

ASKING LEAVES TO ZOLL

HONORED SIR:—Hope that you will be pleased to pardon the boldness of a poor man who wants to keep his wife and children, I take up my pen to write.

And, honored sir, I hope you will forgive me if I say I feel a little happy that I am able to put a few words to paper,—it being a sort of comfort to a man, however poor he may be.

My boldness, honored sir, is this. It is, under your favor and consideration, that of your kindness, to let me have an answer of four or if I am too bold in asking a whole acre, half or quarter of the same. I know that it may be thought high and daring in me, to ask for such a favor, seeing that your estates are let out in large farms. It is, perhaps, a presumption and—as I've been told—a sort of slipping in the face of propriety, for a man who isn't rich enough to give a thousand acres; who has not money enough for cutting and bounding, and all that—to think of having a little slice of land, just to give a few things on for himself and child, and glad to give for them who can have a lot of it, or none. Nevertheless, sir, I hope for your kindness. I've been, all along used to go to church, and though I hope I may be forgiven for it, I have not been these two months, seeing that my clothes are all in such rags, that, as one of the church-wardens told me, they were quite a disgrace to a respectable congregation.

Well sir, I used to go to church, and I have been twenty thousand acres or so—perhaps the gentlemen who set their faces against small estates, know it to have been a large farm indeed, and so think they have religion on their side, when they refuse a poor man a little patch for his own space. I know that it was made a part of the punishment of sin—a part of the curse of heaven—that man should eat his bread in the sweat of his face. That, however wicked he may have been, he should not on his own account be suffered to eat his bread all day, does seem to me—and my heart is so full, I can't help saying it—very hard, a cruel thing that he should be punished so, when he has done nothing but what he has a right to do, when other people have been damned all. I hope, however, sir, you will forgive these words; but my pen runs away with you, please.

When I ask, honored sir, for this bit of land, I mean, of course, to pay the very highest price you can get for it. I know that land let out in little bits is always made to fetch more than when by the lump. This, of course, the poor must expect. It is so in all countries. My wife gives for her bit of soap and candle, which she can buy by the pound, less than they can be had by such things by the pound, like respectable people. And it isn't to be expected that a poor landlord, even though he may be a duke by birth, will do other than the keeper of a chandler's shop.

No, sir, though my neighbors say that I'm a bold fellow, and have strange notions running in my head, I don't expect that.

If people were so foolish as to think others, there would never have been such a noise about a gentleman who said, "if he let a jug of beer for fivepence who he could get eightpence for; he should be giving a shilling to the tenant." The gentleman only said what was true, the gentleman only said what nearly all the world do with one another every day of their lives. I was reading in a London newspaper that was sent me a day or two ago, where all sorts of things were advertised to be sold one under the other: coats and waistcoats, and trousers for almost no money at all. Well, the people who buy such things for nothing, they think that the things they are made, that's not their concern—all they want, as a duty to themselves and families, is to get a cheap garment; or, if it were to wrap themselves comfortably up in a bargain and then go with their prayer-books to church to show it. If we could ever think that the time would come when folks would bargain with folks, as though because they'd money to buy, they'd eat their fellow-creatures.

It isn't, I need not hold in my such fellow-creatures; if we could ever hope for such a time, why, sir, then this world would be much nearer heaven than, perhaps, poor men have right to expect. And yet, sir, church has puzzled me now and then. When the parson has said to us that we are all made of earth, I have, I own it, now and then, looked into a fivepence two, add—if it's a sin, I hope I may be pardoned for it—and I have sometimes doubted it. To be so rare, so so different; the better sort of folks may be the rich and loamy and all the poor, the tilled soil, only fit for raising.

Still, sir, folks say that things are brightening up for the poor. There are a good many signs of it. Only last autumn, I'm told, three real lords played at cricket somewhere with some shopkeepers. A man in our village, who's reckoned to know something—has said it isn't unlikely that in less than twenty years we shall have no more than in quilts or robes, and all the things they wear, but it's all come to us, it must lead to good things.

