

turns completely round. This section of time, which we subdivide into twenty-four parts, or hours, does not depend upon the sun, nor arise from it. As it is only an entire rotation of the earth, it could occur as well without a solar orb as with one.

The annual circuit, or a year, which is the completed orbit of the earth round this luminary, could not take place without a sun; but a day requires the existence and revolving motion of the earth alone. This is mentioned by Moses as beginning before the sun was made the centre of our astronomical system. As this fact denotes the diurnal movement to be distinct from the sun, and independent of it, it is another instance of the correctness of the Mosaic account. The first rotation of the earth round its own axis made the interval of the first day, and each subsequent revolution constituted the several days which succeeded. Our planet might cease to turn round in this diurnal continuity, and might yet circle round the sun in its yearly course. The moon moves in this way about our earth; for it has no rotatory motion. The cause of our earth's revolving round its axis is quite distinct from the double and mutually counteracting forces which produce its annual orbit. Physics have not discovered, nor can rational conjecture assign any reason for the diurnal rotation, excepting the commanding will and exerted power of the Divine Creator. Nor is it a mere revolution alone which makes our day; but it is a revolution with that particular, chosen, specifically assigned, and limited and yet marvellous velocity, in which this movement is and ever has been performed. To occupy that portion of time which composes our day, it must move precisely, and with constant and undeviating exactness, at the rate of about 1000 miles an hour, or above 16 miles every minute; a stupendous celerity for a massy globe nearly 8000 miles in diameter! A greater velocity would make our day so much the shorter; a slower progress would as much prolong it. But this revolving force has been continued and has acted for nearly 6000 years with a precision which has never varied. In all the ages of which history has preserved any memorial, the natural day has always exhibited every where the uniform duration; a proof that the ruling power which actuates it has never undergone any alteration or diminution, but has still the same measured and governed proportion or agency with which it was first attached to our terrestrial habitation.

When sufficiently arranged and consolidated, our earth was placed, with the planets, at those immensely distant points and scientifically calculated intervals, both from each other and from the sun, which would accomplish the purposes to be fulfilled in each. A mighty impulse was then added to each, apparently differing in amount, which, if it had been unchecked, would have propelled them through the endless expansion of the universe; but an attractive force was at the same time attached to the sun, which drew them, by a mysterious gravitating tendency, down to his centre. A marvellous adaptation was then skilfully and most exactly settled between these counteracting forces, and according to their individual diversities; by which, while the attraction of gravitation was made by an invariable law to be ever equal to the masses of each planet, the centrifugal or projectile impulsion, precisely proportioned in every one to that attraction, was given to each planet: so that in no one it should exceed the solar attraction, and yet that it should be always sufficient to prevent that commanding power from pulling any one out of its appointed orbit down to the absorbing centre. On this nicely balanced adjustment of two most mighty and ever struggling and opposing forces, all the movements of our planetary system are daily proceeding, ever on the verge of the most destructive danger, by either energy mastering the other; and yet such a powerful and vigilant superintendence is governing both, that this perilous contest has continued nearly 6000 years without the balance varying in the slightest degree. The most scientific harmony continues to regulate them with unabated constancy and unrelaxing exactitude—ceaseless battle with an unceasing equalization of force and energy; the most miraculous activity with the most steady maintenance of undeviating order. Nothing but the Divine Wisdom could have composed such a finely-balanced system of tremendous forces; nothing but the Divine Power could command them, or perpetuate their indispensable equality; and nothing but the Divine Will can dissolve what it is upholding. We may again repeat, and on high human authority, that it is impossible that this can be the meaningless result of unmeaning chance; for it is La Place who has said, 'One of the most remarkable phenomena of the solar system is the rigorous equality which is observed to subsist between the angular motions of rotation and revolution of each satellite. It is INFINITY TO UNITY that this is not the effect of hazard.'

