

# Highly Priced Advertiser.

A Weekly Family Newspaper--Devoted to Literature, Local and General News, Agriculture, and the Markets.

BY ROBINSON & LOCKE.

PLYMOUH, O., FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 20, 1855.

VOLUME II. NO. 26

## THE ADVERTISER

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING  
At Plymouth, Ohio.  
BY ROBINSON & LOCKE.

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**Domestic Practice of Hydropathy,** with a form of a report for the assistance of patients in consulting their physicians by correspondence. By Ed. Johnson, M. D. \$1.50.

## Select Poetry.

### Loving and Forgiving.

O, loving and forgiving—  
Ye angels worth of earth,  
Years are not worth the living  
If ye two had not birth!

O, loving and forgiving—  
How sweet your missions here;  
The grief that yearns sharing  
Bath blessings in its fear.

O, stern and unforgetting,  
Ye evil words of life,  
That mock the means of living  
With never-ending strife.

O, harsh and unrepenting—  
How would ye meet the grave,  
If Heaven, as unrelenting,  
Forebore not to forgive?

O, loving and forgiving—  
Sweet sisters of the soul,  
In whose celestial living  
The passion still control;

Still breathe your influence o'er us,  
Whene'er by passion crossed,  
And, angel light, restore us,  
The Paradise was lost.

## Selected Miscellany

### The Mormon Wife.

I subjoin a curious and striking extract of a private letter from a lady, which has fallen into my hands, that touches upon a point of exceeding interest in the social relations of the Mormons, which, in the hands of a capable writer, might be expanded into a tale of surpassing power.—A perusal of the graphic and moving extract referred to, will show that I allude to the internal struggles of the early and devoted Mormon wife, with the full influence of the religious superstition that holds her in its fatal grasp.

It requires no great insight of perceive that it is the heaven of the womanhood of modern civilization among the Mormons, carried thither by them, which preserves that body from the feulence of utter corruption. It is an influence which is hourly growing weaker, as a matter of course, and must ultimately be overshadowed and destroyed by the growth of a system of false debauchery. I extract from the letter as follows:

"You ask me to give a little more in detail the incident in the case, that occurred as we were crossing the Alleghanies, of which I briefly spoke when we met. I could not half tell you the story now, after the six months which it impressed me has so nearly passed away, and if I could, it would not produce the effect it did upon me. I heard it after weeks of anxiety had weakened my system, when my long and wearisome journey had left me but the strength of a child, and my restless and excited mind seized upon it as if it were a subject by our own indifference to, and personal disconnection with it. A wrong done to another becomes an outrage when pressed upon ourselves. I had, through watching and fasting, become so etherealized as to lose sight of this selfish difference and to see my neighbor as myself.—I felt that all womanhood had been insulted and sacrificed in the person of 'Margaret.' It was duty not less than hers to avenge it. I could have seen the aggressor tumbling into the gorge of one of those mountain torrents, and considered it but retributive justice.

The Mormon elder came into our car, near the foot of the mountains, and sat near us. He would have been good-looking if he had looked good. He had a peculiar manner—it indicated such perfect satisfaction with himself and the world.—I heard him say he had gone to Salt Lake City before the first furrow had been turned in the ground. I listened, for who is not curious concerning that wonderful exploit? I heard him tell of their great temple and how it went on stone by stone, and with each the power of the devil grew less and less. How new proselytes came pouring in to swell the host that was waiting to receive the Christ when he should come to reign a thousand years upon the earth! He was a man of no great knowledge, but he had a natural gift for conversation, and gave a rapid and skillful outline of his subject in a way that interested you at once. When they grew dark he came and sat behind us. He had fallen into the hands of a gentleman whose dexterity in questioning led him to speak freely of himself, and so gradually they came to the 'peculiar institution.' He said the woman seldom cared to marry men of their own age, that their affections inclined toward the priests and elders. This convinced me that if the men are all hypocrites, the women are not wholly so, but that they do love for the exaltation of their souls.—My lawyer, for as I shall call the questioner, asked whether the women were not jealous of each other, especially the younger ones. The Saint answered, 'No.' 'Some few,' he continued, 'were a little difficult, but it was mostly confined to the young. To be sure his wife felt it when he married a second time, the rest had never cared. Did she care so very much? continued the lawyer. 'Oh, yes; I thought at first it would have killed her. You see when I became a convert, I did not understand that part of it, because my wife and I had been so happy together. We married early, and had scarcely been a day apart when I wanted to go to Salt Lake, she did not incline to go, because she did not see so clearly as I the truths of our great religion,—but the idea of my marrying was no hindrance. It did not occur to her as possible, and it was not for a

