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Interesting Miscellany.

VANITY IN DRESS.

In his original creation man was formed to manifest his God-like appearance without the showy appendage of dress; but the fall having its effect upon nature in an entire revolution upon the earth, rendered it necessary that a covering should be adopted. But in process of time what was at first adopted as a matter of necessity and decency, degenerated with the weak minded and vain into a love of display. This was manifested in a most conspicious manner not merely in the dress, but in the ornaments attached, so that in process of time, what at first was a garment, became a mass of tinkling ornaments. Not only were those ornaments attached to the dress, but also placed on parts of the person, where no covering was necessary, such as rings on the fingers, and the ears and with some nations, as among many Indian tribes, and other savage nations of our time, the nose and even the lips, were bored and filled, with barbaric ornaments.

That among the earliest times this was customary, we can see from Eleazar, the steward of Abraham, showing to Rebecca his appreciation of her kindness, he placed upon her a large amount of jewelry worn by the Egyptians that the quantity borrowed by the Israelites, without the intention of returning, was called spoiling the Egyptians, or equivalent to a very great and serious loss. In a nation so rich as Egypt, the amount of jewelry thus collected must have been very great to seriously affect their wealth. The Israelites retained the same love of barbaric splender during their existence in a national capacity, and retain it to this day as there is scarcely a Jew peddler that cannot display upon his person much valuable jewelry.

The boring of the ears is retained at this time among the most civilized people, although limited chiefly to females; it is a foolish remnant of barbarism and should be abolished. Indeed, in the more intelligent and refined classes of society, it is so looked upon and abandoned, yet many cling to it with such tenacity that they bore the ears of even little babes, thus, in reality, disfiguring them for life, and torturing them cruelly and uselessly. We do not object to wearing jewelry, indeed, we like to see it tastefully arranged upon the person, but we object to mutilating the ears, which are, if well proportioned, the handsomest ornament of the face, but the stretching them with hoops of gold or glass diamonds, distorts and spoils their proportion.

The ornamenting of dress and dressing neatly and handsomely, is right and necessary to avoid singularity in society, but when carried to excess, as it is by brainless fops, and too many ladies, who have no other way to attract attention degenerates it into the vulgar vice of vanity. Where we see the person uselessly covered with showy masses of costly dress, we may safely infer that there is a great weakness in the internal formation of the brain; indeed, when we see a lady sweeping the sidewalk with flowing masses of costly silk, we always consider it as a sign hung out, stating—"I have not intelligence, good sense or other useful attraction to captivate the mind, I therefore will captivate the eye with outward show."

Nature is in these matters an excellent teacher; every thing which she presents as the most useful, is the simplest dressed to the eye. The violent is a plain and simple flower, but is superior to all others in fragrance, while the gorgeous dahlia, is without any pleasant odor.—The rose, in its wild state, is a simple flower, but its fragrance fills the surrounding air with sweetness, but cultivate it so as to make it showy, and it loses all. The peacock and the bird of paradise, are the most gorgeous of feathered creatures, yet are destitute of any other quality, except such as is disagreeable. The thrush robin and mocking bird, are most plainly dressed, but who of us have not listened with enraptured delight to their glorious notes. Who would exchange the sweet singing mocking bird for the most gorgeously plumed peacock with his harsh voice? In selecting a male assistant, no sensible person will chose a man because his hat is faultless and his clothing, shows more care than his mind. No person who desires a happy partner for life, will select a lady because she wears upon her person a dry goods store, or jewelry shop.

Vanity in dress is the name of barbaric absurdity, and when we see it on the increase, we argue a degeneracy, which can only be checked by intelligence.

[FOR THE TRUE AMERICAN.]

Western Sketches.

MUSCATINE, IOWA, Jan. 10, 1858.

MR. EDITOR:—*The True American* reaches me punctually each week, keeping me posted on affairs in Steubenville, and its contents are of great interest to me. Meanwhile, I propose to say something to your readers, in an humble way, about Iowa generally, and Muscatine in particular, so far as my knowledge goes, which, though limited, is sufficient to convince me that the west is considerable exaggerated in the east, especially in regard to its cities. While I acknowledge that the cities of the west grow fast, with a due regard for truth, I must say that New York and London still have a slight chance at predominence, and in all probability will not be compelled to acknowledge their inferiority for some months to come. It is a notorious fact, that some men "interested" have endeavored to convey the idea that Iowa, in general with the West, has greater natural advantages, and is inhabited by a more enterprising class of citizens than the older states—this has been done by speculators who, not willing to let "good enough alone," have gulled the people with overwhelming stories and caused men who were well situated in their old homes to leave, and try new ones in the West—mistaken mortals.

