

## MISCELLANY.

### The Intestate, or Jerry Smith's Widow.

A WESTERN SKETCH.

I left my residence in Kentucky, a few years ago, and proceeded to Baltimore for the purpose of transacting some business with a mercantile house, with which I had been extensively concerned. No one knew the object of my journey; because, being a bachelor, in easy circumstances, I was under no obligation to disclose to any person more than I thought proper. I left my farm under the direction of a manager, with the expectation of returning in a few weeks. On my arrival in Baltimore, I found that it would be necessary to proceed to New-Orleans. The vessel in which I embarked, after being baffled and detained by head winds, at length sprung a leak, and we were obliged to put into Havana. Here various delays occurred, and as I could neither talk Spanish, play billiards, nor smoke cigars, the time hung so heavy upon my hands, that I soon fretted myself into a bilious fever. In this condition my captain left me, without so much as saying good-by; and when at last I reached New-Orleans, by another vessel, I found that the person with whom my affairs had been entrusted, was absent, and not expected to return for several weeks. There was now no alternative left me, but either to abandon the object of my voyage, and risk the entire loss of a large sum, or by remaining, expose my constitution, already debilitated and predisposed to disease, to the dangers of a sickly climate. Unfortunately I adopted the latter course.

I found the weather as hot here as in Cuba, the language as incomprehensible, and the billiard tables quite as devoid of interest. The sickly season was fast approaching, and as I had determined not to escape disease by flight, I endeavored to avoid it by precaution. It is amusing enough, to those who can look on from a distance, to see the various expedients by which men endeavor to contend with death; as if the great destroyer was a foe, who could be eluded by cunning, or baffled by force. The yellow fever assailed the inhabitants; I felt the malady, or thought I felt it, creeping slowly into my system, and resorted to every preventive which my own reason, or the experience of others suggested. I first tried the Sangrado plan; drank water, ate vegetables, and suffered phlebotomy. But I soon found that I could not endure starvation, nor carry on the functions of life without a due supply of the circulating medium. I resorted to stimulants and tonics—a mint-julap in the morning, bitters at noon, and wine after dinner; but alas! with no better success; for every time that I looked in the glass, I discovered, by my sallow visage, that the enemy was silently making his approach. My eyes became jaundiced—my pulse heavy—my skin dry—and my complexion received a new coat of yellow every day, deepening at first into a delicate orange, then to a saffron, and lastly to a copper color; until I began to fear that I was actually degenerating into a Spaniard, a Quarto, or a Cherokee.

Coming events throw their shadow before, and on this occasion the shadows that tinged my face were but too prophetic. The dreaded fever came at last, and I sunk into a state of helpless and hopeless misery, which none can truly estimate, but those who have felt its poignancy. I was a stranger, far from home; in a climate tainted with disease; and attacked by a disorder supposed to be fatal. That malady, among other distressing characteristics, has one which is peculiarly aggravating. I know not whether others are similarly effected, but to me a fever brings a state of excitement and sensitiveness which produces the most exquisite torture. My whole nature is subtilized—every feeling is quickened—and every sense sharpened into a painful acuteness of perception. The judgment is weakened, but the imagination acquires a supernatural activity; the body sinks, but the spirit is feelingly alive. Such was my state. In the early stages of my disease, a thousand wild visions were in my brain, I made rhymes; repeated pages of Latin, which in a moment of sanity I could not have connected a sentence; I saw people whose faces had been forgotten for years; I called up events which had transpired in my childhood; I planned novels, composed essays, and devised theories; I fought battles; I recalled the joys, and repeated the sins of my whole life. I was a madam, a philosopher, a devotee, and a wag, in the same hour. At one moment I prayed fervently; at another I dropped the doctor's nostrums in my sleeve, and amused myself with inventing ingenious answers to deceive him, and feigning symptoms which did not exist. I jested, moralized, groaned, wept, and laughed; and found in each new mood that came over me, a pang as agonizing as that which I had suffered in the one that had passed. Such is fever! excruciating bodily pain, with a brilliancy and strength of intellectual vision, which looks back to infancy, and forward to eternity, and around upon the whole scene of life, while the mental eye is crowded with images, whose number and vividness weary and distract the brain. Loss of strength, stupor, and melancholy succeeded. I thought of home, of myself, and death; and my visions assumed every day a deeper and more death like hue.

