Northwest Ohio Quarterly

Volume 20

Issue 1

Courtesy of the Toledo *Blade*

DAVID ROSS LOCKE

David Ross Locke

Civil War Propagandist

By Jack Clifford Ransome

At the close of the Civil War, George S. Boutwell, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and later Secretary of the Treasury, said that the crushing of the Rebellion could be credited to three forces: The Army, the Navy and the Nasby Letters.[1] Charles Sumner, Civil War Senator from Massachusetts, said of these Nasby letters:

> *Unquestionably they were among the influences and agencies by which disloyalty in all its forms was exposed and public opinion assured on the right side. It is impossible to measure their value. Against the devices of slavery and their supporters, each letter was like a speech, or one of those songs which stir the people.*[2]

And Abraham Lincoln said:

> *"For the genius to write these things I would gladly give up my office."*[3]

What was this great source of Union strength—these Nasby letters which Lincoln liked to read to not always sympathetic listeners? They were the literary offspring of David Ross Locke, who, early in 1861, found himself owner, editor and publisher of a Republican newspaper in a Democratic community. The paper was the Hancock *Jeffersonian* and the community was Findlay, seat of Hancock County. In the crucial election of 1860 the county had voted for the Democratic presidential candidate, Stephen A. Douglas. Thus, with the election of the Republican candidate, Abraham Lincoln, as president of the United States, it became Locke's responsibility to interpret his party's national policy to an audience of fellow townsmen who were, for the most part, hostile. Then, when the South chose to secede from the Union and precipitate a Civil War, Locke's activities took on the aspect of a crusade to prevent his locality from giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Out of this general situation came the Nasby letters ridiculing secessionists and their supporters.

When Locke arrived in Findlay he found that S. A. Spear, preceding editor of the *Jeffersonian,* had already established the Republican pattern against slavery, the Democrats, and intemperance. Hence the resuscitated *Jeffersonian,* under Locke, and the rival Democratic newspaper, the

Hancock *Courier,* soon engaged in a journalistic warfare, which often caused citizens of Findlay to buy both newspapers to see what was to be said next. There were numerous clashes between the political groups in Findlay. Radicals of both sides invaded opposition newspaper offices, tipped over type cases, and poured ink on copy. It became necessary at one time to barricade the entrance of the newspaper office.[4]

The first of Locke's Nasby letters was a satire on the secession of South Carolina which he printed in the Hancock *Jeffersonian.* It was the beginning of a series of letters which were to be extensively copied by the Republican press, quoted in stump speeches, and circulated in pamphlets throughout the nation.[5] The greater part of them were reprinted later in the Toledo *Blade.*

Locke himself has told the story of how the first Nasby letter came to be written. He said:

> *About the time the war broke out, I heard of a paper being circulated for signatures, petitioning the Legislature to prohibit Negroes from coming into the state and asking for legislation to remove all the colored population the state then contained. What was known as Copperheadism was an important element in the state political history of the time. I was then, as now, a Republican, so the petition was not brought to me. I heard of it, and hearing also that it was being circulated by a shiftless fellow named Levi Flenner—whose parents were both in the county almshouse as county charges—I made up my mind to see that paper. The satire of the situation struck me at once. The few Negroes in Findlay were hard-working, law-abiding men, and to remove them and leave Levi was a preposterous outrage upon the fitness of things. One night in a drugstore, where people gather in country towns, I met Levi. I saw a paper in his pocket, and, as I knew the fellow never read a newspaper at all, I seized it as the petition. And so it was. I read it aloud with comments; and as I read, interpolating my own remarks, I felt the afflatus of the situation and made up my mind to write the Nasby letters.*[6]

The first letter was published March 21, 1861, over the signature of Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby, who was created to represent a pastor of the New Dispensation with Copperhead sympathies. Nasby, as leader of his community, Wingert's Corners located in Crawford County, Ohio, decided that it should secede with South Carolina. He shouted, "South Carolina hez left the Union, and Wingert's Corners, ez trooly Dimecratic

ez any uv em, hez follered soot." Nasby also cited many local grievances after the manner of the Ordinances of Secession. The "tyranikle government" had refused to locate the state capital at Wingert's Corners; it had compelled the residents year after year to pay their share of the taxes; and it had located the canal 100 miles from the Corners. The satire was well-done, and its popularity encouraged Locke to publish a letter whenever the situation was ripe.

Thus commenced one of the most remarkable series of political satires on public men and measures ever written during wartime. Nasby was an overdrawn but effective caricature of the Copperhead. Locke made Nasby in the image of an illiterate, hypocritical, cowardly, loafing, lying, drinking seeker of political plums.[7] Nasby had an amazing fidelity to the simple principles of personal and political selfishness. To him the luxuries of life were a place under the government, a clean shirt, a glass of whiskey, and a dollar bill.[8] His violent hatred of the Negro is made an integral part of his affiliation with the Democratic Party. He is both foolish and corrupt and drags the Democracy into the gutter with him. Locke gave Nasby no redeeming trait.[9] The lowly Nasby was conceived to be the perfect political weapon against slave-loving Southerners and peace-loving Democrats; as his character was low, that of the Republican Party was automatically high.

The techniques of Locke were not new. He once admitted that his image of Nasby was built at the suggestion of Charles Farrar Browne, creator of the great moralist and showman, Artemus Ward.[10] Before the success of Locke, Browne had already become well-known for writing witty observations on current events and social phenomena while working for the Toledo *Commercial*. In 1857, he moved up to the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* as city editor. Also contemporaneous with Locke was Henry Wheeler Shaw, the writer of the famous *Farmer's Allminax* and pen-father of Josh Billings. Shaw, Browne, and Locke borrowed, and carried to extremes, numerous tricks already invented by earlier American humorists, particularly tricks of gigantic exaggeration, calm mendacity, and clumsy orthography.[11] While Josh Billings and Artemus Ward were commenting mostly on human and social frailties, Nasby was fighting a Civil and political war.

The preposterousness of Locke's pseudonym typifies his eccentric style. In 1883, Robinson Locke, eldest son of David Locke, wrote a letter to Eli Landon describing the origin of his father's *nom de plume*. He said,

"The word Nasby was coined probably from a remembrance of the battle of Naseby. About the time the Nasby letters commenced the petroleum excitement was raging in Pennsylvania. Vesuvius was used for euphony."[12]

In some minor respects, David Ross Locke resembled his creation. He drank beer and spirits openly and freely. He wore his clothes carelessly and it was often said that he might be taken for anything but a literary genius. Locke was big and beefy. His nose was red, his beard was healthy, and his voice was booming. He had a good strong face, forehead prominent, jaws heavy, mouth large, eyes blue-grey and cold, kindly only during a smile. Like Nasby, he was not one to hide his light under a bushel basket.[13]

For a year after the ridiculing of South Carolina secession the voice of Nasby was silent. But not so the voice of editor Locke. As the nation descended into the maelstrom of war he pledged the full support of the *Jeffersonian* to the cause. He placed the blame for the opening of the Civil War on the secessionists and warned Northern Democrats that they would lose their small remaining power unless they joined against the South. Locke had not been a rabid abolitionist, but nothing in his columns indicated that the coming showdown displeased him.[14] His prime concerns were that the Union would be preserved and that the Republicans would remain politically supreme.

Locke refrained from joining the host of Northern newspapers which criticized the Administration for not marching immediately to Richmond and ending the war quickly. The adverse fortunes of the Union cause in 1861 and 1862 desolated him. But he lost no confidence in Lincoln, and bent his every editorial effort to support the President in the political campaign of 1862. Thus, in the fall of 1861, he put the *Jeffersonian* solidly behind the movement in Ohio to form a coalition of Republicans and Union Democrats.[15]

On September 5, 1861 the Ohio Union Party was inaugurated, containing Republicans and a small minority of War Democrats, thus continuing, to a degree, the truce between the parties which had been agreed upon at the beginning of the war.[16] Locke continued to work on the Republican committees, and compaigned for David Tod, a Douglas Democrat, who was elected as governor of Ohio in 1861 on the Union ticket.[17]

It soon became apparent to Locke that the support of the Union required a stronger voice than his own. For this reason he again called up-

on his imaginary friend Nasby for help. In the spring of 1862 Lincoln was being pressed to issue an Emancipation Proclamation. This would win over the abolitionists and would also discredit European nations which seemed on the verge of recognizing the independence of the Confederate states. As a compromise measure which would not offend the border states, Lincoln suggested compensated emancipation. Locke, observing the storm of protest in Ohio against Negoes coming north in large numbers, wrote:

> *There is now 15 niggers, men, wimin, and childern, or ruther, mail, femail, and yung, in Wingert's Corners, and yesterday another arrove. I am bekomin alarmed, for, ef they increase at this rate, in suthin over sixty years they'll hev a majority in the town, and may, if they git mean enuff, tyrannize over us, even ez we air tyrannizin over them . . . eny man hevin the intellek uv a brass-mounted jackass kin easily see that the 2 races what never intended to live together . . . resolved, that the niggers be druv out uv Wingert's Corners, and that sich property ez they may hev accumulatid be confiscatid and the proseeds applide to . . . payment uv the bills of the last Dimekratik Central Committee . . . the balance to remane in my hands.*[18]

Nasby's spelling is very inconsistent; this is accounted for by the habit of Locke of setting type for the Nasby letters without guiding copy, a good trick for any printer.[19]

The next Nasby letter is dated in Washington several months later in 1862, Nasby had gone to the capital to have an interview with Clement L. Vallandigham. Vallandigham, a thorough Peace Democrat, was a headache to the Administration throughout the war. Nasby's satire on Vallandigham is scathing:

> *I kum hear to see Vallandygum . . . we had a bottle uv concentratid contentment, and, after disposin uv a suffishensy thereof, Vallandygum commenst:*
>
> *"Nasby," sez he, "we're in a fix."*
>
> *"Vallandygum," sez I, "to wich do yoo elude—our distractid country?"*
>
> *"Nary," sez he; "I wuz speaking uv myself and the rest uv us. Them's my country."*[20]

Vallandigham was frequently called a traitor by the administration press. The Peace Democrats recognized him as their leader. This po-

litical group was composed mostly of Democrats in the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois who were friendly to the South, and who bitterly regretted the war which they blamed on Republican politicians. Their regret was compounded of distress at the thought of a brothers' war, disappointment at the postponement of peaceful United States development, and displeasure with the party in power.[21] Vallandigham was an Ohio member of the House of Representatives from 1858 to 1862. Even after his defeat for reelection in 1862, he frequently appeared in the House during the lame-duck session to denounce Lincoln's conduct of the war, and particularly the Emancipation Proclamation and the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus.[22]

When Vallandigham was campaigning in 1862, Locke's Nasby composed a campaign song for the voters of Wingert's Corners:

> Yes, we'll rally round the keg, boys,
> We'll rally wunst agin,
> Shoutin Vallandigum and Freejum.[23]

Vallandigham called himself a strict constructionist of the Constitution, but he was a war donstructionist to Locke.

Locke's misrepresentation of the Democrats served the purpose of shifting attention from depressing Union defeats to the fifth column. Northern Democrats on the whole supported and fought in the war, but Nasby conveniently classified all the fence-sitters and the party itself as being opposed to racial equality, racial emigration, and racial amalgamation. It is probable that most Republicans who enjoyed Nasby did not do so because of a feeling of brotherhood for the Negro. Locke must have realized that his satires applied equally well to members of his own party in many respects, but it was politically opportune to make the Democracy the scapegoat.

