

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE'S VICTORY.

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THE United States government was almost as much demoralized by St. Clair's defeat as St. Clair's own army. The loosely knit nation was very poor, and very loath to undertake any work which involved sustained effort and pecuniary sacrifice, while each section was jealous of every other, and was unwilling to embark in any enterprise unlikely to inure to its own immediate benefit. There was little national glory or reputation to be won by even a successful Indian war, while another defeat might prove a serious disaster to a government which was as yet far from firm in its seat. The Eastern people were lukewarm about a war in which they had no direct interest; and the foolish frontiersmen, instead of backing up the administration, railed at it, and persistently supported the party which desired so to limit the powers and energies of the national government as to produce mere paralysis. Under such conditions the national administration, instead of at once redoubling its efforts to insure success by shock of arms, was driven to the ignoble necessity of yet again striving for a hopeless peace.

It would be impossible to paint in too vivid colors the extreme reluctance of the government to enter into or to carry on war with the Indians. It was only after every other shift had been vainly tried that resort was had to the edge of the sword. The United States would gladly have made a stable peace on honorable terms, and strove with weary patience to bring about a friendly understanding. But all such efforts were rendered abortive by the treachery and truculence of the savages (who could only be cowed by a thorough beating), and by the desire of the settlers for lands which the red men claimed as their hunting-grounds.

In pursuance of their timidly futile policy of friendliness, the representatives of the national government, in the spring of 1792, sent peace envoys with a flag of truce to the hostile tribes. The unfortunate ambassadors thus chosen for sacrifice were Colonel John Hardin, the gallant but ill-starred leader of Kentucky horse, who had so often and with such various success encountered the Indians on the field of battle, and a Federal officer, Ma-

jor Alexander Trueman. In June they started towards the hostile town with one or two companions, and soon fell in with some Indians, who, on being shown the white flag, and informed of the object of the visit, received them with every appearance of good-will. But this was merely a mask. A few hours later the treacherous savages suddenly fell upon and slew the messengers of peace. It was never learned whether the deed was the mere wanton outrage of some blood-thirsty young braves, or the result of orders given by one of the Indian councils. At any rate, the Indians never punished the treachery, and when the chiefs wrote to Washington they mentioned with cool indifference that "you sent us at different times different speeches, the bearers whereof our foolish young men killed on their way," not even expressing regret for the occurrence.

The truculent violence and bad faith of the savages merited severe chastisement, but the United States government was long-suffering and forbearing to a degree. There was no attempt to avenge the murder of the flag-of-truce men. On the contrary, renewed efforts were made to secure a peace by treaty. In the fall of 1792 Rufus Putnam, on behalf of the United States, succeeded in concluding a treaty with the Wabash and Illinois tribes, which at least served to keep many of their young braves out of actual hostilities. In the following spring three commissioners—Benjamin Lincoln, Beverly Randolph, and Timothy Pickering, all men of note—were sent to persuade the Miami tribes and their allies to agree to a peace. In his letter of instructions the Secretary of War impressed upon them the desire of the people of the United States for peace in terms that were almost humiliating, and even directed them if necessary to cede some of the lands already granted by the Indians at previous treaties.

In May, 1793, the commissioners went to Niagara, where they held meetings with various Iroquois chiefs, and exchanged friendly letters with the British officers of the posts, who assured them that they would help in the effort to conclude a peace. Captain Brant, the Iro-



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quois chief, acted as spokesman for a deputation of the hostile Indians from the Miami, where a great council was being held, at which not only the northwestern tribes, but the Five Nations were in attendance. The commissioners then sailed to the Detroit River, having first sent home a strong remonstrance against the activity displayed by the new commander on the Ohio (Wayne), whose vigorous measures, they said, had angered the Indians, and were considered by the British "unfair and unwarrantable." This was a preposterous complaint. Throughout our history, whether in dealing with Indians, or with other foes, our peace commissioners have invariably shown to disadvantage when compared with the military commandants, for whom they always betray much jealousy. Wayne's conduct was eminently proper, and it is difficult to understand the mental attitude of the commissioners who criticised it because the British considered it "unwarrantable." However, a few weeks later they learned to take a more just view of Wayne, and to thank him for the care

with which he had kept the peace while they were vainly trying to treat, for at the Detroit they found they could do nothing. Brant and the Iroquois urged the northwestern tribes not to yield any point, and promised them help, telling the British agent McKee, evidently to his satisfaction, "We came here not only to assist with our advice, but other ways; . . . we came here with arms in our hands," and they insisted that the country belonged to the confederated tribes in common, and so could not be surrendered save by all. Brant was the inveterate foe of the Americans and the pensioner of the British, and his advice to the tribes was sound, and was adopted by them, though he misled them by his never-fulfilled promise of support. They refused to consider any proposition which did not acknowledge the Ohio as the boundary between them and the United States, and so, towards the end of August, the commissioners returned to report their failure. The final solution of the problem was thus left to the sword of Wayne.

The attitude of the British gradually

changed from passive to active hostility. In 1792 and 1793 they still wished the Indians to make peace with the Americans, provided always there were no such concession made to the latter as would endanger the British control of the fur trade. But by the beginning of 1794 the relations between Great Britain and the United States had become so strained that open war was threatened; for the advisers of the King, relying on the weakness of the young federal republic, had begun to adopt that tone of brutal insolence which reflected well the general attitude of the British people towards the Americans, and which finally brought on the second war between the two nations.