There was one object which intruded into all my dreams. I need only name its character, in order to enlist the sympathy of every tender hearted reader. It was a young widow, for whom I felt a particular regard, and to whom—if I must speak out, I was engaged to be married on my return home. She was my first love; I had paid my addresses to her before her marriage, but was too bashful to declare myself explicitly; and while I balanced matters in my own

mind, and sought by the gentlest hints to disclose my passion, she by some fatality—by mere accident, as I have since understood, married a certain Jeremiah Smith, a fellow for whom, and for whose name, I had always entertained a sovereign and special contempt. I did not blame her for marrying, for that was her privilege; but to wed a fellow named Jerry! and of all the Jerrys in the world to pitch upon Jerry Smith, a dissipated, silly, profligate, not worth a single brass farthing, was too bad! It was flying in the face of propriety, and treating her other lovers, who were numerous, with indignity. Poor girl! she had a sad time of it, for Jerry treated her worse than a brute; but at the end of two years he had the grace to pop off, leaving her penniless and as pretty as ever. It was a long time after her widowhood before we met; I would not call on her, and as to courting Jerry Smith's widow, that seemed out of the question. But when we did meet, she looked so sad and beautiful, and smiled so pensively, and talked so sweetly of old times, that all her power of fascination over me revived. I began to visit her, thinking of nothing more at first, than to show her my superiority over Jerry Smith, and to convince her how great a slight she had shown to my merits in selecting him. But in trying to make myself agreeable to the widow, she became so very agreeable to me, that in spite of all my former resolutions, I offered her my hand, which was accepted with the most charming grace imaginable. This was just before my journey, and as that could not be postponed, we agreed to put off the wedding until my return.

Such was the beautiful vision that had smiled upon me through all my wanderings; but which now was presented to my disengaged fancy, arrayed in the highest colors. In vain did I sometimes try to banish it; I thought of business; my farm, my negroes, my tobacco—but anon came the graceful widow, with that same smile and blush that she wore when she faintly murmured 'no,' and expressively looked 'yes'—there she was, hanging fondly over me, and chiding my delay.

This could not last forever; and just when every body thought that I was about to die, I grew better; and to my great joy was put on board a steam-boat bound for Louisville. For a day or two I continued to recruit; change of air, scene and food did wonders; but the happiness of a speedy recovery was not fated to be mine. I had embarked in a steam-boat of the largest class, on board of which were four hundred passengers. The weather was excessively hot, there were many sick among us, and the atmosphere between the decks soon became impure. The yellow fever was said to be on board; and our comfortless situation was rendered dreadful by the panic that ensued. I relapsed, and was soon pronounced past recovery. I had the yellow fever, and was considered a fatal bearer of contagion. It was thought proper to remove me from the boat, and to abandon me to my fate, rather than endanger the lives of others.

I was accordingly put on shore; but when or how it happened I know not. I have a faint recollection of being lowered into the yawl, and seeing people gazing at me; I heard one say, 'he'll die in an hour'; another inquired my name; one voice pitied me; and another said I had made a happy escape from pain. I thought they were about to bury me, and became senseless in an agonizing effort to speak.

When I recovered my consciousness, I found myself in a cabin on the shore of the Mississippi. A kind family had received and nursed me, and had brought me back to life after I had been long insensible. They were poor people, who made their living by cutting fire wood to supply the steam boats; a lean and sallow family, whose bilious complexions, and attenuated forms, attested the withering influence of a corrupted atmosphere. They had the languid southern eye, the heavy gait, and slow speech of persons enervated by burning sun-beams and humid breezes.