In all fairness, the *Jeffersonian* was no more extreme in its special features and editorializing than the radicals of the opposition and it certainly was more consistent. The Ashland *Union* and the Columbus *Crisis* were particularly vicious in their attacks on the Administration. The *Union* harangued, "The Democratic press unanimously denounces this infamous rebellion of President Lincoln's . . . we shall have more to say of the traitor Lincoln next week."[24] The *Crisis* loved to harp on alleged Union atrocities and at times must have given its readers the impression that the ravishing of Southern women was the principal diversion of Northern soldiers.[25]

Editorials of many papers during the Northern "low" from December, 1862 to July, 1863 declared that there was not the remotest possibility that the North could be victorious. The news columns of the *Crisis* and the Cincinnati *Enquirer* supported this contention by exaggerated accounts of Union defeats and by belittling Union successes. Prominent space was given to letters of discouraged soldiers. The more conservative Democratic papers did not stand too firmly on the anti-war position, but by continued emphasis on short-comings in the conduct of the war, they gave ammunition to the peace faction. The views of Vallandigham and the anti-war editors were underwritten by scores of mass-meetings and county conventions in Ohio.[26]

Locke—and Nasby—combatted these anti-war efforts by concentrating on the fact that the Republican counties in Ohio supplied their quotas of troops without resort to conscription while the Democratic counties had to be brought into line by the use of the draft. In the fall of 1862 Lincoln had assigned Ohio's quota of new troops to be 74,000. Volunteers filled the quotas in twenty-six counties but the draft was necessary in the remaining counties. Two of the delinquent counties were Holmes and Hancock.

Editor Locke in the summer of 1863 described the end of the Holmes County, Ohio, insurrection against the draft. Peace Democrats, numbering more than nine hundred armed men, had gathered in an inclosure to resist 450 Federal troops sent to enforce the draft, but they quickly dispersed after the first volley:

> *The resistance to the enrollment in Holmes County is over and the authority of the Government is maintained. There was no loss of life and only two insurgents wounded. The insurgents have given up two of the original prisoners who were arrested by the United States marshals and the other two are forthcoming. Some of the rescuers are also given up and no obstruction to the arrest of the others is to be made. The enrollment is to be completed, the insurgents are to disperse, and the military to be withdrawn with the exception of* 100 *men who are left to see that the agreement is complied with in good faith.*[27]

Nasby satirized the event, writing from a "linkin Basteel", at Columbus, Ohio:

> *Wen the Dimekrats, the peace men of Homes County, declared war, I threw off the sacerdotal robes and tuk up the sword. Arrivin*

at Millersburg, I jined the peace forces to onct . . . 1500 strong we pledged ourselves to hist the black flag, and never surrender. Finaly the enemy hove in site . . . ten uv the very men who had been foremost in advisin resistance, cum with the Federals, and advised a surrender. Hopin to gane time, I askt too hours to consider. Unfortnit error! Before the too hours wuz up, haff the men wuz sober, and, instid uv histin the black flag they capitoolatid, deliverin up the ringleaders. I wuz taken as hed ringleader, and wuz ironed and taken to Columbus, wher I now am.[28]

Hancock County, where the Democrats were particularly strong, ranked among the highest of Ohio counties in the percentage of their quota which had to be drafted.[29] It is little wonder that Locke faced so much dislike from peace men when he issued enlistment propaganda like the following:

Provost Marshal's Office, Lima, Ohio
Recruits Wanted!
Bounty! Bounty!
For Veterans $402
For New Recruits $302.[30]

Thus he described Nasby's evasion of the draft:

I see in the papers last nite that the Government has institooted a draft, and that in a few weeks sum hunderds uv thousands uv peeceable citizens will be dragged to the tented feeld. I know not wat uthers may do, but ez for me, I cant go . . . I hev lost, sence Stanton's order to draft, the use uv wun eye entirely, and hev kronic inflammashen in the other . . . I am rupchered in 9 places, and am entirely enveloped with trusses. I hev verrykose vanes, hev a whiteswellin on wun leg and a fever sore on the uther; also wun leg is shorter than tother, though I handle it so expert that nobuddy never noticed it . . .[31]

Nasby's draft evasions did not end here. He avoided enrollment officers in Wingert's Corners by going to Toledo, Ohio, where he borrowed a boat and rowed to Canada. Later he thought that it was safe to return, but was immediately seized by federal authorities and drafted. At the front, he deserted to the enemy under the banner of the Louisiana Pelicans. Several officers immediately stripped him of his new uniform and gave him Confederate rags. He found the fare poor and scanty in the Southern army.[32] Locke's motive in these particular papers is ob-

vious. There were numerous desertions from the Northern army at this time, with a few joining the opposition. The descriptions of Confederate conditions in the Nasby letters were sufficient to discourage desertions and to raise spirits.

During his short tenure with the Pelicans, Nasby became acquainted with a Confederate conscript who confessed:

> *I hed* 18 *niggers and they kept me poor as a skim-milk cheese. The hogs eat the corn, the niggers eat the hogs, and I lived on what they left. To defend my property in these niggers we seceshed and started a new guvment.. The new guvment took the corn, the hogs, the niggers, and finally took me.*[33]

When his Confederate costume was down to a blanket and one shoe, Nasby deserted back to his Democratic friends in Wingert's Corners in time to campaign for his party in the gubernatorial race. Although Nasby had "our township all fixt, hevin distribbitid tikkits" in favor of Vallandigham, the 1863 election was an enormous Union victor. John Brough succeeded Tod as another excellent wartime governor of Ohio.[34]

After the election, Locke said in the guise of Nasby, "Vallandigum is not only a exile far away, but ther is a cheerful prospeck, wich is daily improvin, uv his continnerin in the exile biznis fer an indeffynit period."[35] Nasby quickly became a War Democrat who had "repoodiated" Vallandigham. He said, "Resolved, that a war for the Union must go on until its enemies is subjoogated . . . and the Dimekratik committis uv the varius staits . . . procoor a number of banners . . . and wave em."[36] Locke seemed more than a little annoyed that lukewarm supporters of the war were now jumping on the victory band-wagon.

Locke never slackened in his relentless attacks on the Peace Democrats. He accused Hancock Democrats of sending treasurable letters to men in the army. "The Army has been deluged with letters . . . calculated to spread disaffection and in many cases advising desertion."[37] Hancock County soldiers in the 21st and 49th O.V.I. were almost annihilated in the battle of Chickamauga. Locke commented bitterly on the large number of women in mourning after this battle and bitterly blamed lack of Democratic support for the large losses and the long war.

The Nasby papers were read widely in the Army and it must have been a reassuring feeling for the troops to see an editor try so hard to knit together the home front. It is true that many in service were against the

war and a large number of these bought their way out or deserted, but those who remained because of desire or necessity wanted most to see a quick Union triumph. Locke published several letters in the *Jeffersonian* during August, 1863, which expressed the sentiments of such men. Two of these which Locke obtained from neighbors read:

I understand that there are a great many men at home who will fight in their own backyards before they will take a step towards putting down this rebellion. Lewis why don't you take a squad and hang such men without a judge and jury? Henry Hough.

We have a great many hardships to endure, but we do not complain of them, but of the men at home who are doing all they can against us and encouraging the South. Levi Thompson.[38]

It was during the middle of the Civil War that Abraham Lincoln became well acquainted with the Nasby letters. It is understandable why Lincoln appreciated these letters, for it is doubtful that he had a more staunch editor-supporter than Locke. Also, the humor of Nasby was rough and not at all contrary to the general make-up and experience of the President. Above all, Lincoln was a master of satire and ridicule himself, and could appreciate the good satire of others. He also enjoyed the writings of Artemus Ward and Orpheus Kerr.

Frank B. Carpenter, the artist who painted the celebrated picture, "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation", and who remained six months in the White House, said in regard to Lincoln and the Nasby papers:

The Saturday evening before Lincoln left Washington to go to the front, just previous to the capture of Richmond, I was with him from seven o'clock till nearly twelve. It had been a hard day for him. The pressure of office-seekers was greater at this juncture than I ever knew it to be, and he was almost worn out. Among the callers that evening was a party composed of a Senator, A Representative, an ex-lieutenant-Governor, and several important private citizens. They had business of great importance, involving the necessity of the President's examination of the voluminous documents. Pushing everything aside, he said to one of the party, "Have you seen the Nasby Papers?" "No, I have not", was the answer. "Who is Nasby?" "There is a chap out in Ohio", returned the President, "who has been writing a series of letters in the newspapers over the signature of Petroleum V. Nasby. Some one sent me a pamphlet collection the other day. I am going to write to Petroleum to come down

here, and I intend to tell him if he will communicate his talent to me, I will swap places with him!" Thereupon he arose, went to a drawer in his desk, and taking out the "letters", he sat down and read one to the company, finding in their enjoyment of it the temporary excitement and relief which another man would have found in a glass of grog! The instant he had ceased, the book was thrown aside, his countenance relapsed into its habitual serious expression, and the business was entered upon with the utmost seriousness.[39]

Lincoln did write to Locke and invited him to visit in Washington. Locke visited Lincoln in 1863 and again in 1865 when the war was practically over. The second trip was made by Locke in an attempt to "secure a pardon for a young man who had deserted under rather peculiar circumstances." The young man's fiancee became interested in another man while he was in the Army and he had deserted to protect his claim. Locke stated the circumstances, giving the youth a good character, and Lincoln signed the pardon.[40] Apparently, Locke was more kindly disposed toward desertion resulting from romantic reasons then he was toward the political variety.

Lincoln was often included in Locke's satirical discussions. After the defeat of Vallandigham in 1863, Nasby sent to Washington to ask Lincoln for a job. He told the President that he "wood accept a small postorifis if sitooatid within ezy range of a distilry." This Nasby paper was not only an attack on Democratic office seekers, but also reflected in a humorous manner the way in which Lincoln wasted precious hours talking to office-seekers of his own party. Many of them had about as much experience and reason for jobs as Nasby, who said:

1*st*. *I want an offis.*
2*nd*. *I need a offis.*
3*rd*. *A offis wood suit me; there,*
4*th*. *I shood like to hev a offis.*[41]

One pecularity of Locke was his determination not to accept any public office. Few men, finding themselves in a position to command so much from their party for services rendered, would have refused to avail themselves of what seemed brilliant opportunities. President Lincoln offered Locke any place that he asked for and was "capable of filling", while President Grant made him a tender of the mission to St. Petersburg or to Berlin, but he refused all offers.[42] It was a wise decision on Locke's part, because he detested diplomacy.

With the improvement of Northern fortunes in 1863 Nasby was ready to compromise with Lincoln. Lee's invasion of the North had been checked at Gettysburg. Grant had captured Vicksburg and separated Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas from the Confederacy. The Union troops defeated Bragg's forces at Chattanooga in November. Nasby hurried to see Lincoln, and after addressing him as a "goriller, a feendish ape, a thirster after blud", he offered the support of the new War Democrats of Wingert's Corners if the President would:

> *Restoar to us our habis corpusses . . . Do away with drafts and conskripshens . . Revoak the Emansipashen proclamashen . . . Offer to assume the war indetednis uv the South, and plej the guverment to remoonerate our Suthrin brethren for the losses they hev sustaned in this onnatrel war.*[43]

In February, 1864, Locke satirized the depressed spirits of the Democracy by picturing Nasby blackening his face to look like a "nigger" and roaming Wingert's Corners to feel the Democratic pulse. To his surprise, Nasby was welcomed as an escaped slave, offered a drink, and asked if he "coodent git . . . 3 or 4 more kulered men" to work for the welcoming townsmen. Nasby was shocked. "Wen Dimekrats git to call-in niggers 'kulered men', and want em to work beside em, and drink out uv the same bottle with em, wat better air they than ablishnists?"[44]

Nasby was made to play a characteristic role in the presidential election of 1864 when Lincoln was opposed by George B. McClellan. Nasby said at first that he would support Fremont and Vallandigham as the Democratic nominees for president and vice-president. "I'd ez soon accept a post-offis at the hands uv Fremont ez enny uther man."[45] Later, Nasby hailed the nomination of McClellan with great joy. Locke's real purpose in writing a Nasby letter praising the nomination of McClellan by the Democrats can be detected in one statement of Nasby. "Wile George cood allus very elaboritly stratejise hisself int2 a melon patch or orchard, he never stratejised hisself out with any melons or apples . . . Suffice it 2 say, that no general wuz ever so beluved South and so hated North, wich wuz wat prokoored his nominashen."[46]

After the defeat of McClellan, Nasby was in despair. "We are a dove, a peece dove shoved out uv the political ark . . . Bestir thyself, O Lee . . . on you we bet our pile; yoo are our anker and our chiefest trust."[47] But trust was not going to be enough in 1865.

