

The Bedford Gazette.

BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 21, 1866.

VOL. 61.—WHOLE No. 5,377.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

This Gazette is published every Friday morning by MEYERS & MENGEL, at \$2.00 per annum, if paid *in advance*; \$2.50 if paid within six months; \$3.00 if not paid within six months. All subscription accounts MUST be settled annually. No paper will be sent out of the State unless paid for in advance, and all such subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS for a less term than three months TEN CENTS per line for each insertion. Special notices one-half additional. "Notices of Associations," communications of "limited or individual interest," and notices of marriages and deaths exceeding five lines, ten cents per line. Editorial notices five cents per line. All legal notices of every kind, and Orphans' Court and Judicial Sales, are required by law to be published in this paper.

All advertising done after first insertion. A liberal discount is made to persons advertising by the quarter, half year, or year, as follows:—

1 year	\$10.00
6 months	6.00
3 months	3.00
1 month	1.00

PRINTING, of every kind, done with precision and dispatch. This Gazette Office has been refitted with a Power Press and new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.—TERMS CASH.

All letters should be addressed to MEYERS & MENGEL, Publishers.

Attorneys at Law.

JOSEPH W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will practice in all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Collections made on the shortest notice. He is also, regularly licensed Claim Agent, and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Bounty Lands, &c. Office on Juliana street, opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell. [March 2, '66.]

MARIE & KERR, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will practice in all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Office on Juliana street, opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell. [March 2, '66.]

JOHN P. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully tenders his services to the public. Office second door North of the Mengel House. Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

JOHN PALMER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will practice in all business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collection of military claims. Office on Juliana street, nearly opposite the Mengel House. Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

OSBY M. ALSP, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, back pay, bounty, &c. Office on Juliana street, nearly opposite the Mengel House. Bedford, Jan. 22, 1864.

J. W. KNEPP, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will practice in all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Office on Juliana street, nearly opposite the Mengel House. Bedford, Aug. 1, 1861.

H. SPANG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will practice in all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Office on Juliana street, three doors south of the Mengel House, opposite the residence of Mrs. Tate. Bedford, May 12, 1861.

MEYERS & DICKERSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Office situated in a commodious building, where they will practice in all business entrusted to their care. Office on Juliana street, east side, nearly opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell. Bedford, February 12, 1864.

C. B. HICKS, DENTIST, BEDFORD, PA. Office in the Bank Building, Juliana St. All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully performed, and warranted. Teeth Filled and Mouth Washes, excellent articles, always on hand. Terms—Cash. Bedford, January 6, 1865.

DR. GEO. C. DOUGLAS, Respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of Bedford and vicinity. Office—2nd door West of the Bedford Hotel, above Barber's Silver Smith Store. Bedfords at Maj. Washburn's. Aug. 21, '66.

TRIUMPH IN DENTISTRY! TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN, by the use of Nitrous Oxide, and is attended with no danger whatever.

TEETH INSERTED upon a new style of base, which is a combination of Gold and Silver, also, upon Vulcanite, Gold, Platinum and Silver.

TEMPORARY SETS inserted if called for. Special attention will be made to diseased gums and a cure afforded on no charge made.

TEETH FILLED with best of the balance of my time I can be found at my office, 3 doors South of the Court House, Bedford, Pa. Nov. 16, '66. WM. W. VAN ORMER, Dentist.

Bankers. **REED AND SCHELL, DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, BEDFORD, PA.** DRAFTS bought and sold, collections made and promptly remitted.

RUPP, SHANNON & CO., BANKERS, BEDFORD, PA. COLLECTIONS made for the East, West, North and South, and the general business of Exchange Bankers, Notes and Accounts Collected, and promptly remitted. REAL ESTATE bought and sold. Oct. 20, 1863.

FRUIT CANS AND SEALING. E. M. BLYMYER & CO'S. Wax at

Hardware, &c.

GEORGE BLYMYER & SON, having formed a partnership, on the 6th of March, 1866, at the old stand, where they will find an immense stock of the most splendid goods ever brought to Bedford county. These goods will be sold at the lowest possible prices. Persons desiring to purchase BUILDING HARDWARE will find it to their advantage to give us a call.

