exhausting labor, that it may continue in the full possession of its capabilities that it may continue to be undulled and undaunted by such wear and such use, an amount of sleep must be allowed, which is proportionate to the severity of such work, to the engrossing and expending nature of the mind's employment. The nights may be robbed of the hours of sleep, and the time so stolen may be devoted to toil of mind or of body, but the endurance by the system of undue waste and imperfectly restored balance of the vital force, even if somewhat protracted by the strength of the constitution, or if prolonged somewhat by the energy of a determined will, or by the spur of a great necessity, or by the goal of a great ambition or darling hope, must be short-lived. The system cannot be robbed of its sleep without a corresponding disturbance and derangement of the functions; the power and the equilibrium of the vital force will become so far affected as to involve disordered action, and thus indirectly, by forming part of the common organism, and directly by the diminished tension of the vital forces which supply the sensorium itself, the mind will become unable to continue its exertions. Many an ardent and aspirant for collegiate distinctions—many an anxious laborer for professional eminence, has thrown away his hopes in thus vainly struggling to cheat the system of this great requirement.—*Dr. Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

MODERN COMFORTS.

It is very common to talk of the "good old time" of a few centuries back, and there are some who live so entirely in the romance of the past, that their eyes are shut to conveniences and comforts that modern sciences, skill and intelligence have provided. History seldom presents us with the details of the domestic life of our forefathers, and as poetry colors and groups them for her particular purpose, we insensibly become used to look back upon the "olden time" with a reverence that hides its imperfections and exaggerates its virtues. But this "olden time" was without doubt vastly inferior to the present age, in morality, intelligence and refinement, whilst it was utterly destitute of the comforts and appliances which now constitute so important an item in the agregate of human happiness. Some of our most common enjoyments were in the middle ages unprocurable even by the wealthy. Indeed when we come to examine how our ancestors lived, we almost wonder why they lived.

A Roman Senator who in the Empire's palmy days, possessed estates in Naples and Britain from which he drew an income that would be equivalent to a royal revenue in this day, had neither glass to his windows nor a shirt to his back, and when he rode in his couch of solid gold, without spring or covering, might envy our laborer who goes out to work in a railroad car. An Earl of Northumberland breakfasted off wooden trenches and dined in state off pewter, and when he was absent from Alnwick Castle, the glass was taken out of the windows and laid in safety. Not a cabbage, carrot, turnip or other edible root grew in England during the early part of the reign of Henry the Eighth, and from the scarcity of fodder, fresh meat was only obtainable during the summer, salted hog's flesh being generally used by all classes the rest of the year. So important an article, then, was cattle, that it was known as "live money," and our word "capital," which signifies stock generally, was derived from the latin word "capita," or heads of beasts. The etymology of the law term "chattels," is similar. Queen Elizabeth was satisfied to breakfast off a tankard of ale, and dreamed not of the day when tea, coffee and sugar would become necessaries to the poorest household in her kingdom. The cause of all the increased comforts which the most modest income will now procure, and many of which were formerly beyond the reach of even the richest, is found in the accumulation of capital, augmented and diversified in its employment by the security given to it, by the demand which it in turn produces for labor, and the reward it holds out for the discovery of the new and useful in science, arts and mechanics, and by the facility of exchange, by which all the products of labor and skill are bartered, directly or indirectly for one another. Civilization and progress have found lodgement, more real luxury and happiness then were to be found in any of the regions pictured by the poets; even though a fructuous fancy represented their rivers as flowing with milk the trees dropping honey, and their acorns as edible as chestnuts. A simple bright thought, worked out into the means of extending the happiness and dominion of man, does more for the world than all the fabled gifts of the gods of classic antiqnity.—*Baltimore American.*

THE WICKEDNESS OF THE PRESS.