For of course the matter won't stop there. The quires, after making us familiar, will look in at the men's houses, will talk with their wives and little ones about their food, will see their clothes, and such like—giving them all a good word and a good will. Their wives will say, "This is a very nice suit of clothes." This is a very nice matter; otherwise, for my part, I don't think they're of great good use. Politicians are

thing, and some times warm a poor man's heart more than he can tell it; but politicians, itself won't put a tatio on the plate when there isn't any. Folks can't eat quits and foot-bills.

And now, sir, I hope you will be so good as to let me have this bit of land. It will, I mean, be quiet and no other. Yes, sir, I don't know how it can be—be somehow at times I don't feel a man at all. I seem, as if I had no business in the world; as if I was a sort of load or slug upon the soil; an interloper on the land, having no right even to make a blot on it.—The sun doesn't seem to shine for me—nor the wheat to shoot—nor the hedge-flowers to blow. I feel sometimes as if poverty in this world was made the mark of Cain, and was upon me; with this hard difference, too, that my wife might snite me for it.

And then, sir, the temptations that by and by come about me. I mean the game, sir. Many a time, when I've heard the pheasant cry, it has some how sounded—though not a bit like it—like one of my children crying for food, and then for a minute my brain has been in a blaze, and I'd have done anything. When things are at the worst, and starvation is for a day or two, and the devil is something like him, has sent the hutes running about me, as though upon purpose to be knocked down with a stick. It's a hard matter, sir, to keep one's hands off a dimer running at one's feet—a dimer that it's hard to think belongs to any body in particular.

And therefore, honored sir, I do hope for a bit of land. If it's no bigger, one may say, than a hark's ruff, like the lark I know I can whistle upon it and be happy. And so, honored sir, asking your pardon for my boldness, as a poor man, in thinking of such a thing.

I remain yours humbly to command.

ARTHUR WAZZ.

The Landlord's Answer

ANAL. WOOD.—Had you known anything of the true principles of political economy, you would never have written such a letter to me, a landowner. Know that it is much better for you that you should not have even a quarter of an acre—thats it is for the social good of all, that you should remain as you are.

THEORETICAL CANALS, Bart.

A HARD CASE.

An incident occurred not long since in one of the remotest streets of our city, which at any time would have been considered trifling, but which in these temperance days is indeed most passing strange. A young man whose fathering a year or two since, left him a fortune of \$30,000, was sent to drive up to the residence of his family in a cab, so heavily intoxicated; so awful in appearance, as to strike every one with abhorrence. He was without hat or coat, and the rest of his scanty clothing was torn to pieces and covered with dirt, while from the frightful gashes on his head, the blood streaming down over his face, made a terrible and revolting spectacle.

Such an object to present itself on the Sabbath at the house of a mother! And this is a wine-drinker, one who we doubt not has always been a strenuous advocate for "an occasional glass"—that occasional glass which is the source and origin of all the damning evils that blotted drunkenness accumulates upon its head.

This young gentleman, not yet twenty-three years of age, thus attired in his tattered and bloody habiliments, picked from the city of the pavement, and then staggered up the steps that led to his mother's dwelling. What a sight, cruel enough! But fortunate that poor mother was spared the appalling exhibition. The family had just gone to church, and the son was denied admittance by his servants. This refusal enraged the drunkard, who in attempting to force the shutters, pined down by the hinges with them. He upon this called the pavement, and then staggered up the steps, from whence he was taken into the house and subsequently removed to the hospital. This really frightful scene was witnessed by a crowd of several hundred persons, drawn together by the ravings of the drunken madman. His history, brilliant, brief, and sad, should furnish a powerful lesson to the gentlemanly young tars, who are so conceitedly following in the same path.—Philadelphia, Missouri.

TROMAS W. DORR is released from the Rhode Island Jail. I am sincerely rejoiced at it. It was a tyrant confinement.

And the release shows that the humanity of the people is getting an influence that goes through dungeon walls. I care nothing for the politics of the two parties—only, I think the "Law and Order" Party the most tyrannical and the bravest against them. I hope the others will succeed, and get that Dorro out of prison, and I hope his will never take the oath of allegiance. He will be made strong without any of their franchises. Let him now for Rhode Island liberty than can be won or lost by Rhode Island cannon.—The Herald of Freedom.

