and also for yourself.⁴

We staid at the agency only one week. Then Charlie was sent here to take charge of this camp. It is about three-fourths of a mile from the agency and perhaps a very little farther from Camp Robinson. It is a part of that garrison. There are three companies here, "I" of the 14th and two of the 4th Inf. Also right adjoining there are between one and two hundred cavalry. Then a little farther toward the garrison (Robinson) there are more cavalry stationed, besides the garrison there at the post. I suppose Charlie will be here about a month. Then some other officers will be back from leave, and I suppose Charlie will return to his own company at the agency for awhile.

We moved right in the house here where another officer was boarding without unpacking our own things for the short time we expect to stay. The house isn't very large, but we are very comfortably fixed. They are building quarters for the men here and more officers' quarters as fast as two saw-mills can saw the lumber.

Our quarters and two other sets of officers' quarters form one side of a square and the men's quarters the three other sides, besides other quarters. There are sentries out all night, and one walks up and down past the house, so

there isn't any danger here. I thought I should feel afraid here but I don't. There are too many troops here, and besides the Indians would not do any of their harm here, but, if they were inclined to do it, would go away somewhere else and then come back here and pretend to be good Indians so as to draw their rations and be kept in their laziness.

Thursday a large band of them, led by Yellow Bear, gave up voluntarily their arms and ponies, about fifty, and yesterday another party came in and gave up their arms and nearly two hundred ponies, and they must feel that they are pretty well whipped when they will do that.

We heard yesterday that the troops out on the expedition (McKenzie's, with Crook) had had a fight with the Indians and whipped them, but lost one Lt. and five men killed, and 25 wounded, but I suppose you will hear it by telegraph in the papers before we do.⁵ I hope they will settle it this winter and that no others will have to go out, but they may have to go before Spring. Our camp here is sometimes called Camp Canby.

I must tell you how I spent Thanksgiving. Well in the forenoon we drove over to the agency to see them issue rations to the Indians. I wish you could have seen them. Their names are taken before hand. Then on that day they are given tickets, and they take them to the office or store room and get their flour, sugar, coffee, &c. Then they go down to the slaughter pen, about a mile from the agency where they get their beef. Some of the beef is given out already killed, and some are turned loose and they chase and kill them themselves. We rode down there to see them. The agent and interpreter were with us. When we started, one old Indian called out some outlandish gibberish in Sioux, telling them it was time to get the beef. Then away we drove with the pack stringing along behind us, most all on ponies. When we reached the place the interpreter called out the name in Indian, and that Indian would come up and get

his or her ticket and then could go and get the beef. We were in the carriage with nearly five hundred of the Indians around us as thick as hops, every so many squaws and children, or papposes I should say, among them. Some of the half starved wretches would eat their meat raw. The squaws would empty out the intestines in short order. Then they were ready for use.

I saw Red Cloud there, also Old-man-afraid-of-his-horses, and Red Cloud's daughter who is quite a nice looking squaw, and ever so many other notables. You would laugh to see the little children, with their little bare legs, hopping and skipping around. Some of them have awful names, though they sound very romantic when spoken in Sioux.⁶ I saw one squaw (or half-breed) named Georgiana. As soon as the tickets were all given out, about half an hour, we came home and did not wait to see them kill their beef. I was afraid they might accidentally shoot our way. I breathed a great deal freer when we were clear of the pack. In the afternoon we went up to Camp Robinson to dinner and came home that evening. I wish you could have seen us just as we looked with that crew around us. I would like a picture of it.

You need not be uneasy about me. I am in no danger here and will be careful. I must stop as C. wants to take these up to the agency to post. I was going to write to Mary but haven't time to-day, so you can send this to her when you read it thru, and I will wait a few days to write to her.

Love to all. Ask Em what she is doing that she cannot write.

Angie

Jessie & Eddie send love and say tell Florence to write to us. Eddie wears pants all the time now, Abbie. Love to all the children.⁷ Continue to direct Red Cloud Agency, Neb., via Sidney, Neb. If you don't put on "via Sidney," they may go by Fort Laramie and be a week later.

Red Cloud Agency, Neb.,
[Sunday] Apr. 22, '77

Dear Sister,

Another stormy Sunday, snowing and blowing. April has sustained its credit for changeable weather this time. Friday and Friday night we had a terrible dust storm, so that every thing was covered with dust in the house. Near the windows the dust was so thick on the carpet that you couldn't tell what kind of carpet it was, and only two days before that we had a heavy rain storm. That's the kind of a country this is.