We know not when we have been so impressed with the injustice and wickedness of the Press, as in the affair of the Portland riot. It seemed as if all hell had burst forth with joy at Mr. Dow's mis-step, and nine-tenths of the presses had caught the inspiration, and, right or wrong, true or false, were resolved to make the most of it, for the overthrow of this terrible fanaticism. And, as if fearing that the tide would turn, and it would not prove as bad as it promised, they hastened to draw their opinions from what they had heard, though knowing from whence the statements have been shown to be false, there is a wonderful reluctance to say so; to tell the truth, and wipe away the delusions they have created.—How, with such blind guides as the most of our political papers are, are the people of the city, who read little else, ever to come to the knowledge of the truth? The "Times," we regret to say, has rendered itself, by its remarks on the law and on the Portland affair, peculiarly obnoxious to temperance men.—We confess we are not politicians enough to see the object in the course pursued by that Journal. It is something quite beyond our reach or discovery. If the Lieut. Governor is anxious to shake off his temperance friends, he has taken a pretty effectual way to do it. It is well if he does not want their votes; he will be saved a lamentation at their loss.

The temperance and religious papers, and also the "Tribune" have nobly sustained Mr. Dow; and in this, with his good conscience, he will find consolation, though by a multitude of editors he has been condemned unheard.

Among the methods devised by their enemies to annoy the friends of temperance legislation, is the one referred to in the following paragraph from the *Journal of the American Temperance Union.* It does seem as if these men were instigated by the devil. Who but those who are lost to all sense of shame and decency, could be guilty of such misconduct as is therein referred to? Do we hear of Temperance men—the friends of the Maine Law—undertaking anything with the sole purpose of vexing and annoying their opponents? Of course their whole views and measures are essentially opposed to the interests of the liquor sellers, their aim being no more than the entire abolition of the Liquor Traffic; but beyond the accomplishment of this object, they have no other end in view. They take no pleasure—that is to say, the true Temperance man does not—in wounding the feeling or injuring the person of their opponents. It is rather painful to them to know that the language they are compelled to use in respect to the abominations of the spirit traffic should cause pain to even the bitterest of their opponents; though like the lancet in the hands of the Surgeon, they believe and know that its employment is essential to the cure of the disease with which they have to deal with; and in the contrast which may be drawn between the motives and conduct of Temperance men and their opponents, may be discerned the righteousness of the cause we advocate. If the fruits of the traffic are profanity, malignity, misrepresentation and fraud; if those who are determined to uphold it, blush not to do so, by falsehood and violence, can the tree be good—can the traffic be anything but evil? This is a plain, common-sense as well as a scriptural way of viewing the matter, and we think no man with a spark of common sense can adopt any other conclusion than that the business can only be evil that employs evil-minded men and and evil measures to prolong its existence.—*Temperance Talegraph*

The New York Journal of Commerce expects to hear, very son, of the capture of Petropaulowski, in Kamtschatka, by a British and French naval squadron, which is steering for that point. The former attack ought to have been successful, and would have been, if the Admiral had been a man of pluck, and of sane mind. If he possessed one of these properties (no matter which) he was destitute of the other. A retreat was beaten just in the moment of victory; or rather when victory was ready to declare for the allies. The Dido, the Alceste, the President, and the Brisk, are a part of the new squadron. They all started from Honolulu for the Northward, about April 20. Admiral Bruce was on board the President.

SEA OF AZOFF.

The following description of this Sea is taken from Galignani's Paris Journal:

"The port of Berdianski, where the Russian steamers were lying, is situate a little beyond the Crimean peninsula, and belongs to the continental government of Taurida, at the extreme south eastern limit of which it lies. The town is of recent construction, and contains about 4,000 inhabitants. After having visited that place, the squadron descended the Bay of Arabat, at which on the one side, and at the Bay of Kaffa, on the other, the secondary peninsula of Kertch commences. The fort of Arabat, is, it appears, in a tolerably good state of defence. It was taken by assault in 1768 by the troops of Prince Delgorouki, and was then completely repaired by the Russians. The country is deserted and barren, as is the whole of the peninsula of Kertch, which consists of a plain strongly impregnated with salt. To escape from the monotony of such a scene, it is necessary to reach the opposite coast, where Kaffa is situate, From the fort of Arabat starts that narrow strip of land, known by the name of the Tongue of Arabat, which, running to the north, separates the Sea of Azoff from the Putrid sea.—This tongue of land, about seventy miles in length, is composed of a very sandy soil, and in some places is not above 400 yards in width.—It is the road generally followed by carriers bringing provisions and merchandise from Lesser Russia to the eastern part of the Crimea. The Tongue of Arabat is not, however, really joined to the continent; it is separated from it by a narrow pass, called the Strait of Senitchi, which forms the communication between the Sea of Azoff and the Putrid Sea. The traders cross in a ferry boat this pass, which is only three feet in depth, and about 100 yards wide, and then follows the tongue of land as far as the fort of Arabat. In summer this pass is almost dry, and may be passed on foot. The Russian troops have several times taken this road to turn the lines to Perekop, and penetrate into the Crimea, but this operation, always difficult and even imprudent, could not be undertaken, unless the Russians were in full possession of the Sea of Azoff. The Putrid Sea is only a gulf of that sea; and, according to the direction of the winds, its waters overflow, or retire by the Strait of Genitchi. When they are low, they exhale the most fetid odour, which has caused this great lake to acquire its ill-omened name of the Putrid Sea. At present, in consequence of the late successes, the command of all these Districts must be considered as virtually in the hands of the allies."

The following additional intelligence is copied from the Vienna Wanderer:

"As soon as the allies have firmly established themselves in Kertch, Arabat and Theodosia will probably become points of operation, as both lie exposed to simultaneous attacks by land and by sea. The distance of these two points from each other is somwhat over four German miles (about eighteen English,) while the tongue of land lying between Arabat and the southern coast does not exceed three German miles (about thirteen English) in width.

"The communication between Arabat and Genitchi—the narrow tongue of land which runs up from Arabat to the north coast of the Sea of Azoff, skirting the Putrid Sea—can easily be stopped without the assistance of any land forces, and for this purpose a couple of ships would be amply sufficient; and it is a question whether the Black Sea Fleet does not possess a sufficient number of gun boats and light vessels to enable the allies to advance up the Putrid Sea as far as Perekop, and cut off all connection between the Crimea and the Main Land.

"A great number of roads in different directions, stretch from Kertch and Yenikale—some leading to the south, some to Simpheropol and Sebastopol, and some to Eupatoria and Perekop; but the most important of them all is the one which passes over Karasu Bazar, and connects Theodosia with Simpheropol. This road is the best kept, and passes through the finest districts, skirting the north of the Taurian mountains. Should the allies be successful in passing victoriously along this road, as seems to be their plan, the Russian forces will find themselves shut up between two armies, with no line of retreat open to them but that which was followed by the allies in the first advance into the Crimea. The importance, in such a case, of the position of Eupatoria is at once evident to all.

"The distance between Simpherophol and Sebastopol, with Bagtcheserai in the middle, is between eight and nine German miles (about twenty-nine English miles); and in this district, most probably, a great battle will take place, for the retreat from Kertch is a sufficient proof that the Russians do not feel themselves sufficiently strong to divide the forces which concentrated there, in order to meet an advancing foe. All these ideas are based upon the assumption that the allies have a sufficiently strong cavalry corps, and that baggage trains and field artillery are ready at command; for, as the expedition moves further from the coast, they can no more count upon the support of the ships,and the force employed must not number less than from 30,000 to 50,000 men."

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE CRIMEA.

The photograph is in daily use now under the bright sun of the Crimea. We who have been sitting at home under the grey sky, which has hidden the summer sun from us till now please ourselves with thinking of the sun-pictures which may be gratifying the eyes of our countrymen in old Taurida, and with seeing in "the mind's eye" the groups which we would like to have brought home, when our victorious armies return.