Taking an opposite view, and scraping up facts favorable to the West, it has, I think, been considerably slandered on some points. For instance, the weather has been represented as being exceedingly cold, which is to some degree the truth, but I have seen colder days in Ohio, than I have as yet, in Iowa. I speak for this part of Iowa—Muscatine county, which is rather in the southern part of the state.

The Mississippi is now open at this point, although it froze over in November, not however firm, enough to allow pedestrians to cross on the ice.

Muscatine county has some beautiful land, and the farmers will in time be able to do their work with greater ease than in more hilly and rugged states where the land is not so favorable to the use of machines, indeed they are used here *now* almost altogether by the more extensive farmers. Although wood is burned to a great extent in Muscatine, coal is easily obtained, part of it coming from Rock Island county, Ill., which lies opposite this place. Wages are better in this country than they are in Ohio, but the price of living is something higher also.

Taking a stand between the advantages and disadvantages of this country, I think it is decidedly "some," if not "more," and may say as has been said before, that "it is the place for a young man, or any man of limited means," for being a new country, it is not so flooded with "old fogyism." Homes can be bought here for less than in the east, and will in course of time, be equal to the best. But to a man established in life,—"don't subject yourself to the inconveniences of a new country."

Iowa, like her sister States, is a victim of the general financial revulsion, and although destitute of incorporated banks, is overflowed with "shinplasters," the insecurity of which will perhaps come down heavy on a number of business men in Muscatine. Nebraska "wild cats" have had quite an extensive circulation here, but the people are getting afraid of them, and handle them with caution.—The newspapers hereabouts keep us such a spirited discussion, on this subject, that a person might be led to think that the editors were wild cats themselves. True, Muscatine has been blessed with few suspensions, break-ups, &c., but accounts of the suspension of business men and of newspapers throughout the state are very common.

The State election having passed off to the success of the Republican party, the principal political topic—with the exception of some excitement about Douglas' "great speech"—is the Iowa Senatorship. It is generally thought that Gov. Grimes will be the man, although some Republicans are in favor of knocking him into "pi." S. E. J.

If the Bible were a weekly journal, how many communications would it receive signed, "A constant reader?"

Query—What kind of a whip does a ship use when "driving before the wind?"

First Rate Love Story.

[FROM THE NEW YORK PRESS.]

COURTNEY DASHWOOD.

[CONCLUDED.]

They had recently commenced reading Shakspeare. The subject for the day's reading was "Romeo and Juliet."

He began. His voice was rich and melodious, wafting the magic words of the great poet with double force to the ears of his auditors. At first, he read well, but calmly; soon fired with the subject he rose, and declaimed as he proceeded. His auditors scarcely breathed. Their eyes were fixed anxiously on his face. They hung, as it were, upon his lips, under the double power of the song, the voice. He paused not. Though he had read the play before, he was as deeply interested as they—to whom it was new. Presently he sank almost breathless, on the seat, whilst Leonora and Frances in vain strove to conceal their tears.

"What nonsense!" suddenly cried Frances, rising, and breaking in upon the charmed silence, which had lasted several minutes, "how weak we are to grieve at imaginary evils! I shall go and pick flowers, while you moralize over the sorrows of Juliet and Romeo, who got into all their troubles by disobeying their parents. Good bye."

And she left them alone, under the influence of one of the most enervating and passionate of Shakspeare's many tales.

There was still silence as they sat, each brooding on their own thoughts.

"Leonora," cried Courtney, suddenly, as he placed himself by her side, "I can control my feelings no longer Why should I conceal them? There is a voice in the air, in the blue heaven, on the earth beneath, which bids me love; the accents of passion are whispered by the birds which sing around us. Leonora, my heart is full to bursting. I must speak or die. I can restrain myself no more. Cousin, dearest, hear me. Ever near you—by day gazing on your perfections, by night dreaming of them—you have become my universe, my soul, my every thing. I feel within me the high aspirations, the burning thoughts, the will which makes man do daring deeds, that lead to renown. But I must have an object—a reward; and that object, that rewards—is you, I have no other."

