

breathing, and the heart continues to beat, thus circulating the blood through the whole system,—life is preserved. But who can explain the phenomena of respiration? And by what power do the lungs separate the oxygen of the air, for the nutrition, perfection, and circulation of the blood? And by what power is it that the heart continues to expand, in order to receive the blood; and contract in order to repel it, so that the circulation may be continued; which must continue in order that life may be preserved? Why does the heart not get weary, and rest? Why is it that with incessant labour, for even threescore and ten years, it is not exhausted of its physical powers, and so stand still?—These are questions which God alone can answer satisfactorily, because life depends on him, whatsoever means He may choose to employ for its continuance and preservation.—

Dr. A. Clarke.

### LOQUACITY OF A TOWN PUMP.

“Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke, in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burthen of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump? The title of ‘town-treasurer’ is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town-clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms, to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

“At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cup-full, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles, to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly-fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night’s potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund air! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! The water absolutely kisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children’s food, for a swig half

so delicious?—Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavour of cold water. Good-by; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town-Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving-stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people, who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter: but, when your great toe shall set you a roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town-Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away, again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?”

“Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

“Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance-lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated, by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks, into one great pile, and make a bonfire, in honor of the Town-Pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected every where, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champion of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

“There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends, I know, they are—who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even of a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the Town-Pump, in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy-bottle? Or, can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified, than by plunging, slapdash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare, which you are to wage—and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust, and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth’s fever, or cleanse its stains.

“One o’clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell is to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go, and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—**SUCCESS TO THE TOWN-PUMP!**”

### THE AGE OF BENEVOLENCE.

This, above all others, is an age of benevolence—a benevolence which beholds and commiserates every form of suffering endured by every member of the human family, which knows no geographical limitation, but goes forth on its errand of mercy throughout the earth, recognizing no distinction of object, but labouring with equal kindness to relieve the wants of a beggar, or redeem a nation from bondage. This novel class of human effort, is “the glory of the age,” before which all that was done or attempted by ancient times is comparatively worthless.

Whoever will, for a moment, contemplate the countless forms in which this benevolent spirit is manifested; the increasing multitude of its objects; the complex machinery which it sets in motion; the almost infinite diversity of the means and agencies which it employs, will be ready to confess that, to comprehend its designs, enter into its spirit, and assist in executing its purposes, but still more to extend and improve its system, devise for it new and more efficient modes of operation, and sustain its onward march with the accelerated movement of society, is enough to keep in full action the energies of the strongest intellect.

We delight to contemplate this beautiful feature of our age, beholding in it a development of the glorious principles of Christianity, which, with a power like that which awoke Lazarus from the slumbers of death, has animated the great heart of humanity, and made it alive with benevolence.

WONDERS OF STEAM.—As such an example I will mention the application of the law of expansibility in steam to the propulsion of machinery—quoting the words of the great orator of the north.

Speaking of steam, he says, “Everywhere practicable, everywhere efficient; it has an arm a thousand fold stronger than that of Hercules, to which human ingenuity is capable of adapting a thousand times as many hands as belonged to Briareus. Steam is found in triumphant operation on the sea, and under the influence of its strong propulsion, the gallant ship,

‘Against the wind, against the tide,  
Still steadies with an upright keel.’

It is on the river, and the boatman may repose upon his oars; it is on the highway, and is beginning to exert itself along the courses of land conveyance; it is in mines a thousand feet below the earth’s surface; it is in the mill and in the workshops of the trades. *It, rows, it pumps, it excavates, it hammers, it draws, it carries, it lifts, it spins, it weaves, it prints*. It seems to say to men, at least to the class of artisans, ‘leave off your manual labour; give over your bodily toil; apply but your skill and reason to the directing of my power, and I will assume the toil, with no muscle to grow weary, no nerve to relax, no breast to feel faintness!’ What further improvement may be made in the use of this astonishing power it is impossible to predict, and it were vain to conjecture. What we do know is, that it has most essentially altered the face of affairs, and that no visible limit yet appears, beyond which its further advance is seen to be impossible. If its power were now to be annihilated—if we were to miss it on the water and in the mill—it would seem as if we were returning to rude ages.”

THE CHRISTIAN STUDENT.—Moral and physical science are to him connected in a lasting and indissoluble union. He enriches his theology with the treasures of physical science. Theology is, with him, the beginning, middle, and end of his researches. Not the theology of the schools, or of the dark ages, or of any who would lord it over God’s heritage; but the theology which is chanted by the waves, and illuminated by the stars, and pictured forth in the history of his race; the theology which, having hovered in peerless majesty over the peculiar people, sprang strong from immortality from the fires of their holy temple. Next to God, his study is Man; next to man, his study is Nature. —*Monthly Repository.*