For two weeks I was unable to rise from the miserable pallet with which their kindness had supplied me. I counted every log in the wretched cabin; my eye became familiar with all the coats, gowns, and leather hunting shirts, that hung from the rafters. I noted each crevice, and set down in my memory all the furniture and cooking utensils. For fourteen long summer days my eyes had no other employment but to wander over these few objects again and again, until at last nothing was left to be discovered, and I closed them in the dusk occasioned by the sameness of the scene, or strained them in search of something new, until my eye balls ached. But I had no more feverish dreams, and when I thought of the widow Smith, it was with the delight of newly awakened hope; and with the confidence that better days and brighter scenes awaited me at home.

At last I was able to crawl to the door, and to see the sun, the green trees, and the water. It was a most refreshing sight, although the landscape itself was any thing but attractive. The cabin stood on the bank of the river, in a low alluvion bottom. It was surrounded and overhung by a forest of immense trees, whose tall dark trunks rose to the height of sixty or seventy feet, without a branch, and then threw out their vast lateral boughs, and heavy foliage, so luxuriantly as entirely to exclude the sun.

Feeling in no mood to visit my acquaintances, I directed my course to the counting house of a merchant, upon whom I held a draft. On handing it to his clerk, he returned it, observing,

'The drawee of this bill is dead, sir, and we have instructions not to pay it.'

'I am the drawee,' returned I.

'There must be some mistake,' replied the clerk, very coolly! 'Mr. M. in whose favor it is drawn, is certainly dead. We have it from his heir.'

'Heir! don't you suppose, sir, that I am the best judge whether I am dead or alive?'

'Can't say, sir—sorry to dispute any gentleman's word—but my orders—'

'Sir, you don't only dispute my word, you deny my existence—don't you see me and

hear me, and can't you feel me? said I, laying my long cold hands upon his soft white palm.'

'Very sorry,' repeated the book-keeper, withdrawing his hand as if a viper had touched it, 'but my principal is absent—I act under instructions—and Mr. M.'s account is closed on our books.'

'This is the strangest turn of all,' said I to myself, as I stepped into the street. 'I am dead—my heir has entered upon my estate—the widow mourns over my grave! Very pretty truly! I shall next be told that this is not Kentucky, and that I am not and never was Edward M.'

Angry and dispirited, I turned into a public reading-room, and sought for a file of the newspaper published in my own neighborhood. I looked for an old date, and soon found—my own obituary! and learned that in my untimely death, society had been deprived of a useful member, my kindred of an affectionate relative; and my servants of a kind master! Upon further research, I stumbled upon a notice from my administrator—the next of kin; inviting all my debtors to settle their accounts. I saw no announcement of the widow's death, and concluded that her strength of mind had enabled her to survive my "untimely death." I determined to set out for home instantly, and to re-assume the privilege of collecting my own debts.

After a tiresome journey, I arrived on the night of the third day in my own neighborhood. Concealed by the darkness, I reached my own door without being recognized. My servants fled when they perceived me, screaming with surprise and terror. I followed them into the house. In the hall stood a gentleman and lady, who had been drawn thither by the uproar. They were the "next of kin" and—the widow Smith! The former, being a man of spirit, stood his ground, but the lady screamed and fled.

"Will you be good enough to tell me, sir," said I, "whether I am dead or alive?"

"We have mourned your death," said my nephew, with an embarrassed air, "but I am happy to find that you are alive, and most sincerely welcome you home."

"Supposing the fact to be that I am alive," said I, "will you do me the kindness to tell me whether I am master of this house?"

"Surely you are, and—"

"Do not interrupt me; you are my administrator, I find; do you claim also to be my guardian?—These characters are not usually doubled."

"I claim nothing, sir, but an opportunity to explain these matters, which seem to offend you so deeply."

"Then, sir, being master here, and having neither administrator nor guardian, I desire to be alone."

The young man looked offended, and then smiled superciliously, as if he thought me insane, and turning on his heel, walked off.