On Saturday evening at Worcester, California, on the occasion of a commemoration of the release of Thomas W. Dorro, by mismanagement in loading a discharge took place before the ram was withdrawn, by which two men were seriously injured—one a young man named James Dorro, died on Sunday morning.

Ma. Emory.—Having been permitted to furnish a relation to the Navy, which if you deem worthy, I hope you will insert in the "Voice."

THE U. S. NAVY.

Next to the military system, I think I may safely say, and that without exaggeration in the minutest point of view. That there is no institution of the U. S. Government so unparalleled in sin and wickedness as its navy; called the right arm of its defence. And I think there is no institution attended with as much expense, and as little benefit; and as much injury to the morals; and the pecuniary interest of the country at large, as its navy.—Millions of dollars are annually drained from the pockets of the poor laborers, and are expended in supporting one of the filthiest and blakest institutions of cruelty and wickedness that ever cursed the American nation.

I say the hard carved wages of northern industry are squandered away by Congress in supporting a lawless, unprincipled set of pro-slavery aristocrats, of wealthy and influential parents! who have been educated for their cradles to believe that man is to be furnished with brutes, if he is not possessed of a fortune sufficient to support him without labor. I mean its officers, who are allowed by Congress to take the law into their own hands, and use it at their own discretion. Yet some will say, in supporting any of the hundreds in supporting and defending the liberty of our country. I think if they would say that it is indispensable in perpetuating the tyranny that so much predominates over liberty, it would sound a little more sensible.

Must twelve thousand men be kept in slavery in order to support the Government? If so, then, let it fall. It is based on such wretched principles, as to require such a tyrannical institution as the navy to keep from falling, then the sooner it falls the better. It was only written before last, that a bill came before Congress, providing that the inferior judicial and executive officers might be dismissed, and it was voted down to a great majority. Now, I ask, what justice is there in this? placing a temptation before them, and then whipping them like brutes for yielding to it? I do not scruple to say, that two thirds of the punishments that are inflicted on our sailors by the officers, if traced back, the blame would come on the officers themselves; for their haughty contemptible treatment towards the sailors. They will irritate them until their animal passions become excited, and heated up to such a pitch, that they can no longer control themselves, and consequently break out in disobedience to the officers, or offend them, for which they are brutally flogged. While the officer, who is the means of all this, is allowed to go unpunished. Now, are doing his laws, and such treatment right? Is it so wrong we would be done? Are they justified in the sight of heaven? I know that every individual who has the feelings of a man, will say that they are not. Go on board of those boiling dens of sin when the boatswain's call summons all hands to witness punishment, and there see your fellow man, brought to the gangway, whipped by order of the humanity, and then sent to the navy, by his feet held high, and lashed to the bilboes, and there, almost at the base of Bunker Hill Monument; with his locks floating in the breeze, and freedom ensign waving over his head, he is flogged with the cat of nine tails, swung by the strong muscular arm of the boatswain's mate, until the blood flows freely from his lacerated back.

Such a system should be treated with scorn and contempt by every free citizen of humanity. And if our will gladly bid the sins of the navy, and every other institution that tends to pervert and crush mankind, not only in this country, but throughout the world, shall cease to exist.

BEWARE OF IMPOSITION.

M. EDWARDS.—It is indeed truly astonishing to look around, and see the imposition that is practiced in the almost innumerable ways upon the people of this country, and indeed of every country. It seems as though every man was studying to find the most ways to deceive, and impose upon his fellow man. Go where you will, you will find deception has been there before you. Among the blood-thirsty Cavaliers of the Pecco Islands—the wild Indians of the forest—and even among the (so called) free and enlightened people of our own country, we find that deception and imposition has been, and is now constantly practiced.

But probably the most notorious instances of this kind are to be seen in the arts and ingenuity of their tricks than the New England Yankee.