WHITE LEAD.—We have on hand a large quantity of White Lead, which we have been fortunate to buy a little lower than the market rates. The particular brands to which we would invite attention, are the *Pure Back Lead*, *Snow White Lead*, *Washington White Lead*, *Washington Zinc White Lead*, *New York White Lead*, *Alco-French Portland Cement*, *Demar's Kerosene*, *Versailles Oil*, *Flaxseed Oil*, *Turpentine and Alcohol*.

All kinds of IRON and NAILS. No. 1 CHRYSLAT ILLUMINATING COAL OIL. LAMPS in profusion.

We would invite persons wanting Saddlery Hardware, to give us a call, as we have everything in the Saddlery line, such as Buckles, Rings, Harness and Webbing Leather of all kinds; also a variety of Saddle Findings, consisting of French Calf Skins, Morocco Bindings, Bindings, Pags, &c.

Housekeepers will find at Blymyer & Son's store a great variety of household goods. Knives and Forks of the very best quality; Plated Table and Tea Spoons at all prices.

Give us a call and we can supply you with Barn Door Hooks, the latest improvement; Nova Scotia Grindstones, better than any in use; Shovels, Forks and Spades.

Grain and Grass Scythes and Snaiths, Fishing Tackle, Brushes of all kinds, Round-Johns, Patent Wheel Grease, Tar and Whale Oil, and an infinite variety of articles.

\$20.00 WANTED.—Would like to get it if our friends would like to have it. Loss will do; but persons having unsettled accounts will close our old books. This should be done by the 15th of May, '66. GEO. BLYMYER & SON.

Drugs, Medicines, &c. J. L. LEWIS having purchased the Drug Store, lately owned by Mr. H. C. Beach, takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity, that he has just returned from the cities with a well selected stock of DRUGS.

COGNAC, MEDICINES, &c. The stock of Drugs and Medicines consist of the purest quality, and selected with great care. General assortment of popular Patent Medicines.

The attention of the Ladies is particularly invited to the stock of perfumery, toilet and fancy articles, consisting of the best perfumes of the day. Colognes, Soaps, Preparations for the Hair, Complexion and Teeth, Camphor ice for chapped hands; Tooth and Hair Brushes, Port Monies, &c.

COAL OIL LAMPS, AND CHIMNEYS. BEST BRASS AND COPPER COOKING, FRENCH CONNECTIONS, &c. &c.

The stock of Drugs and Medicines consist of the purest quality, and selected with great care. General assortment of popular Patent Medicines.

The attention of the Ladies is particularly invited to the stock of perfumery, toilet and fancy articles, consisting of the best perfumes of the day. Colognes, Soaps, Preparations for the Hair, Complexion and Teeth, Camphor ice for chapped hands; Tooth and Hair Brushes, Port Monies, &c.

COAL OIL LAMPS, AND CHIMNEYS. BEST BRASS AND COPPER COOKING, FRENCH CONNECTIONS, &c. &c.

The stock of Drugs and Medicines consist of the purest quality, and selected with great care. General assortment of popular Patent Medicines.

The attention of the Ladies is particularly invited to the stock of perfumery, toilet and fancy articles, consisting of the best perfumes of the day. Colognes, Soaps, Preparations for the Hair, Complexion and Teeth, Camphor ice for chapped hands; Tooth and Hair Brushes, Port Monies, &c.

COAL OIL LAMPS, AND CHIMNEYS. BEST BRASS AND COPPER COOKING, FRENCH CONNECTIONS, &c. &c.

The stock of Drugs and Medicines consist of the purest quality, and selected with great care. General assortment of popular Patent Medicines.

The attention of the Ladies is particularly invited to the stock of perfumery, toilet and fancy articles, consisting of the best perfumes of the day. Colognes, Soaps, Preparations for the Hair, Complexion and Teeth, Camphor ice for chapped hands; Tooth and Hair Brushes, Port Monies, &c.

COAL OIL LAMPS, AND CHIMNEYS. BEST BRASS AND COPPER COOKING, FRENCH CONNECTIONS, &c. &c.

The stock of Drugs and Medicines consist of the purest quality, and selected with great care. General assortment of popular Patent Medicines.

The attention of the Ladies is particularly invited to the stock of perfumery, toilet and fancy articles, consisting of the best perfumes of the day. Colognes, Soaps, Preparations for the Hair, Complexion and Teeth, Camphor ice for chapped hands; Tooth and Hair Brushes, Port Monies, &c.

