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Select Poetry.

DISCONTENTED.

How many sick ones / With they were healthy; / How many beggar men / With they were wealthy;

THE LOVER AND THE LOVED.

BY ALBERT IVIAN.

The Missouri river had nearly gained its utmost height in the great flood of 1844, but was still rapidly rising when I came to its banks in the beginning of June...

just above, and cut off all hopes of a fall of the water. Mr. Stanton soon joined the crowd that was fast collecting on the bluff.

The current of the Missouri, always rapid, renders boating upon it laborious and unpleasant; and consequently, few boats propelled by oars are to be found upon its waters.

The construction of a raft was proposed, but it was thought doubtful whether one could be propelled across the river. Others proposed sending to a neighboring town for a small skiff which was known to be there.

A part of the foundation of the warehouse, which stood a little above the hotel, and very near it, had been washed away, and the huge building was slowly sinking into the river.

They all looked earnestly at the crowds of people who filled the hill tops and lined the streets along the landing. Mr. Stanton seemed more agitated than the others, and I could see from the frequent movement of her handkerchief that she was weeping.

I went down the hill with the crowd. A stranger, whom I had not seen before, came along by my side. He was probably twenty-five years of age, of medium size, very plainly dressed, but with the unmistakable air and manner of a gentleman.

We were by this time in a dense crowd, and were separated. When I reached the landing the skiff was lying in the water, and Mr. Stanton was standing near it, with tears in his eyes.

"Will no one go?" cried Mr. Stanton, in agony. "I have neither the strength nor the skill to row the boat across. I'll give any man a thousand dollars who will do it!"

"I'll give five thousand dollars to whoever will go!" he repeated wildly; "or any amount one will ask!"

The young man Stanton was a good oarsman, and if he had the skill, could easily bring off the whole party; but whoever should take them the boat, must, perforce, take their place and remain in the island till the boat could return for his deliverance.

The storm continued with terrible fury—the rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew almost a hurricane, attended with incessant flashes of lightning; and mingled with the loud roaring of the wind was a continuous roar of thunder.

The next morning was calm and bright—long before sunrise the crowds who, the previous day, had thronged the bluffs, were hurrying along the streets and sidewalks to learn the fate of the stranger.

While I was standing alone, looking out upon the river, after the spectators had withdrawn, a carriage came up. It contained Mr. Stanton and his family. They looked earnestly upon the river for some time in silence.

"I think not, Della—I think not." Della was very pale, and leaned her head against the side of the carriage, as if faint and weak. She was really beautiful—a blonde, with rich auburn hair and clear brown eyes.

"I am glad to have you all saved," she said; "but I do not feel that I have any right to life on such terms. Why should any one die for me?"

The stranger loosened the rope that secured the skiff, and bowing again to the ladies, remained standing on the veranda.

As they floated rapidly away, it was evident that they must descend the river a considerable distance while making the passage, and that they would land at what was called the lower landing, about a half a mile below where we were standing.

It was concluded on all hands that he was a doomed man—the utter impossibility of his surviving the night was evident.

During a trip upon the Missouri, about a year before the commencement of my narrative, he met with Miss Della Greene, who was traveling alone at the time, though their acquaintance was necessarily brief, they loved each other before the time of parting came.

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"This is unaccountable, Della," said Mr. Stanton, sternly. "Was he a friend of yours?"

She did not reply immediately, but in a moment she said quite clearly and calmly: "I met him once—he was my friend. I cannot tell you anything more about him."

"I shall never return," she said to me, on the eve of her departure. "You may keep these papers for your personal use when I am gone; and when you hear of my death, make what use of them you please."

After fifteen years of successful labor, as teacher, in one of the mission schools in the East—successful labor, of which even a Christian might feel a grateful pride—she, too, yielded up her life for the good of others; not suddenly, and by violence, but the effect of long-continued toil and anxious application wrought its slow but certain work; and at the beginning of the year just closed, her life and labor terminated, and I can now reveal the history of the unknown stranger by whom her life was once saved.

His name was Leonard Elwood, once a clerk in New Orleans. Pride and poverty, some years before I saw him, had impelled him to commit a crime—forgery, embezzlement, or some kindred act—and his commission enriched him.

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Political.

THE REPUBLICANS AND CORRUPTION.

The Republicans are making a great fuss just now over their one-sided investigation and report on the subject of corruption, but they appear to forget, or at least wish the people to forget, their position, complicity and active participation in that very business.

not merely corrupt but shameless—will be assembled in our halls of legislation within the next ten years.

