

**A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE
LATE CAPTAIN MICHAEL CRESAP; A JOURNAL
OF WAYNE'S CAMPAIGN. BEING AN AUTHENTIC
DAILY RECORD OF THE MOST IMPORTANT
OCCURRENCES DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF
MAJOR GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE, AGAINST
THE NORTHWESTERN INDIANS**

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A biographical sketch of the life of the late Captain Michael Cresap; A journal of Wayne's campaign. Being an authentic daily record of the most important occurrences during the campaign of Major General Anthony Wayne, against the northwestern Indians by John J. Jacob & Lieutenant Boyer

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JOHN J. JACOB & LIEUTENANT BOYER

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** He sent two officers attended by proper guard to wait upon Gov. Franklin, who at first refused paying any attention to the Message they carried, but finding it in vain to act that part, he ordered up his Coach to come to this place."

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ADVERTISEMENT.

I think it necessary, as the name of Mr. Jefferson is introduced into this work, to inform the reader that it was finished and sent to the press as early as March last; but from circumstances not within the control of the author, has remained to this late period silently on the printer's shelves. The author gives this notice, lest it should be thought ungenerous, if not invidious, to call in question any statement of facts made by a man now dead, and incapable of making any reply.

September 25, 1826.

TO THE
HON. JOHN E. HOWARD, Esq.,

Late Governor of Maryland,

*And the rest of my compatriots and grey-headed fellow-sufferers—
the surviving Officers of the Revolutionary War :*

Gentlemen: From the nature of the subject of the following memoir, as well as from that cordial and sincere affection I feel as a fellow-soldier, I take the liberty of dedicating to you the following sheets, containing a short narrative and defense of the character of not only a soldier but a hero.

Accept, gentlemen, this first and last and only pledge in my power of an unceasing friendship—begotten in youth, strengthened by mutual sufferings, and matured with old age.

It is doubtless an unpleasant reflection, that now in the decline of life we are placed in such circumstances as to preclude all the endearments connected with social intercourse. We can, however, collect our neighboring youth around us, and fight our battles o'er and o'er again, by our firesides; and when left alone, like Uncle Toby, build forts with brickbats and lay sieges with wooden guns and hickory sticks.

And, gentlemen, although I feel no disposition to involve or identify you in a controversy of this kind—a controversy in which you, perhaps, feel but little interest—yet permit me to observe that, in a national view, it is a controversy in which we are all in some degree involved; because it is not the family of Captain Cresap only, but all the officers of the

army, the State of Maryland, and the National character that are at stake; for it will not be forgotten that Captain Cresap was the first captain selected by the State of Maryland in the Revolutionary war.

It is, then, I conceive, a poor compliment to the officers of the army, and especially to Maryland, to say, or permit it to be said, that an "*infamous murderer*" was selected as one of her distinguished citizens by the State of Maryland, to fill the most honorable military station in her gift.

If, then, gentlemen, I am so happy as to be able to remove this stigma, and expunge all those black spots imputed to Captain Cresap, I certainly render my country a service.

And I sincerely pray, gentlemen, that you and each of you may now, in the decline of life, enjoy all that felicity, ease, prosperity and happiness that your services merit and your age and infirmities require; and may none of us in a dying hour have it to say, from penury and want, what was pathetically the dying dirge of poor old Wolsey: "If," said he, "I had served my God as faithfully as my King (country), he would not have forsaken me in my last moments."

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E .

Soon after Mr. Jefferson's celebrated Notes were published, or rather soon after I became acquainted with them, I conceived the design of refuting the unfounded and unjust charges therein against my deceased friend Captain Michael Cresap*—knowing most assuredly from personal acquaintance with the accused that those charges were not true. But I foresaw, from the celebrity of the author of the Notes on Virginia—not only as a man of superior talents, but as standing high, yea, pre-eminent in the estimation of his fellow-citizens as a politician—I foresaw, I say, to call in question the truth of any statement made by such a man, especially by such a pigmy as myself, however encircled with the shield of truth, would in all probability be as unavailing and feeble as the efforts of a mosquito to demolish an ox.