It is thought now that an expedition from this department will not be sent out as so many Indians are coming in to the agency here and at Spotted Tail. One may be sent out from the northern department (Dakota) if the Indians do not all come in. Yesterday over five hundred Cheyennes came in to this agency and gave up their arms, and several hundred have lately come in to the Spotted Tail Agency. Red Cloud was sent out about a week ago to try and induce the rest to give up. Red Cloud was chief of the delegation, about eighty in all. It takes them about a month to go and return, so they will not know for awhile yet what success he will meet with. I hope he will be successful for it will add to his honors very much, and I feel sorry for the old fellow. You know he was deposed from being principal chief last year, and since then "his heart has been broken."

Mrs. [W. H.] Brown, Mrs. [Frank D.] Yates and I "called" on Mrs. Red Cloud the day before he left. It was the first time I have been in a tepee. It was just like the one at the [Philadelphia] Centennial, only made of canvas instead of buffalo skin. She was not well the day we were there. She was mourning for their niece who had died a few days before, a young girl about sixteen. She had her hair cut off but not short. They (the squaws) cut off their hair when in mourning. Charlie saw a squaw yesterday among those who came in from the north who had her arm all scarred from

the wrist to the shoulder where she had gashed it with a knife when some of her friends had been killed. When any of their old friends here meet those who have lost friends, such a howling as the squaws set up you never heard. They all seem glad to get back.

I saw some of the children down in the yard yesterday, real bright looking little fellows. One of them saw me and pointed me out to the rest. When they point towards any one, they do it with their lips instead of hands. They stick out their lips with their mouths slightly opened. You would think they were "making mouths" at you if you did not know.

I saw in the paper that Gen. [William Tecumseh] Sherman recommended moving these agencies up north on the Missouri at once if the Indians gave up in sufficient numbers so that they would not have to send out an expedition. If they do, that may let us go back to Salt Lake [Fort Douglas, Utah], and it is possible they may send us up.

You say you think it is a little suspicious my needing so many corset laces and then elastic to piece them out. Well, I suppose if that is the case, you could be persuaded to take another boarder until after the "event." How is it?

The cook book came all right.

To-morrow Mr. Clay Dear [licensed military trader] is going to Omaha, so we will send two hundred and fifty dollars by him which he will send in P.O. order to you, and you can deposit it with Curtis and Miller. That will be less trouble than to send it to Port Jervis [New York], and the next we send can be put in the P. J. bank. We can save quite a good deal while here as expenses are not much. I suppose those that we send it by think it must be the old story, "making money out of the poor Indians." I suppose they have been stolen from for certain, for a rascal has a good chance to steal from them, that is, steal things intended for them.

Dull Knife, the one they had a fight with last fall, is among the Indians just arrived.

I have received several papers (P. J.) lately.

The daily coach is to be put on this week. Then we will get a daily mail from Sidney.

The storm had delayed the telegraph, but it is within a few miles of here, and an operator is with it and has his office in a tent, so they send and receive telegrams here every day. I think it will be here to-morrow. I have been so anxious to have it finished so that I could hear at once if any thing happened to mother.

Have you been to the dentist's yet?

Love to all. I will write to the children soon.

Angie

Camp Robinson, Nebraska,
[Friday] September 7th 1877

Dear Sister,

I suppose you have seen in the papers lately about our "Crazy Horse" difficulties here, so I will tell you all about it. Ever since his surrender he has been sullen and stubborn, has never had what he deserved, a good thrashing, notwithstanding the glowing accounts in the papers of his full submission and surrender. He was not driven in but was coaxed in and of course thought he could do as he pleased. Still wishing to "conciliate" this brave chief, only about [a] month ago orders were issued by those in authority to sell ammunition to the Indians to go hunting. Every one here thought it a most unwise order, except for one or two, but in the military a commander can do as he pleases. Of course the traders for the sake of the money would sell as soon as permission was given, and of course the Indians improved that chance, and for one day lots of ammunition was sold to the Indians. Over at the agency the agent there, not being of the military, stopped the sale of it there, and very soon. The order was recalled, but in one day they could get enough to help their northern friends ever so much in their war with the whites. I saw an order a day or two afterwards from the President prohibiting the sale of it to any Indians. Perhaps

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that caused this order to be recalled so soon.

Well, the "conciliating" policy didn't work with Crazy Horse, and Gen'l [George] Crook came here last Sunday or Saturday, and it was decided that he [Crazy Horse] must be prevented from going north again to join the hostiles, as he threatened, so an expedition went out from here to his camp about six miles out, on Tuesday, to capture him and his band. When they got there, their village was broken up and their band scattered; however, most of them were found and surrendered, but Crazy Horse had gone to Spotted Tail Agency. Some of the Indian soldiers [rather, Indian scouts] went up there after him and brought him back here Wednesday just before dark, a prisoner. In trying to get him in the guard house he was mortally wounded and died that night about twelve.

