

OREGON SPECTATOR.

C. L. GOODRICH, EDITOR, PROPRIETOR AND PRINTER.

FREEDOM FROM ALL FOREIGN INFLUENCE, IS THIS OUR OWN DEAR NATION.

TERMS: FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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The Oregon Spectator;

(The first paper ever printed on the Pacific Coast.)

OREGON CITY, O. T.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO THE AMERICAN, MORAL, SOCIAL, LITERARY
AND AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS OF THE
PEOPLE OF OREGON.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY C. L.
GOODRICH, EDITOR, PROPRIETOR AND PRINTER.

The Spectator will ever be open to the free discussion of all subjects of sufficient interest to the people of this Territory. It will particularly strive to advance the interests of all American freemen, and will not oppose any Church or denomination, until it becomes apparent that their object is the taking of the government into their own hands, as a body, or, as a Church, of having our law making and office-holding at their disposal.

A moral tone will ever be a leading feature of the Spectator, and while its columns may be filled with useful, literary and social instruction, a strict regard for truth and morality will be observed.

Agriculture, as shall best advance the interests of Oregonians, will be a feature never neglected.

The fair and youth of our land, shall ever receive, to the former due respect, and to the latter all the assistance we can render in advancing their useful and moral education, and to instill into their minds the true American principles of our glorious Union.

Special care taken to note Territorial news, for the benefit of people in the United States and other countries.

TERMS: INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE

One copy, per annum \$2.00

" " for six months \$1.00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, 12 lines or less, one insertion, \$2.00

" " two insertions, \$4.00

For every additional insertion \$1.00

Professional and Business Cards, of 10 lines or less, \$25 per annum.

A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE

OR,

"Money of no Consequence."

BY C. L. GOODRICH.

Mr. Edward Singleton was one day seated in his room, deep communing upon the unfortunate position of bachelors in general, when a step was heard as under the stairs, and a moment after some one rapped loudly at the door.

"Come in."

The door flew open, and a young man hastily entered.

"Good morning, Ned," he cried, throwing himself into a chair. "I stopped in to inquire if you have received a card of invitation to old Mowbray's party this evening."

"I have."

"And of course you will attend?"

"No."

"What?" exclaimed the young man in surprise. "Ned Singleton, the gayest of the gay, refuse to attend the most brilliant party of the season. Impossible—Ned you are joking."

"I am not."

"But what are your motives for denying yourself this pleasure?"

"To be frank with you, Harry, I've had quite enough parties for the present. What I want is a wife."

His friend gave vent to a hearty laugh and said:

"The very reason why you should go to night. I dare be sworn that among the brilliant throng of youth and beauty that will be present, you can readily find a lovely being to whose care you would be willing to entrust your heart."

"True enough, but whether that particular one could be induced to deliver her in return, over to the custody of Ned Singleton, is to me a matter of extreme doubt."

"But you could at least make the trial; and if a refusal be the result no harm will be done?"

"But it would be extremely disagreeable, And if you will promise not to reveal it, I will entrust you with a secret."

"I will swear it, if necessary."

"Then I have to inform you that within the last two months, I have 'proposed' and been refused by three different ladies."

"Indeed?" exclaimed Harry, laughing in spite of himself, "and what reason did they assign for refusing your offer?"

"More than I can enumerate; but the principal one was my want of a fortune; and that, undoubtedly, spangs all the rest."

"Then you are determined on staying a way from the party to-night?" said Harry, rising to depart.

"Most resolutely."

"And are serious in wishing to obtain a wife?"

"I have come to no definite conclusion as to how you will proceed?"

"Precisely so."

"Then," replied his friend, "I would advise you to advertise for one; and with a merry laugh he left the room."

"And why not?" said Singleton mentally, as the sound of his friend's footsteps died away. "Why not, indeed? It would be an excellent plan; by Jove I will!" and he seated himself at his little table, he succeeded, in a short time, in producing the following:

MATRIMONIAL.—The advertiser, a young man of good moral character and fine attainments, is desirous of forming a matrimonial alliance with a lady between 19 and 24 years of age. She must be beautiful and accomplished, and possess an amiable disposition. Address, E. S., No—, Crescent Place, Boston.

"There," soliloquized Ned, as he finished, "that which will do; and sincerely do I hope it will be the means of procuring me a charming partner for life. For two years

have I been endeavoring to obtain a wife, but the lack of a fortune has been the main obstacle which has prevented the realization of my wishes. True, I have gained access into the very best society, and rendered myself agreeable to ladies of wealth and fashion; but to this extent only have I proceeded. They know I am not the inheritor of riches—that a petty Custom House office is all that I have to rely upon. I have hunted for wealth long enough; I will now try to win a heart! And so he added to his advertisement the following postscript:

"Money of no consequence."

Our hero immediately sent a copy to all the evening papers, with directions to have it inserted that day.

About two o'clock the following day, the postman brought nearly a dozen of notes directed to "Mr. E. S." Ned, who had been waiting with a sort of feverish impatience, hastened at once to his room, and with a fluttering heart was in the act of breaking the first seal, when a servant informed him that a lady was below who requested an interview with him. This was most annoying at such a moment, and he at first harbored serious intentions of turning her off without an audience; but his gallantry came to his aid before he had given the order, and he accordingly told him to show her up. With a sigh he sank into a seat, and laid the unopened letters upon the table. In a short time the servant returned, ushering in a lady who was closely veiled. Singleton offered her a seat, and politely inquired the object of her visit.

"Where are we going?" exclaimed Ned, suddenly perceiving that they were being driven in an opposite direction from the one they had come.

"I believe," she said, in a tone of singular洒脱ness, "that you are the gentleman who advertised for a wife."

"I am," he replied.

"May I inquire if you have yet selected one?"

"I have not; but I have just received a number of communications in reply to the advertisement; and he pointed towards the door of his room before him.

"Then I have arrived in time. I came to offer you myself."

Edward Singleton trembled violently at the announcement. He had not anticipated such a summary mode of operation, and consequently he became exceedingly embarrassed. The form of his fair visitor struck him as graceful and faultless; and when in conversation she raised her veil, he was literally struck dumb by her exceeding beauty. A pair of bright, dark eyes beamed up from him; beneath their long lashes, he saw a few stray ends of silken hair, falling upon her cheeks as she leaned slightly forward, gave a most bewitching appearance to her countenance, upon which he gazed with a look of open admiration, sent a thrill of pleasure to his heart that he had never before experienced. For a moment he seemed as if entranced; but the truth gradually broke upon him—he was in love!

"And have you really come to offer your services?" he exclaimed, "are you in earnest?"

"Why should you doubt it?" she asked in reply, with a captivating smile.

"I know not—but indeed, I had not expected her so severely—"

"Stop, stop—no flattery if you please."

"But I do not flatter—I speak the truth when I say that you are the most beautiful woman."

"You certainly do not mean to say that you are—"

"I mean to say that, since wealth is an obstacle to your happiness, I am the unluckiest possessor of eighty thousand dollars."

Ned was thunderstruck. For a long time had he been endeavoring to obtain a competence by marriage; but the effort proving fruitless, he had resigned all hopes of bettering his condition in that manner, and now, when his only ambition was to obtain an affectionate wife, one with heart and wealth had dropped unexpectedly into his possession. Suffice it is to say, he never regretted his hasty wedding.

But in uttering such a sentiment you wrong me."

"Wrong you?" In what manner?"

"In ascertaining that every lady of wealth is heartless."

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