American Union.

J. H. EMERSON, EDITOR.

DENTON MARYLAND.

The Bell of St. John's.

BY RUFUS SARGENT.

In a huge and smoky foundry, close by the wharves in the town of B——, a gang of workmen were getting ready to cast the largest bell of the St. John's Cathedral chime. Only an hour more and they would let the glaring bubbling metal flow from the huge furnace into the mould which was buried deep into the black earth close by.

It was just at evening, and in the gathering twilight the lurid blue flames had burst from the top of the tall chimney and flashed unearthly gleams upon the neighboring windows and housetops.

The scene within the foundry was weird and almost awful. The swarthy forms of the workmen, partly lighted by the yellow glare, moved about like Tartarian shadows, and the sooty beams and pondered chains crossing, half black, half golden, under the glowing roof recalled the engine of the Cyclops under Mt. Ætna.

The town clock struck six. It was time for supper. All the men threw down their tools and ran out and put on their outer clothing.

"Be back in half an hour, sharp!' cried the forge master. "We shall make the cast at a quarter of seven.'

"All right, sir,' cried the men in response.

"I hear that some of the town's folks are coming down to see the work,' said one.

"Yes,' said another, "and it'll be something to open their eyes. There was never such a bell cast in the whole State as this one will be.'

In a moment more only one workmen and the master were left in the foundry.—The former was to stay and watch the "blast." He had brought a double allowance of dinner and he would make a supper of what remained.

"Perhaps we can get the 'Inventor' to stay with you, George,' said the master, laughing, as he prepared to go.

"Yes, where is he?' replied the man, in the same jesting tone.

"He's been around the works long enough to know when anything goes wrong. Hallo! hallo! I say where's the 'Inventor?' Come here. Ah, there he is!"—And in silent answer to the summons a shock-haired fellow, with large gray eyes and a pale, vacant face appeared from behind a pile of castings. He had on his back a gray shirt, much soiled with dust, and he wore a pair of huge pantaloons, held by a single suspender.

"Well, Mopus,' quoth the man George, slapping him rather roughly on the shoulder, "suppose you've got wit enough to help yell if anything's the matter?'

The young fellow looked stupidly around and nodded his head.

"Then sit here and look at the furnace, and don't take your eyes off.'

The poor lad smiled and meekly did as he was ordered—just as an obedient dog would have lain down to watch his owner's coat.

A queer fellow was this "Mopus;" stupid enough in ordinary things to need a world of watching, but withal wonderfully fit to watch a furnace. He knew all the working of the foundry, but what seemed a sort of brute instinct, though really his strange sagacity in this was a remnant of a once bright mind.

If anything happened or went in an unusual way he would always notice it, and say what ought to be done, though he could not tell, perhaps, why it ought to be done.

Two years before he had been an intelligent, promising lad. He was the son of a designer connected with the foundry company, and had always been allowed free access to the shops and to mingle with the men and watch their work. But one day a great lifting-chain broke, with its load, and an iron fragment struck him on the head, inflicting a serious injury. From this he partially recovered, and only partially, for his reason was impaired. But his natural love for machinery and mechanical experiments remained, and, as he regained his bodily strength, he spent most of his time making small wheels and shafts and putting together odd contrivances, which he would exhibit with immense pride and satisfaction.

This peculiar trait in the young fellow gained for him the humorous title of the "Inventor." All the men felt a great kindness for him, even though their manner toward him was occasionally harsh and impatient.

Such was the person left to help to watch the great blast for the casting of the king bell of the chime of St. John's. Faithfully he kept his place before the furnace, while the man George sat down at a little distance and began to eat his supper.—Doubtless the latter intended to keep a general oversight, but he certainly made the Inventor do the most of the looking.—Whether he felt a kind of reckless trust in the instinct of his half-witted companion, or indolently concluded that nothing wrong could happen, he was sadly to blame for charging himself so little with the important duty before him.

Not a word was said by either watcher, and only the deep roar of the furnace was heard through the vast foundry.

George finished his supper and sauntered into one of the tool shops to find his pipe. "Inventor" sat alone before the great blast. The one rational faculty of his feeble mind enabled him to comprehend what it meant, and even something of the magnitude of the enterprise that was ripening inside those burning walls. He knew that the furnace was full of valuable metal and that close beside him, buried out of sight in the deep sand, was the huge mould, so soon to be filled with the precious cast. He knew and could see that all the channels for the flow of the fiery liquid were ready and that near the mouth of the huge furnace stood the long iron rod that was to be used when the moment came to let on the moulten stream.