COAL OIL LAMPS, AND CHIMNEYS. BEST BRASS AND COPPER COOKING, FRENCH CONNECTIONS, &c. &c.

The stock of Drugs and Medicines consist of the purest quality, and selected with great care. General assortment of popular Patent Medicines.

The attention of the Ladies is particularly invited to the stock of perfumery, toilet and fancy articles, consisting of the best perfumes of the day. Colognes, Soaps, Preparations for the Hair, Complexion and Teeth, Camphor ice for chapped hands; Tooth and Hair Brushes, Port Monies, &c.

COAL OIL LAMPS, AND CHIMNEYS. BEST BRASS AND COPPER COOKING, FRENCH CONNECTIONS, &c. &c.

The stock of Drugs and Medicines consist of the purest quality, and selected with great care. General assortment of popular Patent Medicines.

The attention of the Ladies is particularly invited to the stock of perfumery, toilet and fancy articles, consisting of the best perfumes of the day. Colognes, Soaps, Preparations for the Hair, Complexion and Teeth, Camphor ice for chapped hands; Tooth and Hair Brushes, Port Monies, &c.

COAL OIL LAMPS, AND CHIMNEYS. BEST BRASS AND COPPER COOKING, FRENCH CONNECTIONS, &c. &c.

The stock of Drugs and Medicines consist of the purest quality, and selected with great care. General assortment of popular Patent Medicines.

The attention of the Ladies is particularly invited to the stock of perfumery, toilet and fancy articles, consisting of the best perfumes of the day. Colognes, Soaps, Preparations for the Hair, Complexion and Teeth, Camphor ice for chapped hands; Tooth and Hair Brushes, Port Monies, &c.

COAL OIL LAMPS, AND CHIMNEYS. BEST BRASS AND COPPER COOKING, FRENCH CONNECTIONS, &c. &c.

The stock of Drugs and Medicines consist of the purest quality, and selected with great care. General assortment of popular Patent Medicines.

The attention of the Ladies is particularly invited to the stock of perfumery, toilet and fancy articles, consisting of the best perfumes of the day. Colognes, Soaps, Preparations for the Hair, Complexion and Teeth, Camphor ice for chapped hands; Tooth and Hair Brushes, Port Monies, &c.

The Bedford Gazette.

ORIGINAL ESSAY. For the Bedford Gazette. PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION. BY HARRY MORELAND.

Our modern lord of song, Shelley, has said that "naught may endure but mutability." Paradoxical as this expression appears, it may, nevertheless, be considered true. On all sides, the world presents one vast scene of incessant mutation. The myriad forms of animal life spring forth into being, enjoy an ephemeral existence, perish and pass away. One generation of men pursues another to the grave; and the father descends to the tomb that his place may be filled by one who was but a short time before, an infant prattling on his knee. The breath of the Destroyer, Time, blows upon the monuments of human power and skill, and they crumble into dust. Seas are now sweeping where once stood populous cities; and some lone column is all that marks where the princes of the earth had reared their stately palaces. Empires have risen and grown until nations quailed before them, when they were suddenly swept away by some new power. Dynasties have fallen, customs have become obsolete, laws have perished, even religions have vanished like "a tale that is told." Everywhere we behold the same wild career of change, of mingled dissolution and reproduction, of vigor and decay. Everything we see is hastening to its destruction, that new forms may arise upon its ruins, and run the same rapid course toward the goal of death. Is all this, then, indeed, nothing but chaos? Is it no more than a lawless tumult of conflicting principles, without object or system? Does it tend to no results? Must the human race, like a blind millstone, travel forever the same unvarying ground, grinding out, hopelessly, the self-same evil products? Far from it. Where our imperfect vision can see but wild confusion, there exists harmonious order. Where we can see no plan, every element fulfills the mission assigned it by Omnipotence. Look upon the hosts of shining worlds that crowd the arch of heaven. The mind is bewildered, lost, in contemplation of the countless throng, and all seem scattered there by the wildness of accident, and yet each rolls swiftly and surely on its predestined circle, departing no iota from it, in its course through infinity and eternity.