They got him in the guard house first, but, when he came to the cell door, he sprang away from them and nearly escaped. He stabbed "Little Big Man" in the arm who was trying to hold him. The Indian soldiers were around him with their guns before he went many steps, and he could not escape, but some northern Indians, his friends, said he shouldn't be put in the guard house & they were ready for fight, and for a few minutes it looked like serious trouble. The Indians were whooping and yelling and very much excited. The Indian soldiers [were] very anxious to pitch into the northern Indians. Our quarters were about as far as from our house to the barn from the guard house. We were watching them. The soldiers were all ordered under arms, and in a few minutes infantry and cavalry were all ready for business. Several extra companies were here for the occasion.

They—his friends—said he shouldn't be put in the guard house, for they had been promised that, if he came back peacefully, he wouldn't be put there but would be released soon. I think such a promise had been at least partly made them, and it was wrong to do it if they



Yellow Bear, a Lakota leader mentioned in the Johnson letters, probably 1877.
NSHS-B774-17

could not or would not fulfill it. A certain officer here had sent out word to him to come on in & nothing should be done to him, so it was reported, and I noticed that he took good care to keep out of the way of any of them during the fracas.⁹ It is so wrong to make them promises that will not be kept. They lose all confidence after that. Well, they said he shouldn't be put in the guard house, and he wasn't, but was taken to the Adjutant's Office, just adjoining the guard house.

In his endeavor [sic] to escape he was wounded in the side by a knife or bayonet; some thought at the time that he stabbed himself in trying to stab "Little Big Man" who had been one of

his principal chiefs, but who disapproved of his conduct since his surrender, and was helping to arrest him. He was under the doctor's care till he died; some thought he was shamming insensibility and would suddenly spring up and escape, but he was bleeding internally until he died, so nothing could be done to help him. The doctor who attended him was the one employed at the agency and in whom they have confidence, for a wonder.¹⁰ After he was removed to the office, the Indians went home, except the Indian soldiers who remained in case they were needed.

Crazy Horse's father and another chief of his band, "Touch the Cloud," staid with him all night, so that they knew just how he died.

They feared an attempt would be made to rescue him in the night, so the soldiers were kept ready for instant action all night, pickets out in every direction and everything warlike, but no attempt was made. The next morning at daylight the old man, Crazy Horse's father, was out walking across the parade and crying and mourning greatly. I felt sorry for the poor old fellow, and Charlie went out and brought him in and gave him his breakfast, but he couldn't eat much, and an Indian feels very bad when he can't eat. Then the mother of Crazy Horse came, and both of them went across the parade and down to the office where his body was, both crying and singing their mournful death song. You couldn't help but feel sorry for them.

They sent an ambulance to take his body to his band, an Indian driving it as it would not have been safe for a white man to take it. His father told the doctor something of his [Crazy Horse's] life. He said he had killed thirty-seven people, three of them being women, so of course he was a brave man. The other Indians have not approved of his course here and think his death is all right, but some of his own band will very likely seek revenge by killing any one that they can catch out alone and unarmed, at least until their anger quiets down.

They are just as mad at the other Indians as at the whites.

Just before Crazy Horse died he shook hands with the doctor and said "Wash-tá." That is their word for "good," meaning it is all right. When the trouble began, some of the friendly Indians stripped off their blankets and leggings like a flash, ready for war, and said, "Minne-con-jous Leé-che. The Minne-conjous are the northern Indians, lately hostile, and "Leé-che" means "bad."

Some of the Indians are going to Washington about the 15th or 16th, and the Agent is going with them, and Charlie will have charge there again while he is gone. I suppose they will be gone about a month. I shall not go over there. In fact I don't think I shall venture very far away from the post. Charlie will only have to be there in the day time.

