

TO THE CITIZENS OF CLARK COUNTY,
Indiana.

Fellow-Citizens,

Agreeably to my promise, I now attempt an answer to the *base* and *unwarrantable* attack, made by Lieut. Morrison, upon my *private* and *official* character, in the "Indiana Intelligencer & Farmers' Friend," of the 26th of Feb. 1823. The duties of my profession have *necessarily* postponed my answer to this period. In addressing my fellow-citizens, I am sorry that I am under the painful necessity, in defending my *own character*, and the *reputation* of my friends, of informing the public, that the first sentence in the Lieutenant's publication, contains as *black* a falsehood, as ever was uttered or published, by the venomous tongue of slander. I can assure the public, that the several publications, signed "Reporter," and to which Mr. Morrison refers, are *exclusively* *my own* productions; and I have no hesitation in declaring to the world, that in my opinion, the terms "combination, hostile roup, junto," &c. contained in the Lieutenant's production, constitute an unfounded and unprovoked attack upon the reputation of several respectable citizens of Charlestown, as *false* and *malicious*, as any that can be found in the vocabulary of defamation.

I now proceed to answer the Lieutenant's charges:—I bid off the lots alluded to, for the exclusive benefit of John H. Thompson; and immediately after bidding them off, informed the Collector of my object, and told him, that Mr. Thompson would be at home in a few days, and pay the amount of the tax and expense. Mr. Thompson came home in a short time, and told me that he would pay the collector in a few days. By this assurance, I was induced to believe that my own responsibility was removed, and that Mr. Thompson had satisfied the collector's claim. Mr. Thompson, however, neglected so to do, and a judgment was obtained against me, and satisfied by Mr. Thompson. On this subject, I am willing that the Lieutenant shall have every advantage, which he can claim from the circumstances of the case; that he shall blow his trumpet of detraction, from North to South, and from East to West, until all, and every inhabitant of Indiana, shall have heard its sound; and yet I shall stand fearless of the consequences!

As to my becoming the legal owner of my Brother's property, by "hocus pocus juggling," I can inform the public that the *gallant Lieutenant*, is again caught in his favorite element of falsehood and detraction.

I will also hazard the assertion, that my Br. has not in any instance, either directly, or indirectly, disposed of his property to prevent the payment of his just debts. The fact is notorious, that he has in all cases, let the law take its natural course—that he has frequently offered his property to his creditors, at one half of its estimated value—that he has paid a considerable portion of his debts, and that he is using every reasonable exertion to pay the balance.

His interest in the house and lot alluded to, was legally sold on an execution to the highest bidder, L. Ford. Was there any thing wrong in this? Did not this sale vest the legal title in Col. Ford? Was this legal title, while in the hands of Col. Ford, liable to be sold on an execution against C. B. Naylor's property?

If the Lieutenant should answer in the affirmative, all *intelligent* and *honest* lawyers will think his legal character at par, with his character for truth and veracity. If then, this property could not be sold for C. B. Naylor's debts, while in the hands of Col. Ford, was there any thing either morally or legally wrong in my receiving a transfer of Col. Ford's interest? Did this act of receiving the transfer, do injustice to C. B. Naylor's creditors? Is C. B. Naylor under any legal or moral obligation to purchase his property after it has been once sacrificed at an execution sale, and subject it a second time to a like sacrifice? Am I, either legally, or morally, bound to re-transfer this property either to him or Col. Ford, for the purpose of sacrificing it a second time? Methinks the voice of an impartial public answer in the negative. I am also persuaded, that the casuistical discernment of the *moral* Lieutenant himself, when impartially employed, cannot discover any illegal or immoral quality in any part of this transaction.

As to the Seminary Funds committed to my custody, as an officer, I flatter my

self, that the following certificates, connected with a simple statement of facts, will not only evince my innocence of the *base* and *malicious* charge of the *brave* Lieutenant, but will clearly prove that my official conduct has been both *honest* and *honorable*, and highly advantageous to the seminary fund. More than one half of the seminary funds, which have come to my hands, as trustee, were collected in the paper of the State Bank of Indiana and its branches, and were paid to me by John Weathers, late Sheriff, and Decret. A. P. Hay, treasurer of Clark county—when it was from 10 to 20 per cent. below par, with an increasing probability of rapid depreciation.

In this state of things, I was advised to dispose of the State paper wherever I could make it answer my purpose, and reserve my own collectable funds, and pay the amount to such person or persons, as might be appointed to receive it, when the seminary of Clark county should be established, and the money appropriated by law. Believing myself, that this course was best calculated to promote the legitimate end of the institution, I entered the amount of money received, at its nominal value, to the credit of the seminary fund, and made a return thereof, annually, to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, as the Journals of each year will show. On the amount thus returned, I have charged interest against myself, at the rate of 6 per centum per annum, commencing at the time of making my first return; and at the end of the year ensuing, I have added the interest accrued to the original sum, and calculated interest on the whole sum, in the same manner; and on each year's return, I have pursued the same method. A great portion of the money received from other persons, was received in the same kind of paper. I now ask my Fellow Citizens, if in their opinions, my official conduct has fastened upon me the character of a public defaulter, as the *gallant Lieutenant* has maliciously asserted?