She would have checked him. But he raised his hands and eyes imploringly, and proceeded:

"Hear me out, the pent up torrent must find vent. I must speak or die."

And with that native eloquence which true passion gives, he spake. When the young are above peurilities, when their's is no parrot whining, learned by rote out of novels, when it is really the heart which speaks, the first gush of their love is a glorious sunrise, as bright, as beaming as effulgent, as the ordinary passion of modern boys is vapid, ridiculous and sensual. The rate at which we live makes half our youth believe that the heart has spoken when the senses only are alive.

Bewildered, astonished, taken utterly by surprise, Leonora heard him. It would have been difficult to have checked the voluble flow of words which burst from the caged recesses of his heart. In a voice half inarticulate at times from anxiety and passion, he told his day dreams, his hopes, his fears.

"Your love, or the world is an utter blank," he said at length. "I am at your mercy, Leonora. Do not reject the prayer of one who lives but for you."

"Courtney," said Leonora, in low, sweet accents—accents that went to his very heart—"I have been too much in your society not to appreciate, as all must who know you, your very many good qualities. Perhaps I have been to blame or this would not have happened. I will not deny that I have been as faulty as yourself. We have associated too much together, considering that the time is fast approaching when I am to be *your brother's wife*."

Courtney turned deadly pale, and leaned against the bench for support. In the selfish pursuit of his own ideas he had utterly ignored the past.

"You—my—brother's—wife!" gasped he.

"The arrangement has been made, and 'tis too late now to alter it," replied Leonora, in as calm accents as she could assume.

"You do not love me!" cried the passionate youth.

"My God!" said the girl, tears gushing to her eyes, "will he then force me to speak. I, too, have been living in a guilty Paradise. If it will please you to know it, learn that the insidious poison—for poison it is—has invaded my heart also. Your fatal passion is returned.—Hush! I speak thus frankly because it is the first and last time we must ever speak on the subject. I am the affianced of another, and that other one dear to you. His honor and happiness concern us all. He has trusted us and we have deceived him. Let us deceive him no more. Courtney, it must be so. We must associate less together, or I must have a solemn pledge that this topic shall never be renewed. On his return, *he must know all.* This one involuntary burst of grief he might forgive—a continuation of it would be criminal."

"He may release you," began Courtney, "and then."

"I am his wife," said Leonora proudly, "when he shall claim me. I can hear no more."

"Cold heartless girl," he exclaimed, casting himself at her feet, "will nothing move you?"

"My love you cannot claim," continued Leonora; "do you wish to lose my respect, my friendship?"

"You or nothing. Life, honor, fortune, all are nothing, if you are not mine. What care I for brother, or—"

"Hush sir!" said the girl. "I cannot allow this to continue. I can hear no more."

"Brother are you mad?" Is this your fealty to James?" exclaimed a grave and sorrowful voice near them.

Courtney started to his feet, and saw Frances standing beside his cousin. The young girl's face was suffused with tears, but calm and determined.

"You are right, and I am very wrong, exclaimed Courtney gravely.

"I have heard all," said Fanny. "I was so startled at your first cry that I came back. You saw me not. I shall leave you together no more. 'Tis I that that am the elder now, and if I have allowed this to happen once, I can allow it no more. Come, help me pick flowers—not a word—you promise me."

Both, scarcely able to suppress a smile, followed. But though they assisted the young girl in making her bouquet, their thoughts were elsewhere, far away on the stormy sea of love.

CHAPTER IV.

Meanwhile James Dashwood was in Italy. He had soon become tired of Venice, and had returned to Naples. This spot with its renowned bay, had charmed him more than any other he had seen in the land. The dark rule of a miserable government alone caused him to doubt the propriety of a permanent residence, a thing not even to be thought of by any but an Englishman.

But James Dashwood, while sympathising with the miseries and sufferings of the middle and upper classes—the government warily keeps the ignorant masses chiefly on its own side—was not travelling with political views. He was wandering about to kill time, and had thought that a likely matter, where

The ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holliday.

As was natural, then, to his age, he plunged rather into pleasures than political researches, and scarcely knew that the victims of that dark and horrid *regime* were perishing hourly by the sword, the cell, and in exile. He saw only the bright side—the bay with its "phantom like cities and villages nestling at the feet of hills;" the town, the sky, the water, the beauties visible to the eye. He looked not beneath the surface.