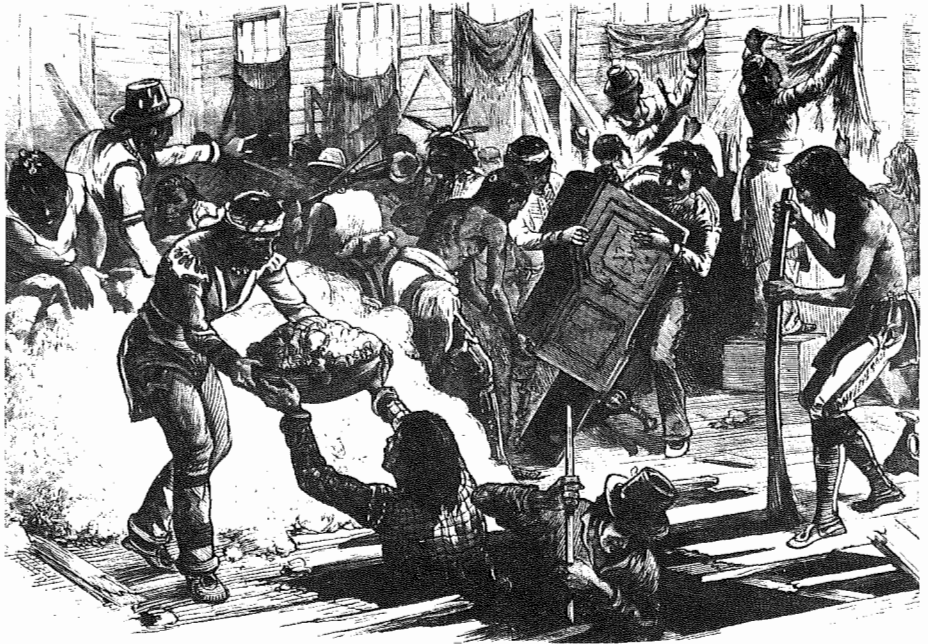
You needn't feel at all uneasy for we have plenty of troops here, and it will only be a few young Indians, if any, who will make trouble by attacking those off alone and unarmed. I thought it best to write you the particulars as the papers usually give a very incorrect account of things happening here and may possibly report this wrong. I will say nothing about it in my letters home, so, if they don't see any thing about it in the papers, they will not be uneasy, but, if they should, you can explain it to them, or let them read this letter. The story is too long to write often.

I think the Indians will be moved in Oct. Then I suppose we will return to Salt Lake. I must stop now and finish Charlie's shirts. I am making him some flannel ones to have on hand if he is sent out on an expedition.

Write soon. . . . Love to all,
Angie

Saturday, 8th

The 2 [Port Jervis] Gazettes came this morning. The Indians are all getting quiet. The older ones are making the younger ones quiet down. It is usually the young ones who make trouble. Every thing is quiet now.



"The Imprisoned Cheyennes Fortifying Their Temporary Quarters at Fort Robinson,"
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, February 15, 1879.

Camp Robinson, Neb.
[Wednesday] Jan 15th 1879

Dear Sister,

I have just written a long letter to mother and one to Johny, and now I will write to you as you may not be at Hankins. I have been going to write for several days, but something has prevented, and it seemed very hard work for me to write after all the excitement here. I knew you would get the particulars of the Indian outbreak in the papers and would know that no one but the soldiers were hurt (none of the families), so I did not write at once.

These Indian prisoners who have been here since their capture in the fall were to be taken to Fort Leavenworth. There the state authorities were to try and identify those who committed the murders in Kansas in the Fall. They were to be turned over to them and the rest taken back to their reservation in Indian Territory. The wagons and troops were here ready to take them back, but they would not go, said they would die here first. To avoid bloodshed, as they per-

sisted in their determination, their supply of food and wood was taken away. They thought that would make them give up. As they did not want the women and children to suffer, they were asked each day to send them out for food, but the Indian men would not let them come out at all. The squaws say since that these are the very ones who did the murdering in Kansas, and they thought they would be hanged if they were sent back, and that was why they were so determined not to go back. After their capture last fall they disarmed them, or supposed they did, but they must have hidden a number under the floor, as they had them when they broke out.

That afternoon the commanding officer, Capt. [Henry W.] Wessells [Jr.], called two of the chiefs out to try and persuade them to give up, but they would not, and while there one of them, [Wild] Hog, tried to stab a soldier, or rather did stab him, and would have killed him if his arm had not been held back. Those two were handcuffed and sent to the camp about a mile or so

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from the post, where some cavalry are stationed. Their families were allowed to go, too, so they were not here at the outbreak. The rest of that day we could hear them tearing up the floor and smashing things generally and occasionally singing their death song, knowing that some of them would probably be killed when they made their attempt to escape.

At about ten o'clock that night, Thursday, they fired on the guard who were walking near the building, killing one and wounding others. Then they all made a break through the windows, old and young, the armed Indians forming a rear guard and firing on the soldiers. They kept up the firing as they ran. The balls flew pretty thick around our quarters as the officers quarters were not very far from the Indian building, about as far as from the house to the barn at home. I was afraid Charlie would get hit as he went down from our house to the office across the parade, when the balls were flying all around, but he didn't get hurt. The soldiers followed them, and we could see the firing and hear it on the bluffs around for a long time.