So it is with the history of mankind. Through all its strange vicissitudes the reflecting mind can observe the operation of one mighty principle leading on to the accomplishment of as mighty purposes. On all is written the great law of Progress. This is, indeed, the distinguishing mark of our species, obviously dividing it from the beasts that perish. One after another, the generations may pass from the stage of action in solemn array, going down to the dead. Empires may sink into ruins, and whole nations be swept from the face of the earth as by the breath of the pestilence, but the course of the whole race is still onward. Science goes calmly on, adding little by little to its ever accumulating store, and evolving one important principle after another, while philosophy, from time to time, throws some new ray of light upon the mysteries of the universe.

The first idea comprised in the word civilization is the notion of progress or development. It awakens the idea of a people advancing, of a people in a course of improvement and amelioration. Besides the progress and amelioration of social life, another development is comprised in our notion of civilization, the development of individual life, the development of the human mind and its faculties, the development of man himself.

It includes two elements; the first of these is the development of the faculties and powers of the individual. The breast of the savage is a sealed casket of precious jewels. Although endowed with capabilities for all that is great and good, he has no opportunity of displaying them, and is unconscious of their existence. They lie smothered and buried beneath a mass of low cares, sordid appetites and stormy passions. Now, in the progress of civilization these faculties will be developed by exercise and discipline. No one will attempt to deny that the man of to-day is not a different being from him of five centuries ago. He is made to partake more freely of knowledge, is educated to greater mental vigor and activity, and is taught to employ his powers upon a much more extended circle of objects.

The second element is, the improvement of society, of the relation of men, one to another. In all the under conditions of mankind, the individual is injured, oppressed and deprived of some portion of his birth-right. In the best state of society, he is left to the guidance of his own enlightened will, so far as is compatible with the right and liberty of his associates. The perfection of civilization will, therefore, be found in that state where each member, after the greatest possible amount of moral and intellectual cultivation, enjoys the greatest possible amount of personal freedom. If we refer to history, we will perceive that society has been constantly and surely advancing towards that goal of perfection, and never has she retrograded but temporarily; and no real and important improvement or amelioration once made, has ever been lost. The knowledge of special facts may have been lost, certain processes of art may have been forgotten, but a great principle, once enunciated, understood and acted upon, enjoys unending life. It endures in the immortality of truth! The earliest stage of civilization took its rise in the East. Examples of it may still be seen in Egypt and Assyria; and some such nations as China stand, to-day, in their sombre significance, as they stood centuries ago. This society is characterized by an iron despotism, both physical and spiritual. The dominant castes were the military and clerical; that held an undisputed sway over the bodies and properties of the men, whilst this assumed a far more dreadful despotism over their spirits. This period, at length, drew to a close. It faded away from the shores of the Mediterranean like a dream of the night, thus making room for the development of a better state. We pass on to Grecian civilization, and contrasting her "golden era" with the civilization of earlier times, we readily perceive the advance she made. In those days the voice of the law was heard in the princely hall and in the peasant's hut, singing the exploits of heroism, the charms of beauty and the praise of virtue. Cities poured out their shouting population to welcome and lead back, in triumph, the poet or rhetorician, who had borne off the olive wreath from the Olympic Games. Orators contended, in noble strife, who should most enlist the assembled people. Historians recorded the spirit-stirring narrative of battle, and the mighty deeds of their heroes. Beneath the pencil there glowed bright lines and shapes more lovely than those of earth. The breathing marble was wrought into forms as beautiful as a poet's dream. Science investigated the varied phenomena with which she found herself surrounded; philosophy arose and shone brightly, and everywhere an impulse was given to thought. Who, then, would say that there has been no progress in civilization? That Greece, in her palmy days, when the brightness of her glory shone in such full and beautiful effulgence, was not far in advance of the earlier stages of civilization? If we pass on, through a long lapse of years, we shall see that the present condition of society approximates more nearly to perfection than that of any previous age—that the highest and most perfect civilization the world has ever seen, exists at present.

When William Penn established his little band of men upon the banks of the Delaware, on a principle of the fullest religious liberty, this principle extended itself over the continent, and, uniting with others that were floating through the minds of men, was, finally, embodied in the Declaration of Independence by the hand of one who combined, in himself, the qualities of the statesman, the philosopher and the philanthropist, the immortal Thomas Jefferson. His doctrines were received with rapturous avidity by the friends of humanity throughout the world, and, wherever it has gone, it has called forth a quick response from the deep heart of man, sounding to the slave of ages, like the voice of home to the captive exile, and to tyrants like the voice of an archangel pronouncing their doom. Standing, as we do to-day, we can look back through the dim vista of antiquity, and see each stage, in the progress of civilization, guided by the experience, and enriched with the learning and arts of the preceding, whilst we enjoy the fruits of all their labors. We enjoy manifold, inestimable advantages, granted to no other people, and stand at a height to which those of past ages dared scarcely aspire. Although

The Bedford Gazette.