Rich, speaking Italian remarkably well, he was readily admitted into Italian society. His tutor sought to introduce him chiefly into the very best circles. The Marchese Bernardo was, at that moment the leading fashionable in Naples, a man of no note without political bias—that is—without heart or sympathy—but a courtier and a wealthy personage. Here the gratified young man met parties of both sexes who pleased him much. He soon became familiar, and joined in their more intimate circles. The handsome young Englishman, scarcely a man, but for his polished education, became a favorite.

One evening James noticed in a corner apart a group which attracted his attention for a moment from the gayer hearts around. It was a man of about sixty; thin, pale—his face worked by numberless furrows, but with a lofty, and even haughty mein, which strangely contrasted with the utter absence of riband, or decoration, worn upon his breast. There was, moreover, an air of dogged resolution about him, which had on many occasions nearly proved his ruin. Near him, was a fair girl. She was not more than sixteen. With rich auburn hair, blue eyes, and a transparent complexion, which was strange in that clime, she had the features of the man who sat beside her.

"Who is that beautiful girl?" whispered James to a young man who sat near him.

"The daughter of old Forteguerri. He is a lunatic—a republican. He's just back from exile, as stiff in the back as ever," replied the other, a government man, of course.

James Dashwood bowed his thanks.—A quarter of an hour later he was being introduced to the old Sicilian patriot, who had been brought home almost against his will, by powerful and wealthy relatives. The desire to see Italy before he died, had probably influenced his decision.

"You are English," said the Count Forteguerri, with a stately bow and a smile; "my daughter is half so. Bethelda are you not?"

"I love both the land of my father and that of my mother," replied the blushing girl, in excellent English.

The eyes of James Dashwood sparkled with delight.

"You speak my native tongue," he said "this is indeed a pleasure."

Seating himself beside them, he at once commenced an animated conversation with the patriot and his daughter, to the great horror of many of his friends, who charitably divided his motives into several categories. Some, and these the most charitable, thought the English aristocrat making game of the democrat, others half thought he might be smitten with the charms of Bethelda Forteguerri, and intended to make her Lady Dashwood.—The majority half hinted that his designs upon the daughter of the poor and proscribed noble must be dishonorable. Luckily for James' peace of mind, he knew of none of these surmises, and continued on his way, ignorant that the world busied itself at all about his affairs.

For nearly a month the young Englishman was constant in his assiduities; but though he met the Forteguerris often, he never obtained the honor of a visit to their house. The rumors continued, and even grew apace. In Italy a married woman may have a host of lovers, without exciting the susceptibility of one among her numerous relatives, not excepting her husband; while every bough in the genealogical tree would shake with horror at the idea of a fault in a girl.—James, then, was greeted with scowls, which he noticed not, was tormented by hints which he scorned. He still paid undivided attention to the young girl.—The father was flattered. He laid the assiduity of the Englishman, in great part to his own really interesting conversation. As for Bethelda, her destiny being a convent, and notoriously—what else can be done with poor girls of a family? it never entered the old patriot's head that any one could think of her. Even when serenades were heard under her window, the old man only smiled at the politeness of the rich Englishman.

CHAPTER V.

As is often the case in this world, the marked attention of James Dashwood for Bathelda Forteguerri caused men, who would have passed her by unnoticed, otherwise, to look upon her, and looking, they found that she was fair. Among these was one Pietro di Vergani, nephew of the Viceroy of Sicily, a haughty, rich, and dissolute young nobleman, who at once discovered that the "little girl" was worthy of selection for a scheme, which, though the idea crossed his mind with the rapidity of lightning, it took time to mature into resolution. Fraud, not force, was needed to carry out his design.

The Count Forteguerri inhabited a small villa, the property of one of his rich relatives, situated in the suburbs.—The street was steep and rather narrow. A portion of the walls of the house abutted on the public way, while the rest was concealed in a garden with a high wall. In this wall was a small door. A window with a balcony hung over the street. It was beneath this that James came with his band of wind instruments to perform.

One night—it was when the moon had veiled herself behind a jealous cloud—the musicians had concluded their duty, and James, who always lingered awhile, suddenly remarked that the window had been pushed open, and a head peered cautiously out. It was a woman's though concealed wholly by the hood of a dark mantilla. Despite the darkness, which appeared to increase every moment, James could make this out. He knew not what to think. That Bathelda wished to hold communication with him was doubtful. She saw him every day, and though evidently flattered by the serenades, had taken no verval notice of them. It is true she had been eloquent with her eyes, but that counts for nothing.