Passing by Wooden Nutmegs, Vegetable Pills, Hard Coal Indigo, and a great variety of Yankee impositions, we would particularly notice that practiced by a certain class of persons calling themselves agents. These persons procure samples of different papers and Magazines, as the case may be, and go about the country, pretending to be agents for the work they show. Many have been detected and signified (treacherously) by the proprietors of the periodicals they carry. They they show, and subscribe their names, pay the money in advance and that is the last they see of either agent, money or paper. This kind of imposition has been the last few years, have been extensively carried out here. New England States. The subscribers to these papers have learned to

look upon every one so equipped as imposters; and of late, it has become so common, that people who have been so imposed upon, have become almost engaged; and read agents are not treated with decency. The blaine of course cannot be laid to the people; it is these mean pretending agents, who should be made to stand to the full extent of the law for swindling people out of their working wages.

"This is probably as much of an injury to the publisher as to the people; for oftentimes the people think the fault is with the publishers, for not advertising, and cautioning them against these imposters. As it is, we think that nearly all publications have too many agents; and if we were to give our advice, we would say, let every paper or periodical have few, and continually advertise their agents; for certain is, that if something is not done to prevent this imposition, many a well conducted, and valuable print will suffer for want of paying the agents their working wages. There is within a few weeks, which have been advertised out of ten to forty dollars," each, by these miserable pretenders.

We have also known several worthy, honest, young men who have taken agencies for publications, traveled a short time and given it up; because, people who otherwise would, did not subscribe, for fear of imposition.

To add to the rest, several new publications have started, sent out their agents, enjoyed a short life and died; and those who paid in advance, were of course sufferers. Several times, calling themselves the friends of the laborer, for not working under adequate wages; many a hard laboring man has paid his dollar, perhaps received a few papers, and perhaps not, and probably the next he hears is, that it has run down. Thus has the confidence of the people been destroyed; suspicion, and sometimes disgust, takes its place. But as I have already trespasssed to much upon your paper, I close, by hoping that the Voice, if any other will be so conducted as to gain and continue the confidence, esteem and patronage of all true workmen, and lovers of truth.

G. W. C.

VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

What We Labor for.—The abolition of slavery and the prevalence of industry, virtue and intelligence.

THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1845.

TO THE WORKING PEOPLE AND SINFUL FAIRS, or NEW-ENGLAND. We ask your attention for the last time, at present, to the pecuniary concerns of our paper, hoping that our call will not fall upon indifferent ears, or be read with neglect and forgetfulness.

As we stated in our introductory address, our object in bringing into existence and continuing the "Voice of Industry," never was prompted by any desire of personal aggrandizement, or self-emolument; but by a sincere regard for the best possible good of the class whose true interests it advocates, and a hearty wish to promote the true principles of universal charity, goodwill, just, equal and productive industry among mankind. As we approximate towards such a state of society, will our country and world be better, our race enjoy the happiness their natures crave, and the fruits of our labor yield rational pleasure and a christian satisfaction? To bring about so desirable a state of things, we must use means—means adapted to the object we wish to accomplish—and what is more potent and effectual in all great warfare than the Press?

The press is the great engine which moves the moral, political and religious world. It has scattered abroad destruction, blight and misery, and it has borne the balm "for the healing of the people." There is no way by which mind will act upon mind and community with so great facility and power as through the medium of the press. Politicians, sectarians, and all various agitators and reformers of the day, are well aware of this fact, and consequently the press is their favorite resort, through which they can reach and elicit the attention of the people. Therefore we call upon the working people to rally around the press—not because we are publishing a workingman's paper, but because it is the most efficient means within your power to protect your rights, throw off the incubus of unjust servitude which is fast weighing you down, and to develop your own condition as men.

The moral and intellectual beings, through the press let your voices be heard, throughout the land on all questions, which affect your well-being, and in this way exert the influence which your stations demand, instead of remaining silent spectators, while avarice and unholty power are doing their deeds of darkness, or using you as dupes to accomplish their favorite ends.

The "Voice of Industry," has now reached its eighth number and its reception has been all we could expect for a workingman's paper. We have no high sounding boasts to make or visionary anticipations to cherish, but to all who have seen the Voice, it will speak for itself; and to all others interested for its prosperity, and the success of the cause in which we are engaged—we say earnestly and hopefully, give it the same goodly notice which has been, and will be long as it remains in our charge, open, frank and fear-

less, if it should receive that support which a workingman's paper ought to receive, which all its readers can ask for or require.