ORIGINAL ESSAY. For the Bedford Gazette. PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION. BY HARRY MORELAND.

Our modern lord of song, Shelley, has said that "naught may endure but mutability." Paradoxical as this expression appears, it may, nevertheless, be considered true. On all sides, the world presents one vast scene of incessant mutation. The myriad forms of animal life spring forth into being, enjoy an ephemeral existence, perish and pass away. One generation of men pursues another to the grave; and the father descends to the tomb that his place may be filled by one who was but a short time before, an infant prattling on his knee. The breath of the Destroyer, Time, blows upon the monuments of human power and skill, and they crumble into dust. Seas are now sweeping where once stood populous cities; and some lone column is all that marks where the princes of the earth had reared their stately palaces. Empires have risen and grown until nations quailed before them, when they were suddenly swept away by some new power. Dynasties have fallen, customs have become obsolete, laws have perished, even religions have vanished like "a tale that is told." Everywhere we behold the same wild career of change, of mingled dissolution and reproduction, of vigor and decay. Everything we see is hastening to its destruction, that new forms may arise upon its ruins, and run the same rapid course toward the goal of death. Is all this, then, indeed, nothing but chaos? Is it no more than a lawless tumult of conflicting principles, without object or system? Does it tend to no results? Must the human race, like a blind millstone, travel forever the same unvarying ground, grinding out, hopelessly, the self-same evil products? Far from it. Where our imperfect vision can see but wild confusion, there exists harmonious order. Where we can see no plan, every element fulfills the mission assigned it by Omnipotence. Look upon the hosts of shining worlds that crowd the arch of heaven. The mind is bewildered, lost, in contemplation of the countless throng, and all seem scattered there by the wildness of accident, and yet each rolls swiftly and surely on its predestined circle, departing no iota from it, in its course through infinity and eternity.

So it is with the history of mankind. Through all its strange vicissitudes the reflecting mind can observe the operation of one mighty principle leading on to the accomplishment of as mighty purposes. On all is written the great law of Progress. This is, indeed, the distinguishing mark of our species, obviously dividing it from the beasts that perish. One after another, the generations may pass from the stage of action in solemn array, going down to the dead. Empires may sink into ruins, and whole nations be swept from the face of the earth as by the breath of the pestilence, but the course of the whole race is still onward. Science goes calmly on, adding little by little to its ever accumulating store, and evolving one important principle after another, while philosophy, from time to time, throws some new ray of light upon the mysteries of the universe.

The first idea comprised in the word civilization is the notion of progress or development. It awakens the idea of a people advancing, of a people in a course of improvement and amelioration. Besides the progress and amelioration of social life, another development is comprised in our notion of civilization, the development of individual life, the development of the human mind and its faculties, the development of man himself.

It includes two elements; the first of these is the development of the faculties and powers of the individual. The breast of the savage is a sealed casket of precious jewels. Although endowed with capabilities for all that is great and good, he has no opportunity of displaying them, and is unconscious of their existence. They lie smothered and buried beneath a mass of low cares, sordid appetites and stormy passions. Now, in the progress of civilization these faculties will be developed by exercise and discipline. No one will attempt to deny that the man of to-day is not a different being from him of five centuries ago. He is made to partake more freely of knowledge, is educated to greater mental vigor and activity, and is taught to employ his powers upon a much more extended circle of objects.