Suddenly James who was close against the wall, and almost under the balcony, heard something rustle above, and then a rope ladder fell close to his head. With a deep sigh, he moved away. That romantic, but in general, guilty means of gaining the apartments of a lady was not intended for him. In the bitterness of his heart he cursed the sex, and determined to leave Naples the very first thing in the morning. Something, however, he knew not what, checked him, and, retreating to the shadow of the door, he waited.

He had scarcely done so when he distinctly saw a tall figure, masked and cloaked, approach the rope ladder. He was not alone. Three men, equally disguised, walked slowly behind, James thought of Triboulet, and his master, King Francis I., and the truth flashed across his mind, The outrage of the '*Roi s'amuse*' was once more to be repeated. The young man knew Naples too well ever so go forth unarmed. He had a brace of revolvers, and a small sword.—He prepared for action.

The first figure slowly ascended the ladder, strode into the balcony, and entered the room James' heart beat violently. Was it an elopement, or an abduction. In the first case he had no right to interfere. His jealousy gave him no excuse for betraying a woman. He waited then enduring such agonies of grief, rage, doubt despair, as only belong to the jealous. Suddenly the man re-appeard, having in his arms what appeared a senseless load. Grasping the form in one powerful arm, the tall masked figure hastily commenced his retreat.

Now satisfied as to the character of the out rage, James could have shot the intruder. But he scorned such an advantage, and feared to injure her. It was strange, though, she was so silent.

As the man reached the ground Dashwood was close to him.

"Cowardly villain!" he cried, "unhand her. What means this base outrage?"

"Take the girl!" whispered the mask to one of his companions; "'tis the mad Englishman—he will spoil all."

What followed was terrible. The three attendants on the principal ruffian hastened to obey. But three reports, so rapid, as to leave no room for the others to protect themselves, followed each other.—And at each report a man fell. With a steady hand, and unnerring aim the Englishman had shot the satellities of the chief, who himself astounded at the havoc committed by an arm quite new to him, let fall the girl, and drew his sword.

"Back ruffian!" cried James, whose sole thought was for Bathelda; 'I will not cross swords with you. Go, coward and midnight robber! and learn the scorn an Englishman can visit on one of your race."

With a cry of fury and bitter revenge, the Italian sprang at him, wounding him in the side.

"Dog thou art! and as a dog thou shalt die!" said James, coldly, as he fired his revolver full at the other's breast.

At this instant appeared at the door of the garden the Count Forteguerri, and a servant woman. The former was sword in hand, though half undressed, while the girl trembled violently.

"Bring the lantern!" shouted James, in a hoarse voice, as he raised Bathelda up; "my God, is she dead?" he cried, as he found her without motion or life. "No, she breathes. By heavens, count, your daughter has been drugged for this night's work."

It was, indeed, a picture. The count in an old dressing-gown, ghastly pale, a sword in one hand, a light in another, bending over the inanimate form of his child, held in the arms of Dashwood, the four groaning, writhing forms of the midnight marauders, and the woman with clasped hands, and glaring eyeballs in the back gronnd. It was worthy of the master hand of some native artist.

Bearing Bathelda in his arms, James briefly told his story. The father heard him with perfect fury, and once sure that his child was safe rushed out into the street as a patrol came up. Despite the feeble resistance of the other, he unmasked the principal offender.

It was Pietro di Vergani.

"Who has done this bloody deed?" asked the young officer who commanded the watch—"the viceroy's son. Hanging will be too good for him!"

"Sir Paolo," said James Dashwood, gravely; "I am the author of this deed!" and with a wave of the arm he comprised the whole four victims.

"You, Sir James!" replied the astonished youth.

"He alone!" groaned Pietro, in bitter anguish; "but waste not precious moments. Let your men bear us home. *Cospello*, but you have spoiled my sport for some time if not forever. *Corpo di Bacco!* but your bullets are red hot.—Touch him not, Paolo," he whispered to the officer, "the least said about this matter the better."

"We shall meet again," said the fierce Sicilian noble.

"At Philippe," cried the Neapolitan with a groan.