The British officials in Canada were quick to reflect the tone of the home government, and, as always in such cases, the more zealous and belligerent went a little farther than they were authorized. On February 10th Lord Dorchester, Governor of Canada, in an address of welcome to some of the chiefs from the tribes of the North and West, said, speaking of the boundary: "Children, since my return I find no appearance of a line remains; and from the manner in which the people of the United States push on and act and talk . . . I shall not be surprised if we are at war with them in the course of the present year; and if so, a line must then be drawn by the warriors; . . . we have acted in the most peaceable manner, and borne the language and conduct of the people of the United States with patience, but I believe our patience is almost exhausted." Of course such a speech, delivered to such an audience, was more than a mere incitement to war; it was a direct appeal to arms. Nor did the encouragement given the Indians end with words; for in April, Simcoe, the Lieutenant-Governor, himself built a fort at the Miami Rapids, in the very heart of the hostile tribes, and garrisoned it with British regulars, infantry and artillery; which, wrote one of the British officials to another, had "put all the Indians here in great spirits" to resist the Americans. The same official further reported that the Spaniards also were exciting the Indians to war, and were in communication with Simcoe, their messengers coming to him at his post on the Miami. At this time the Spanish Governor, Carondelet, was alarmed over Clark's threatened invasion of Louisiana on behalf of the French Re-

public. He wrote to Simcoe asking for English help in the event of such invasion. Simcoe, in return, wrote expressing his good-will, and enclosing a copy of Dorchester's speech to the northern Indians; which, Carondelet reported to the court of Spain, showed that the English were following the same system adopted by the Spaniards in reference to the Indians, whom they were employing with great success against the Americans. Moreover, the Spaniards, besides communicating with the British, sent messages to the Indians at the Miami, urging them to attack the Americans, and promising help—a promise which they never fulfilled, save that in a covert way they furnished the savages with arms and munitions of war.

The Canadians themselves were excited and alarmed by Dorchester's speech, copies of which were distributed broadcast; for the general feeling was that it meant that war was about to be declared between Great Britain and the United States. The Indians took the same view as to what the speech meant, but to them it gave unmixed pleasure and encouragement. The British officials circulated it everywhere among the tribes, reading it aloud to the gathered chiefs and fighting-men. McKee, the British Indian agent among the northwestern tribes who were at war with the Americans, reported with joy the rapid growth of warlike spirit among the savages in consequence of the speech, and of the building of the British fort on the Miami. He wrote: "The face of the Indian affairs in this country. I have the greatest satisfaction in informing you, seems considerably altered for the better. His Excellency Lord Dorchester's speech and the arrival here of speeches from the Spaniards induce me to believe that a very extensive union of the Indian nations will be the immediate consequence. The Lieutenant-Governor has ordered a strong detachment of the 24th Regiment to take post a mile and a half below this place. This step has given great spirits to the Indians, and impressed them with a hope of our ultimately acting with them, and affording a security for their families should the enemy penetrate to their villages."

Nor did the British confine their encouragement to words. The Canadian authorities forwarded to the Miami tribes, through the agent McKee, quantities of

guns, rifles, and gunlocks, besides vermilion paint and tobacco. McKee was careful to get from the home authorities the best fire-arms he could, explaining that his red protégés preferred the long to the short rifles, and considered the common trade guns makeshifts, to be used only until they could get better ones.

The Indians made good use of the weapons thus furnished them by the "neutral" British. A party of Delawares and Shawnees, after a successful skirmish with the Americans, brought to McKee six of the scalps they had taken; and part of the speech of presentation at the solemn council where they were received by McKee ran: "We had two actions with [some of Wayne's troops who were guarding convoys], in which a great many of our enemies were killed. Part of their flesh we have brought here with us to convince our friend of the truth of their being now in great force on their march against us; therefore, father [addressing McKee], we desire you to be strong, and bid your children make haste to our assistance, as was promised by them." The speaker, a Delaware chief, afterwards handed the six scalps to a Huron chief, that he might distribute them among the tribes. McKee sent to the home authorities a full account of this council, where he had assisted at the reception and distribution of the scalps the savages had taken from the soldiers of a nation with which the British still pretended to be at peace; and a few days later he reported that the lake Indians were at last gathering, and that when the fighting-men of the various tribes joined forces, as he had reason to believe they shortly would join, the British posts would be tolerably secure from any attack by Wayne.

The Indians served the British not only as a barrier against the Americans, but as a police for their own soldiers, to prevent their deserting. An Englishman who visited the lake posts at this time recorded, with a good deal of horror, the fate that befell one of a party of deserters from the British garrison at Detroit. The commander, on discovering that they had gone, ordered the Indians to bring them back, dead or alive. When overtaken, one resisted, and was killed and scalped. The Indians brought in his scalp and hung it outside the fort, where it was suffered to remain, that the omi-

nous sight might strike terror to other discontented soldiers.

The publication of Lord Dorchester's speech caused angry excitement in the United States. Many thought it spurious; but Washington, then President, with his usual clear-sightedness, at once recognized that it was genuine, and accepted it as proof of Great Britain's hostile feeling towards his country. Through the Secretary of State he wrote to the British Minister, calling him to sharp account, not only for Dorchester's speech, but for the act of building a fort on the Miami, and for the double-dealing of his government, which professed friendship, with smooth duplicity, while their agents urged the savages to war. "At the very moment when the British ministry were forwarding assurances of good-will, does Lord Dorchester foster and encourage in the Indians hostile dispositions towards the United States," ran the letter; "but this speech only forebodes hostility; the intelligence which has been received this morning is, if true, hostility itself. . . . Governor Simcoe has gone to the fort of the Rapids of the Miami, followed by three companies of a British regiment, in order to build a fort there." The British minister, Hammond, in his answer, said he was "willing to admit the authenticity of the speech," and even the building of the fort, but sought to excuse both by recrimination, asserting that the Americans had themselves in various ways shown hostility to Great Britain. In spite of this explicit admission, however, the British statesmen generally, both in the House of Lords and the House of Commons, disavowed the speech, though in guarded terms; and many Americans were actually convinced by their denials.