All this his limited thoughts took in by habit. Dimly conscious that something great was soon to be done, he sat with his eyes on the furnace, absorbed and intent.

Suddenly something startled him. There was a slight noise and a burning crack appeared near the top of the furnace. Then another crack, and a scorching brick fell out and rolled to the ground at his feet.

The lad opened his mouth to shriek, but so terrified was he that the sounds stuck in his throat, as if he had been in a fit of nightmare.

A thin red stream followed the fallen brick, and trickled down the furnace side like running lava. Then came another alarming noise, and a thin gap half way down the masonry let out more of the hissing metal.

Where was George? Was the unfaithful fellow still hunting for his pipe? The furnace was bursting, with only a poor, half idiot lad to guard it!

What could he do? He did what, perhaps, a lad in his right mind would not have dared to do. Rushing to the mouth of the furnace, he seized the long iron rod that stood near, and tapped the vent. One desperate thrust with a sharp point up the terrible funnel—a few quick, prying strokes! Stand back, now! The confining clay fell away, and the yellow-white flood spurted out with resistless force. It leaped into the clay-lined troughs, and hissed its way, flaming down to the mouth of the bell mould.

The "fool" had done a deed worthy of a general on a field of battle.

Was it too late? Every moment new fissures opened in the doomed furnace.—Some of the upper stones toppled over.—Still the metal poured out into the mould but the waste was great from those gaping flaws. The pressure was relieved by the open vent, but the leaks multiplied continually. It was art running a race with ruin.

Poor "Mopus" stood powerless before the coming catastrophe. His knees knocked together and his head swam. A great heap of red hot bricks and rubbish fell at his feet. He had barely thought to get out of the way and save his life. He heard a wild shout of human voices in the distance, then an awful roar behind him, and he saw and felt himself pursued by surges of seething fire. Sharp, blistering pains pierced his flesh at a hundred points. The rest was all a horrible unintelligible dream. It was as if he had suddenly sunk into the earth and had been swallowed up forever.

By seven o'clock comparative quiet reigned again on the scene of disaster. Ruins lay everywhere. The engines had quenched the flames that had caught the building, and the men, blackened with smoke, stood in silent groups about the remains of the furnace. It had fallen to pieces, and nothing was left but heaps of streaming rubbish.

Poor "Inventor," who had been found with the tapping-rod in his hand, lying on his face in the sand, frightfully burned, had been carried to his home.

Little was said, but the few words spoken, uttered with no mild emphasis the natural wrath of the master and hands against the man George, whose excuses for himself only exaggerated his offence.

"See, what he's done,' said they a few days later, as they stood in the half-burned foundry. "Five thousand dollars gone to waste in a minute! The best job in twenty years spoiled! The rascal to go hunting for his pipe and leave that stuttering idiot to watch! Is that all he can say for himself? Out upon such carelessness!—Why the boy didn't even know enough to bawl out when he must have seen the furnace tumbling to pieces!'

The master, who had more at stake than the men, of course, felt the loss more keenly than they. He almost wept with mingled grief and rage. Suddenly something peculiar caught his eye among the debris, and he cried, in a startled voice:

"Halloo! what's this? What's this?' He snatched up a fragment of one of the troughs which had led from the furnace to the mould. There were traces of the stream of bronze still running it it. Then the possible meaning of the iron found in the inbured boy's hand flashed upon him.

"Bring me a shovel, quick!' he shouted.

A spade was put into his hands and he began nervously to heave the hot mass that lay piled over the bell-mould. It was a herculean task, but he worked like a giant, and three or four of his men took hold and helped him.

Brickbats, ore, slug and ashes flew in every direction. Presently the master's spade penetrated the sand and touched something hard. He stooped down. Then he leaped up like one half frantic, and, plying his spade with redoubled energy, tore away the remaining sand, disclosing what looked like a great metalic ring.

"Men," he cried out, lifting his bushed face, "the bell is cast.'

"Who did this?' asked every excited voice, as soon as the cheering died away.

"Come with me, two or three of you!' cried the master. "I think I know who did it. It's a miracle!'

They hurried away to the home of the half-witted boy. The attendant met them with her finger on her lips.

"The poor boy is in brain fever,' she said.

"Does he say anything in his delirium?' whispered the master.

"O, yes, he raves all the time about the bell-mould. 'I hope it will fill—I hope it will fill,' he says.'