#### HINTS TO SUCKING ORATORS.

Debate, real debate, is the characteristic eloquence of the House of Commons; and be assured, that in the India-House, a vestry, a committee, and other meetings of business are far better preparatory schools for Parliament than debating societies are. In these latter, self-possession and fluency may be learnt; but vicious habits of declamation, and of hunting for applause, are too often formed. I remember being told, that in the first meetings of a society at a public school, two or three evenings were consumed in debating whether the floor should be covered with a sad cloth or a carpet; and I have no doubt that better practice was gained in these important discussions than in those that soon followed on liberty, slavery, passive obedience, and tyrannicide. It has been truly said, that nothing is so unlike a battle as a review.—*Sharp's Letters and Essays.*

#### LITTLE FLORENCE GRAY.

I was in Greece. It was the hour of noon,  
And the Egean wind had dropp'd asleep  
Upon Hymettus, and the thymy isles  
Of Salamis and Egina lay hung  
Like clouds upon the bright and breathless sea.  
I had climb'd up the Acropolis at morn,  
And hours had fled as time will in a dream  
Amid its deathless ruins—for the air  
Is full of spirits in these mighty fanes,  
And they walk with you! As it sultrier grew,  
I laid me down within a shadow deep  
Of a tall column of the Parthenon,  
And in an absent idleness of thought  
I scrawled upon the smooth and marble base.  
Tell me, O memory, what I wrote there?  
*The name of a sweet child I knew at Rome!*

I was in Asia! 'Twas a peerless night  
Upon the plains of Sardis, and the moon,  
Touching my eyelids through the wind-stirr'd tent,  
Had witch'd me from my slumbers. I arose  
And silently stole forth, and by the brink  
Of 'golden Pactolus,' where bathe his waters  
The bases of Cybele's columns fair,  
I paced away the hours. In wakeful mood  
I mused upon the storied past awhile,  
Watching the moon, that with the same mild eye  
Had looked upon the mighty Lydian Kings  
Sleeping around me—Crosus, who had heap'd  
Within that mouldering portico, his gold,  
And Gyges, buried with his viewless ring  
Beneath yon swelling tumules—and then  
I loitered up the valley to a small  
And humbler ruin, where the undefiled  
Of the Apocalypse their garments kept  
Spotless; and crossing with a conscious awe  
The broken threshold, to my spirit's eye  
It seem'd as if, amid the moonlight, stood  
'The angel of the Church of Sardis' still!  
And I again pass'd onward, and as dawn  
Paled the bright morning star, I lay me down  
Weary and sad beside the river's brink,  
And 'twixt the moonlight and the rosy morn,  
Wrote with my finger in the 'golden sands.'  
Tell me, O memory! what wrote I there?  
*The name of the sweet child I knew at Rome!*

The dust is old upon my 'sandal shoon,'  
And still I am a pilgrim! I have roved  
From wild America to spicy Ind,  
And worshipp'd at innumerable shrines  
Of beauty; and the painter's art to me,  
And sculpture speak as with a living tongue;  
And of dead kingdoms I recall the soul,  
Sitting amid their ruins I have stored  
My memory with thoughts that can allay  
Fever and sadness, and when life gets dim,  
And I am overladen in my years,  
Minister to me. But when wearily  
The mind gives over toiling, and, with eyes  
Open, but seeing not, and senses all  
Lying awake within their chambers fine,  
Thought set les like a fountain, clear and calm—  
Far in its sleeping depths, as 'twere a gem.  
Tell me, O memory! what shines so fair?  
*The face of the sweet child I knew at Rome!*

N. P. WILLIS.

#### USEFUL ADVICE

NOTHING can be more prejudicial to tender constitutions, studious and contemplative persons, than lying long in bed after one is distinctly awake, or has slept a due and reasonable time; it necessarily thickens the juices, enervates the solids, and weakens the constitution. A free open air is a kind of cold-bath, especially after rising out of a warm bed, and consequently makes the circulation brisker, and more complete, and braces up the solids; while lying in bed dissolves and soaks in moisture. The erect posture, and the activity of watching, makes the perspiration more plentiful, and the gross evacuation more readily thrown off. This is evident, from the appetite and hunger those that rise early feel beyond that which they get by lying long in bed. Add to all these the influence of the fresh, benign morning air, and the retreating of all the noxious damps and vapours of the night, together with the clouds and heaviness that are thrown upon the brain from sleep; and, lastly, that cheerfulness and alacrity that is felt by the approach, or presence, of that glorious luminary the sun, which adds a new force to the heart and gives a spur to the lagged and jaded spirits. All nations and ages have agreed that the morning season is the proper time for speculative studies, and those employments that most require the faculties of the mind. For these the stock of the spirits is undiminished, and in its greatest plenty; the head is clear and serene, the passions are quieted and forgot; the anxiety and inquietude that the digestion begets in the nervous system, in most tender constitutions, and the hurry the spirits are under after

