JONATHAN IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

Jonathan Brown was one of the likeliest fellows who resided in the pleasant village of Nemochink, in the year of our Lord 1830. He was about six and twenty years of age of an athletic figure and iron constitution, and it was said he could mow over more acres of land, or lay up more rods of stone wall in a day than any lad in those parts.

Our Hero was pretty well in the world, and must have a help-mate.

He started one evening to his neighbours, Mrs. Jones's. He found the lady, her blooming daughter Nabby and her three younger doughters, all busily engaged in preparing good things for tea. He was soon aware that he had arrived at an unlucky moment, for he was not welcomed by Mrs. Jones with her accustomed cordiality, And from Nabby's appearance, being ticked out in all her Sunday finery, it was plain that some more important person or persons were expected to partake with them their evening meal. However he seated himself and began to joke with Nabby on her looks, I swow now Nabby you look right down handsome. You are a beauty Nabby—there's no two ways about it—I don't believe the President ever had such a pretty little gal for his wife in all his life.

Although Nabby giggled a little, she did not seem particularly flattered by these complimentary remarks—but her face beamed with a most bewitching smile when the noise of a carriage was heard, and Simon Thomson in a dashing gig drove into the yard.

Heigho sighed Jonathan I see how the cat jumps. If I had only been a week or two sooner there might have been some chance. However I won't quit house till I've popped the question—if I do I'll be darned—and if I get the bag won't kill me.

Simon Thomson was received by the ladies in their kindest manner, but poor Jonathan was treated with killing coldness, which made him feel rather queer. But he bravely resolved to bring the matter to issue, and accordingly when Nabby left the room to attend to some household duties, Jonathan rose and much to the surprise of all and to the great annoyance of Simon followed her to another apartment.

Nabby said Jonathan I've been thinking about taking a wife. Mother's got so tarnation cross that I can't live so no longer—and there's no gal in all these parts that I like half so well as I do you, and if you'll have me don't stand shilly shally about it, but say so at once—and I don't believe that you'll ever have cause to repent it.

Nabby blushed to the eyes—Mr. Brown she stammered out after biting her thumb nails for a few moments, I am much obliged to you for your good opinion, but I fear that it is out of my power to contribute to your happiness. I hope you'll find a partner more deserving than poor Nabby Jones. At any rate you cant marry me, for I am already engaged!

Wheugh whistled Jonathan, But there now I thought so. You are going to marry that young dandy in the other room. Well I dont believe he will make you half so good a husband as I should, but if you like him better I'll say no more about it, I've a dreadful good mind to lick him though, Good bye, Nabby.

Well said Jonathan as he trudged slowly along the road which led to the venerable mansion of General Tomkins, the game's up! but who would believe that such a cute and slick gal as Nabby Jones would throw herself away on that sneaking puppy Simon Thompson! Never mind, there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught, and tis hard if I can't toll one in my net. As he made this consoling reflection, he found himself standing on the door steps of General Tompkins's house.

Jonathan cast rather a suspicious glance upon the well-polished brass knocker, which had been affixed to the General's door since Nancy's return from Boston, That's as much as to say quoth he to himself that no one should enter here without knocking.

He lifted the knocker and gave a thundering rap. A little girl came to the door, Is your sister Nancy at home Hannah?

I dont know for sartin but I'll see Strange thought Jonathan, that she should not know whether her sister's at home or not,

Nancy! screamed the little girl on opening the parlour door, in a key so loud that Jonathan heard every word Mr. Jonathan Brown is at the door and asks for you. Shall I tell him you're at home.

I suppose you must let the booby in answered the accomplished young lady—I wonder what is his business with me.

He's dressed up in his Sunday clothes, and perhaps he has come a sparking!

Booby? muttered Jonathan to himself. But if ever I get Madam under my thumb I'll make her change her tone I guess.

Our hero entered the room. The accomplished young lady laid down the last new novel, and received him in the most approved fashsionable style Too much formality by half, thought Jonathan, but never mind she's tarnation pretty.

Our booby was at first a little abashed, but as he was playing a desperate game he screwed his courage up to the sticking point, and conversed with as much ease and elegance as could be expected.—Nancy with true female adroitness, turned the conversation into a channel which she thought would exhibit wonderful accomplishments to the best advantage. She talked long and learnedly of poetry and music, but could scarcely conceal her contempt when her lovelorn swain honestly declared that his favorite tunes were Welis and Old Hundred, and that the only poem he had ever read in his life was a fourth of July oration!