The great mission of the Voice upon the sea of public existence, is to oppose the many grievous evils which afflict the working classes, and to battle with the great flood of error, which is overwhelming our land and the world, swallowing up the happiness of our people and reducing a large portion of our workingmen and women, to slavery, squal and drudgery, by a free rule and lot in unsatisfying degrading luxury. We shall also give you readers a variety of miscellaneous matter, news items, statistical and such other information as will interest, inform and be of value to our working friends in all conditions or circumstances, always evading that which tends to corrupt and vitiate the public mind. We also contemplate, as soon as a sufficient encouragement is given of devoting a portion of our paper to scientific inquiries, respecting the various arts and trades, their rise, progress and their improvements—the best means of sustaining, and protecting them, which cannot fail to elicit the attention of the mechanic, artisan, farmer and all other sons and daughters of industry. Now when it is recollected that we are all workmen, who earn our substance by our daily toil; the importance of our receiving the aid and support of our brother workmen and all interested in the just distribution of earth's blessings becomes very apparent. If the workmen of New England expect to accomplish anything in the work which they have undertaken, they must sustain papers, devoted to their cause. Papers that can and will speak freely, fearlessly, and untrammelled, by papers devoted from noble principle to justice and the good of man. To this subject, we seriously call your attention—as you value your rights, and as you regard the good of your fellow-men and posterity so you may act. If the "Voice of Industry" is what you want, give it your cheerful and hearty support;—if not, will you enable us, to make it better? We ask the attention of the christian and philanthropist to their enterprise. You can expect to improve the moral and intellectual condition of the world and elevate mankind, while a large portion are groveling in poverty and degradation; their physical and temporal rights disregarded and trampled upon and their natures violated and degraded? Can men become christians and moralists, while they instantiate love of power and wealth overrules and stifles all their regard for the laws of God and their neighbors?

We ask the statesman if he can expect to see a happy, virtuous, republican and an intelligent nation, where men are slaves to wealth and fictional usurers; where the principles of justice and equality are trampled upon, and honest poverty is scorned and loaded with contempt? If so let us go on with our system of plunder and at the present rate, our nation will become a republican paradise, and our people fit subjects for heavenly rest; but if otherwise, let us stop and consider our condition and future destiny. To the workmen who have thus far stood by us (among whom are some generous souls,) we tender our heartfelt thanks, hoping they will continue firm and stout hearted in the great battle for equal and just rights. We are distant with their circumstances, give us farther aid and support. And to all our patrons, without distinction of party, condition, sex, or color, we tender the acknowledgments for their favors, and ask a continuation of the same, trusting their influence will be exerted in circulating this paper (the Voice) throughout the New England States; that it may prove an able champion of the workingman's rights, unswerving in the maintenance, and unflinching in the execution of that which should gladly see its destruction.

We would inform the editor of the Sentinel, who is not altogether culpable for the bad issue has made of his own idea, that we shall so far depart from his monthly example, as to refuse being drawn into a low personal controversy, both unproductive and dishonorable.

Our time and paper are too valuable to be wasted in answering articles so devoid of sense and wit as have graced the editorial corner of that paper for the last two weeks. In noticing the "Legal sution" article from the Sentinel, we made no attack whatever, farther than the principle demanded. We simply expressed the error he was committing down upon the "Legal sution" style, and pointing out the gross ignorance and want of information for this we were assailed with a charge of fourth rate blackguardism, which should shame any man, especially one who claims for himself so much decency. Our remarks last week, were purely out of good will; hoping that we might raise the dictionary editor's self respect, and show him the littleness he had been guilty of.

With regard to the "first and second paragraphs" we advise the Sentinel to take more care in looking into the lexicon, and if he has any reasonable grounds, we will discontinue that gross and libellous article, which is not dishonorable.