Much of the Locke satire during the war was scriptural parody ema-

nating from the mouth of Nasby, pastor of the Church of St. Vallandigham, later the Church of the Slawtered Innocent, and finally, the Church of the Noo Dispensashun. This church devoted its "entire intellek to constrooin the skripters in akordence with the Dimekratik ijee." In 1864, unable to hand over promised political jobs when Lincoln was reelected, Nasby encountered difficulties with his flock. He ended up "borrerin sich munny and watches ez the ungrateful wretches had about em to make up arrears uv salary," and fled to Saint's Rest, in the state of New Jersey, to continue his activities among strong Democratic contingents.[48]

With the surrender of Lee in April, 1865 at Appomattox Nasby was given no chance to show the slightest redeeming trait. Nasby remarked on April 10th, "Is this the fightin' till the last man wuz a inanimit corpse?" Fickle Nasby was ready to turn against the section he had supported for four years. Gloomily, he predicted:

> *The Confederasy hez . . . gathered up its feet, sed its last words, and deceest. And with it the Dimokrasy hez likewise given up the ghost. It may survive this, but I can't see how. We staked our political fortune on it; we went our bottom dollar on it; it's gone up, and we ditto. Linkin will serve his term out—the tax on whiskey won't be repeeled—our leeders will die off uv chagrin, and delirium tremens and inability to live so long out of offis, and the sheep will be skattered.*[49]

At the end of the war Lincoln sent a message to Locke thanking him for his war service.[50] There is no question that the President, under the most trying condition of any President, derived great satisfaction from the Nasby letters. They helped him to relax, as humor had always been his method of relieving tension. This enthusiasm for Nasby was not shared by dignified Stanton nor by grave senators who disliked listening to Lincoln's Nasby recitations when more important business was at hand. To many, the Nasby letters were considered patriotic, but too coarse to read.[51] Nasby's account of his Negro wife, whom he was trapped into marrying while in the Confederate Army, was almost too much even for radicals. Lincoln, speaking of jesting during serious times, told Congressman Ashley of Ohio, "were it not for his occasional vent I should die."[52] He read Nasby letters to friends before dinner on the evening of his death.[53]

David Locke was a splendid chaplain for the Northern troops during the Civil War. If they were uncertain of the moral and political purposes for which they were fighting, they could refresh their memories by reading the Nasby letters. These letters were received by various units in many Northern army camps and read by many weary and disillusioned troops.[54] After seeing men desert in wholesale numbers, it was reassuring to read the Nasby letters of the sorry condition of the Southern soldiers. Northern troops found comfort in reading of Nasby in a Confederate blanket, or of the loss of a captured turkey to his commanding officer. They appreciated the slashing attacks of Locke against those resisting the draft.[55]

Johnny Rebel became a vivid picture to the Northern soldier. The Nasby letters projected him as a rather pathetic, starved, unclothed, nigger-beating, drinking, deserting wretch. It is doubtful that the Nasby letters, or any morale factor, could have reduced measurably the fraternization which went on between Northern and Southern troops, but the letters were sources of amusement and contempt.

David Ross Locke was an extremist, but war breeds extremities. When the war came, Locke, in an extreme style of writing, attacked the extremists of the Democracy. Vallandigham said, "I have little sympathy with the North. I am not a Northern man . . . my most cordial sympathies are wholly with the South." In reply, Locke quoted Douglas, "There are only two sides to this question. Every man must be for the United States or against it. There can be no neutrals in this war, only patriots or traitors."[56] This last statement became Locke's creed. He never faltered throughout the war in his support of the Administration, the party, and local Findlay soldiers. He proved that journalism was a potent force in war time. The war itself proved that freedom of the press was not only a fundamental right but a powerful weapon.

FOOTNOTES

1. Toledo *Daily Blade,* February 15, 1888.
2. David Ross Locke, *The Struggles of Petroleum V. Nasby* (Boston, 1888), pp. 13-14.
3. *Ibid,* p. 15.
4. Interview with Judge Chester Pendleton, Findlay, Ohio, November 1, 1946.
5. Walter Blair, *Horse Sense in American Humor* (Chicago, 1942), pp. 168-170.
6. Toledo *Daily Blade,* February 15, 1888.
7. Joseph A. Estes, "David Ross Locke," *Dictionary of American Biography,* vol. 11, p. 336.
8. Will D. Howe, in *Cambridge History of American Literature,* vol. 2, p. 157.
9. Jennette Tandy, *Crackerbox Philosophers* (New York, 1928), p. 124.

10. Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, April 24, 1932.
11. Howe, *op. cit.*, pp. 157-158.
12. Melville D. Landon, *Kings of the Platform and Pulpit* (Chicago, 1892), p. 99.
13. Findlay *Republican-Courier*, June 6, 1936.
14. Hancock *Jeffersonian*, April 18, 1861.
15. *Ibid.*, August 29, 1861.
16. Emilius Randall and Daniel Ryan, *History of Ohio*, (New York, 1912), vol. 4, pp. 173-174.
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32. *Ibid.*, pp. 54-65.
33. *Ibid.*, p. 71.
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45. *Ibid.*, p. 200.
46. *Ibid.*, pp. 224-225.
47. *Ibid.*, p. 237.
48. *Ibid.*, pp. 252-254.
49. *Ibid.*, pp. 302-303.
50. Toledo *Daily Blade*, February 15, 1888.
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52. Carpenter, *op. cit.*, p. 151.
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Sherwood Anderson

The Spanish-American War Year

By William A. Sutton

To the young factory hand (warehouse-worker) . . . it was grand and glorious. There has always been a kind of shrewdness and foxiness in me and I could not convince myself that Spain . . . could offer much resistance and I could not get over the feeling that I was going off . . . on a kind of glorious national picnic. Very well, if I was to be given credit for being a hero I could not see why I should object.[1]

That statement contains the kernel of the attitude displayed by Sherwood Anderson in his accounts of his Spanish-American War experiences.[2] He was very calculating about the whole affair. He did not enlist in Chicago, for there his joining the cause of freedom would pass unnoticed. He related that he sent off a wire to the captain of the militia in Clyde and "beat his way" almost to his destination, being treated with respect by hoboes. Shrewdly, he stopped at a station "twenty miles from home" to buy a new outfit and achieve "something between a bank clerk and an actor out of work."[3] "Our local newspaper spoke of me as one who 'had left a lucrative position in Chicago to rush to his country's defense'."[4]

If Anderson had chosen to stay in Chicago and ignore the fact that his national guard company was going into service, he could have done so. Going to the colors was quite voluntary, especially if one were not within range of local public opinion. But Anderson was eager to go. As early as March 3 he had written the following letter to his militia captain in Clyde:

Captain Gillette:

Dear Sir:—If by any chance this war scare amounts to anything, and the company is called, please telegraph me 708 *Washington Boulevard and I will be with you.*

Sherwood Anderson, Chicago, Ill.[5]

The letter was printed by the *Enterprise* as evidence that if the boys should be called to war, ". . . there is no question as to how they would acquit themselves." It was part of an article surveying the condition of the town's militia company in case war should break out. The article described the company as drilling hard, "being under arms going through

the various evolutions for over two hours," and listed Anderson as a private in the company roster. Perhaps the prospects of the company as seen by the *Enterprise* reporter may be useful in picturing the atmosphere Anderson entered when he returnd to Clyde and Company I:

> *While the boys of our local military are not exactly itching for war, still they entertain the universal opinion that if the Spaniards blew up our battleship they must pay for it with a fight. Our boys have seen enough service during the Cincinnati riots, the Wheeling strikes and at other times to know that war means something serious . . . The boys have had no orders to prepare for an emergency, because they need none . . . Capt. Gillett could report for duty with a company of fifty or more trained soldiers, armed and equipped, for active service.*[6]

The *Maine* had been sunk in Havana harbor on February 15, 1898, and the American board of enquiry had not made its report when Anderson wrote to the captain. But on March 21 the board announced its finding that the explosion which had resulted in the sinking of the *Maine* had been caused by an exterior mine. From then on the situation continued to become more grave. No doubt Anderson was watching the course of events as President McKinley approved on April 20 a resolution demanding the withdrawal of Spain from Cuba and setting noon of April 23 as the latest date for reply. Before the demand could be delivered to the Spanish government in Madrid by the American minister, he was sent his passports. On April 22 the president declared a blockade of Cuban ports. The Spanish government replied with a declaration of war on April 24. The formalities were concluded when on April 25 the United States Congress declared that a state of war had existed between the United States and Spain since April 21.

It is certain the passage of six weeks and the developments which took place in that time had not abated Anderson's desire to go into service with Company I. An item in the Clyde paper makes that clear:

> *Capt. Gillett on Friday (April 22) received a message from E. L. Hildwein, a former Co. I boy who has been at Shreveport, La., stating that he wanted to be notified when the company was called out and would join them immediately. Sherwood Anderson wired to the same effect from Chicago. That's the sort of material Clyde boys are made of.*[7]

The article seems to indicate that Anderson had wired his captain on

the same day the message from Hildwein was received. Though that is not certain, the attitude of the town toward the out-of-state boys who came back is probably mirrored in the last sentence. Anderson remembered his reception in Clyde as that of a hero. "I was received with acclaim. Never before that time or since have I had a personal triumph and I liked it."[8] He has said elsewhere, "I came home to go and was looked upon as a local hero . . . rushing to my country's defense, etc., etc. I am afraid it was bunk. The laborer's job was too hard for me. I wanted the chance to travel, see strange places."[9]

Doubtless Anderson was in the spotlight with the other 50 or so boys in the company. The countryside saw to it that its boys got a good send-off. According to the local paper, the "long expected and anxiously awaited call to arms came to the boys of Company I, 16th Reg., O.N.G., late Monday evening (April 25, 1898)." The company was directed to report at regimental headquarters in Toledo on the following morning. The newspaper account continued:

The message found the soldier boys enjoying a banquet at Terry's opera house. For several days previous it was apparent that at almost any moment the militia would be called out. Foreseeing this event, a citizens' meeting was called at G.A.R. hall on Monday morning to arrange for a banquet and reception for the boys, and committees promptly went to work to arrange the details. Terry's hall was secured, and the ladies of Clyde on Monday evening had prepared a magnificent banquet to which the soldier boys and their parents, wives and ladies were invited, over 150 *plates being laid.*

After the banquet the tables were taken out of the hall and the reception and speech-making began. Addresses were made by the local clergy and attorneys. The hall was crowded to its fullest capacity and hundreds were unable to gain admittance. The scene was one long to be remembered, and several ladies were overcome and had to be carried from the hall.