Throughout all this period, whatever the negotiators might say or do, the ravages of the Indian war parties never ceased. In the spring following St. Clair's defeat the frontiers of Pennsylvania suffered as severely as those of Virginia from bands of savages who were seeking for scalps, prisoners, and horses. Boats were waylaid and attacked as they descended the Ohio, and the remote settlements were mercilessly scourged. The spies or scouts, the trained Indian-fighters, were out all the while watching for the war bands, and when they discovered one a strong party of rangers or militia



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was immediately gathered to assail it, if it could be overtaken. Every variety of good and bad fortune attended these expeditions. Thus, in August, 1792, the spies discovered an Indian party in the lower settlements of Kentucky. Thirty militia gathered, followed the trail, and overtook the marauders at Rolling Fork, killing four, while the others scattered; of the whites, one was killed and two wounded. About the same time the famous Kentucky hunter Kenton found a strong Indian camp, which he attacked at dawn, killing three warriors, but when

they turned out in force and one of his own scouts was killed, he promptly drew back out of danger. Neither the Indians nor the wild white Indian-fighters made any point of honor about retreating. They wished to do as much damage as possible to their foes, and if the fight seemed doubtful they at once withdrew to await a more favorable opportunity. As for the individual adventurers, their name was legion; all the old annalists, all the old frontiersmen who in after-life recorded their memories of the Indian wars, tell with interminable repetition how such

and such a settler was captured by two Indians, and, watching his chance, fell on his captors when they sat down to dinner and slew them "with a squaw-axe"; how another man was treacherously attacked by two Indians who had pretended to be peaceful traders, and how, though wounded, he killed them both; how two or three cabins were surprised by the savages and all the inhabitants slain; or how a flotilla of flat-boats was taken and destroyed while moored to the bank of the Ohio; and so on without end.

The United States authorities vainly sought peace, while the British instigated the tribes to war, and the savages themselves never thought of ceasing their hostilities. The frontiersmen also wished war, and regarded the British and Indians with an equal hatred. They knew that the presence of the British in the lake posts meant Indian war; they knew that the Indians would war on them, whether they behaved well or ill, until the tribes suffered some signal overthrow; and they coveted the Indian lands with a desire as simple as it was brutal. Nor were land-hunger and revenge the only motives that stirred them to aggression; meaner feelings were mixed with the greed for untilled prairie and unfelled forest and the fierce longing for blood. Throughout our history as a nation, as long as we have had a frontier, there was always a class of frontiersmen for whom Indian war meant the chance to acquire wealth at the expense of the government; and on the Ohio in 1792 and 1793 there were plenty of men who, in the event of a campaign, hoped to make profit out of the goods, horses, and cattle they supplied the soldiers. One of Madison's Kentucky friends wrote him with rather startling frankness that the welfare of the new State hinged on the advent of an army to assail the Indians—first, because of the defence it would give the settlers; and secondly, because it would be the chief means for introducing into the country a sufficient quantity of money for circulation. Madison himself evidently saw nothing out of the way in this twofold motive of the frontiersmen for wishing the presence of an army. In all the border communities there was a lack of circulating medium, and an earnest desire to obtain more by any expedient.

Like many other frontiersmen, Madison's correspondent indulged almost

equally in complaints of the Indian ravages and denunciations of the regular army, which alone could put an end to them, and of the national party which sustained the army.

Major-General Anthony Wayne, a Pennsylvanian, had been chosen to succeed St. Clair in the command of the army, and on him devolved the task of wresting victory from the formidable forest tribes, fighting as the latter were in the almost impenetrable wilderness of their own country. The tribes were aided by the support covertly, and often openly, yielded them by the British. They had even more effective allies in the suspicion with which the backwoodsmen regarded the regular army, and the supine indifference of the people at large, which forced the administration to try every means to obtain peace before adopting the only manly and honorable course—a vigorous war.

Of all men, Wayne was the best fitted for the work. In the Revolutionary war no other general—American, British, or French—won such a reputation for hard fighting and for daring energy and dogged courage. He felt very keenly that delight in the actual shock of battle which the most famous fighting generals have possessed. He gloried in the excitement and danger, and shone at his best when the stress was sorest; and because of his magnificent courage his soldiers had affectionately christened him "Mad Anthony." But his head was as cool as his heart was stout. He was taught in a rough school; for early campaigns in which he took part were waged against the gallant generals and splendid soldiery of the British King. By experience he had grown to add caution to his dauntless energy. Once, after the battle of Brandywine, when he had pushed close to the enemy with his usual fearless self-confidence, he was surprised in a night attack by the equally daring British general Grey, and his brigade was severely punished with the bayonet. It was a lesson he never forgot; it did not in any way abate his self-reliance or his fiery ardor, but it taught him the necessity of forethought, of thorough preparation, and of ceaseless watchfulness. A few days later he led the assault at Germantown, driving the Hessians before him with the bayonet. This was always his favorite weapon; he had the utmost faith in coming to close quarters, and he trained his

soldiers to trust the steel. At Monmouth he turned the fortunes of the day by his stubborn and successful resistance to the repeated bayonet charges of the Guards and Grenadiers. His greatest stroke was the storming of Stony Point, where in person he led the midnight rush of his troops over the walls of the British fort. He fought with his usual hardihood against Cornwallis; and at the close of the Revolutionary war he made a successful campaign against the Creeks in Georgia. During this campaign the Creeks one night tried to surprise his camp, and attacked with resolute ferocity, putting to flight some of the troops; but Wayne rallied them, and, sword in hand, he led them against the savages, who were overthrown and driven from the field. In one of the charges he cut down an Indian chief; and the dying man, as he fell, killed Wayne's horse with a pistol-shot.

As soon as Wayne reached the Ohio, in June, 1792, he set about reorganizing the army. He had as a nucleus the remnant of St. Clair's beaten forces, and to this were speedily added hundreds of recruits, enlisted under new legislation by Congress, and shipped to him as fast as the recruiting officers could send them. The men were of precisely the same general character as those who had failed so dismally under St. Clair, and it was even more difficult to turn them into good soldiers; for the repeated disasters, crowned by the final crushing horror, had unnerved them, and made them feel that their task was hopeless, and that they were foredoomed to defeat. The mortality among the officers had been very great, and the new officers, though full of zeal, needed careful training. Among the men desertions were very common; and on the occasion of a sudden alarm Wayne found that many of his sentries left their posts and fled. Only rigorous and long-continued discipline and exercise under a commander both stern and capable could turn such men into soldiers fit for the work Wayne had before him. He saw this at once, and realized that a premature movement meant nothing but another defeat; and he began by careful and patient labor to turn his horde of raw recruits into a compact and efficient army, which he might use with his customary energy and decision. When he took command of the army—or "Legion,"

as he preferred to call it—the one stipulation he made was that the campaign should not begin until his ranks were full and his men thoroughly disciplined.