## THE MECHANIC'S HOME.

BY T. L. NICHOLAS, M. D.

One evening in the early part of winter the door bell rang with energy, and the servant announced a man who wished to see me. A 'man' is one thing with a servant, a 'gentleman' another, and a 'person' something different from either. The man stood in the hall, but I wondered why he had not been called a gentleman. I was puzzled where to place him myself. His dress was very neat but plain and rather coarse. His linen, that badge of refinement was white, in perfect order, and almost elegant. Everything about him seemed substantial; but nothing gave me a clue to his position in life. In all outward seeming he was simply a man.—When he spoke to me, his address was simple, clear, direct, and with a certain air of self-reliance.

"Doctor," said he, "I wish you to come and see my child. We fear he is threatened with the croup."

I put on my hat, and prepared to accompany him; for if the case were as he supposed, there was no time to lose. In this disease a single hour may make a life's difference.

In a moment we were in the street, and I walking briskly up one of our broad avenues. The child, he said, had been playing out of doors, had eaten heartily at supper, went to sleep, and awoke with a short time since very hoarse, with a choking cough. The case was a pretty clear one, and I hurried my walk still more, and in a few moments we were at the door. We went up—up—to the fourth story.—The last flight of steps was carpeted, and a small lamp at the top lighted us up. An excellent and very durable kind of mat lay at the door. You will see in time why I give these little particulars.

I entered the door, and was welcomed by a rather pretty and remarkably tidy woman, who could be nobody in the world but the wife of a man who had summoned me.

"I am glad to have you come so soon," she said, in a soft accent. "Little Willie seems so distressed that he can scarcely breathe; and the next moment, as we passed through a narrow passage to where he lay, I heard the unmistakable croupy sound that justly carries such terror to the parent's heart."

"Is it the croup, doctor?" asked the father, with a voice of emotion, as I bent over the child—a fine looking boy, three years of age.

"It certainly is the croup, and a pretty violent attack. How long it is since you thought him sick?"

"Not above an hour," was the calm reply. "It was made calm by a firm self-control. I looked at the mother. She was very pale, but did not trust herself to speak."

"There is probably little danger," I said, "but we have something to do. Have you the water here?"

The husband went to what seemed a closet, opened two doors, and disclosed a neat pine bathing tub, supplied with Croton. This was beyond my hopes; but I had no time to wonder. The little fellow was in a high fever, and laboring for every breath. Taking him from his crib, where he laid on a nice hair mattress, fit for a prince to sleep on, I took off his clean night clothes, stood him in the bath tub, and made his father pour full his neck and chest three pails of cold water, while I rubbed him briskly with my hand. He was then wiped dry, and rubbed until his whole body was in a flame. Then I wrung a large towel out of cold water, put it around his chest, and then wrapped him in blankets. The brave little fellow had born: it without complaint, as if he understood that under his father's eye no harm could come to him. In fifteen minutes after he was wrapped in the blankets he was in a profuse perspiration, in a sound slumber, and breathing freely. The danger was over—so rapid is this disease, and so easily cured.