Later on, when the crowd had mostly gone home, the floor was cleared for a dance, and many of the boys remained until a late hour to indulge in this pleasure with the ladies.

Bright and early Tuesday morning came the bugle call assembling the boys at the armory, and long before time for them to leave the streets were crowded with friends eager to bid them farewell and Godspeed. A guard of honor, comprising the old veterans and their wives and led by a drum-corps, escorted the boys to the morning

train on the Wheeling road, and a crowd numbering thousands gathered to see them start. There were many painful scenes at the parting, but the boys did not feel nearly so badly as those they left behind . . .

The boys reached Toledo in good shape and were at once sent to the armory with the balance of the regiment to await a call to Columbus, the state headquarters.[10]

It is easy to credit Anderson's statement that he wanted to get away from the warehouse, wanted to travel, but it is difficult to see how he could have escaped being infused with at least some of the idealism and enthusiasm of those about him. It is at least possible that he allowed what was later apparently his own opinion and that of his nation concerning that war to color his accounts, both written after World War I. If on the one hand he was not mature enough to participate in the soberer emotions of his elders, then it is not likely he had the insight to pronounce the war a "push-over" from the beginning.

In the *Memoirs* Anderson alludes to the absorption of the town with the farewell and the emotion of the old soldiers and the women. In the face of this Anderson remembered that he ". . . tried to appear stern, to maintain an air of indifference. We, in our little company of local braves, were for the most part boys. We kept whispering to each other as we marched." They wanted the emotions to be quieted, to be let alone. He added, "I think we were all relieved when we had got aboard our train."[11]

We were the boys of a Middle-Western country town, farmers' sons, merchants' sons, young town roughs, gentle, quiet boys. Our hearts did not ache for the people of the island of Cuba. Our hearts ached for adventure.[12]

Furthermore, Anderson was preoccupied with another matter at this leave-taking. Before he left Clyde for Chicago he had proposed to one of the Clyde girls, one far above him in the social scale. In a "beautiful moment" she had said she would wait for him while he went to Chicago to make good. After he got to Chicago he used to write to her from his hall bedroom. Anderson relates his irritation at finding when he got back to Clyde that his beloved had become engaged to marry a non-belligerent jewelry clerk. So it was that he turned away and laughed scornfully when she left the others and started toward him as he marched past to go to war.[13]

There is no way of telling whether that ever happened. But the incident, which dominated his account of the leave-taking of Company I, shows his essential predilection for the dramatic and romantic incident and lack of concern for what was happening to the town. Anderson's concern was typically for Anderson. When the company got to the armory in Toledo, one of the boys sang an inspirational song dealing with the liberation of Cuba. The singer was cheered. Anderson's reaction was that of envy. He would have liked to have had the cheers. He did not think of the suffering people.[14]

On Wednesday, April 27, a correspondent of the Clyde paper reported:

> *It was almost impossible to sleep last night, as the boys were singing and yelling, and when one would go to sleep they would throw water on him, and they kept that going till late in the night. Charlie Dennis said he had gone crazy, and that there is nothing like a soldier's life.*[15]

It does not seem that the boys remembered the evening before when, on the announcement of the time for the boys to leave Clyde, "sobs and sighs came from those who were seeing sons, husbands and brothers go forth . . ."[16] These boys, like many boys, had not lived long enough to understand the parental attitude. They did not realize the reason for the banquet, the speeches, the guard of honor, the bunting, the tears. They seem only to have known "there is nothing like a soldier's life."

In Toledo some of the soldiers helped the police control the crowd which was all about the armory. On the night of Tuesday, April 26, there was a dress parade. The *Enterprise* correspondent also reported:

> *We have plenty of girls to see us and jolly us along; and how the boys do scrap when it is time to eat, to see which one is going to get there first.*
>
> *The boys are all well as yet, but are getting tired of staying here in the Armory. They are not allowed to be away from the Armory very long at a time, and they do not seem to like it.*
>
> *All the companies of the Sixteenth Regiment are quartered in the Armory, and there is not much room to spare. Some sleep on the floor with only a little straw under them, but we all (Company I?) have ticks and can make a good bed.*[17]

When the boys of the Sixteenth Regiment left Toledo on the morn-

ing of April 29, they got what was described as a great "sendoff." A "presentation ceremony" in the morning was followed by a "celebration" at the railway depot. After the troops left Toledo, "All the way along the line people were out to meet the boys as they passed through, and the demonstration that had begun at the start of the troops was continued clear to Columbus." When the troops arrived in Columbus, they passed along streets lined with "hundreds of people", "while every window contained its share of patriots, some of whom were provided with flags. Prolonged cheers greeted the boys all along the line of march."[18]

The Columbus paper said further that preceding regiments had left the field in which the Sixteenth Regiment was to camp "not very presentable" and that there was "considerable kicking" about that fact. "The boys were hungry and had to depend on haversacks or nearby regimental sutlers for their suppers. The tents, too, were slow in coming, and it was after 10 o'clock before most of them were under cover. They had to put up with just what some of the other regiments had to before them."

On May 3 the *Enterprise* correspondent wrote that the boys had arrived in Columbus at 2:30 p. m. on Friday, April 29. After walking the six miles from the point of debarking from the train to Camp Bushnell, which was somewhat out East Broad Street, "The boys were very tired when they got there."

> *We have at last got down to work and are now in full working order. Drills every morning and afternoon for one and a half hours each time. We drill in battle formation and are now learning to drill by bugle calls . . . They are very strict here; only 4 men can leave camp at a time . . . They started to break us in the first night by not having anything ready for us when we arrived. When we arrived where we were to camp there were no tents and Col. McMaken went to headquarters and told them they would have to fix us out. When we did at last get tents it was about 7:30 p. m. We then went to work putting up the tents. When we had them up we were about as bad off as we were when we did not have any tents, as we had no straw or anything to lay (sic) on and the ground was very damp. At last they did get enough straw for one tick (apiece?), and O, how the boys did kick about having to sleep that way. They did not seem to like the life of a soldier but would rather be home in their little beds. (The correspondent was a sergeant.)*[19]

In the same article the following daily routine was outlined: 5 a. m., reveille; 5:30 a. m., breakfast; 6:15 a. m., surgeon's call; 6:30 a. m., cleaning up quarters; 8 a. m., mounting guard; 9 a. m., drill for 90 minutes; 11:30 a. m., "dinner"; 1 p. m., "school"; 2:30 p. m., drill for 90 minutes; 4 p. m., "recall"; 5 p. m., supper; 8 p. m., dress parade followed by sunset retreat; 9:30 p. m., taps, after which every man must be quiet in his tent with lights out.

The writer went on to say, "The boys of Co. I do their share of guard duty and other duties that are required of them without a murmur, and the new recruits are doing fine. We enjoy a band concert every evening. For one to come into camp and look around they would think . . . (the boys) went into camp for pleasure . . ." The boys at Camp Bushnell ate fat pork, "a little beef," eggs, and pork and beans. "Some of the boys do not like the bill of fare but have to put up with it. I believe they will soon come to eating what they get or go hungry."

Shortly after arriving at Camp Bushnell, Company I received orders to recruit up to 84 men for United States service. The company was called together, and the men who did not care to go into federal service were given the opportunity to decline. "We told them that we wanted to have those that were going to back out to do so now. Six proved not to be "true blue"; a lieutenant was sent back to Clyde to get replacements for them and enough other recruits to bring the company up to authorized strength.[20]

Anderson told in the *Memoirs* of the brutality of the company toward the "quitters." The treatment he describes is the beating of the buttocks against a tree.[21] "It was the first time I knew how cruel men in the mass could be." The right of the men to refuse service was subjected to heavy pressure everywhere. Company H from the neighboring town of Fremont ". . . found out one of their members was not going to war . . . they grabbed him, clipping his hair, rode him on a rail and had a general hurrah. They now say when Stack goes home he will wear a pair of blue overalls, a yellow coat and a red hat. He was detailed at the cook's quarters this morning."[22] The *Enterprise* looked down its nose and proclaimed, "It is surprising how many men there are who are anxious to get a little notoriety or free advertising out of this war without endangering their own precious hides. A few of them live right here in Clyde."[23] Another whack was given the offenders with the announcement that

"New men are being recruited to replace seven 'quitters' who have already had enough of war."[24]

On May 4 "A representative of the *Enterprise* visited Camp Bushnell . . . and found the boys all well and in good spirits." The dinner, he was able to report, consisted of beef steak, boiled potatoes, bread and butter, gravy, and black coffee. "The Clyde company is one of the best on the grounds, and has excellent quarters which are kept in fine condition . . . The 'quitters', as they are called, are receiving an immense amount of chaffing, and some of them don't stand it very well." The newspaper declared that any one who thought the boys were not having a good time should take a visit to the camp and "dispel the illusion."[25]

Looking back on his war experience Anderson wrote:

> *I was a soldier and had picked the right war. We of the local military companies were taken into the national service just as we were. Our local companies had been built up on a democratic basis. I had got what I wanted. After my experience as a laborer the drilling seemed to me play. We were well fed. We had warm clothes.*[26]

He has reminisced about the fact that the members of his company were just boys from an Ohio town with officers from the same town being made soldiers and not taking it too seriously. The captain had been "the janitor of a public building," the first lieutenant a celery-raiser, the second lieutenant a knife-grinder in a cutlery factory. "The officers had to remember that they expected to go back to the same Ohio town; they were not thought of as superiors, except perhaps to military matters." An officer might be beaten up when he got home if he did an injustice.[27]

Corroboration of this account is found in comments made by a Fremont visitor to Camp Bushnell. He deplored the lack of discipline:

> *The officers are too busy to enforce it. The men are too good natured and enthusiastic to make it apparent. There are no regular army officers in camp, as there are at the state encampments and officers and men of the guard mingle on a plane of beautifful equality. Privates invade the tents of their officers at will, and yell at them half the length of the street. The recruits talk and smoke cigars in ranks, and officers frequently associate in the pastimes of the men.*[28]

On May 12, 1898, then, Sherwood Anderson went out of the service of the state of Ohio and became a private in Company I of the Sixth Ohio

Regiment of volunteer infantry at Camp Bushnell. Just a little over a year later, on May 24, 1899, he was mustered out of the federal service at Camp MacKenzie, Georgia, a corporal. The time of enlistment had been for two years unless he was mustered out sooner.

The following tabular presentation of the movements of Company I may serve the reader as a handy key to the activities of Anderson during his year in service:

1898

May	12—Mustered into service as a company at Camp Bushnell, Columbus, Ohio.
	17—Left Camp Bushnell for Chickamauga Park, Georgia.
	18—Arrived at Chattanooga, Tenn.; moved to Rossville, Georgia, in the evening.
	19—Marched 12 miles to Camp George H. Thomas, Chickamauga Park, Georgia.
August	27—Marched from Camp Thomas to Rossville; went by rail to Lonsdale, suburb of Knoxville, Tenn.
	28—Marched from Lonsdale to Camp Poland, Lincoln Park, Knoxville, Tenn.
December	27—Marched from Camp Poland to Lonsdale; boarded train for Charleston, S. C.
	29—Arrived Charleston, S. C., in the morning; embarked on U.S.T. *Minnewaska* in the evening.
	30—Sailed for Cienfuegos, Cuba, in the evening.