The men exchanged glances. It was indeed true. The idiot had cast the great bell of St. John's. Just then the physician came out. "Perhaps he will recover his reason by this shock and sickness,' he said. "Such things have happened.'

"Do you think so? Pray, heaven he may!' solemnly ejaculated the master and his men, and they turned away deeply moved.

Two months later the great bell hung from a huge derrick in the lathe room of the factory, and beneath it stood a heavy truck upon which it was about to be lowered. A silence fell upon the group of workmen as the pale face and feeble form of "Inventor" appeared, borne in on a small reclining chair. He had recovered his reason and was fast getting back his strength. His large gray eyes instantly fastened themselves on the bell, that splendid masterpiece, whose making meant so much to him. They had told him the whole story of the casting and the disaster in the foundry, but it all sounded like a wild romance to him.

"I remember nothing that happened;' said he shaking his head with a smile.

"It's all new to me, all new and strange—so strange!'

"Yes," said the master, devoutly, "It was God's hand.'

Every eye turned upon the invalid.—Some of the men felt almost afraid, it was so much like a resurrection to have him there among them, the boy whom they had known so long underwitted, now a young man keen and intelligent, as if changed in to another being.

"I should like to strike the bell once.' Two men lifted him up and put a small hammer in his hand.

He struck one gentle blow. A deep, sweet, mournful tone, solemn as the sound of distant waterfalls, rolled from the great bell and echoed through the great foundry. Tears filled the eyes of the rough men as they heard it.

"Ah," said the master, "there's a hallelujah in that, and it may well begin here. Long may this bell praise God! He saved it in the ruins of the furnace by one wise thought in the ruins of a human brain.—Our furnace is rebuilt, and behold, this dear boy has his reason again! The bell and the boy shall glorify God together.'

"Amen," murmured all the listeners.

Then the great bell was lowered, and as the truck was rolled away with its melodious burden the boy was lifted and carried after it, and both went out into the sunny day together, the rough men standing in the doorway waving their hands.

"Little Inventor" afterwards well proved his claim to the title so lightly given him in his unfortunate boyhood. His name now is read on many a bell whose matchless richness of tone his genius and skill in metals alone created.

Alcoholic Drinks in Relation to Health.

The following paper on the 'Relations of the Excess or Habitual use of Alcoholic Drinks to public health,' by Homer O. Hitchcock, M. D., President of the Board of Public Health, Kalamazoo, Michigan, was read by Mr. Hunt, of New Jersey, before the National Health Association at Baltimore last week.

I do not propose in this paper to advance a priori argument in respect to the relation of alcohol to the health of those who drink it, based upon its chemical composition, or on its acting in a concentrated form upon the animal tissues. I propose to confine myself to a few plain facts. One of these facts is the amount of alcoholic liquors that are manufactured and sold in the United States. There were manufactured in the United States, in 1871, 100,000,000 gallons distilled spirits, or about three gallons to every man, woman and child in the republic. Of brewed liquors, 400,000,000 gallons or 12 gallons to each man, woman and child in the republic. Of wines, 20,000,000 gallons, and imported liquors, 20,000,000. This should arrest the attention of every thoughtful citizen. The value of the sales of retail liquor dealers in the United States in 1865 was $1,483,491,865, or about $48 to every man, woman and child in the land. Probably two-thirds of this was consumed for drink. It follows that this consumption of alcoholic drink must have a marked influence upon the public health. Experiments prove that alcohol poisons the blood, arrests the development as well as hastens the decay of the recorpuscle. Dr. Anderson stated that he had found the use of alcohol to be the most powerful predisposing cause of malignant cholera. The United States reports as the whole number of insane persons in the States and Territories 37,432.

If induced by all the foregoing considerations we adopt the percentage in this country that Lord Shaftsbury has adopted for England, we have in the United States and Territories the fearful number of 22,457 cases of insanity, more or less caused by alcohol.

Of the 40,880 idiotic persons in the United States it has been estimated that 18,270 were brought to the condition of idiocy by alcohol. In an article prepared by A. M. Fisk, A. M., it is stated that 80 to 90 per cent. of our criminals connect their causes of crime with intemperance. What do 49,000 deaths caused by alcohol cost the nation. The average cost of burial cannot be less than $10 each, giving the sum of $490,000. From the best data collected the conclusion is arrived at that alcohol shortens the lives of those who use it twenty-eight per cent. It follows that these 49,000 persons have each lost to the nation 28 per cent. of 57 46 years, or 16 08 years of effective life, giving a total of 78,500 years. These figures are much below the actual loss, for according to the expectancies of intemperate persons the loss of effective life is twenty-three years within a small fraction, involving a loss to the nation of effective life by those who die from the effects of alcohol of 1,127,000 years. If each effective year be valued at $150, the nation loses on the first calculation $117,600,000, and on the second calculation $169,050,000. The loss of effective life in the dying of insane persons from alcohol is 9,358 years, entailing a loss to the nation of $1,403,700.