At length Hannah left the room, and Jonathan with a degree of trepidation which may easily be conceived broke the ice; Nancy I spose you can guess what I came here for this evening. The long and the short of the matter is this—mother is growing old and feeble and isn't quite so cute milking and making butter and cheese, and doing other odd scores about the house as she used to be and I have come to the resolution of getting marrid afore the winter sets in, Now Nancy, I want a good smart and handsome wife! Every body says you are a plaguey pretty gal and I know you were a real smart one before you went to Boston two years ago, and so if you will have me say so at once & theres my hand, the hand of a true New England farmer.

It is impossible to describe the indignation and scorn which shone in the black eyes of the lovely Nancy Tomkins at this unceremonious proposal—She looked at him for a moment in silence, as if triying to annihilate the presumptuous youth with a frown. At length her feelings found vent in words.

Mr Brown! said she I am almost struck speechless with astonishment, at your presumption in supposing that Nancy Tompkins is to be woed and won by any man in this abrupt offhand manner. A long series of attentions of the most tender and delicate nature alone would induce me to exchange my present state of celibacy, for the joys and the sorrows, the blisses and disquietudes of a wedded life, And furthermore the youth who will be fortunate enough to gain my virgin affections must be well educated, Mr. Brown. He must be well acquainted with the Waverly novels, Mr. Brown. He must write poetry and be able to appreciate my performance on the piano Mr. Brown. And he must love me ardently and devotedly, and be able to support me in a style of gentility, to which you or your humdrum connexions, have never been accustomed, Mr. Brown. And as for milking your dirty cows or making your filthy butter and cheese I would have you to know that I consider such things beneath me Mr. Brown, You are mistaken in your estimation of my character sir, Or do you fancy yourself the Grand Seignior who has only to nod to be obeyed? Your impertinence sir, is unparalled, and I am absolutely struck dumb with amazement!

Poor Jonathan was thunderstruck at the temper which the lovely fair one displayed in this speech, and the volubility with which it was delivered At the first pause he seized his hat and left the house without utteriug a word.

Mistaken sure enough! said Jonathan to himself as he retreated from the entry and turned down a lane which led to Captain Piphins farm house, What a tongue the jade has and what a lucky escape from death! for if I should marry her I should not live six weeks—she would scold me to death in short metre,

He found Peggy Piphin looking as blooming as a rose, She seemed delighted to see Mr. Brown, and the old folks took the hint, and went to bed in good season. Jonathan hitched his chair nearer and nearer, and he and the fair Peggy were soon on the best terms in the world,

Peggy, said he you are a tarnation pretty gal I swo now if you an't a real beauty. I should like to have you, I'll be darn'd if I should'nt.

Now Mr. Brown don't be talking so foolish, you make me blush to hear you.

I declare Peggy I'm serious. Them pretty rosy lips were made on purpose to be kiss'd, and I'll darned if I don't have a buss.

Come none of that Mr. Brown. I never let the fellers come so near as that. Keep your distance, I tell you. If you go to be rude Mr. Brown I'll hol-

Don't be vexed Peggy. You're so pretty, I believe must have a buss—I swow I will.

Here a struggle commenced: Jonathan, you musn't act so—an't you ashamed of yourself—Let me alone—I declare now I'll holler!—I will, I sartainly will, murmured the coy maiden, almost out of breath.

Jonathan being a novice in love affairs, was somewhat alarmed at these reiterated threats, and though he had gone too far, Not caring to alarm the family for a kiss, he was about to relinquish the attack, when her brother Tim, who occupied a bed in an adjoining room, and had been quietly listening to the interesting discussion between the lovers, bawled out, Don't mind what she says Mr, Brown. She always says she'll holler—but she never does.

This was a damper. Peggy blushed a deeper scarlet—and Jonathan—whose passion was suddenly extinguished by this interesting piece of information, sprung from the lovely Peggy's side, and with a cool good night, Miss Piphin, left the house.

So then, soliloquized the youth, as he wended his way towards the snug cottage where Sally Johnson lived, the stories that I heard told about that gal are true as gospel arter all. But who'd had thought it, and she looked so plaguey pretty too.

It was nearly half past nine o'clock when our hero reached Mr. Johnson's door. He entered without knocking perceiving a light in the kitchen, and no one up but Sally, who was very busily engaged in knitting by the fireside. Sally seemed astonished to behold Jonathan Brown at that time in the evening, but rose immediately, & reached him a chair.

My father, Mr. Brown, said she has just gone to bed—but if your business is urgent, I'll call him—and she moved towards the door,

Stop, Sally, exclaimed Jonathan—my business is urgent I confess: but it isn't exactly with your father. I didn't come all the way here at this late hour to chat with him I guess. *I* came here to see you!

To see me? Bless me, Mr. Brown, what can you want with me at this time o'night?

Sit down here Sally and I'll tell you all about it,

Sally sat down. Jonathan drew his chair towards her, and hemmed two or three times to clear his throat or concentrate his ideas, I never could learn precisely which, and Sally looked up in his face, with expectation depicted on her intelligent and not unhandsome countenance.