1899

January	3—Arrived in the harbor at Cienfuegos.
	4—Disembarked, marched through Cienfuegos and four miles out to Camp Sixth Ohio.
	26—Went to Sagua La Grande.
March	13—Returned to regiment at Camp Sixth Ohio.
	26—Went to Provost Guard Camp at Cienfuegos.
April	21—Embarked on U.S.T. *Sedgewick.*
	25—Arrived at the mouth of the Savannah River.
	27—Disembarked at the disinfecting station, went through fumigation, were transported by lighter to detention camp on Dafuski Island.
May	2—Went by lighter to Savannah and then by rail to Augusta, Georgia, and then to Camp MacKenzie,
	24—Mustered out at Camp MacKenzie, Georgia.[29]

The signing of a peace protocal and declaration of an armistice between the two warring nations took place on August 12, 1898, just three months after Anderson's company really entered the war. At the time Anderson was "sick in quarters" (August 9 to 19).[30] But this was not before he had been made a corporal, which promotion took place on July 1, 1898.

From newspaper reports, excerps from letters, and from comments of comrades it has been possible to make somewhat more full the picture of what happened to Anderson during his army year, only three months of which were during war-time and a little less than four of which were spent out of the country after the peace.

The trip from Camp Bushnell to Camp Thomas, which occupied two full days and was topped off with a twelve-mile hike, was arduous.

When we marched to camp last Thursday morning the weather was hot and we looked like a lot of mudhens when we got there. It was so dry and dusty that the sweat and dust mixed together made us look like a lot of darkies.

Our grub was "on the bum" coming down here. All we had was corned beef, a few canned beans, a little bread and about one cup of coffee on the trip.

Hardtack was substituted for bread and butter.[31] Some of the boys, carrying blanket bags and guns, had to fall out on the march to Camp Thomas because of the heat. Water was so scarce that each regiment placed guards over its own water supply.[32]

An anecdote of this time may indicate Anderson was already trusted by the leaders. "One of the Fremont boys is under arrest for going to sleep on guard, and Sherwood Anderson had the pleasure of guarding him. Sherwood seemed to enjoy it."[33]

Anderson's sense of humor must have been brought into play when the following took place:

Joel Elliott said the other day that he was not afraid of a lizard, but when Sherwood Anderson wet his finger and put it on Joel's neck one night the boys thought he was going through the top of the tent, . . . [34]

The next Clyde read of Anderson was that he and six others had been in Chattanooga on June 4.[35] Another activity in which he undoubtedly

engaged was that of visiting Civil War monuments. As the recently-elevated Maj. Gillett wrote,

> *The boys derive great pleasure in their sight seeing journeys and at present there is scarcely one but can accuratly describe the many movements of Bragg's or Rosecrans' army. They have visited the many monuments, studied tablets and markers, scaled the observation towers and visited the sites of historical points.*[36]

It is impossible to resist contemplation of the memories of his father's tales this pursuit may have aroused in Anderson. The father as a member of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry had fought in Tennessee and Georgia. When Anderson was at Camp Thomas and Camp Poland, he must have been near, if not on, some of the scenes his father liked to tell about. It seems odd that Anderson never wanted to write more in detail about his camp experiences.

The *Enterprise* correspondent said at the end of June, "We are still in camp in this ideal park." The tents were pitched in groves of trees, the shade of which tempered the heat. But the writer had to admit camp life was "monotonous." "Jobby Anderson," he noted, "puts in most of his time at the Y.M.C.A."[37] The Y.M.C.A. was the place to write letters, read current publications, play the organ, play games, sing songs, or attend divine services. A good guess, based on evidence to be presented shortly, is that he was most interested in the reading.

Although the records show that Anderson's promotion to the position of corporal took place on July 1, 1898, the story which told about his promotion and others did not appear in Toledo *Blade* correspondence from Camp Thomas until July 12. From it one learns

> *For the best part of a week the colonel has been considering the names which have been recommended by the different captains, and he has required each to send up several more names than would fill the existing vacancies. In addition to this, he has been watching the work of many of the boys who were not aware that they were having "tab" kept on them, and as a result, some men were called up for examination who were not recommended by their captains. Maj. Stanberry had some of the candidates turned over to him, and both he and the colonel put in several hours in asking the boys questions of vital importance.*[38]

Anderson was one of the six new corporals in Company I.

It was undoubtedly Camp Poland he was thinking of when he wrote of ". . . the camp at the edge of a southern city under forest trees . . . " and of ". . . the physical hardening process that I instinctively liked." He gave further details of his reaction to the life there:

. . . I have always enjoyed with a kind of intoxicating gusto any physical use of my body out in the sun and wind. In the army it brought me untroubled sleep at night, physical delight in my own body, the drunkenness of physical well-being and often in my tent at night after a long day of drilling and when the others slept, I rolled quietly out under the tent flaps and lay on my back on the ground, looking at the stars seen through the branches of the trees. About me many thousands of men were sleeping and along a guard line, somewhere over there in the darkness, guards were walking up and down. Was it a kind of child's play? The guards were pretending the army was in danger, why should not my imagination play for a time? . . .[39]

While the company was at Camp Poland, one of its members died. From Camp Poland to Clyde on October 6, 1898, was sent a resolution of respect, of the signers of which was Corp. Sherwood Anderson. The text of the resolution follows:

Resolution of respect to our late comrade Frank W. Craig.

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty to withdraw from our ranks our dearly beloved friend and comrade Frank W. Craig, we bow in submission to his divine will.

Be it resolved, That in his death Co. I 6th O. V. Infantry. has lost one of its best soldiers and a comrade who was always ready to respond to the call of duty without hesitation and without question of time or place.

Be it resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family and relatives, and that copies of these resolutions be forwarded to the family, the Clyde papers and Greensprings papers, as a mark of our sympathy with them for their great loss.[40]

The only reason for reproducing that document is that one would hardly have expected the Sherwood Anderson of later years to have signed it. It should be pointed out that the resolution was a form used by the soldiers; it was customary to have half-a-dozen or so soldiers send along a message of that sort whenever one of the boys died or was killed. An identically-worded resolution was sent to Clyde by an entirely different committee when another soldier died in November.

At the beginning of 1899 the boys found themselves at last on the way to Cuba and arrived there on January 4. The trip was "uneventful and very pleasant." The company was described as "enjoying the best of health" and "delighted to have a change from the dull routine life which they have followed since they responded to their country's call and left their homes in northwestern Ohio."[41]

Those whose hearts had "ached for adventure" had done nothing but become acquainted with the routine and discomforts of army life and do some traveling. There was much sight-seeing to do, as has already been mentioned, but even that was not always the pleasantest occupation. A letter of January 9, 1899, written by Lieut. Jesse A. Douglas from Cienfuegos disclosed the following incident:

> *The other day I went into an old Spanish fort a little way from camp looking for relics, and I found about a million. I was with Harry Sergeant and Sherwood Anderson, and when we came out Harry said, "What are those things on me?" .I looked and then told him that they were fleas. Then I looked at myself and I will bet I had a million on me.*[42]

It is not surprising that in February one of the soldiers ended a letter home by saying, "None of the boys are seriously sick—except of army life."[43] It is likely that out of the ennui and dissatisfaction felt while in service came the jocularly cynical tone of the episode Anderson called "The Capture of Caratura" in the *Memoirs*.[44] Anderson never professed that he went into the war idealistically; he went on the "picnic" for the ride. But that did not stop him from being cynical about it later.

Much of the material that has preceded in this account of Anderson in the army has given just a glimpse of him at this activity or that, but it is fortunate that there is a rather good picture of Anderson as a reader. Four of Anderson's comrades in the service have been able to contribute information which shows clearly that Anderson was reading with deep interest and constantly. One soldier wrote to his sister from Camp Poland, "Corporal Sherwood Anderson ('Jobby' for short) is reading his 'With Fire and Sword' here at the table and a fellow couldn't wake him up with a club." He went on to say, "We are the great literary mess here, and Fred Wertelewski comes up every day for the sole purpose of getting up an argument and when the said argument gets in full sway I can't hear myself think."[45] Each soldier in the group, one learns from the letter,

had his favorite author and would argue for him or her. Obviously Anderson must have enjoyed the discussions a great deal.

A fellow corporal[46] recalls that the other fellows in camp made fun of Anderson for reading instead of going around with them. He remembers Anderson best as one who sat around and read. In addition he says, "We all liked him."

A messmate remembers that

> *Sherwood was never very tidy about his personal appearance, and had the peculiar faculty of sitting or lying around our mess bunk (as we were bunked together) reading, and a dozen of our boys could be laughing and talking around the tent, and he would read never hearing a word we spoke, he was so interested in what he was reading, which many times would be a Dead Wood Dick, or some other adventurous western dime novel.*[47]

Another messmate says, "He always had his nose in a book; if you wanted him to do anything, you might find him under the sunny side of a pine tree. If you wanted to talk to him, you had to pry him loose from a book."[48] One day a trip to Lookout Mountain was proposed. Anderson was reading a novel. "What's the idea of reading? There is sunshine and places to go," Dr. Holtz argued. Anderson replied, "I like the stuff and some day I'm going to write books." Whether this was just an idle remark designed to ward off an interruption of his reading or something which was based on ambition that had already taken root can hardly be determined. But it does seem certain that Anderson's constant reading, which began in Clyde and was not interrupted by the war, was fundamental to the inspiration of the ambition to write and to its nurture.

Dr. Holtz recalls also of Anderson that he was popular and "could always get a girl." "He could go into any parlor or church. I never saw him drink. He was a gentleman in every respect." To Dr. Holtz he seemed "a little better than average soldier," and he "didn't talk out of turn."

Toward the end of April, 1899, Company I started home from Cuba, and early in May it was back on American soil in Georgia. On May 24 the men were mustered out, paid off,[49] and started on the way home. There is no record of what Anderson thought about his army year when

he approached Clyde on the train that was taking the boys home. A comrade wrote of his attitude toward his year in service in this way:

> *. . . Sherwood had a peculiar make-up and would never speak of the Spanish War, and always felt indifferent about it all. To my knowledge, he never joined the United Spanish War Veterans, and never wanted anyone to know he had been in the war with Spain. He was discharged with the rank of Corporal however, but never seemed proud of his soldiering as all of us did who were in different camps with him.*[50]

Anderson's treatments of the period were not extensive, and his comments were always in terms of later developments and realizations. One gathers, though, that it must have seemed just another militia encampment many times magnified. There was the same "roughing it," the same drill, a lot more travel, a lot more scenery, and the only danger was imaginary, just as it was in camp. He may have had a chance to realize more completely the nature of military life, but he could not have learned anything significant about war. It was a great national picnic for the group Anderson was in, though they did know boredom and hardship.

But there was no evidence to enable one to predict the picnic when the war started. Indeed, there were those in the war who knew danger, disease, and disaster. Anderson at 21 could hardly have been so heedless a youth that he was unaware of the dangers of war. He was brought up in an atmosphere of Civil War story. The logical conclusion seems to be that Anderson was so fed up with the situation in which he found himself that he was willing to take a chance on what would happen to him in the army during the war. He was luckier than he could have guessed he would be.

Company I arrived in Clyde on May 26, 1899, and Clyde had another of its red-letter days. Browned, ruddy, elastic of step, the boys looked as if their year in service had done them a "world of good." Every man was conscious of having done his duty, the local newspaper said, "and we are as proud of the boys as if they had seen actual service." Aware that a heroic reception had been accorded men who had done nothing heroic, the paper said further, "It is not their fault that they were not in battle."[51]

Most of the home folks were not too much concerned about that, though; they just wanted to welcome their loved ones. As early as day light and in perfect weather people set about decorating the town. "Every

business place and private residence was gaily decorated, and the stars and stripes greeted the eye at every turn." The business of extending a welcome to the returning engaged almost every one in the town and the surrounding country. The exact time of the arrival of the train was unknown. Queries kept coming into the local station all morning. But a special citizen's committee boarded the train at Tiffin, about 20 miles away, sent word ahead, and Clyde's fire bell gave notice when the train was approaching.