I retired to a chamber, and having with some difficulty drawn my servants around me, and convinced them of my identity, took supper and went to bed.—About the widow I made no inquiry, circumstances looked so suspicious that I dreaded to hear the truth.

In the morning I rose. I sallied forth, and gazed with delight upon my fields, my trees, and the thousand familiar objects that are comprised within that one endearing word—home. My negroes crowded about me, to welcome me, inquire after my health, and tell me all that had happened to them. Passing over these matters as briefly as possible, I proceeded to probe the subject nearest my heart, and—what think you, gentle reader, was the result?—the widow Smith was married to the "next of kin!" They had left my house at the dawn, that morning.

I have only to add, that I have entirely recovered, my health and spirits; and that as Jerry Smith's widow has twice slipped through my fingers, undervalued my character, and slighted my affection, and at last married that wild scamp, my nephew, whom I had before thought of disinheritance, I am determined that neither of them shall ever touch a dollar of my money; and to effect this laudable object, I am resolved not to live single, nor die intestate.

JAMES DILL, C.U.

May 17th, 1832. 11-4w.

DEARBORN CIRCUIT COURT, Set.

Elizabeth Dean vs James Dean On petition for Divorce.

NOW comes Elizabeth Dean, by Lawrence her attorney, and files her petition to the Dearborn circuit court, praying a divorce from her said husband, for cause of abandonment; and thereupon, it appearing to the satisfaction of the Hon. Isaac Dunn and the Hon. John McPeek, associate judges of the Dearborn circuit court, that the said James Dean is not a resident of this state: By order of the said judges, Notice is therefore hereby given, to the said James Dean of the filing of the petition aforesaid, and that he be and appear before the judges of the Dearborn circuit court, at their term on the 4th Monday in September next, to answer to the petition aforesaid, or the same will then be heard in his absence and a decree granted accordingly.

JAMES DILL, C.U.

May 17th, 1832. 11-4w.

THOMAS SHAW, ISAAC PROTZMAN.

March 29th, 1832. 11-4w.

W. H. WHITING & CO.

FOR SALE 50 bbls. Super Fine

FLOUR.

Also 100 bbls. best Rectified

WHISKEY.

SHAW & PROTZMAN.

March 31st, 1832. 11-4w.

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber has just received from Philadelphia, and is now opening, a splendid stock of

NEW GOODS

At his old stand; where he is prepared to wait on his Customers and all those who may think proper to give him a call.

JOHN P. DUNN.

March 17th, 1832. 9-

Boots, Brogans, & Shoes.

THE subscriber has a first rate stock of

BOOTS, BROCANS, AND SHOES,

(COARSE AND FINE.)

For Men, Women, and Children.

Which he will sell low for Cash.

JOHN P. DUNN.

March 17th, 1832. 9-

BOOKS.

JUST received from Philadelphia, a good as-

sortment of BOOKS, consisting, in part, of

FAMILY BIBLES,

(DIFFERENT SIZES.)

WATTS, and METHODIST

Hymn Books,

TESTAMENTS, ENGLISH READERS,

GEOGRAPHIES, And a variety of

SCHOOL BOOKS.

NOVELS, &c.

And for sale by

JOHN P. DUNN.

March 17th, 1832. 9-

BBLS. first quality New Orleans

Sugar received and for sale by

SHAW & PROTZMAN.

April 6, 1832.

IRON, Nails, & Glass.

JUST received from Pittsburgh, per Steamer

J. Lady Byron, a quantity of

NAILS, Assorted; IRON, Assorted

And GLASS—Also,

TRADE CHAINS, MEAL AND

WHEAT SEIVES,

And for sale by

JOHN P. DUNN.

March 17th, 1832.

9-

30 BAGS superior Coffee just re-

ceived and for sale by

SHAW & PROTZMAN.

April 6, 1832.

Iron, Nails, & Glass.

JUST received from Pittsburgh, per Steamer

J. Lady Byron, a quantity of

NAILS, Assorted; IRON, Assorted

And GLASS—Also,