For the faithful performance of my official duties, I have given ample and sufficient security. I have collectable claims due to me, ample sufficient to pay this, and every other just claim against me.

I have also real estate more than sufficient to pay off this claim, as the Collector's and Recorder's books will show. Where then, is the danger to be apprehended? Is not this fund as safe in my hands as it would be in the hands of any other person? Is it not as productive? Where then has the end or design of the Convention or the Legislature, in raising this fund, been defeated or jeopardized, by my official conduct? Have not the measures which I have adopted, saved for the county, a considerable sum, which otherwise must have been lost by the depreciation of the State paper?

Has my official course contravened, in any particular, the spirit of the Constitution or the laws of the land? Captain Lemon, my successor in office, and myself, are both native American citizens, and I trust, can settle our official business, *amicably*, *honestly*, and *honorable*, without the aid, influence, or officious intermeddling, of any petty scribbler whatsoever. How inconsistent and irrational, is the idea, communicated in each and every publication of the Lieutenant, that a combination of individuals wrote the several pieces signed "Reporter"?

Does he wish to magnify his character, by inducing a belief, in the public mind, that he is a second NAPOLEON; and that it requires an organized combination of individuals, to oppose him successfully, whose characters were *forsaken*, *known*, and *approved*, in Indiana, long before he sneaked from behind the *dark curtain* of suspicion, which conceals from our view, his *real* character, while a resident of the state of New York?

The public must be convinced, that the Lieutenant has in every publication, very *artfully* attempted to draw me into a political discussion, and to force me into a quarrel with his friends, no doubt, intending thereby, to raise a political *fugitives*, and extensive enough to conceal from the public eye the *black stains* of *torpitude*, which the facts of the "Reported Case" have indelibly stamped upon his character. I believe, in the attainment of this object he is disappointed. I have already told the public, that neither *his* friend, nor *mine*, nor *politics*, have any thing to do with the facts of the "Reported Case." I repeat my declaration, that I will never *acta mafaria*,

and *ungentlemanly*, as to abuse or villify his friends, until they give me reason so to do; nor will I disgust the reader, and disgrace the science of politics, by discussing its principles at the same time, in which the facts of the "Reported Case" are canvassed. I now ask the public, if all the *calumny*, *invective*, & *sarcasm*, which the Lieutenant has so copiously, and so unmercifully, heaped upon my friends and myself, have washed a single stain out of his character? Have they altered a single fact? What then, has been gained, except the gratification of a malignant, and diabolical disposition?

The Lieutenant complains of a "wanton and malicious wound" being inflicted on his mind. Is an honest, and upright man, wounded by a simple, and unburnished statement of facts, which are stamped upon the records of a court of justice? This statement I made in the "Reported Case," because I believed then, and still believe, the Lieutenant's conduct was *mean* and *dishonorable*. The Lieutenant's unqualified slanderous abuse of myself and friends, in his first publication, has been the means of extorting from me the remarks which I have made in my subsequent publications:—

A simple statement of facts was all I first intended to publish:—His *random* and *unqualified* attack upon my friends, can be justified upon no principles of *honor*, *honesty*, or *politeness*.

Fellow Citizens, permit me in conclusion, to remark, that I am living in a county, where many of you have witnessed my actions, in the days of my infancy; you have also inspected my conduct during the years of maturity, in the *halcyon* days of peace, and in the trying hours of war. It is for you to judge, whether or not, I have ever deserted my post. It is for you to say, whether or not, that confidence, which I trust I have merited, is to be shaken or removed, by the *malicious* and *defamatory* scribbling of a little pithflogging sycophant.

I rest satisfied, with a perfect confidence in the correctness of a decision produced by your good sense and sound intelligence.

I am very respectfully yours, &c.
ISAAC NAYLOR.

Being requested by Isaac Naylor, esq. late Agent for the County Seminary, to give him a certificate, relative to the funds received by me, and paid over to him—I can only state, that most of the funds, amounting perhaps, to near three hundred dollars, were received in Bank Notes of this State, and others which were current, but generally at a discount from 10 to 15 per cent. for specie.

ANDREW P. HAY.

May 26th, 1823.

I do hereby certify, that the thousand and fifty dollars in paper of the Bank of Vincennes & Branches, which the board of Commissioners for Clark County, authorized me to sell, at public vendue, on the 15th of April last, sold for the amount of \$156 62 1-2, in claims on the Treasury of said county. Given under my hand this 13th day of May, 1823.