The scene at the depot when the train arrived was, as one might expect, "beyond description." People packed platforms, grounds, tracks, car tops, roof tops, and every other possible view point. Van Doren's drum corps, school children, and the G.A.R. were all there.

> *When the train finally pulled in there was not a semblance of regular order. There was cheering and shouting; flags and hats were waved, and as the soldiers alighted from the train they were immediately surrounded by relatives and friends, and such kissing and handshaking has not been witnessed for many a day. Dinner was waiting in dozens of homes and travel stained soldiers were soon enjoying a square meal at mothers' table.*[52]

Who met Corporal Anderson? His father was doubtless there and his brother Ray, who is mentioned in the June 1 *Enterprise* as going on a visit to Springfield. Karl and Stella were in Springfield, and it does not appear that he saw them until after the Homecoming Banquet on the evening of June 6. It seems likely that he waited only to attend the banquet before going to see them in Springfield, for the *Enterprise* of June 8 said, "Sherwood Anderson left yesterday afternoon for Springfield, where he went to visit his brother and sister."[53]

The army year came to a close as it had opened, with a banquet. This was, however, not only a banquet but also reception and was distinguished by "torrid weather, an immense crowd, an exhibition of genuine patriotism, a lavish display of the stars and stripes, and a magnificent supper and flow of oratory." The evening ended, as always, with dancing.

FOOTNOTES

1. Anderson, Sherwood, *A Story Teller's Story,* B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York, 1924, pp. 278-9.
2. *Ibid.,* pp. 272-285, and Anderson, Sherwood, *Sherwood Anderson's Memoirs,* Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York, 1942, pp. 120-135.
3. *A Story Teller's Story,* p. 278.
4. *Memoirs,* p. 120.
5. Clyde *Enterprise,* March 3, 1898, p. 2, col. 2.
6. *Ibid.*

7. *Enterprise,* April 28, 1898, p. 3, col. 2.
8. *A Story Teller's Story,* p. 278.
9. Dinsmoor, Mary H., *An Inquiry into the Life of Sherwood Anderson as Reflected in His Literary Works,* unpublished M. A. thesis, Ohio University, Athens, Ohio, August, 1939, p. 71.
10. *Enterprise,* April 28, 1898, p. 2, col. 2.
11. *Memoirs,* p. 121.
12. *Ibid.,* p. 122.
13. *Ibid.,* pp. 120-121.
14. *Ibid.,* p. 122.
15. *Enterprise,* April 28, 1898, p. 2, col. 3.
16. Fremont *Daily News,* April 28, 1898, p. 2, col. 4.
17. *Enterprise,* April 28, 1898, p. 2, col. 3.
18. Columbus *Dispatch,* April 30, 1898, as quoted in Clyde *Enterprise,* May 5, 1898, p. 2, col. 3.
19. *Enterprise,* May 5, 1898, p. 2, col. 2.
20. *Ibid.*
21. *Memoirs,* pp. 124-125.
22. Fremont *Daily News,* May 6, 1898, p. 2, col. 6.
23. May 5, 1898, p. 3, col. 3.
24. *Ibid.,* p. 3, col. 5.
25. *Ibid.,* p. 2, col. 3.
26. *Memoirs,* p. 125.
27. *A Story Teller's Story,* pp. 281-2.
28. Fremont *Daily News,* May 9, 1898, p. 2, col. 3.
29. This tabulation is a slight modification of that for Company I in *Sixth Ohio Volunteer Infantry War Album (of) Historical Events, Reminiscences and Views of the Spanish-American War,* 1898-1899, Compiled and Published by Capt. L. W. Howard. Bee Job Print, Toledo, Ohio, n.d.
30. *Official Roster of Ohio Soldiers in the War with Spain,* 1898-99, Published by Authority of the Ohio General Assembly, 1916, p. 471.
31. Material excerpted from a letter by Harry Sergeant in Clyde *Enterprise,* May 26, 1898, p. 2, col. 3.
32. *Ibid.*
33. *Ibid.*
34. *Enterprise,* June 2, 1898, p. 2, col. 2.
35. *Enterprise,* June 9, 1898, p. 2, col. 2.
36. *Enterprise,* June 16, 1898, p. 2, col. 2.
37. *Enterprise,* June 30, 1898, p. 2, col. 2.
38. Quoted in the Fremont *Daily News,* July 16, 1898, p. 2, col. 4.
39. *A Story Teller's Story,* pp. 279-80.
40. *Enterprise,* October 13, 1898, p. 1, col. 5.
41. *Enterprise,* Jan. 5, 1899, p. 1, col. 5.
42. *Enterprise,* Jan. 19, 1899, p. 2, col. 3.
43. *Enterprise,* March 2, 1899, p. 1, col. 3.
44. Especially pp. 129-135.
45. Letter of Wells D. Ream to sister Leila, in Clyde, from Camp Poland, Dec. 15, 1898. *With Fire and Sword* is in all probability the historical novel of war between Poland and Russia by Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist. A popular edition of the book in English had just come out in 1898.
46. Mr. William H. Covell, Bellevue, Ohio. Interview.
47. Mr. Harry D. Sergeant, Clearwater, Florida. Letter of November 14, 1942.
48. Dr. William A. Holtz, Tiffin, Ohio. Interview.
49. Each private had about $100, and the officers had larger sums. *Enterprise,* June 1, 1899, p. 2, col. 3.
50. Mr. Harry D. Sergeant, *loc. cit.*
51. *Ibid.*
52. *Ibid.,* cols. 2 and 3.
53. p. 3, col. 7.

The Battle Of Fallen Timbers

AS TOLD BY CHIEF KIN-JO-I-NO[1]

By Dresden W. H. Howard[2]

Chief Kin-jo-i-no was noted for truth, candor, and generosity. His name signifies, "Chief of the open heart." In his wigwam I was ever a welcome guest during all the years of my boyhood. And as he was one of the actors on that bloody field at the battle of Fallen Timbers, I do not hesitate to vouch for the truth of his statements. From my earliest childhood I had taken a deep interest in the early struggles for the settlement of the country, so the gray-haired warrior found a willing and attentive listener during many a long evening at the blazing camp fire of his wigwam in the silent forests of the Maumee.

There has been but little change in the appearance of the battle ground and surrounding country from the date of this sanguinary conflict in 1794 up to the time of my recollection of it. When I first saw it, the dense forest surrounding this tragic spot still waved in the passing breeze in all its native grandeur and primeval solitude. The little corn field enclosures of the French and the half-breed Indians on the islands and along the bottom lands adjacent to the river were not perceptibly larger, and the cabins at the little French settlements at the Foot of the Rapids[3] had changed but little in the last quarter century since the battle.

I have not only the evidence of the gray-haired chief, Kin-jo-i-no, but the evidence of such men as Colonel George Knaggs, Peter Navarre, and Uncle Peter Manor (Menard) who were young men at the time of the battle. I had occasion many times to be upon the ground in company with these border men, who had been familiar with the country for a great many years before and since the battle. And I was informed by them that the general appearance of the country was the same as it was at the time of the battle, except that the river was much narrower and the islands and flats broader than they are at the present time. Moreover, in those days the islands and flats were more cultivated than they are today, and were very productive. Corn, beans and squash were grown, and these, with the abundance of fish in the river, formed a large part of the food for the French and Indians.

More than a half century has passed since the voice of the old Chief was stilled in death, yet my recollections of the scenes he described are

as vivid in my mind as if they had been related to me yesterday, and much of his language I can repeat verbatim.

The great medicine men of these tribes had become so much impressed with the belief of their invincibility, after their great success in destroying the armies of General Scott on the Wabash, and Generals Harmar and St. Clair soon thereafter.[4] They felt that the Great Spirit, or "Manitou", was sustaining their just cause, and they were convinced that they could not be overcome by any force which might be brought against them. Their confederated forces, when united, could muster from six to eight thousand warriors with the old battle-hardened chiefs Little Turtle, O-to-wash, Turkey Foot, Nawash, and Blue Jacket. These and several other brave and noted chiefs could lead them into battle on their own ground and at a place of their own choosing in the densely timbered forests, much of which was impassible swamp. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that they felt secure against an invading army.

In the councils these facts had been so impressed on the tribes by the orators, that all marched into battle and fought with an assurance of success. Defeat seemed impossible for their armies, and when it became known that President Washington had sent a new and strong army on the trail to their country they, with a few exceptions, hailed the prospect with delight. They looked forward to their meeting with the "Long Knives" (She-no-ke-man) as a holiday experience, which they would long remember, and a victory which they would celebrate for years to come.

But a few of the wiser heads, when they learned that General Wayne (Chenoten) had been sent, were somewhat troubled. From the time that Wayne left Greenville with his army, he was closely watched. Scouts infiltrated into his lines almost every night, and every movement of his troops was noted. They knew the number of his men in spite of his efforts at concealment, and every change in the route of his army was carefully noted and its progress closely watched and reported.

However, many diversions made by Wayne to mislead the Indians were successful. It is a fact admitted by the Indians that they were not sure whether the Miami Towns at the head of the Maumee and upper Wabash were the objects of the expedition, or whether the Potawatomi and Ottawa towns on the Maumee and the Au Glaize were to be attacked. It was not until two days before Wayne's army appeared at the

junction of the Maumee and Au Glaize rivers (now the city of Defiance, Ohio), that they knew what his destination would be.

Wayne's long experience with the Indians was fortunate, for he well knew the necessity of keeping the enemy as far as possible in ignorance of his movements from day to day. Although the Indian scouts were within Wayne's lines during the dark hours of nearly every night, the General's scouts were so vigilant that, on the march from Greenville, the Indian spies reported that it was impossible to ambush and draw him into battle. So the attempt was given up and, for a while, the Indian forces divided. The Miamis retired to protect their village at the head of the Maumee, the Potawatomis and Ottawas those on the lower Au Glaize.

The squaws were in the midst of their corn drying season, and, were busy with their children in the harvesting of this valuable staple for their winter food. Corn, with the wild game in the forests and the fish of the river, formed the entire food supply of these tribes. When scouts reported the nearness of the approach of Wayne's army, all was consternation and fright throughout the villages. They fled from the corn fields on the fertile bottom lands. Canoes were loaded to descend the river; ponies were laden with packs and the smaller children were hastily conducted over the trails leading down the river. Old women, burdened with immense packs strapped to their shoulders, followed their retreating families with all the haste their aged limbs would permit. All were running away from the "Long Knives" and their great chief, Chenoten, leaving behind everything that they could not carry. Such was the flight from the Au Glaize when Wayne and his army appeared on the banks of the Maumee on the 8th day of August, 1794.

After Wayne made his appearance at the mouth of the Au Glaize, and began the construction of his defenses, the confederated tribes were not idle. They held several Councils and eventually decided to make their last stand at Presque Isle,[5] the fallen timbers at that spot being considered an admirable spot for a battle. They still hoped that a battle at this point would not be necessary as it was intended, if possible, to draw Wayne into ambush at some well-selected spot on his march down the river.

When Wayne commenced his fortifications at the mouth of the Au Glaize, the Indians were satisfied that his course from there would be down the Maumee to attack their villages at the rapids and at the islands above Roche de Boeuf,[6] and runners were hurriedly sent to the Miami

towns at the head of the Maumee and Wabash rivers for reenforcements. Consequently one thousand braves from the Miami and Wabash tribes were at once on the trail leaving the river and diverging to the north through the "Oak Openings" to make a junction with the Ottawas and the Potawatomis at the Head of the Rapids of the Maumee,[7] where a great Council was held three nights before the battle.