We hope the Sentinel has any regard for his high standing and the feelings of his friends, he never will be caught again in such a hair-splitting trick, so humiliating in its results. Should the Sentinel, the party of his assistants wish to disclose the name of his untruthful and fraudulent editor, or any man worthy the name, our columns are ready and we have some facts relative to the real

POETRY

To see her again, I drew from her the fact of the engagement. I became furiously angry...

A MODERN "MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."—An Eastern correspondent in a gossiping epistle to the Editor, gives us this little epistle in his personal history...

When in her garb of boscaie blue, Richly gem'd with glittering dew, She gages the field of light advances...

TO PROVE, THE LETTERS I submitted to a candid world. He has refused to keep anything to drink but bad-dice whiskey...

He has refused to set upon his table for honor anything but turnip-soup, with a little tough beef and sour crout, which are not...

He has refused to let his only ser'nant, blundered Joe, put more than six grains of coffee in any gallon of water.

He has turned loose a multitude of musquitos to assail us in the peaceful hours of the night and eat our substance.

He has kept up in our fields and broadlands standing armies of merciless savages whose rule of warfare is undistinguished destruction.

He has excited domestic insurrection against us by setting his negroes to work on the same level of his dinner, whereby there is often the very verge to pay.

He has waged cruel war against nature here, by feeding our horses with broom-straw, and carrying them off to drink where swine refuse to pass.

He has protected one-eyed Joe in his villany in the robbery of our jugs, by pretending to give him a mock trial, after sharing with him the spoil.

He has sent off our trade with foreign ports to be brought his own bad-dice whiskey, and will allow the same to be imported from the most barbarous ages, but he has known to drink our foreign spirits, and fill up our bottles with his own dice potations.

He imposed taxes upon us to an enormous amount without our consent and without any rule but his own arbitrary will and pleasure.

A landlord, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant and a master, unfit to keep a boarding house for a Cherokee Indian.

For he has been waiting in our attentions to Mr. Big and Sally. We have appealed to the law, but the law is blind and unjust; we are therefore debarred the voice of justice; we are therefore, constrained to hold all three of the parties alike inimical to our well being and regardless of our comfort.

We therefore make this solemn declaration of our final separation from our landlord, and cast our defiance in his teeth.

A recent town meeting, in Newburyport, a farmer's tongue made the following remarks touching the dog law...

"Mr. Speaker: I am opposed to all such oppressive edicts. One Shlyock hath said: 'You take my house, you take the prop; that doth sustain my house, you take the hip; when you take the means whereby I live, I have but little, 'tis true but I want that little guard, which my dog does faithfully. When business is dull—money scarce, and wood high I have to keep my children a-bay to prevent their freezing—the dog lays at the foot, and keeps their little feet warm as a pug; and good little work, loose come home with a good tin-kettle, tied to his tail—which I were very thankful for—as our dogs were worn out—and who knows but the next time he will bring the apt and skewers—perhaps a loin of veal!'"

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The Salubrious (N. C.) Watchman tells story of a tavern keeper, who having grown rich by selling whiskey, had for some time been laying by from his duties, and for some time had declared, that during one crowded session of the court, they with the accord bore him loving him the following parody on the Declaration of Independence.

"When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a half-bred, imposed-upon set of men, to dissolve the bond of landlord and barter, and decent respect for the opinion of mankind requires that should declare the earth, and all that therein is, to be the property of the salubrious."

BANK NOTE TABLE

The bills of all the Banks in New England State, are received at the rate of 90 per cent.

The Suffolk Bank transmits all the business relating to the bills of the above named banks.

Table with columns for Bank Name, Location, and Note Rate. Includes Agricultural Bank, Bank of Montreal, Bank of New York, etc.

New Hampshire.

Table for New Hampshire with columns for Bank Name and Note Rate.

Vermont.

Table for Vermont with columns for Bank Name and Note Rate.

Massachusetts.

Table for Massachusetts with columns for Bank Name and Note Rate. Includes Bank of Montreal, Bank of New York, etc.

Rhode Island.

Table for Rhode Island with columns for Bank Name and Note Rate.

Connecticut.

Table for Connecticut with columns for Bank Name and Note Rate.

United States Bank Bills.

Table for United States Bank Bills with columns for Bank Name and Note Rate.

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