Towards the end of the summer of '92 he established his camp on the Ohio, about twenty-seven miles below Pittsburg. He drilled both officers and men with unwearied patience; and gradually the officers became able to do the drilling themselves, while the men acquired the soldierly self-confidence of veterans. As the new recruits came in they found themselves with an army which was rapidly learning how to manœuvre with precision, to obey orders unhesitatingly, and to look forward eagerly to a battle with the foe. Throughout the winter Wayne kept at work, and by the spring he had under him twenty-five hundred regular soldiers who were already worthy to be trusted in a campaign. He never relaxed his efforts to improve them, though a man of weaker stuff might well have been discouraged by the timid and hesitating policy of the national government. The Secretary of War, in writing to him, laid stress chiefly on the fact that the American people desired at every hazard to avert an Indian war, and that on no account should offensive operations be undertaken against the tribes. Such orders tied Wayne's hands, for offensive operations offered the only means of ending the war; but he patiently bided his time, and made ready his army against the day when his superiors should allow him to use the weapon he had tempered.

In May, 1793, he brought his army down the Ohio to Fort Washington, and near it established a camp, which he christened Hobson's Choice. Here he was forced to wait the results of the fruitless negotiations carried on by the United States peace commissioners, and it was not until about the 1st of October that he was given permission to begin the campaign. Even when he was allowed to move his army forward he was fettered by injunctions not to run any risk—and of course a really good fighting general ought to be prepared to run risks. The Secretary of War wrote him that, above all things, he was to remember to hazard nothing, for a defeat would be fraught with ruinous consequences to the country. Wayne knew very well if such was the temper of the country and the government it behooved him to be cautious, and he an-

swered that though he would at once advance towards the Indian towns to threaten the tribes, he would not run the least unnecessary risk. Accordingly he shifted his army to a place some eighty miles north of Cincinnati, where he encamped for the winter, building a place of strength, which he named Greeneville, in honor of his old comrade in arms, General Greene. He sent forward a strong detachment of his troops to the site of St. Clair's defeat, where they built a post, which was named Fort Recovery. The discipline of the army steadily improved, though now and then a soldier deserted, usually fleeing to Kentucky, but in one or two cases striking through the woods to Detroit. The bands of auxiliary militia that served now and then for short periods with the regulars were of course much less well trained and less dependable.

The Indians were always lurking about the forts, and threatening the convoys of provisions and munitions as they marched slowly from one to the other. Before Wayne moved down the Ohio a band of Kentucky mounted riflemen, under Major John Adair, were attacked almost under the walls of one of the log forts, as they were conveying a large number of pack-horses. The riflemen were in camp at the time, the Indians making the assault at dawn. Most of the horses were driven off or killed, and the men fled to the fort, which, Adair dryly remarked, proved "a place of safety for the bashful"; but he rallied fifty, who speedily drove off the Indians, killing two and wounding others. Of his own men six were killed and five wounded.

Wayne's detachments occasionally fared as badly. In the fall of 1793, just after he had advanced to Greeneville, a party of ninety regulars, who were escorting twenty heavily laden wagons, were surprised and scattered a few miles from the scene of Adair's misadventure. The lieutenant and ensign who were in command and five or six of their men were slain, fighting bravely; half a dozen were captured; the rest were panic-struck, and fled without resistance. The Indians took off about seventy horses, leaving the wagons standing in the middle of the road, with their contents uninjured, and a reserve party brought them safely to Wayne. The victors were a party of Wyandots and Ottawas, under their chief Little Otter. On October 24th the British agent

at the Miami towns met in solemn council with these Indians and with another successful war party. The Indians had with them ten scalps and two prisoners. Seven of the scalps they sent off by an Indian runner, a special ally and friend of the British agent, to be distributed among the different lake Indians, to rouse them to war. One of their prisoners, an Irishman, they refused to surrender; but the other they gave to the agent. He proved to be a German, a mercenary who had originally been in Burgoyne's army. Later one of the remaining captives made his escape, killing his two Indian owners, a man and a woman, both of whom had been leaders of war parties.

In the spring of 1794, as soon as the ground was dry, Wayne prepared to advance toward the hostile towns and force a decisive battle. He was delayed for a long time by lack of provisions, the soldiers being on such short rations that they could not move. The mounted riflemen of Kentucky, who had been sent home at the beginning of winter, again joined him. Among the regulars in the rifle company was a young Kentuckian, Captain William Clark, brother of George Rogers Clark, and afterwards one of the two famous explorers who first crossed the continent to the Pacific. In his letters home Clark dwelt much on the laborious nature of his duties, and mentioned that he was "like to have starved," and had to depend on his rifle for subsistence. In May he was sent from Fort Washington with twenty dragoons and sixty infantry to escort 700 pack-horses to Greeneville. When eighteen miles from Fort Washington Indians attacked his van, driving off a few pack-horses; but Clark brought up his men from the rear, and after a smart skirmish put the savages to flight. They left behind one of their number dead, two wounded, and seven rifles; Clark lost two men killed and two wounded.

On the last day of June a determined assault was made by the Indians on Fort Recovery, which was garrisoned by about two hundred men. Thanks to the efforts of the British agents, and of the runners from the allied tribes of the lower lakes, the Chippewas and all the tribes of the upper lakes had taken the tomahawk, and in June they gathered at the Miami. Over two thousand warriors, all told, assembled—a larger body than had ever before marched against the Americans.

They were eager for war, and wished to make a stroke of note against their foes, and they resolved to try to carry Fort Recovery, built on the scene of their victory over St. Clair. They streamed down through the woods in long columns, and silently neared the fort. With them went a number of English and French rangers, most of whom were painted and dressed like the Indians.