Thus perplexed, and doubtful what course to pursue, I received an assurance from Luther Martin, Esq., Attorney General of Maryland, who had intermarried with a daughter of Captain Cresap, that he would undertake a defense of his character. This assurance of Mr. Martin relieved my mind, feeling confident as to the result, knowing him not only to possess superior talents, but occupying a station and moving in a circle co-equal in respectability with the Philosopher of Monticello. I therefore, without delay, placed in his hands the materials for the work (as they were in my possession). Mr.

*Mr. Jefferson calls him Colonel Michael Cresap—which mistake, trifling as it may appear, yet goes to prove the imperfect acquaintance he had with the man and the character he handles so freely. It is true there was a colonel of this name, but everybody knows he was not the man intended.

Martin soon after published, in pamphlet form, the defense of Captain Cresap's character, but it had not the desired effect; first, because it was not, nor could in its nature be coextensive with the Notes on Virginia; secondly, pamphlets, after the first reading, are thrown aside, lost and forgotten. And permit me to add, thirdly, that at the period when Mr. Martin's piece issued from the press politics ran high, party spirit was hot, and Mr. Jefferson's name stood highest among his brethren of the great and respectable Republican party. It was but too evident that any blemish on the moral fame of such a man was easily transferable to his political standing; hence it was better upon the whole, some men might think, that Cresap, however innocent, should yet remain under censure than that any suspicion as to the perfection of so great a character should rest on the public mind. Since which period, regardless of truth, honor and justice, a great many orators, poets and scribblers have been dashing away at the name, and fame, and character of a man of whom it is presumable they know just about as much as of Kouli Khan or prester John, and who was as much their superior as the noble lion is to the muskrat. All these little folks, I knew, would soon sink into the dusky shades of oblivion, and therefore regarded them as squibs of smoke that the wind would carry away.

But a book has lately fallen into my hands, written by Rev. Dr. Doddridge of Wellsburg, a man for whom I had hitherto entertained the highest respect—yea, warmest friendship—in which book, for what cause to me utterly problematical, the old sore is irritated and laid open again. Not only the old Logan speech is raised from the dead, but a new and hitherto unheard-of charge leveled against the character and fame of Captain Cresap. It therefore now becomes my indispensable and imperative duty, however late, as the only remaining per-

son on earth qualified from personal knowledge to do that justice to the memory of this mistaken and abused character that I think no other individual can do, and which, in fact, has been too long delayed.

The piece published some years since by Mr. Martin aimed at nothing more than a refutation of the charges brought against Captain Cresap in the celebrated Notes on Virginia, to-wit: the Logan speech, and Mr. Jefferson's superaddition, that he (Captain Cresap) "*was infamous for his many Indian murders.*" Now, however conclusive and satisfactory the facts and arguments, as stated in Mr. Martin's piece, might appear to men of candor at the time that piece appeared in public, yet it is believed that at this day scarcely a vestige remains, nor do I know where I should apply successfully for a copy. Hence my plan is different. I mean, in order the more effectually to put to silence forever all his calumniators and adversaries, to bring into public view all the life of the late Captain Michael Cresap deemed necessary not only to refute the charges against him, but to evince and demonstrate to the world that they have been imposed upon, and greatly deceived in the man. But my task is difficult: to prove a negative is no easy matter; nor can it be done in any other way than by producing positive proof that positive charges cannot be true; and in this case the various circumstances combined with the weight of testimony must decide.

The name and fame of Hector and Achilles live only in the poems of Homer; nor would a Phocion or Caius Gracchus have been heard of in succeeding ages without a Plutarch. What a pity a greater man than either should have so poor a biographer!

JOHN J. JACOB.

March 10, 1826.