Happiness had shed a serene light upon the countenance of the father, and thrown over the mother's face a glow of beauty. I looked upon them and was more than ever puzzled where to place them. There were no marks of high birth or superior breeding, nor the shadow of decaying gentility about them. It was rather the reverse, as if they were working up from low rank of life to a higher. I looked around the room. It was the bedroom. Everything in it was perfectly orderly.—The bed like the crib was excellent, but not expensive. The white counterpane did not cost more than ten shillings—yet how beautiful it looked! The white window curtains were shilling muslin, but their folds hung as richly as if they were damask—and how very appropriate they seemed! The bath with its snug-folding doors, I knew had not cost a punner's bill and all, more than ten dollars. The toilet table of an elegant form, a d comely covered, I had no doubt was a white pine, and cost half a dollar. The pictures on the wall were beautifully tinted lithographs, far better, than oil paintings I have seen in the houses of millionaires; yet they can be bought at from two to five shillings and a dollar apiece had framed them. The floor had a carpet, that seemed to match everything with its small, neat figure and light chamber color. It was a jewel of a room, in as perfect keeping in all its parts as if an artist had designed it.

Leaving the boy to his untrodden sleep, and giving directions for his bath on his waking, we went into the other room, which was differently but just as neatly arranged. It might have answered for a parlor, only that it had a cook stove; or an artist's studio, or a dining. It was hung with pictures—heads, historical pieces, and landscapes; all such as a man of taste could collect and buy cheap, but which like good books, are invaluable.

## THE MECHANIC'S HOME.

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And speaking of books, there was a hanging library on one side of the chimney, which a single glance assured me contained the very choicest treasures of the English tongue.

The man went to the bureau, opened the drawer, and took out some money. 'What is your fee, doctor?' he asked, holding the bills so as to select one to pay me.

Now I had made up my mind, before I got half way up the stairs, that I would wait to wait for my pay, perhaps never get it; but all this had changed. I could not, as I often did enquire into the circumstances of the man, and graduate my price accordingly. There he stood, ready to pay me, with money enough; yet it was evident that he was a man, and far from being wealthy. Nothing remained for me but to name the lowest fee.

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There was a hearty, respectful freedom about this that was irresistible. I put the note in my pocket, and the man, going to a door, opened it into a closet of moderate size, and displayed the bench and tools of a shoemaker.

"You must be an extraordinary workman," said I, looking around the room, which seemed almost luxurious; but when I looked at each item I found that it cost but very little.

"No, nothing extra. I barely manage to earn a little over a dollar a day. Mary helps me. With the house-work to do, and on my boy to look after, she earns enough to make our wages average eight dollars a week. We began with nothing—we live as you see."

All this comfort this respectability, this almost luxury for eight dollars a week! I expressed my surprise.

"I should be very sorry if I spent so much," said he. "We have not only managed to live on that, but we have something laid up in the savings bank."

"Will you have the goodness," said I, "just to explain to me how you do it?"

"For I was really anxious to know how a shoemaker and his wife, earning but eight dollars a week, could live in comfort and elegance and lay up money."

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"My name," he said, "is William Carter. My father died when I was found an apprentice to a shoemaker, with the usual provision of schooling. I did as well as boys do generally at school; and as I was very fond of reading, I made most of my spare time, and the advantages of the Apprentices' Library. Probably the books that helped me most were the sensible writings of William Cobbet. Following his example, I determined to give myself a useful education, and I have to some extent succeeded. But a man's education is a lifelong process; and the more I learn, the more I see I need more."

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And speaking of books, there was a hanging library on one side of the chimney, which a single glance assured me contained the very choicest treasures of the English tongue.

The man went to the bureau, opened the drawer, and took out some money. 'What is your fee, doctor?' he asked, holding the bills so as to select one to pay me.

Now I had made up my mind, before I got half way up the stairs, that I would wait to wait for my pay, perhaps never get it; but all this had changed. I could not, as I often did enquire into the circumstances of the man, and graduate my price accordingly. There he stood, ready to pay me