

"MAD ANTHONY'S" VICTORY

at FALLEN TIMBERS



Wayne Statue in Fort Wayne, Ind.



Gen. Anthony Wayne



Wayne Memorial at Maumee, Ohio

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
 AUGUST 20 marks the one hundred fortieth anniversary of a battle that is unique in American history. For it is doubtful if there has ever been a military engagement of more far-reaching consequences won as easily and as quickly as "Mad Anthony" Wayne's victory over the confederated Indian tribes of the Old Northwest at Fallen Timbers on the banks of the Maumee river in northwestern Ohio on August 20, 1794.

Not only was it all the more brilliant by contrast with the disasters which had befallen two American generals who had previously tried to subdue these same red men, but it led directly to another victory, won around the council fire instead of on the battlefield—the Treaty of Greenville, signed just a year later. Without these two the settlement of the Ohio country, the pushing of the frontier line clear to the Mississippi river and the opening up of the rich inland empire of the Mississippi Valley to the land-hungry Americans of the early Nineteenth century might have been postponed indefinitely. So the Battle of Fallen Timbers is a milestone in the history of our westward expansion.

That expansion began even before the Revolution was over and the decade which followed the signing of the Treaty of Paris saw thousands of settlers streaming through Pittsburgh, "the Gateway to the West" of that period, and floating down the Ohio to seek new homes both to the north and to the south of that river. The Indians of that region—the Miami, Wyandots, Delawares, Shawnees, Ottawas and Pottawatomies—watched with alarm this ever-increasing tide of white men pouring into their hunting grounds.

British Imperial officers in Canada also watched the flood of immigration with dismay. If it kept up, it meant the end of the profitable fur trade in that area. So if they did not actually encourage the Indian attacks on the American settlers, they certainly did not discourage them, and the forts and trading posts which they still held in the West in spite of the terms of the Treaty of Paris were outfitting points for many a scalping party that went out to harass the immigrant traffic on the Ohio.

Not only were they threatening to wipe out these new settlements, but back in Philadelphia the new federal government seemed to be tottering to its ruin because of the blows which the Harmar and St. Clair defeats had dealt to its prestige. In this crisis President Washington called upon an old friend of Revolutionary war days to make good where the others had failed. Gen. Anthony Wayne had retired to private life in Pennsylvania after the Revolution, but when Washington asked him to reorganize the army and take command of a third expedition against the Indians, he accepted the responsibility as readily as he had accepted the task of capturing Stony Point in 1777.

Wayne's popular nickname of "Mad Anthony" was a misnomer insofar as it implied rashness and reckless daring. But it was true as a synonym for one poet's characterization of him—"fiery heart and cool, clear brain." And if ever adequate preparation, caution and eternal vigilance had a splendid reward, they had it in Wayne's campaign which culminated at Fallen Timbers.

When Wayne took command of the army in April, 1792, he found its men untrained, lacking in discipline and with little faith in their officers—not much to be wondered at considering what had happened in 1790 and 1791. But Wayne brought about a thorough reorganization, even to the name, which he changed to "The Legion of the United States" and which he began drilling at Pittsburgh in June, 1792.

It was his original plan to form an army of some 5,000 men, but he soon saw that this would be impossible with the recruits that were furnished him. There were almost constant desertions, even at Pittsburgh, which was not far enough away from the Indian country to allay the fear of some of his soldiers who expected the redskins to come whooping out of the forests and scalp them as they drilled.

From December, 1792, to May, 1793, Wayne was camped some 27 miles below Pittsburgh at a place he named Legionville and during this time his army of 2,500 men was being whipped into some semblance of a military organization. On May 8 he camped at Hobson's Choice, so named because he could find no other suitable ground in the vicinity. In August negotiations with the Indians were finally broken off and Wayne, who already had been advancing toward the Indian country, prepared for a campaign which he saw would mean the success or failure of the United States in enforcing its rights against the British as well as the Indians in the Ohio territory.

The next stopping place noted in his orderly book was "Head Quarters near Fort Hamilton," on October 9, 1793. At this point he began a rigorous order of march and constant vigilance against surprise attacks.

"Mad Anthony," bearing in mind the earlier failures, was at great pains to impress upon the troops the necessity of constant vigilance. On October 19 two soldiers were shot for sleeping while on sentry duty. In that month cold weather



Chief Little Turtle

Courtesy of Smithsonian Institution

to set in. General Wayne ordered the army to "hut" for the winter. Fort Greenville was built, and there the expedition passed the winter, during which Wayne continued drilling his men.

From Fort Greenville he sent a detachment to St. Clair's battlefield to bury the dead and to build another fort to which was given the significant name of Fort Recovery.

Skirmishes during the spring brought heavy losses on both sides, but they did not stop General Wayne's preparations to advance. The Indians began to gather in force, and on July 30 a body of about 1,500 or 2,000 met a detachment of 150 men and officers near Fort Recovery. The battle lasted all day. More than 22 officers and men were killed, but at length the attackers withdrew in confusion.