When they reached the fort they found camped close to the walls a party of fifty dragoons and ninety riflemen. These dragoons and riflemen had escorted a brigade of pack-horses from Greeneville the day before, and having left the supplies in the fort, were about to return with the unladen pack-horses. But soon after daybreak the Indians rushed their camp. Against such overwhelming numbers no effective resistance could be made. After a few moments' fight the men broke and ran to the fort. The officers, as usual, showed no fear, and were the last to retreat, half of them being killed or wounded—one of the honorably noteworthy features of all these Indian fights was the large relative loss among the officers. Most of the dragoons and riflemen reached the fort, including nineteen who were wounded; nineteen officers and privates were killed, and two of the pack-horse men were killed and three captured. Two hundred pack-horses were captured. The Indians, flushed with success, and rendered over-confident by their immense superiority in numbers, made a rush at the fort, hoping to carry it by storm. They were beaten back at once with severe loss; for in such work they were no match for their foes. They then surrounded the fort, kept up a harmless fire all day, and renewed it the following morning. In the night they bore off their dead, finding them with the help of torches; eight or ten of those nearest the fort they could not get. They then drew off and marched back to the Miami towns. At least twenty-five of them had been killed and a great number wounded, whereas they had only succeeded in killing one and wounding eleven of the garrison. They were much disheartened at the check, and the upper lake Indians began to go home. The savages were as fickle as they were ferocious, and though terrible antagonists when fighting on their own ground and in their own manner, they lacked the stability necessary for undertaking a formidable offen-

sive movement in mass. This army of two thousand warriors, the largest they had ever assembled, was repulsed with loss in an attack on a wooden fort, with a garrison not one-sixth their strength, and then dissolved without accomplishing anything at all.

Three weeks after the successful defence of Fort Recovery, Wayne was joined by a large force of mounted volunteers from Kentucky, under General Scott, and on July 27th he set out towards the Miami towns. The Indians who watched his march brought word to the British that his army went twice as far in a day as St. Clair's; that he kept his scouts well out, and his troops always in open order and ready for battle; that he exercised the greatest precaution to avoid an ambush or surprise; and that every night the camps of the different regiments were surrounded by a breastwork of fallen trees, so as to render a sudden assault hopeless. Wayne was determined to avoid the fates of Braddock and St. Clair. His "Legion" of regular troops was over two thousand strong. His discipline was very severe, yet he kept the loyal affection of his men, and he caused the officers to devote much of their time to training the infantry in marksmanship and the use of the bayonet, and the cavalry in the use of the sabre. He impressed upon the cavalry and infantry alike that their safety lay in charging home with the utmost resolution. By steady drill he had turned his force, which was originally not of a promising character, into as fine an army, for its size, as a general could wish to command.

He showed his capacity as a commander by the use he made of his spies or scouts. A few of these were Chickasaw or Choctaw Indians; the rest, twenty or thirty in number, were drawn from the ranks of the wild white Indian-fighters, the men who plied their trade of warfare and the chase right on the hunting-grounds of the hostile tribes. They were far more dangerous to the Indians and far more useful to the army than the like number of regular soldiers or ordinary rangers.

It was on these fierce backwoods riflemen that Wayne chiefly relied for news of the Indians, and they served him well. In small parties, or singly, they threaded the forest scores of miles in advance or to one side of the marching army, and kept close watch on the Indians' move-

ments. As skilful and hardy as the red warriors, much better marksmen, and even more daring, they took many scalps, harrying the hunting parties, and hanging on the outskirts of the big wigwam villages. They captured and brought in Indian after Indian, from whom Wayne got valuable information. The use of the scouts, and the consequent knowledge gained by the examination of Indian prisoners, emphasized the difference between St. Clair and Wayne. Wayne's reports are accompanied by many examinations of Indian captives.

Among these wilderness warriors who served under Wayne were some who became known far and wide along the border for their feats of reckless personal prowess and their strange adventures. They were, of course, all men of remarkable bodily strength and agility, with almost unlimited powers of endurance and the keenest of eyesight, and they were masters in the use of their weapons. Several of them had been captured by the Indians when children, and had lived for years with them before rejoining the whites, so that they knew well the speech and customs of the different tribes.

One of these men was the captain of the spies, William Wells. When a boy of twelve he had been captured by the Miamis, and had grown to manhood among them, living like any other young warrior; his Indian name was Black Snake, and he married a sister of the great war-chief Little Turtle. He fought with the rest of the Miamis, and by the side of Little Turtle, in the victories the northwestern Indians gained over Har-mar and St. Clair, and during the battles he killed several soldiers with his own hand. Afterwards, by some wayward freak of mind, he became harassed by the thought that perhaps he had slain some of his own kinsmen; dim memories of his childhood came back to him, and he resolved to leave his Indian wife and half-breed children and rejoin the people of his own color. Tradition relates that on the eve of his departure he made his purpose known to Little Turtle, and added, "We have long been friends; we are friends yet, until the sun stands so high [indicating the place] in the heavens; from that time we are enemies, and may kill one another." Be this as it may, he came to Wayne, was taken into high favor and made chief of scouts, and served loyally

and with signal success until the end of the campaign. After the campaign he was joined by his Indian wife and his children; the latter grew up and married well in the community, so that their blood now flows in the veins of many of the descendants of the old pioneers. Wells himself was slain by the Indians long afterwards, in 1812, at the Chicago massacre.

One of Wells's fellow-spies was William Miller. Miller, like Wells, had been captured by the Indians when a boy, together with his brother Christopher. When he grew to manhood he longed to rejoin his own people, and finally did so, but he could not persuade his brother to come with him, for Christopher had become an Indian at heart. In June, 1794, Wells, Miller, and a third spy, Robert McClellan, were sent out by Wayne with special instructions to bring in a live Indian. McClellan, who a number of years afterwards became a famous plainsman and Rocky Mountain man, was remarkably swift of foot. Near the Auglaize River they found three Indians roasting venison by a fire on a high, open piece of ground, clear of brushwood. By taking advantage of the cover yielded by a fallen tree-top the three scouts crawled within seventy yards of the camp-fire; and Wells and Miller agreed to fire at the two outermost Indians, while McClellan, as soon as they had fired, was to dash in and run down the third. As the rifles cracked, the two doomed warriors fell dead in their tracks, while McClellan bounded forward at full speed, tomahawk in hand. The Indian had no time to pick up his gun. Fleeing for his life, he reached the bank of the river, where the bluffs were twenty feet high, and sprang over into the stream-bed. He struck a miry place, and while he was floundering McClellan came to the top of the bluff, and instantly sprang down full on him and overpowered him. The others came up and secured the prisoner, whom they found to be a white man; and, to Miller's astonishment, it proved to be his brother Christopher. The scouts brought their prisoner and the scalps of the two slain warriors back to Wayne. At first Christopher was sulky, and refused to join the whites, so at Greenville he was put in the guard-house. After a few days he grew more cheerful, and said he had changed his mind. Wayne set him at liberty, and he not only served valiantly as a scout through

the campaign, but acted as Wayne's interpreter. Early in June he showed his good faith by assisting McClellan in the capture of a Pottawatomie chief.