Wayne and his army lay camped at the mouth of Turkey Foot Creek, now Damascus in Henry County. There was a great desire to attack Wayne that night, just before day break, but the vigilant Wayne was too watchful to be taken in such a manner. The river and the creek were deep at this point, and it was a well selected point for defense. The Indians could only attack on one side, whereas Wayne had a double line of pickets always on the alert. No naked savage was permitted to crawl snake like within the white man's lines. The vigilance of the border soldiers was so great that the Indians could find neither gap nor break in the line sufficient to warrant the boldest to raise the war cry and commence the attack. Hence, when day dawned the skulking braves withdrew while the shadowy forests yet screened them from the eyes of Wayne's pickets.

While Wayne and his army lay quiet and vigilant on the night of August 16, at the mouth of Turkey Foot Creek, the chiefs and head men of the confederate tribes assembled in council under the dark shadows of the "Council Elm", near what is now Grand Rapids. At the same time a large force of warriors, under the immediate command of the Shawnee chief, Red Jacket, was detailed to watch Wayne closely at his secure encampment at Turkey Foot Creek.

The council fire was lighted and the calumet of *kinnekanick* (tobacco) was passed from chief to chief and from brave to brave until the entire circle had partaken. It was then laid aside, and the important business of the hour commenced by the great soldier, Little Turtle, chief of the Miamis. After surveying the circle of assembled chiefs and warriors in silence for a few minutes he said:

"Kichemanitou (the Great Spirit) is good to his Red Children.
He has given them a beautiful country of prairie and forest;
Filled it with deer, elk, bear and otter for food and clothing for his children;
Given them large rivers of rapid waters filled with fish for their use, and to float their canoes.

The young men are swift of foot; their arms are strong and their eyes see everything.

When they follow the trail of the elk they come back with meat to feed their wives and children,

With skins for clothing and shoes;

When they follow the war path, they return with the scalps of their enemies.

They have driven the Long Knives many many times from their hunting grounds,

And the scalps are dry in their lodges.

The trail has been long and bloody;

It has no end.

The pale faces come from where the sun rises, and they are many.

They are like the leaves of the trees:

When the frost comes they fall and are blown away,

But when the sunshine comes again they come back more plentiful than ever before.

The Great Father Washington has sent his war chief, Chenoten, the hurricane, with a great many braves to council or fight his Red Children.

He has sent the painted quill,[8] *and asks them to smoke and talk in his lodge,*

He wants a part of the country and will give blankets, guns, knives and tomahawks with powder and lead for our young men,

Bright colored cloth and trinkets for our women.

He will hide his face in a cloud if they refuse to talk to their white chief.

The Long Knives are the children of the Manitou, and half brothers of his red children.

The Manitou does not want to see the bloody tomahawk among his children.

He will hide his face in a cloud if they refuse to talk to their white chief.

The Miamis of the Wabash would talk with the great war chief, Chenoten.

My ears are open, I will listen to the great chiefs of the Ottawas, Potawatomis, and the Shawnees.

I have done.

Thus closed the speech of the great Miami Chief, Little Turtle. The

almost death like silence with which it was received in the assembled Council was proof of its unpopularity.

The first chief of the Ottawas, Turkey Foot, as next in rank, then arose to speak. He said:

My ears are open,
I have heard the words of the Turtle, the great chief of the Miami,
His head is sprinkled with the frosts of many winters.
He says the great Manitou has been good to his Red Children.
He would give part of our hunting grounds to our enemies.
He has given us a great country, filled with elk, deer, the otter and the beaver for our support.
The scalps of our enemies are drying in the lodges,
But he would smoke in the lodges of the Long Knives, our enemies.
We can buy blankets, guns, knives and clothing of the Saginwash (the British)
In the country where the snow falls before the summer is done.
The Potawatomis, Ottawas, and Shawnee will follow the war path of the Long Knives.
When the sun sleeps again the scalps of the pale face will hang on the belts of our warriors.
Chenosa, (Chenoten) *the great war chief will walk in a bloody path towards the sunrise,*
And we will tell the Chenosa that the Manitou of the red man is strong,
And will help his children of the red skin,
And the great chief will not come again.
The Manitou gave us this country and he bids us bloody the trail of our enemies.
The Manitou is great.
He is good.
Will the braves of his red children fight?
Will they defend the Council fires and graves of their fathers?
I have done. . . . . . .

At the close of this speech the surrounding forests echoed to the war cry of the assembled braves, endorsing the message of the great chief, and the words, "How, How", signifying assent, went up from five hundred throats.

Nawash, O-to-wash and several other noted chiefs followed the great Turkey Foot in much the same strain, endorsing his sentiments until all

had spoken who desired to do so. Then, after a short silence indicating that the council was about to close, the young Chief, Kin-jo-i-no, arose and, after a few minutes of silence, said:

I am not old and my head has no white;
The war trail which I have followed is short;
The scalps in my lodge are not many.
The Turtle, the Great Chief of the Miamis is a wise Chief,
His words are good;
The snows of many winters cover his head;
He is a great warrior;
The scalps of his enemies are drying in his lodge;
His enemies can only look in his face, but never see his back.
He tells that the war path has been long and bloody,
That the pale faces are like the leaves on the trees,
When they fall by the frosts of winter, they come again when the sun shines,
That the great Chief of the Long Knives, Chenoten, has come with a great many warriors and will fight.
But he has sent the painted quill, and asks us to smoke and talk in his lodge.
He would be a friend of his red brother.
He will bury the bloody knife and tomahawk.
He will buy part of our country and be our neighbor.
He will give us blankets and knives and tomahawks for our lands.
He will make peace.
His young men shall go home with the lead and powder in their guns,
And their moccasins shall not track blood.
These words are good.
They are wise.
Will the braves of the Ottawas and the Shawnees smoke and talk in the war camp of the great Chenoten?
I have done.

This speech, echoing that of Little Turtle, was received in similar fashion—in silence—indicating its unpopularity in the council which had already declared almost unanimously for war. The young chief, Kin-jo-i-no, who had spoken for peace, was not disappointed at its reception, but, being brave and honest, and believing that peace was the better policy for

their scattered people, could not permit his voice to remain silent. He wanted to add his strength and influence to that of the noble hearted Little Turtle.

It was now evident that all had spoken who desired to do so. The council was waiting for a last word of assent or dissent from Little Turtle before closing its deliberations. The chief saw that all awaited a reply, and he rose and said:

I have heard the words of the great chiefs of the Ottawas, Potawatomis, and the Shawnees.
They are wise men;
They are great warriors;
They are young men and their arms are strong.
They are swift on the war path;
They have driven the enemies of our people from our hunting grounds, ...
And their scalps are drying in our lodges.
The Chief of the Miamis is old;
His limbs are no more like the elk;
His eyes are not like the eagle;
The snow of many winters covers his head,
He is waiting for the Great Spirit to say come.
He will answer, I am ready.
The Great Chief of the Ottawas with the name of the bird
That is so swift when it runs, and speaks so loud when it speaks to its mate,
Shall tell our young men where to hide,
To strike the enemy when they come,
To strike him when the moon is out of sight.
He is a great chief and will lead our young men on the war path,
And the Chief of the Miamis will follow.
I have done.

Thus closed one of the most important councils ever held in the Old Northwest by those wild tribes so long its occupants.

The day was just dawning when the council closed, following a night of pitch darkness. After a hurried consultation among the chiefs, the dusky assemblage glided into the shadowy obscurity, and without noise, and almost imperceptibly, the spot, so recently the scene of such momentous interest to the native dwellers of this beautiful valley, was silent. The

fast dying embers of the council fire was the only evidence of this gathering of painted warriors contending for their homes and ancient hunting grounds. Large numbers of Indians were placed in ambush at different points along the line of march of the American troops, in order to strike Wayne's advance, if a favorable opportunity offered. But the great preparations were made at Presque Isle, where the battle was eventually fought.

Presque Isle, the scene of the decisive conflict, is over a mile in length, and forty to eighty rods in width. At the time of the battle much of the heavy oak timber which had originally covered it, had been blown down by a severe wind storm a few years previously, and a thick growth of young timber had sprung up about the size of a man's wrist. Just previous to the battle these young saplings had been cut off by the Indians leaving them about breast high. The ends were left sharp forming with the fallen timbers an abatis or barricade through, and under, which the painted warriors lay in ambush by the hundreds, armed with muskets and tomahawks, and waiting for the onset of the white men.

Wayne left his secure and well-protected camp at the mouth of Turkey Foot Creek at an early hour, and, after a hard day's march of sixteen miles, camped at a bold rocky cliff on the bank of the river at Roche de Boeuf, over a mile above the present village of Waterville. Here he threw up slight breastworks, having one side guarded against attack by a perpendicular rocky bank and the other by the river. The Indian scouts reported to their chiefs the impregnability of his position. This warned them at once that their stand must be made at Presque Isle, and that the great struggle must take place in a few hours at the "Fallen Timbers." Consequently every preparation was hastily made.

The women, children and horses were sent to Fort Miami[9] and beyond to their villages on the River Raisin.[10] Additional ambuscades were ordered within the thick underbrush surrounding the encampment, and lopped saplings made a formidable barrier to be surmounted by our army.

Wayne arrived at Roche de Boeuf on the eve of August 17th, and remained there preparing a safe deposit for his supplies until the 20th, when his sleeping camp was aroused, and hastily put in readiness for the coming conflict that was almost certain to take place before the sun set.

Just before day dawned a drizzling rain began to fall rendering it gloomy and dark, an ill omen to the superstitious savage. The predic-

tion by Little Turtle that the Great Spirit would hide his face in a cloud seemed about to be verified. This would tend greatly to dishearten the Indians, and to make victory doubly sure to the intrepid Wayne and his heroic Kentuckians.

The woods and thickets immediately about Wayne's encampment at Roche de Boeuf were filled with the lurking foe in ambush. At the very commencement of the march these hidden Indians were driven from their hiding places by Wayne's advancing army and the battle was joined. The Indians had hoped that advantage to their arms might be gained by some unlooked for accident or ill-advised movement on the part of Wayne previous to reaching the Indian stronghold at the hill and swamps of Presque Isle. But as the shrewd savage, Kin-ju-i-no, stated, he was like the fox, always on the alert, with eyes and ears always open. He saw and heard everything, and was never caught with his eyes shut.

Much firing and skirmishing took place early in the morning, but little injury to either army had resulted. But as the gloomy morning advanced, and Presque Isle was neared, the fighting became more severe, and the dusky warriors were driven from their hiding places at every step by Wayne's army. Every bush and tree concealed a painted savage, and the battle soon became general. From this time on until the rout of the Indians at Turkey Foot Rock, it was a hand to hand contest with the bayonets on one side and the knife and tomahawk on the other. The Indians were driven from their defenses at the point of the bayonet. As my friend Chief Kin-jo-i-no expressed it:

We were driven by the sharp end of the guns of the Long Knives, and we threw away our guns and fought with our knives and tomahawks. The greatest number of our warriors lay in the thickets and fallen timber on the hill and in the grass and willows on the north. We knew that the cavalry could not reach us here, we were sure our warriors were many more than the Long Knives, and that with tomahawk and knife we must drive them back. But the Great Spirit was in the clouds, and weeping over the folly of his red children. They refused to smoke in the lodge of the great chief, Chenoten. He was a great chief, and we should have listened to what he had to say.