Thirty-three Indians are known to be killed, or have died from wounds. Probably other wounded ones have died where they have crawled away as it was a cold night and some who were recaptured were badly frozen. Most of those recaptured are women and children, some badly wounded as it was impossible to avoid it as they were all scattered in together and the Indians firing. It makes me out of patience to see how the papers blame the soldiers. I wonder if they wanted them to stand and be shot without firing a gun.

The wounded Indians have all been well cared for. One doctor here gave his whole time to them, and others helped him. I had one of the little Indian babies here taking care of it awhile. It was only a few months old and had been shot in the leg, its mother being killed at the same time. I took it that night and fixed it up as good as I could and fed it. The doctor came and set its leg. The next

night a squaw who had been recaptured took it, but it only lived a day or two. It was better for the poor little thing as long as it was so badly hurt, but I felt a real interest in it after taking care of it. The next day (Saturday) I was quite sick all day, but I am as well as usual now.

The troops are still out after Indians who escaped, about forty in all, I think. Another company goes out to-morrow. I hope they will get them, but I am afraid they will not. The men are determined not to be taken alive, and when the soldiers after finding them wait and ask them to surrender, their answer is a bullet. One man was killed in that way and others fired on.

I was down to the building to-day to see it. It looks pretty well battered up. The windows broken out and the floor all torn up and pits dug in the ground.

Well, enough of this for this time. It is now almost bed time. I have been interrupted so many times since commencing this. This will delay Charlie's return to Douglas, as the one who is to take his place as quartermaster has been sent out with his company after Indians to be gone several days. I suppose he can not get away now before the middle of Feb., as it takes so long to turn over the property; there is so much here.

You see the papers all call this Fort Robinson now, also Fort Douglas, Utah. All permanent posts are called Forts by a recent order, though the P.O. here is still Camp Robinson.¹¹

You asked in your letter if our house is warm and if we can keep warm here. Yes, it is, and last Thursday night it was very warm all around our house. It was rather warm for all in the post, too much so for comfort.

Well, I have filled this letter full of Indians, so will stop now. Write as soon as you can.

Love to all.

Angie

Notes

¹ The letters from Camp Robinson, photographs of Charles and Angie Johnson, two officer commission certificates, and assorted newspaper notices and family records were passed on to the editor by relatives. Subsequent biographical information presented in this article came from this material and family history. The Twitchell donation of the Johnson letters (December 3, 1876, April 22, 1877, January 15, 1879) is catalogued as the Charles A. Johnson Collection, MS 1652, Nebraska State Historical Society Archives. The original copy of the letter regarding the death of Crazy Horse (September 7, 1877) was donated to the Indian Museum of North America at Crazy Horse, South Dakota, site of the Crazy Horse Memorial.

² Captain Johnson's activities as an officer-agent at Red Cloud Agency are detailed in Thomas R. Buecker and R. Eli Paul, eds., *The Crazy Horse Surrender Ledger* (Lincoln: Nebraska State Historical Society, 1994), 9, 11-15.

³ A summary of direct eyewitness accounts appears in James N. Gilbert, "The Death of Crazy Horse: A Contemporary Examination of the Homicidal Events of 5 September 1877," *Journal of the West* 32 (Jan. 1993):5-21.

⁴ Lucas, John, Samuel, Mary, Rebecca, and Abigail were all siblings of Angie and children of John and Susan (Thomas) Hankins of Hankins, Sullivan County, New York. Lillian (Waite) was the wife of Samuel, Emma (Buckley), the wife of John.

⁵ Col. Ranald S. Mackenzie led an attack on Dull Knife's Cheyenne village on November 25, 1876. The officer killed was 1st Lt. John A. McKinney.

⁶ For more on Indian names, see Buecker and Paul, *Crazy Horse Surrender Ledger*, 15.

⁷ Jessie, age seven, and Eddie, age five, were Abbie's children. Florence was another niece, the daughter of sister Mary. David Bush, Jessie and Eddie's father, had died two months earlier, which may explain their stay with their Aunt Angie.

⁸ Apparently Angie is referring to her pregnancy. The Johnsons had only one child, who died in infancy.

⁹ Angie probably refers to 1st Lt. William Philo Clark, who commanded the Indian scouts.

¹⁰ The doctor at Crazy Horse's side was contract post surgeon Valentine T. McGillicuddy.

¹¹ On December 30, 1878, Gen. Philip Sheridan issued the order that officially renamed the camp "Fort Robinson."