On one of Wells's scouts he and his companions came across a family of Indians in a canoe by the river-bank. The white wood-rangers were as ruthless as their red foes, sparing neither sex nor age; and the scouts were cocking their rifles, when Wells recognized the Indians as being the family into which he had been adopted, and by which he had been treated as a son and brother. Springing forward, he swore immediate death to the first man who fired, and then told his companions who the Indians were. The scouts at once dropped their weapons, shook hands with the Miamis, and sent them off unharmed.

Wells's last scouting trip was made just before the final battle of the campaign. As it was the eve of the decisive struggle, Wayne was anxious to get a prisoner. Wells went off with three companions—McClellan, a man named Mahaffy, and a man named May. May, like Wells and Miller, had lived long with the Indians, first as a prisoner, and afterwards as an adopted member of the tribe, but had finally made his escape. The four scouts succeeded in capturing an Indian man and woman, whom they bound securely. Instead of returning at once with their captives, the champion, in sheer daredevil, ferocious love of adventure, determined, as it was already nightfall, to leave the two bound Indians where they could find them again, and go into one of the Indian camps to do some killing. The camp they selected was but a couple of miles from the British fort. They were dressed and painted like Indians, and spoke the Indian tongue; so, riding boldly forward, they came right among the warriors, who stood grouped around the campfires. They were at arm's-length before their disguise was discovered. Immediately each of them, choosing his man, fired into an Indian, and then they fled, pursued by a hail of bullets. May's horse slipped and fell in the bed of a stream, and he was captured. The other three, spurring hard, and leaning forward in their saddles to avoid the bullets, escaped, though both Wells and McClellan were wounded; and they brought their Indian prisoners into Wayne's camp that night. May was recognized by the Indians as

their former prisoner, and next day they tied him up, made a mark on his breast for a target, and shot him to death.

With his advance effectually covered by his scouts, and his army guarded by his own ceaseless vigilance, Wayne marched without opposition to the confluence of the Auglaize and the Maumee, where the hostile Indian villages began, and whence they stretched to below the British fort. The savages were taken by surprise, and fled without offering opposition, while Wayne halted on August 8th and spent a week in building a strong log stockade, with four good block-houses as bastions; he christened the work Fort Defiance. The Indians had cleared and tilled immense fields, and the troops revelled in the fresh vegetables and ears of roasted corn, and enjoyed the rest, for during the march the labor of cutting a road through the thick forest had been very severe, while the water had been bad, and the mosquitoes troublesome. At one place a tree fell on Wayne and nearly killed him, but, though somewhat crippled, he continued as active and vigilant as ever.

From Fort Defiance Wayne sent a final offer of peace to the Indians, summoning them at once to send deputies to meet him. The letter was carried by Christopher Miller and a Shawnee prisoner, and in it Wayne explained that Miller was a Shawnee by adoption, whom his soldiers had captured "six moons since," while the Shawnee warrior had been taken but a couple of days before; and he warned the Indians that he had seven Indian prisoners, who had been well treated, but who would be put to death if Miller were harmed. The Indians did not molest Miller, but sought to obtain delay, and would give no definite answer, whereupon Wayne advanced against them, having laid waste and destroyed all their villages and fields.

His army marched on the 15th, and on the 18th reached Roche du Bout, by the Maumee Rapids, only a few miles from the British fort. Next day was spent in building a rough breastwork to protect the stores and baggage, and in reconnoitring the Indian position.

The Indians—Shawnees, Delawares, Wyandots, Ottawas, Miamis, Pottawatomis, Chippewas, and Iroquois—were camped close to the British. There were between fifteen hundred and two thousand warriors; and in addition there were

seventy rangers from Detroit, French, English, and refugee Americans, under Captain Caldwell, who fought with them in the battle. The British agent McKee was with them, and so was Simon Girty, the "white renegade," and another partisan leader, Elliott. But McKee, Girty, and Elliott did not actually fight.

On August 20, 1794, Wayne marched to battle against the Indians. They lay about six miles down the river, near the British fort, in a place known as the Fallen Timbers, because there the thick forest had been overturned by a whirlwind, and the dead trees lay piled across one another in rows. All the baggage was left behind in the breastwork, with a sufficient guard. The army numbered about three thousand men; two thousand were regulars, and there were a thousand mounted volunteers from Kentucky under General Scott.

The army marched down the left or north branch of the Maumee. A small force of mounted volunteers—Kentucky militia—were in front. On the right flank the squadron of dragoons, the regular cavalry, marched next to the river. The infantry, armed with musket and bayonet, were formed in two long lines, the second some little distance behind the first, the left of the first line being continued by the companies of regular riflemen and light troops. Scott, with the body of the mounted volunteers, was thrown out on the left, with instructions to turn the flank of the Indians, thus effectually preventing them from performing a similar feat at the expense of the Americans. There could be no greater contrast than that between Wayne's carefully trained troops, marching in open order to the attack, and St. Clair's huddled mass of raw soldiers receiving an assault they were powerless to repel.

The Indians stretched in a line nearly two miles long at right angles to the river, and began the battle confidently enough. They attacked and drove in the volunteers who were in advance, and the firing then began along the entire front. But their success was momentary. Wayne ordered the first line of the infantry to advance with trailed arms, so as to rouse the savages from their cover, then to fire into their backs at close range, and to follow them hard with the bayonet, so as to give them no time to load. The regular cavalry were directed to charge the

left flank of the enemy. Both orders were executed with spirit and vigor.