There was the bright handsome town of Kertch, one day lately. What a picture it must have been when the townspeople were about their ordinary business, and the ladies were abroad in the streets, shopping and making visits, to talk about what was doing at the other end of the peninsula, as if it were in a far country—so confident were they of safety while the Russian army lay between them and the camp of the Allies. Day by day they had seen long trains of wagons pass by, laden with supplies, which would, as they were informed, enable their defenders to tire out the invaders. They were told nothing but the good news, and were elate with pride in the resources of the Czar, and looked with contempt on the folly of the infidels who attempted violence against Holy Mother Russia. Some of them were probably counting the days which would suffice to drive away the foe, and leave the road clear for the nobles to bring their households down for their annual sea-bathing on the south coast, which they justly consider the Paradise of the world. In a moment, a general cry turned all eyes towards the heights, where a host, with glittering arms, were passing over the ridge, and pouring down upon the town. Before the gay ladies could reach their homes, they met parties of the enemy filling the streets; and when at home, they found the gates standing wide, and British soldiers coming forth laden with spoils. What a picture it must have been—unspoiled by bloodshed, but in all else a rude awakening from the dream of security.

Another picture was presently to be seen on board the ships. Sailors dressed in gaudy ball array, or in rich Russian uniforms, while heaps of plate and pictures were put up to a mock auction, where the treasures fetched nothing because of the difficulty of carriage. A silver salver to be had for five shillings, and nobody to buy, because it was so heavy! Mirth and fun abounded, because nobody was killed or hurt; and shouts arose as batteries and magazines were blown up in quick succession by Russian hands, and exploded harmlessly in the air. A singular picture it must have been!

Next day, there was another, on the verge of the great precipice at Simpheropol. Behind there was the hot barren steepe, sloping gradually down to the north, with not a house upon it—nothing but the wild thyme, hiding the nests of the hawk, and peopled only by the stalking cranes. Before and below were the beechwoods on the slope far beneath, and the ravines where the brooks were leaping seawards, and Tartar dwellings peeped from their ledges or the hill-sides, and between the gorges of the mountains, the blue sea-line rose high on the horizon. Instead of looking before or behind, the scouts of the army and of the anxious inhabitants were gazing eastward, on the watch for the supplies from the Sea of Azoff. For a day or two they watched in vain; and then the news could no longer be concealed that no more supplies would come that way. They were probably told that supplies would henceforth come from the north, across the Putrid Sea. But in a few hours more, horsemen would come scouring over the steppe, to tell that no more aid would arrive from Genitchi,—that the enemy had burnt the stores, and captured the ships, and had the command of the passage of the Putrid Sea. The blank faces of the multitude who looked at one another in dismay must have made a picture, which the potent sun himself could not stamp so deeply as despair on the minds of all who saw it.

If this was a picture of despair, there was one of genial hope, not very far off. Those who attended the troops, Sardinian, French, and English, who swept the valley of the Tchernaya, tell us of the slopes where the horses were knee deep in grass and flowers, and where every poor quadruped which survived the hardships of the winter might now grow sleek, enjoying their life in clover, after picking up barley from the mud, and drooping all night with tail turned to the midnight blast. But the change to the soldier is not less than that to his horse. Under the spring sunshine and rains the new gardens about the camps are growing their vegetables as fast as nature will serve those whom she had put to so severe a probation. And the good fellows see, not only a fine promise of vegetable dainties, after a long course of salt meat, cooked or raw, but there is Soyer among them, turning their very salt meat and biscuit into dainties, and promising dinners fit for noblemen when a little more sunshine shall have given them the resources of the gardens. The hospital patients no longer turn with loathing from their food, but watch its coming with hungry eyes, and say of their broth and rice and fragrant coffee, that these are the things that will set them up again.—Soyer is the magician who