You know how lonely like I live down in yonder big house, Sally.

Lonely, how can you say so Mr. Brown, when your own mother and a dear little sister lives with you.

Thats true continued Jonathan—but a mother is not always just such a companion as I like. Besides winter's coming on and some how I'm afeard I shall sleep cold, these long winter nights.

Sleep cold! La Mr. Brown what's all that to me?

Why Sally, if you must know, I've taken a kind of fancy to you, and believe that you would make me a right down good sort of a wife,

Me, Mr. Browne! What for pity's sake made you think of me? exclaimed the not offended fair one, when there are so many prettier gals, who may be had for the asking,

Why Sally, I always know'd you to be a clever industrious gal, and as to beauty, by jingo, I believe you are as pretty as any of them. Besides, I've found out that all is not goold that glitters. So tell me, Sally, whether you'll have me or no.

I do declare Jonathan Brown, I won't tell you a word about it tonight. This is a fine way to come a courting, and pop the question almost at first sight. I dont know whether I'll have you or no.

Well Sally, perhaps I'm rather too abrupt but—I'm a pretty blunt sort of a feller, and can't stop when my minds made up, to let slip such an opportunity of declaring it. Besides as I told you before, the long winter evenings are coming on, and arter we're married we can set up together, and court every night in the week if we like,

That's true, Jonathan, I didn't think of that, Well then I guess I'll try to make up my mind to have you.

That's my own dear Sally! Hurrah! I've get a wife at last! Now let's seal the contract. So saying he planted a hearty kiss upon her ruby lips.

They were married a few weeks after this eventful evening, and Sally made Jonathan an excellent housekeeper and an affectionate wife. Whether he defrauded her of her due of her being courted during the long winter evenings, history does not record.

Portrait Painting.

M. E. Mynarts, Portrait & Miniature Painter has returned to Centreville and taken a room in the house adjoining Mr. Arlett's tavern. He will give Lessons in Drawing and Painting, from nature---Portraits and Landscapes—also in Poonah Painting, an art easily acquired, and which is amusing and instructive to the mind. Specimens may be seen at his room.

Centreville, Jan. 12, 1833.

Swaim's Panacea,

FOR THE CURE OF

Scrofula or King's Evil, Syphilitic and Mercurial Diseases, Rheumatism, Ulcerous Sores White Swellings, Diseases of the Liver and Skin, General Debility, and all diseases which originate from impure blood or indiscretion of Youth, and where the constitution has been broken down by the use of Mercury, Arsenic, Bark or Quinine, &c, and most internal diseases where the Lungs and chest are supposed to be affected, &c.

In order to make fully known in what estimation Swaim's Panacea is held by the medical profession, the proprietor subjoins certificates from gentlemen who in their private as well as public characters aes deservedly ranked among the most scientific of the profession. The public as well as the proprietor of the Panacea owe much gratitude to the gentlemen who have thus testified in its favour—their recommendations have occasioned its use in various cases of inveterate corruption of the blood, descending to the second generation which otherwise would have destroyed valuable lives. Their humanity and disinterestedness in promoting the currency of a medicine found to be of such great benefit to the human race without regard to its original ownership claims the grateful admiration of a beneficent public.

This medicine has the singular fortune a just tribute to its great merit, of being recommended by the most celebrated practitioners of medicine in the United States and elsewhere; whereas not one of the spurious mixtures made in imitation of it has the least support from the medical faculty. This fact offers an argument so plain and conclusive that it needs only to be mentioned to enforce conviction.

The false reports concerning this valuable medicine which have been so diligently circulated by certain Physicians must have their origin either in envy or in the mischievous effects of Spurious Imitations.—I leave the public to judge for themselves.

I pledge myself to the public and give them the most solemn assurances, that this medicine does not contain mercury in any form whatever.

CERTIFICATES

From Dr. N. Chapman professor of the Institute and of Physic and Clinical Practice in the University of Pennsylvania, President of the Academy of Medicine of Pennsylvania, &c.

I have within the last two years had an opportunity of seeing several cases of very inveterate ulcers which having resisted previously the regular modes of treatment were healed by the use of Mr. Swaim's Panacea, and I do believe from what I have seen, that it will prove an important remedy in scrofulous, venereal and mercurial diseases.

N. CHAPMAN, M. D

From Dr. W. Gibson Professor of Surgery in the University of Pennsylvania, Surgeon and Clinical Lecturer to the Alms House, Infirmary &c

I have employed the Panacea of Mr. Swaim, in numerous instances within the last three years, and have always found it extremely efficacious, especially in secondary syphilis and in mercurial disease. I have no hesitation in pronouncing it a medicine of inestimable value.