It would have been difficult to find more unfavorable ground for cavalry. Nevertheless, the dragoons rode against their foes at a gallop, with broadswords swinging, the horses dodging in and out among the trees and jumping the fallen logs. They received a fire at close quarters, which emptied a dozen saddles, both captains being shot down. One, the commander of the squadron, Captain Mis Campbell, was killed; the other, Captain Van Rensselaer, a representative of one of the old Knickerbocker families of New York, who had joined the army from pure love of adventure, was wounded. The command devolved on Lieutenant Covington, who led forward the troopers, with Lieutenant Webb alongside of him, and the dragoons burst among the savages at full speed and routed them in a moment. Covington cut down two of the Indians with his own hand, and Webb one. At the same time the first line of the infantry charged with equal impetuosity and success. The Indians delivered one volley, and were then roused from their hiding-places with the bayonet; as they fled they were shot down, and if they attempted to halt they were at once assailed and again driven with the bayonet. They could make no stand at all, and the battle was won with ease. So complete was the success that only the first line of the regulars was able to take part in the fighting; the second line, and Scott's horse-riflemen on the left, in spite of their exertions, were unable to reach the battle-field until the Indians were driven from it, "there not being a sufficiency of the enemy for the Legion to play on," wrote Clark. Less than a thousand of the Americans were actually engaged. They pursued the beaten and fleeing Indians for two miles, the cavalry halting only when under the walls of the British fort.

Thirty-three of the Americans were killed and one hundred wounded. It was an easy victory. The Indians suffered much more heavily than the Americans: in killed they probably lost two or three times as many. Among the dead were white men from Caldwell's company, and one white ranger was captured. It was the most complete and important victory ever gained over the northwestern Indians during the forty years' warfare, to which it put an end, and it was

the only considerable battle in which they lost more than their foes. They suffered heavily among their leaders—no less than eight Wyandot chiefs were slain.

From the fort the British had seen, with shame and anger, the rout of their Indian allies. Their commander wrote to Wayne to demand his intentions; Wayne responded that he thought they were made sufficiently evident by his successful battle with the savages. The Englishman wrote in resentment of this curt reply, complaining that Wayne's soldiers had approached within pistol-shot of the fort, and threatening to fire upon them if the offence was repeated. Wayne responded by summoning him to abandon the fort—a summons which he, of course, refused to heed. Wayne then gave orders to destroy everything up to the very walls of the fort, and his commands were carried out to the letter; not only were the Indian villages burned and their crops cut down, but all the houses and buildings of the British agents and traders, including McKee's, were levelled to the ground. The British commander did not dare to interfere or make good his threats; nor, on the other hand, did Wayne venture to storm the fort, which was well built and heavily armed.

After completing his work of destruction, Wayne marched his army back to Fort Defiance. Here he was obliged to halt for over a fortnight, while he sent back to Fort Recovery for provisions. He employed the time in work on the fort, which he strengthened so that it would stand an attack by a regular army. The mounted volunteers were turned to account in a new manner, being employed not only to escort the pack-animals, but themselves to transport the flour on their horses. There was much sickness among the soldiers, especially from fever and ague, and but for the corn and vegetables they obtained from the Indian towns, which were scattered thickly along the Maumee, they would have suffered from hunger. They were especially disturbed because all the whiskey was used up.

On September 14th the Legion started westward towards the Miami towns at the junction of the St. Marys and St. Josephs rivers, the scene of Harmar's disaster. In four days the towns were reached, the Indians being too cowed to offer resistance. Here the army spent six weeks, burned the towns and destroyed the fields

and stores of the hostile tribes, and built a fort, which was christened Fort Wayne. British deserters came in from time to time; some of the Canadian traders made overtures to the army and agreed to furnish provisions at a moderate price; and of the savages only straggling parties were seen. The mounted volunteers grew mutinous, but were kept in order by their commander, Scott, a rough, capable backwoods soldier. Their time of service at length expired, and they were sent home; and the regulars of the Legion, leaving a garrison at Fort Wayne, marched back to Greenville, and reached it on November 2d, just three months and six days after they started from it on their memorable and successful expedition. Wayne had shown himself the best general ever sent to war with the northwestern Indians, and his victorious campaign was the most noteworthy ever carried on against them, for it brought about the first lasting peace on the border, and put an end to the bloody turmoil of forty years' fighting. It was one of the most striking and weighty feats in the winning of the West.

The army went into winter quarters at Greenville. There was sickness among the troops, and there were occasional desertions; the discipline was severe, and the work so hard and dangerous that the men generally refused to re-enlist. The officers were uneasy lest there should be need of a further campaign. But their fears were groundless. Before winter set in heralds arrived from the hostile tribes to say that they wished peace, and a definite treaty was concluded at Greenville the following spring.

Wayne had brought peace by the sword. It was the first time the border had been quiet for over a generation, and for fifteen years the quiet lasted unbroken. The credit belongs to Wayne and his army, and to the government which stood behind both. Because it thus finally stood behind them we can forgive its manifold shortcomings and vacillations, its futile efforts to beg a peace, and its reluctance to go to war. We can forgive all this, but we should not forget it. Americans need to keep in mind the fact that as a nation they have erred far more often in not being willing enough to fight than in being too willing. Once roused, our countrymen have always been dangerous and hard-fighting foes, but they have been over-difficult to rouse. The edu-



THE CHARGE OF THE DRAGONS.

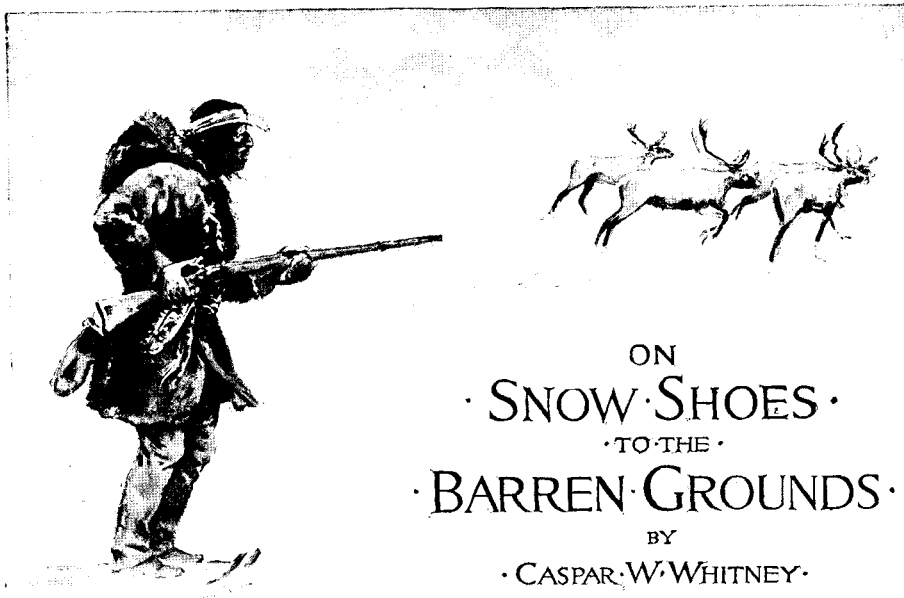
cated classes in particular need to be perpetually reminded that though it is an evil thing to brave a conflict needlessly, or to bully and bluster, it is an even worse thing to flinch from a fight for which there is legitimate provocation.