the great meal, are settled and wrought off. I should advise, therefore, those who are of a weak, relaxed state of nerves, who are subject to hypochondriacal or hysterical disorders, whose professions lead them to much use of their intellectual faculties, or who would indulge speculative studies, to go early to bed and to rise betimes; to employ their morning hours in these exercises till eleven o'clock, then to take some agreeable breakfast of vegetable food; to go on with their studies or professions till three, four, or five, as their spirits will hold out, and then go and take their great meal of animal food; and the rest to throw off all study and thought, divert themselves agreeably in some innocent amusement, with some gentle bodily exercise; and as soon as the digestion is over, to retire and provide for going to bed, without any further supplies, except it be a glass of fresh water, or warm sack whey. But the aged and sickly must go to bed, and lie longer, because age and sickness break rest, and the stiffened and hard limbs of the ancient become more plaint and relaxed by much sleep, a supine posture, and the warmth of the bed. The valetudinary, the sedentary, and the studious should eat very light or no supper; if any, it ought to be vegetable food, neither ought they to go soon to bed after any supper whatsoever.—*Practical Rules for the Restoration and Preservation of Health.*

#### CLEANING FURNITURE.

THE many accidents arising from the dangerous practice of boiling turpentine and wax for cleaning furniture, induces me to send you, from my common place book, a receipt for the mixture of these articles, which will prove a much superior and more effectual plan than that usually adopted, and by which so many individuals have lost their lives. Put the quantity of turpentine required into a vessel, then scrape the bees-wax into it with a knife, which stir about until the liquor assumes the consistency of cream. When prepared in this manner it will be good for months, if kept clean; and it will be found that the furniture cleaned with the liquor manufactured in this way will not stain the hand so readily as when the boiling process is adopted. But if some people must have heat in the mixture, it can easily be got by placing the vessel containing the turpentine and wax into another containing boiling water, which will do the business as well as any fire whatever.—*Architectural Magazine.*

MOORE says, that, in the Malay language, the same word expresses women and flowers; if so, it is the prettiest compliment ever paid the sex, not that any one of them will be grateful for it, for who cares for a general compliment more than for a general lover.—*L. E. L.*

#### DESCRIPTION OF A BEDOUIN MARKET.

On arriving at the bazaar, held, like an English country fair, in a field on the outskirts of the village, we alighted under a palm tree; and leaving our attendants to prepare breakfast, mingled among the crowds of Arabs assembled on the plain. The scene was highly characteristic. Rare and costly spices from the farthest East, which could scarcely be supposed ever to find their way into the hut of an Egyptian peasant, were spread upon the grass in the midst of ordinary Venetian beads, corns, peas, beans, cheese, and butter. Rows of market-women, some with bread, others with eggs or dried dates, sat on the ground, surrounded by horses, asses, and camels, which, with singular tact, passed to and fro beneath their heavy burdens without trampling even on the hem of their garments. Both men and women, however, exhibited that noisy, brawling propensity which in all countries distinguishes the vulgar; the buyer and the seller, whatever might be the value of the article in question, seeming by the loudness of their voices, and the fierceness of their gesticulation, to be engaged in mortal conflict; but when the bargain was concluded, the vociferation likewise ceased, and the disputants chatted and laughed together with their usual good humour. In one part of the bazaar, where a sturdy fellah was engaged, perhaps, in cheapening an ass, you might behold twenty individuals of both sexes, nowise interested in the transaction, encircling the chapman, and entering with so much earnestness into their business, some siding with the buyer, others with the seller, that a stranger would certainly suppose that they were to receive a commission on the proceeds. To a painter in search of grotesque costumes these motley groups would have afforded delectable materials; for the Neapolitan lazzarone are less whimsical in their habiliments than the Arabs. Turbans white, black, red, or green; cream-coloured, brown, or striped white green cloaks; blue shirts, tattered blankets, which disguised rather than covered