On July 27, preparations having been made, the main advance began again. The long and hard drill had transformed Wayne's men into veterans. In June the army had been re-enforced by 1,000 mounted militia from Kentucky. Wayne had also enlisted a force of frontiersmen familiar with life in the forest and trained in Indian warfare to be used as scouts. In this "Corps of Spies," as it was called, were two brothers named Miller, who had been captives among the Indians, an experience which made their services of special value. Still another was Capt. William Wells, who had also been a captive, had been adopted by the Miami, married a daughter of Chief Little Turtle and as a "white Indian" had actually killed and scalped men of his own race at St. Clair's defeat.

General Wayne's first encampment was at Stillwater, 12 miles from Greenville. The second was at "Indian Encampment," near Fort Recovery. The expedition then stopped long enough to build Fort Randolph. Another delay was caused when a falling tree struck and nearly killed General Wayne on August 3.

While the main body remained at the fort, which was also known as Fort St. Mary and Girty's Town, after Simon Girty, the notorious white renegade, a detachment went down St. Mary's river and built a post called Fort Adams. This move was made to confuse the Indians, implying as it did that Wayne intended to continue down the river. Instead, he proceeded toward the Maumee.

A deserter had warned the Indians of his approach and, unprepared to resist, the savages had deserted their villages and houses, leaving large fields of standing corn. The army came to several large villages, and for miles they passed through the fields. The troops were surprised at the fertility of the country and the industry of the Indians, none of whom had remained in any of the villages or settlements. It was soon made known, however, that they had congregated up stream in force to make a stand against the expedition. Apprised of this situation and expecting the attack at any time, "Mad Anthony" steadily continued his advance.

At the confluence of the Maumee and Au Glaize rivers he paused to build Fort Defiance on August 9. At this place he also stopped to parley with the Indians, bearing in mind the desire of the government to make a peaceful settlement if possible. Christopher Miller carried on negotiations, which ended when the Indians asked ten days to reach a decision.

Wayne, suspicious of the delay and having reason to believe that the Indians were only waiting for re-enforcements and British aid, had already prepared for a further advance. On that day, August 16, he went forward 12 miles. The next day he advanced another 10 miles, and on August 19 he commenced the erection on the banks of the Maumee of a fort which he called Camp Deposit. This was built primarily for the protection of his heavy baggage, with which he did not care to be encumbered when the battle began.

From Camp Deposit a British fort (Fort Miami) could be seen. This camp was commanded by Maj. William Campbell of the British army, and it was believed that it was a rallying point for the Indians. Both the Indians

and Wayne expected the British to join in the attack upon the Americans when the time was ripe, and Wayne made plans to receive the British with his horsemen; the Indians with the Infantry.

The long-expected battle came on the morning of August 20. As Wayne's army advanced cautiously along the western banks of the Maumee, the American general saw that the Indian general, Little Turtle, had chosen his battlefield with great skill. Here a tornado had swept through the forest, covering the ground with fallen trees. The left flank of the Indians' position was covered by the Maumee and their front by a tangle of logs which, in the words of Wayne, "rendered it impracticable for cavalry to act with effect, and afforded the enemy the most favorable covert for their savage method of warfare."

Undaunted by this, Wayne at once deployed his forces in two lines with his Kentucky volunteer cavalry on his left flank and sent these under General Scott "to gain and turn their right with spirit and promptitude." Wayne's official report of the battle that followed is a laconic account of this battle which was over almost before it began. He says:

"I ordered the front line to advance with trailed arms, rouse the Indians from their coverts at the point of the bayonet and, when up, to deliver a close and well-directed fire on their backs followed by a brisk charge so as not to give time to load again. . . . Such was the impetuosity of the charge by the first line of infantry that the Indian and Canadian militia and volunteers were driven from all their coverts in so short a time that, although every exertion was used by officers of the second line of the legion, and by Generals Scott, Todd, and Barber of the Mounted Volunteers to gain their proper positions, yet but a part of each could get up in season to participate in the action, the enemy being driven in the course of an hour more than two miles through the thick woods already mentioned by less than one-half of their numbers. . . . From every account the enemy amounted to two thousand combatants, and the troops actually engaged against them were short of nine hundred."

The rout of the Indians was complete and they fled toward the British fort whose gates they expected would be opened to them. Instead, the British kept their outer wall tightly closed, and the confused Indians, closely followed by the American riflemen, abandoned their camp and equipment, and fled to the woods.

The next day Wayne marched his men so close to the fort as to bring from its garrison commander a demand to know "as speedily as possible in what light I am to view your making such near approaches to this garrison." To this "Mad Anthony" sent a characteristic reply: "Without questioning the propriety, Sir, of your interrogatory, I may observe to you that were you entitled to an answer, the most full and satisfactory one was announced to you from the muzzles of my small arms yesterday morning in the actions against the hordes of savages in the vicinity of your post. . . . But had it continued until the Indians etc. had been driven under the influence of the post and guns you mention they would not have much impeded the progress of the Victorious Army under my command."