The conduct of the Americans in the years which close with Wayne's treaty did not shine very brightly, but the conduct of the British was black indeed. On the northwestern frontier they behaved in a way which can scarcely be too harshly stigmatized. Their treatment both of the Indians, whom they professed to protect, and of the Americans, with whom they professed to be friendly, forms one of the darkest pages in the annals of the British in America. Yet *they have been much less severely blamed* for their behavior in this matter than for far more excusable offences. American historians, for example, usually condemn them without stint because in 1814 the army of Ross and Cockburn burned and looted the public buildings of Washington, but by rights they should keep all their condemnation for their own country, so far as the taking of Washington is concerned, for the sin of burning a few public buildings is as nothing compared with the cowardly infamy of which the politicians of the stripe of Jefferson and Madison and the people whom they represented were guilty in not making ready by sea and land to protect their capital, and in not exacting full revenge for its destruction. These facts may with advantage be pondered by those men of the present day who are either so ignorant or of such lukewarm patriotism that they do not wish to see the United States keep prepared for war, and show herself willing and able to adopt a vigorous foreign policy whenever there is need of furthering American interests or upholding the honor of the American flag. America is bound scrupulously to respect the rights of the weak, but she is no less bound to make stalwart insistence on her own rights as against the strong.

The count against the British on the northwestern frontier is not that they insisted on their rights, but that they were guilty of treachery to both friend and foe. The success of the British was incompatible with the good of mankind in general and of the English-speaking races in particular, for they strove to prop up savagery, and bar the westward march of

the settler-folk whose destiny it was to make ready the continent for civilization. But the British cannot be seriously blamed because they failed to see this. Their fault lay in their aiding and encouraging savages in a warfare which was necessarily horrible, and still more in their repeated breaches of faith. The horror and the treachery were the inevitable outcome of the policy on which they had embarked; it can never be otherwise when a civilized government endeavors to use as allies in war savages whose acts it cannot control, and for whose welfare it has no real concern.

Doubtless the statesmen who shaped the policy of Great Britain never deliberately intended to break faith, and never fully realized the awful nature of the Indian warfare, for which they were in part responsible; they thought very little of the matter at all in the year which saw the beginning of their stupendous struggle with France. But the acts of their obscure agents on the far interior frontier were rendered necessary and inevitable by their policy. To encourage the Indians to hold their own against the Americans and to keep back the settlers meant to encourage a war of savagery against the border vanguard of white civilization, and such a war was sure to teem with fearful deeds. Moreover, where the interests of the British crown were so manifold it was idle to expect that the crown's advisers would treat as of much weight the welfare of the scarcely known tribes whom their agents had urged to enter a contest which was hopeless except for British assistance. The British statesmen were engaged in gigantic schemes of warfare and diplomacy, and to them the Indians and the frontiersmen alike were pawns on a great chess-board, to be sacrificed whenever it was necessary. When the British authorities deemed it likely that there would be war with America the tribes were incited to take up the hatchet; when there seemed a chance of peace with America the deeds of the tribes were disowned, and the peace was finally assured by a cynical abandonment of their red allies. In short, the British, while professing peace with the Americans, treacherously incited the Indians to war against them, and when it suited their own interests they treacherously abandoned their Indian allies to their impending ruin.



V.—MUSK-ON AND DESOLATION.

WE left all hopes of a warming fire on the south side of King Lake, when we lashed the newly cut lodge-poles to our sledges and took up our northward way through the outlying relics of timber-land, which the Indians aptly call the "Land of Little Sticks." There is no abrupt ending of the timber-line. For a day or two before reaching King Lake the trees are growing smaller and more scarce; as you draw nearer they stretch away like irregular lines of skirmishers deployed along the frontier to intercept further encroachment by the Barren Grounds. And now you pass beyond these sentries and travel along a ridge which makes out into the white desert—a long wooded peninsula—or mayhap you cross a lake to find a wooded island on the other side. Gradually—imperceptibly almost—the peninsulas grow shorter and the islands smaller, until finally you stand on the shore of King Lake and look north into desolation.

Probably the roughest country in all the North-land is that going down to the Barrens. Nature appears to have made an effort to stay the footsteps of the wanderer while yet there is opportunity to turn from the trials that await him be-

yond. Isolated hills, sharp little ridges, and narrow shallow valleys, running hither and thither, all rock-covered, and every now and again a lake, go to make up a rugged and confused whole. One could well fancy some Titan ploughman had cross-sectioned the land into huge ridge and furrow, stopping here and there to raise a mound, and sowing all with rocks of every shape and size. It looks forbidding, and it is a great deal more so than it appears.

'Twas over such going I had my first real experience in dog-driving, for up to now there had been little handling of the sledge, and therein lie all the difficulties of the art. If you can imagine a canoe pitching in short choppy waves, you will gain some idea of the action of a lightly loaded sledge being dragged over this ridge and furrow and rock. Without guidance the sledge would soon pound itself to pieces, so you humor and coax it through the furrows, ease it around or lift it over the rocks, pull with the dogs in climbing the ridge, and pull against them in going down. And all the time, because of your enforced running alongside the head of the sledge, in order to handle it by the "tail-line," you are tripping