"Your hand," suddenly whispered James, who felt faint; "aid me in, count. The wound in my side has drawn more blood than I thought. If I am wanted sir Paolo, you know where to find me."

And James departed, assisted by the count, leaving the watch to remove two dead bodies, and two wounded sufferers, the first results of that night's guilty folly. They found Bethelda slowly recovering in the hands of her handmaid. Probably the same treacherous hands which had given the drug had secretly applied the antidote.

CHAPTER VI.

Nearly a fortnight after the events recorded above, James was still an inmate of the Villa Filangeri. His wound had been more severe than he expected. He had brought much of his baggage to the house, and his own man servant; the tutor remaining at the hotel.

Pietro di Vergani had been in peril of his life, but as, despite his dissoluteness, he was, in his way, a man of honor, he had told the truth, so that the young Englishman escaped all annoyance—even the formality of an examination—except a fee to the *commissaire de police*, as the French have it.

He was then in a fair way to recover from his wound—but not, we fear, from his wounds. The sword of Pietro had touched only the outer flesh, but the eyes of Bathelda Forteguerri had reached to his very heart.

There he sat by an open window, whence he could gaze out upon the bay. Bathelda was by his side.

"We have much to make us happy in England," he said, "but not this sky, this sun, this bright and balmy air.—Would I could here forever dwell."

A deep sigh followed his words.

"Why not?" replied a timid hushed voice; "cannot you too, find a home beneath this fair firmament?",

"No," cried he, gravely, "duty and honor call me home. I have already stayed too long for my peace in this world."

[CONCLUDED ON SECOND PAGE.]

Public Poisoning.

Several persons have reeently died at Norwich, Conn., it was feared, from lead poison, taken into the system with the water supplied from "Kenney's Aqueduct." The Norwich Courier says the worst fears are confirmed. A quantity of this water was lately sent to Dr. James R. Chilton, chemist, New-York, for analysis. He states that it contains lead in solution, in the proportion, as near as he can estimate, of four grains of lead to one gallon of water. The water thus tested was drawn from the supply pipe which has supplied for years the family of Deacon Charles Lee, and there is no reason to suppose it was any more strongly impregnated than that used by every other family supplied from the same equeduct. The *Courier* says, "The aqueduct which has thus been doing its work of death, has been in operation for many years; probably not less than 25—and how many young and old, have gone, within that period, to premature graves, no one can tell. But busy memory, in the minds of those most familiar with the history of families residing on Church and Washington streets, recalls cases after cases of death, the symptoms of which point to the poisoned water of this aqueduct as the cause. Among the living, too, the instances are, alas! but too numerous and sorrowful, of weary, wasting desease, depriving of present enjoyment and clouding future prospects."

Every "now and then" we have similar statements going the rounds of the papers, and they are too well-founded; but none of our larger communities seem to heed the warning; lead pipes are laid down wherever water is introduced into houses. The fact that in London, or somewhere else, some remain uncorroded, is assumed as proof positive that all is right—though it is well-known that whatever occasional exceptions may occur from peculiar conditions of water, lead, as a general rule, does yield its poison to water. Boston asked her physicians, when she introduced water into her habitations, if lead would be safe; refering to foreign cases, they said yes. It was hardly introduced when the State Assayer, an authoritative practical chemist, declared in the public prints, that, on repeated trials of water, taken from different houses, and thoroughly tried, he found the deadly poison in all; but the Bostonians continue to drink away at their poisoned jets. Pipes were pulled up at Lowell, full of corroded perforations. At Worcester, Dr. Woodward, of the Insane Hospital, was smitten under the poison, and the State Legislature provided for the expulsion of lead pipes from the building, and the substitution of iron. In this city the wholesale process of poisoning is going on without apparent public concern. The lead pipes, years ago, were turned out of some of our city hospitals, because the doctors found them complicating fatally the disease of their patients. Hosts of our physicians, including Mr. Mott, and such men, have given written testimony against them, and kicked them out of their own houses. Still, scarcely a new house goes up without them—and no public effort is made to enlighten or relieve the people respecting their destructive effects.

The effects of lead poison are deplorable; but in most, instances, insidious and slow, though sure. Almost every body is more or less sick—almost every body has some chronic ailment; yet how few stop to enquire for the cause! There is reason to believe that our great cities are paying terribly dear for the petty economy of lead instead of iron or tin pipes. —*Chr. Advocate and Journal.*