Every business is rightfully held responsible for its evil effects. Every State Government should at once institute, by a competent commission, a careful inquiry as to the amount of losses the State suffers from the traffic in alcoholic drinks, and should assess that amount upon the dealers equitably, according to their sales. Such a proceeding in each State would in five years entirely abolish the traffic and vastly inure to the benefits of the public health and the public welfare.

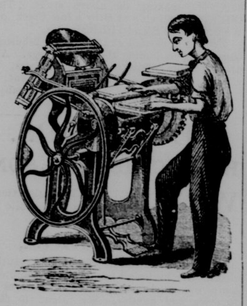
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All work put up with sharp tools.
Forty years experience in the above business I flatter myself that my work cannot be surpassed on this shore. In my absence my brother, Collison Pritchett, will be found at my house or shop.
Orders should be sent in early for Scythe and Cradles.
Our thanks for past patronage.
Respectfully the public's ob't. servant.
5-6-tf. EDWARD PRITCHETT.

Maryland Steamboat Co.

CHANGE OF TIME.



ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, September 25th Steamers will leave Pier 3, Light Street, as follows:—The Steamer

Highland Light,

every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 9 o'clock, P. M., for Easton, Oxford, Cambridge and intermediate landings to Medford's. On SATURDAYS extending her trip to Denton. Returning MONDAY morning, leaving Denton at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The steamer CHAMPION daily, at 7, A. M. (except Sunday) for Anapolis, extending her trips on MONDAYS and WEDNESDAYS to West and Rhode rivers, TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS to St. Michael's and Miles River, (Easton,) THURSDAYS to South River, and SATURDAYS to West River.

The steamer MASSACHUSETTS every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 6 P. M., for the Great Wicomico, Dividing and Dymer's creeks, and Plankatank river.

☞ Freight taken at low rates.

For further information apply at the office No. 98 Light Street, Baltimore. [10-7-tf.

MD. & DEL. RAILROAD.

Change of Hours.

On and after *Wednesday, Sept. 15th*, '75, Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Leave	Pass. No. 1.	Frt. No. 2.
Easton	4.10 A.M.	10.30 A. M.
Woodland	4.20	10.50
Cordova	4.30	11.10
Hillsborough	4.45	11.30
Ridgeley	4.55	11.50
Greensboro'	5.10	12.15 P. M.
Goldsboro'	5.25	12.40
Henderson	5.35	1.00
Marydell	5.45	1.15
Slaughter's	5 55	1.35
Kenton	6.10	2.00
Clayton [ar]	6.20	2.30
Wilmington	8.05	4.10
Philadelphia	9.20	5.35
Baltimore	1.15 P. M.	8.15
New York	5.10	10.22

GOING SOUTH.

Leave	Frt. No. 3.	Pass. No. 4.
New York	11.55 P. M.	9.25 A. M.
Baltimore	7.00 A. M.	2.45 P. M.
Philadelphia	8.00	5.15
Wilmington	9.25	6.40
Clayton	11.05	8.30
Kenton	11.25	8.45
Slaughter's	11.25	9.00
Marydell	12.05 P. M.	9.15
Henderson	12.20	9.25
Goldsboro'	12.40	9.35
Greensboro'	1.05	9.50
Ridgeley	1 25	10.05
Hillsboro'	1.45	10.15
Cordova	2.05	10.30
Woodland	2.20	10.40
Easton [ar]	2.40	10.55

Freight trains No. 2 and 3 run with passenger car attached, subject to delays, will run as follows:

All freights must be at the various stations in time to be loaded and manifested at least thirty (30) minutes before the starting of the trains, otherwise they will lay over twenty-four hours.

Passengers using the 4.10 A. M. train from Easton will arrive in Philadelphia at 9.20 A. M., and returning will leave Philadelphia at 5.15 P. M., thus giving nearly eight hours for business purposes in that city.
8-19-tf. J. L. CALDWELL, Supt.

FRESH FAMILY GROCERIES for sale by B. F. FIELD & CO.