The New York Times, in speaking of the appliances used to pass the passenger railway schemes of the shameless and prostituted intrigue for monopolies, said:

"What public interest could lead members from the interior obstinately to resist every amendment, and force the bills through in their most obnoxious shape? What public motive could prompt honorable members from Utica, from Oswego, from Rochester or Buffalo, to persist—against every dictate of justice, and in spite of the most earnest remonstrances—in fixing upon the people of New York the most oppressive monopolies ever fastened upon any city?"

"There is only one answer to these inquiries: They were bribed to do so. Their votes were bought and paid for. If the Grand Jury of Albany county would do its duty—if respectable men, cognizant of the facts, would give justice the benefit of their knowledge—we believe a score of members, at the lowest estimate, would be indicted, tried, convicted and sent to the penitentiary for the crime of selling the public interests to put money in their own pockets."

The New York Express (American) in alluding to the denunciations of the Republican press in this regard, made use of the annexed language, which is worthy of being placed along side of the trades of the Republicans touching "official corruptions." We quote:

"The Republican party in its State policy professed to be the peculiar friends of economy, retrenchment and reform. We have seen how shamefully those professions have been falsified. The indignation of such journals as the Tribune and Post is all moonshine. It is not worth anything. The object of it is to create an impression that Republicanism and profligate legislation are not Siamese twins, and in so far to prepare the way to asking the people to give the same party another trial in the Capital next year. But, poverty as the people are in some things, we apprehend they are not so verdant as the wire-pullers imagine. Nor can anybody be humbugged, either, by the show of public virtue on the part of the Governor, in vetoing that monstrous scheme of public plunder, the Gridiron Railway bills. There was a perfect understanding that most of the vetoed bills should pass. The people will merely look upon the Governor as having given a sly wink to the Legislature, and whispered, 'You know you are strong enough to pass these bills, but it is better I should vote them, so as to save appearances with the public, and not cast the whole odium upon the Republican party.'"

"Another circumstance going to show that the 'virtuous indignation' of the Republican press is all a sham, is the profound silence they maintain upon the very generally credited rumor that the Albany Regency gets a million of dollars from the Gridiron, to be used as an electioneering fund to carry this State for the nominees of the Sectional Convention at Chicago."

It is hardly necessary to multiply proofs of the notorious greed of the Republican party when in power, but with a view of calling to mind some striking reminiscences touching the leading spirits of the Chicago Convention, we extract from the Uniontown (Pa.) Genius of Liberty, the following apposite paragraph:

"It was singularly proper that George Ashmun should preside over the body that nominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. He is the man who introduced the resolutions into Congress, for which Lincoln voted, declaring the Mexican war unjust, unconstitutional, and wrong. Their course on that question drove both Ashmun and Lincoln from public life, from which they did not emerge until Lincoln was, in 1858, put up against Judge Douglas for the Senate, and Ashmun appeared on the boards at Chicago, as President of the Republican Convention. In 1857, Ashmun figured prominently for a short time as a lobby member of Congress, engaged in procuring the passage of the 'free wool' tariff adopted in that year. He acted as the agent of Lawrence, Stone & Co., who expended \$70,000 in procuring the passage of that act, of which sum Ashmun got some \$4,000. Thurlow Weed some \$4,000, and James Watson Webb got a furnished house at Washington, well stocked with provisions and liquors, to which members could be invited and feasted, while being impressed with the importance of this unjust measure to the American wool grower. Ashmun is the very man to play the part he did at Chicago, and to denounce the Administration as he did in his speech. A scamp and a knave himself, it was natural for him to seek to bring others down to his level. Imagine such a man as Lincoln President, and such jobs as George Ashmun about, and it is not difficult to determine what sort of morality we would have in Congress and the White House. The people will take care, however, that no such calamity falls upon the country, by repudiating the Chicago Convention and all its doings."

Now, is it not amusing to find shameless, mercenary and unscrupulous vagabonds, like the Republicans, shouting at the full vent of their lungs, 'corruptions and frauds?' A crowd with hands full of public plunder, dirty with the bribes of rascally lobbyists and their pockets lined with the fruits of their legislative shame. The people understand the dishonest device of those who cry 'stop thief!' to escape the punishment they merit, and next November, the Republicans will discover the fact.—Pennsylvania.

THE FOLLOWING occurred in a school near London:

Teacher—"What part of speech is egg?" Boy—"Noun, sir!" Teacher—"What's its gender?" Boy—"Can't tell, sir."

Teacher—"Is it masculine, or feminine?" Boy—"Can't say, sir, till it's hatched."