The Great Father Washington was a wise chief, his words were good. He always asked the Great Manitou what to say, and his words were wise. He sent the Great War Chief, Chenoten, to talk with his red children, and they were driven away by the Long Knives.

We were driven back through the woods and swamps to the end of the hill, where the great chief of the Ottawas, Turkey Foot, exhorted the braves to stop and drive the pale face from our country. The Great Spirit had given it to us to keep and we must not give it to our enemies. He stood upon a rock and called to the warriors to be brave and that the Great Spirit would make them strong. Suddenly his voice ceased, and he slid from the rock shot through the breast with a rifle ball and lay dying.

We were all around him fighting back the Long Knives, and attempting to carry him away from the battle, but the Great Spirit had called and he lay dying. He commanded us to lay him down, and he would sing his death song. Many of our braves had fallen at this place, and many a pale face was killed in the hand to hand struggle. We could not stand against the sharp end of their guns, and we ran to the river, swamps, thickets, and to the islands in the river covered with corn. Our moccasins trickled blood in the sand, and the water was red in the river. Many of our braves were killed in the river by rifles from the other side, but some got away and escaped to Fort Miami. Many could not get in there but fled to the River Raisin, and many more on to the Saginwash (the British). The Great Spirit was angry and had turned his face away from his Red Children.

Many of our braves and chiefs and head men had been killed, and our hearts were sorry. We were no longer strong like braves and warriors, but, like women, weak and afraid. It rained and was dark through the battle and many of our young men knew the Great Spirit was angry, and would not help them, and they could not fight the pale face with courage and bravery. The great chief of the Long Knives and his men burned our villages, and destroyed our corn, and drove away our horses. They pushed our canoes into the river, and they floated away into the Great Lake. But the Great Spirit told them to cover the dead warriors with earth for he did not like to look into the dead faces. And many were covered with earth on the bank near the rock.

Our British father was kind to his children.[11] *He gave them blankets and guns, and tomahawks, and fed our women and children after the great battle. He was always our friend, and he never saw our children weep because they were hungry. He gave us a place*

to camp when we had none of our own. He has a big heart and an open hand. He is good.

We painted our faces black for a great many days, and we did not eat. We asked the Great Spirit to forgive his red children because we mourned our dead braves and because we had refused to smoke and talk with the great chief, Chenoten. After many days a great council was held by the chiefs and head men on the shore of the big water (Lake Erie) to ask the Chenoten for peace.

The great chief of the Ottawas was not there, and many other braves were not with us. We missed many hundreds; the Long Knives had covered their faces with earth. It was heavy and they could not come. We were very, very sorry. We said we would meet the great chief of the Long Knives, when he called us, and smoke and talk in his lodge, and, if his words were good, we would make peace. This closed the account of the great battle of Fallen Timbers.

FOOTNOTES

1. **Kin-jo-i-no was an Ottawa chief** who, in the 1820's, was leader of the Ottawa village near Grand Rapids, across the river from the white settlement in which Dresden W. H. Howard lived as a boy. Kin-jo-i-no fought with his tribe against Wayne at the battle of Fallen Timbers. In the great council of the tribes held just before the battle to consider Wayne's offer of peace, he supported the peace party led by Little Turtle of the Miamis. See *Commemorative Historical and Biographical Record of Wood County, Ohio* (Chicago, J. H. Beers & Co., 1897), p. 269, and Lewis Cass Aldrich, *History of Henry and Fulton Counties* (Syracuse, N. Y., 1888), pp. 26-27.

2. Colonel Dresden W. H. Howard was born in Yates County in New York on November 3, 1817. In 1821 he came, with his parents and brothers, to their new lands at the head of the Rapids of the Maumee near the mouth of Bad Creek and the Maumee River in Lucas County. As a boy he learned enough of the dialects of the nearby Indians to serve as an interpreter in conferences between agents of the United States government and the tribesmen. He was active in supervising the removal of the tribes from Northwest Ohio in the 1830's. His activities as a trader among these tribes and those of northern Indiana and southern Michigan enabled him to speak with first-hand information about Indian history. Among the friends of his boyhood and youth was Kin-ju-i-no, chief of the Ottawa village across the river. This article is based on Colonel Howard's recollection of the story as told him by Kin-ju-i-no. This information is gleaned from the Howard papers now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Agnes McClarren, who lives in the old Howard home in Winameg, and also from Mr. Davis B. Johnson of Wauseon.

3. The Foot of the Rapids is now at the city of Maumee a few miles below the battleground of Fallen Timbers.

4. General Josiah Harmer burned several Miami towns in 1790, but sustained severe losses. General Arthur St. Clair's army was ambushed and totally defeated at what is now Fort Recovery, Ohio on November 4, 1791. General

Charles Scott and a band of Kentuckians had burned a few Ouiatenon (Wea) towns on the Wabash in May, 1791.

5. Presque Isle Hill is on the River Road (U.S.24) about three miles up the river from the center of Maumee. The fallen timbers were in the plain extending about a mile down the river.

6. The rapids of the Maumee extended from what is now Grand Rapids to the city of Maumee. Roche de Boeuf is in the Maumee River about two miles above Waterville.

7. The Head of the Rapids is at what is now Grand Rapids.

8. Wayne had sent a messenger to offer the Indians peace and the retention of their hunting grounds. The war party among the Indians was opposed to this because they wanted to drive the white men entirely out of the country north of the Ohio River. This party believed that the cession of what is now south and central Ohio at the treaties of Fort McIntosh (1785) and Fort Harmar (1789) had been accomplished by fraudulent means.

9. Fort Miami was the British post on the Maumee about five miles below Fallen Timbers. Its site is on the River Road two miles above the center of Maumee.

10. Monroe, Michigan is at the mouth of the Raisin River.

11. The British had encouraged the Indians to resist and given the tribesmen supplies in the expectation of war between England and the United States growing out of friction over sailors rights and freedom of the seas. The Indians were shocked that the British troops at Fort Miami did not support them at Fallen Timbers. Kin-ju-i-no's refusal to reflect on the British is unusual.

The President's Page

Doctrine of Enumerated Powers

"The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people."
Ninth Amendment—Federal Bill of Rights

THIS PROVISION was included in the Bill of Rights in response to a demand from the conventions which ratified the Constitution, that there be an amendment setting forth clearly that the national government is one only of enumerated or delegated powers, and that the granting of such powers shall not deny or disparage other powers, which are retained by the people.

We thus find in this amendment the negation of that claim made in later years, that the Constitution did not emanate from the people, but was the Act of sovereign and independent states, and that the powers of the general government are delegated by the states which alone are sovereign.

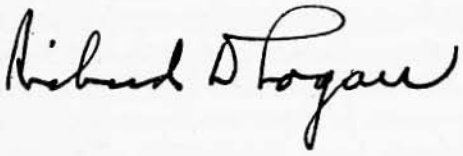
The opinion, written by Chief Justice John Marshall, in the case of McCulloch vs. Maryland (4 Wheaton 316), not only confirms this principle of enumerated powers, but also announces the doctrine of implied powers, which may be exercised by the Congress in order to carry into effect the powers expressly granted. The Chief Justice said:

"The government of the Union, then (whatever may be the influence of this fact on the case), is, emphatically, and truly, a government of the people. In form and in substance it emanates from them. Its powers are granted by them, and are to be exercised directly on them, and for their benefit.

"This government is acknowledged by all to be one of enumerated powers. The principle, that it can exercise only the powers granted to it, would seem too apparent to have required to be enforced by all those arguments which its enlightened friends, while it was depending before the people, found it necessary to urge. That principle is now universally admitted . . .

"We admit, as all must admit, that the powers of the government are limited, and that its limits are not to be transcended. But we think the sound construction of the Constitution must allow to the National Legislature that discretion, with respect to the means by which the powers it confers are to be carried into execution, which will enable that body to perform the high duties assigned to it, in the manner most beneficial to the people. Let the end be legitimate, let it be within the scope of the Constitution, and all means which are appropriate, which are plainly adapted to that end, which are not prohibited, but consist with the letter and spirit of the Constitution, are constitutional."

It has been said that never was a greater doctrine of government more appropriately expressed.



News

JESSE R. LONG, *Editor*

The Lucas County Historical Series

The first volume of the Lucas County Historical Series is ready for distribution. It is entitled *The Conquest,* and is authored by Randolph C. Downes, director of the Historical Society of Northwestern Ohio and editor of the QUARTERLY. The book carries the story of the Lucas County area and neighborhood down to the end of the War of 1812. It is attractively bound and profusely illustrated by drawings, diagrams, and maps prepared by Mr. Cuthbert Ryan's art classes at Scott High School. It contains a foreword by Richard D. Logan, president of the Historical Society. There is a book list and an index.

An order blank is attached to the QUARTERLY, and copies will be mailed immediately upon the receipt of payment. Orders should be sent to the editor at the University of Toledo. The price of the book is $1.50 plus the sales tax of five cents.

There is a place on the order blank for requesting copies of the Tourist Supplement and for the Teachers' and Students' Aid. These have not yet been prepared, but will appear in the spring of this year. They will be drawn up cooperatively by the class in Ohio History being conducted by the editor at the University of Toledo during the second semester. The Tourist Supplement will be geared directly into the subject matter of *The Conquest* and will contain maps and explanatory material which will enable persons to visit the sites and areas, and to understand the historical background. It is hoped that the Tourist Supplement will be introduced to the public by means of the Historical Society's first annual tour. It is likely that this event will be conducted in connection with the visit to Toledo in the summer of the Freedom Train.

Research on Volume Two of the Series is under way. It will be entitled *Small Town Era,* and will carry the history of the county from 1815 to the 1850's. It is planned to publish this in the fall of 1948. Each volume will have its own Tourist Supplement and Teachers' and Students' Aid.

The William H. Machen Centennial

On Wednesday, April 28, 1948, an open meeting of the Historical Society will be held in the auditorium of the Toledo Public Library in connection with the 100th anniversary of the coming to Toledo of the city's first local color artist. Mr. Machen identified himself closely with Toledo and Northwestern Ohio especially in an effort to portray, with his paintings, the history and beauty of his adopted home. The Historical Society will have an exhibit of Machen's works at the headquarters in the Public Library, and members are urged to be on the lookout for hitherto unknown productions of his. The artist's son, Francis S. Machen, of Washington, D. C., and the artist's nephew, Mr. Edwin A. Machen of Toledo are preparing a historical essay which will be read at the April meeting, and will be published in the April QUARTERLY. It is hoped that members of the Historical Society and their friends will reserve April 28th for their attendance at this meeting.

Membership Campaign

It is a pleasure to report that the first two months of the Historical Society's membership campaign has resulted in the acquisition of forty-five new members. The work will go on, not only in the form of including membership applications in all of our publications, but in calling the attention of the public to our work by meetings, exhibits, books, tours, and in the improved quality of the articles published in our QUARTERLY. The membership is asked to be ever vigilant in promoting a better public understanding of the Society's work by referring to these events and accomplishments, by direct solicitation of new memberships, and by sending word to the editor of persons whom he should contact.

The Maumee Valley Historical Society

At a meeting held in the Council Chamber in Maumee on November

25, 1947, the Maumee Valley Historical Society, inactive during the war, was reorganized. The executive committee in charge of the reorganization consists of Donald E. Sharp, chairman, Lyle D. Echenrode, Mrs. Fred Hoffmann, Rill E. Hull, Kate Ragan, Alta Richardson, Mrs. Max Shephurst, and Mrs. John Van Renssalaer. More than 100 deeds, letters, and other manuscripts were exhibiited by members at the meeting, which was addressed by Dr. Randolph C. Downes.