J. S. SIMONSON, Sheriff C. C.

N. B. According to the above certified sale of the paper of the state bank and branches, estimating the county claims at 50 cents to the dollar, (as much as they are worth,) the sum of \$500 in this paper, is worth about the sum of \$37 23 or 30 cents in specie, as can be easily demonstrated; and from which my official character appears in its *true* light, notwithstanding the *false* colours of darkness with which little James Morrison has *falsely*, and *maliciously* attempted to blacken it.

L. NAYLOR.

IT'S ALL MOONSHINE.

When I was a boy and lived with my grand mother at Willow-grove, I remember once walking out with her among the trees that sheltered our green from the summer sun, one moonlight evening. We had not gone far, before the old lady perceived something on the ground that appeared like a white handkerchief, and as she stooped, intent on picking it up, I perceived that it was but the light of the moon shining through an opening in the branches above us, and called out "La, grandma, it's all moonshine!" "It is but moonshine, truly," said she, rubbing her fingers in evident disappointment; "but, Oliver, many people grasp at moonshine."

I laughed at my good grandmother then, but I have since often witnessed the truth of her remark.

When I see a young man pursuing a gay butterfly of a girl, because she is beautiful, though she possesses none of the qualifications necessary to make a good wife, a good house-keeper, or a good mother; it brings to my mind the old story; depend upon it, he is grasping a phantom. It's all moonshine.

When I see pleasure hunters, and those who are seeking after happiness, plunge into dissipation, or seek gay and giddy company, or drink deep of the cup of sensual enjoyment, I feel for them; I know the disappointment that awaits them; these are not the pearls of price, that bring with them peace and content; they are worthless; they are nothing but moonshine.

When I see a gambler forever at the billiard-table, with eager hopes of making money thereby, and carrying with him the means by which alone his family can be supported, to squander it there; I think, with a sigh, how sadly that poor man mistakes the path of wisdom, and labors after that which is all moonshine.

He is grasping at moonshine, who strives to raise his consequence in the world by a suit of fine clothes, or an unpaid side-board; and so is he who is aiming to build a foundation upon which to elevate himself in the estimation of the world, by a few thousand of paltry dollars; for as Burns says,

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for all that,
and none can ever become truly great
but those whom nature has fitted to be so.

These are plain palpable cases: I have sometimes thought men were grasping at moonshine, who attempted to live by literature, or make money by printing newspapers, or dreaming of collecting their debts, or of receiving legacies in these times; yet as these may be doubtful, I will not persist in them.

Trenton Emporium.

From the Methodist (Cincinnati) Magazine
If the following little performance should be deemed worthy of a place in your valuable Magazine, it may in some small degree aid the cause of our common faith:

A SUBSCRIBER.

John xxi. 27. "My peace I give unto you."

Let angels who mortals attend,
And minister comfort in woe,
To listen awhile now descend,
My happier story to know.
Sing of a theme most sublime—
No sorrow my song shall controul—
I tell of the rapturous time,
When Jesus spoke peace to my soul.
When grief my poor heart did assail,
Because I had wandered from God,
I sat my sad case to bewail,
My sin was a cumbersome load,
O, saviour, have mercy! I cried,
O pardon a reliv so lost,
Then quickly his blood was applied,
And Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

My guilt, like the clouds of the morn,
Was chay'd in a moment away,
The joy of my soul, newly born,
Inceas'd as the rising of day.
My saviour redeems me from sin,
He saves, not in part, but in whole,
He writes his salvation within,
For oh! he speaks peace to my soul.

I now am so blest with his love,
I covet not earth's greatest store,
He visits me oft from above—
I have him—I want nothing more.
Resign'd to his pleasure I'd live,
Till time's latest circle shall roll,
His utmost salvation receive,
For Jesus speaks peace to my soul.

Nor aitan, nor sin shall dismay,
No dangers my soul shall affright,
While onward, to missions of day,
I go in Immanuel's might.
The earth in convulsions should rend,
From the centre, quite thro' to each side,
I'd smile, for I'm sure of a Friend,
While Jesus speaks peace to my soul.

Ye angels who hear while I sing,
Lend your wings, and I'll quickly begin,
I mount to my Saviour and King,
And join with the triumphant throng,
Tis there I'd eternally feast,
On joys that enrapture the whole,
All heaven would welcome the guest,
Since Jesus speaks peace to my soul.

Farewell to earth's glittering toys;
Farewell to my friends and my foes;
I haste, from such scenes, to those skies,
Where pleasure eternally flows.
He bids me leave all for his sake;
I'll run till I reach the blest goal,
Then me to his arms he will take,
O then he'll speak peace to my soul.