Later Wayne fell back to Fort Defiance, but the next month he advanced to the Miami villages near the scene of Harmar's defeat and for the next month his men were busily engaged in the destruction of the villages and crops of the Indians. Next he built a post to which he gave the name of Fort Wayne (from which grew the modern city of that name) and then retired to Fort Greenville to go into winter quarters.

The last act of the drama came in the summer of 1795 when Chief Little Turtle, who had warned the Indians against trying to oppose this "chief who never sleeps" and advised them to make peace while there still was time, led his defeated tribesmen and their allies to the fort to engage in the negotiations which resulted in the historic Treaty of Fort Greenville.

In the words of a recent historian (Beverly W. Bond, Jr., author of "The Civilization of the Old Northwest," published by the Macmillan company), "this treaty marked the first important victory over the Indians in the Old Northwest. By its terms, all of Ohio, except approximately the section west of the Cuyahoga, was opened to settlement, as well as the elongated strip in southeastern Indiana known as the 'gora.' The treaty also included cession of small strategically located areas in the Indian country for military posts, with lines of communication between them and thus made it possible to establish such posts as Fort Wayne at the head of the Maumee and Fort Dearborn at the mouth of the Chicago. . . . The surrender of Detroit, the center of British influence among the Indians, in 1796 after Jay's treaty had been ratified, rounded out the results of Wayne's victory."

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A Few Little Smiles

MUST HAVE PEEPED

Two inmates of a lunatic asylum met during their daily walk in the grounds of the institution, and the following conversation took place:
 First Inmate—Bet you can't guess what I've got in my hand?
 Second Inmate—A horse and cart.
 First Inmate—Ger-cher!—you've looked.

Of Course Not!

Voice on the Telephone—I ordered that crab meat three hours ago and it hasn't come yet.
 Grocer—We expected a fresh shipment this morning and I've been waiting for it.
 Voice on the Telephone—But my husband is here complaining because his dinner's not ready.
 Grocer—But you wouldn't want to serve an old crab, would you?—London (Ont.) Free Press.

Couldn't Stand Himself

An elderly man became somewhat worried about himself and went to see a doctor. The doctor listened and smiled.
 "My dear sir," he said, "this little habit of talking to yourself isn't anything to worry about."
 "Isn't it?" said the patient, indignantly. "You don't know what a darned bore I am."

Relief Quest

"Women don't seem much interested in farm relief."
 "No," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "Judging by the corset ads in the magazines, what they're most interested in is form relief."—Washington Star.

Naturally Upset Her

Mrs. Helghe—"Old Jonas Hard-scramble fell plumb off the roof of his house while he wuz shingling it."
 Mrs. Whyso—"Didn't his wife feel awful?"
 "Awful is no name for it—he fell right into her bed of sweet peas."—Brooklyn Eagle.

SUSPICIOUS, ANYWAY



"My husband writes me that I may stay at the beach as long as I wish."
 "That looks suspicious, you should go right home—he's having too good a time."

Just So

A parishioner, meeting his vicar, who was carrying a brief bag, remarked: "Got your lunch, vicar?"
 "Sermons," returned the clergyman. "Food for thought, you know."
 "Oh I see—dried tongue!"—London Tit-Bits.

Just What Did He Mean?

"What do you think? The chief clerk had the nerve to tell me I was a blithering idiot. The chief clerk, mark you! I don't mind that sort of thing from the boss, of course. After all, he's known me for over fifteen years!"—London Answers.

Quite a Difference

"What is the difference between an old-fashioned girl and a modern girl?"
 "An old-fashioned girl blushes when she is ashamed, and a modern girl is ashamed when she blushes."

Rough

"Politics is a 'great game,'" said the old campaigner.
 "It is," agreed Senator Sorghum. "It used to be mild and friendly, like golf, but lately it has been getting rougher than football."

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MODERN POLITICIAN

"Have you seen the candidate yet?"
 "Yes; he flew over our house this morning and dropped down a lot of literature and threw a kiss to the baby."—Pathfinder Magazine.

Mortgage Included

Customer—But you didn't tell me about the mortgage on the house?
 Owner—Don't you remember? I told you it had all the modern improvements.—Vancouver Province.

THE MODERN WAY



"I haven't a dollar to call my own."
 "Careful man. All in your wife's name, eh?"

Thoughtfulness

Housewife (suspiciously)—I see you have put all the best tomatoes on top.
 Grocer—Yes, we do that to save you the trouble of hunting through the box for them.

The Mean Thing

First Actress—I like to act in a play that brings tears.
 Second Actress—Won't any play you're in do that?

Service

Waiter—Tea or coffee?
 Guest—Chocolate!
 Waiter (shouting)—Mixum.

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