W. GIBSON. M. D

From Doctor Valentine Mott Professor of Surgery in the University of New-York Surgeon of the New-York Hospital, &c

I have repeatedly used Swaim's Panacea both in the Hospital and in private practice, and have found it to be a valuable medicine in chronic, syphilitic, and scrofulous complaints and in obstinate cutaneous affectsion VALENTINE MOTT, M.D

CAUTION TO PURCHASERS.

☞ Swaim's Panacea, is in round bottles, fluted longitudinally, with the following words blown in the glass:—

"SWAIM'S PANACEA—PHILADA."

Having but one label which covers the cork, with my own signature on it so that the cork cannot be drawn without destroying the signature, without which none is genuine. The medicine may consequently be known to be genuine when my signature is visible; to counterfeit which will be punishable as forgery.

The public are cautioned not to purchase my Panacea except from myself, my accredited agents, or persons of known respectability, and all those will consequently be without excuse who shall purchase from any other persons.

The GENUINE PANACEA may be had wholesale and retail at the proprietor's own prices of HENRY PRICE—Sole Agent for Baltimore at the corner of Baltimore and Hanover streets.

AN intelligent Youth is wanted at this Office to learn the printing business

J. B. Spencer.

The Novelist's Magazine,

This is a new work, to be commenced on the first of January next, which has been started with a view of promoting the circulation in a cheap and expeditious manner of all the most approved Novels and romances in the English language. The publishers propose to issue it in numbers, containing upwards of forty-two large quarto pages each, semi-monthly, at five Dollars per annum, in advance—every six months forming a volume of more than six hundred pages, with a title page and index. In their prospectus, which is published in several of the daily papers, the publishers offer a premium of

$500,

Besides other advantages to the author of the best

ORIGINAL NOVEL

To be furnished them in a specified time. This and other facilities, which they already possess, will enable them to render their work highly deserving of patronage. Subscriptions received by the publishers, at the Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

REMOVAL

Palmer, Jenkins and Kent have removed to the Store House recently occupied by Messrs. Earle and Sutton, and of late by J. & W. Lindsey; where they have a General assortment of

Fresh Goods

which were selected with great care from the Philadelphia and Baltimore markets.

They have also a General Assortment of

Hardware, Queensware

AND GROCERIES,

Their Customers and the Public in general are respectfully invited to call and examine their Cheap Goods.

N. B. They have recently added to their assortment some very handsome colored Merinos.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods.

PALMER, JENKINS & KENT.

Centreville January 5th 1832.

GLASSWARE

AT VERY REDUCED PRICES.

T. W. DYOTT, N.E. corner of Race & Sixth streets proprietor of the Philadelphia and Kensington Glass Factories respectfully informs the public, that from recent and various improvements he has effected in the art of manufacturing glass of the most durable strength and quality, and his new discovery of fusing or melting it in the purest state, by the most intense heat that can be obtained, without the use of either wood or coal a very considerable saving is realized in the expense of fuel, for which he has obtained letters patent from the United States.

Having lately commenced the manufacture of White Flint Glass in addition to his former

GREEN GLASS

establishment, he is now enabled to furnish articles made of either description.

His establishment is on the most extensive scale embracing four distinct Factories located on the Delaware, in the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia, affording every facility for executing orders with promptness, and having in his employ the first rate workmen in the country. With the above advatages he is enabled to manufacture glass ware of a very superior quality, lower than any other manufactory, and under the superintendence of his brother, Mr. Michael Dyott lately from England, who has had considerable experience in the business, he pledges himself that the most careful attention and selection, both in the workmanship and quality of the ware, shall be given so as to afford general satisfaction. His factories being now in full blast, he offers for sale Apothecaries' Vials from half drachm to eight ounces, prescripton do, from 1 to eight ounces, wide and narrow mouth patent medicine and perfumery, do mustards cayennes Druggist's Shop furniture Confectioners shew bottles castor oil and dial wine and bitter bottles ground stoppered acids, Druggists' packing bottles wide and narrow mo. from half pint to two gallons, carboys from six to ten gallons, demijohns from quarts to five gallons half pint, pint, and quart flasks, quart and half gallon bottles, pickling and preserving jars snuff bottles, &c. &c.

Bottles and Vials, of any size and pattern made to order, at the shortest notice. Orders punctually attended to if addressed to the proprietor.

T. W. DYOTT, Philadelphia

☞ Notice.

I wish to purchase fifty NEGROES of both sexes from 6 to 30 years of age for which I will give the highest cash prices; those having such to dispose of would do well to give me a call before they sell to any one else as I am determined to give higher prices than any purchaser now in market, or may hereafter come; all communications addressed to me in Centreville on the subject will be immediately attended to by

ALEXANDER S JONES

February 8 1833

Blank Fieri Facias.