The second element is, the improvement of society, of the relation of men, one to another. In all the under conditions of mankind, the individual is injured, oppressed and deprived of some portion of his birth-right. In the best state of society, he is left to the guidance of his own enlightened will, so far as is compatible with the right and liberty of his associates. The perfection of civilization will, therefore, be found in that state where each member, after the greatest possible amount of moral and intellectual cultivation, enjoys the greatest possible amount of personal freedom. If we refer to history, we will perceive that society has been constantly and surely advancing towards that goal of perfection, and never has she retrograded but temporarily; and no real and important improvement or amelioration once made, has ever been lost. The knowledge of special facts may have been lost, certain processes of art may have been forgotten, but a great principle, once enunciated, understood and acted upon, enjoys unending life. It endures in the immortality of truth! The earliest stage of civilization took its rise in the East. Examples of it may still be seen in Egypt and Assyria; and some such nations as China stand, to-day, in their sombre significance, as they stood centuries ago. This society is characterized by an iron despotism, both physical and spiritual. The dominant castes were the military and clerical; that held an undisputed sway over the bodies and properties of the men, whilst this assumed a far more dreadful despotism over their spirits. This period, at length, drew to a close. It faded away from the shores of the Mediterranean like a dream of the night, thus making room for the development of a better state. We pass on to Grecian civilization, and contrasting her "golden era" with the civilization of earlier times, we readily perceive the advance she made. In those days the voice of the law was heard in the princely hall and in the peasant's hut, singing the exploits of heroism, the charms of beauty and the praise of virtue. Cities poured out their shouting population to welcome and lead back, in triumph, the poet or rhetorician, who had borne off the olive wreath from the Olympic Games. Orators contended, in noble strife, who should most enlist the assembled people. Historians recorded the spirit-stirring narrative of battle, and the mighty deeds of their heroes. Beneath the pencil there glowed bright lines and shapes more lovely than those of earth. The breathing marble was wrought into forms as beautiful as a poet's dream. Science investigated the varied phenomena with which she found herself surrounded; philosophy arose and shone brightly, and everywhere an impulse was given to thought. Who, then, would say that there has been no progress in civilization? That Greece, in her palmy days, when the brightness of her glory shone in such full and beautiful effulgence, was not far in advance of the earlier stages of civilization? If we pass on, through a long lapse of years, we shall see that the present condition of society approximates more nearly to perfection than that of any previous age—that the highest and most perfect civilization the world has ever seen, exists at present.

When William Penn established his little band of men upon the banks of the Delaware, on a principle of the fullest religious liberty, this principle extended itself over the continent, and, uniting with others that were floating through the minds of men, was, finally, embodied in the Declaration of Independence by the hand of one who combined, in himself, the qualities of the statesman, the philosopher and the philanthropist, the immortal Thomas Jefferson. His doctrines were received with rapturous avidity by the friends of humanity throughout the world, and, wherever it has gone, it has called forth a quick response from the deep heart of man, sounding to the slave of ages, like the voice of home to the captive exile, and to tyrants like the voice of an archangel pronouncing their doom. Standing, as we do to-day, we can look back through the dim vista of antiquity, and see each stage, in the progress of civilization, guided by the experience, and enriched with the learning and arts of the preceding, whilst we enjoy the fruits of all their labors. We enjoy manifold, inestimable advantages, granted to no other people, and stand at a height to which those of past ages dared scarcely aspire. Although

The Bedford Gazette.

ORIGINAL ESSAY. For the Bedford Gazette. PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION. BY HARRY MORELAND.

Our modern lord of song, Shelley, has said that "naught may endure but mutability." Paradoxical as this expression appears, it may, nevertheless, be considered true. On all sides, the world presents one vast scene of incessant mutation. The myriad forms of animal life spring forth into being, enjoy an ephemeral existence, perish and pass away. One generation of men pursues another to the grave; and the father descends to the tomb that his place may be filled by one who was but a short time before, an infant prattling on his knee. The breath of the Destroyer, Time, blows upon the monuments of human power and skill, and they crumble into dust. Seas are now sweeping where once stood populous cities; and some lone column is all that marks where the princes of the earth had reared their stately palaces. Empires have risen and grown until nations quailed before them, when they were suddenly swept away by some new power. Dynasties have fallen, customs have become obsolete, laws have perished, even religions have vanished like "a tale that is told." Everywhere we behold the same wild career of change, of mingled dissolution and reproduction, of vigor and decay. Everything we see is hastening to its destruction, that new forms may arise upon its ruins, and run the same rapid course toward the goal of death. Is all this, then, indeed, nothing but chaos? Is it no more than a lawless tumult of conflicting principles, without object or system? Does it tend to no results? Must the human race, like a blind millstone, travel forever the same unvarying ground, grinding out, hopelessly, the self-same evil products? Far from it. Where our imperfect vision can see but wild confusion, there exists harmonious order. Where we can see no plan, every element fulfills the mission assigned it by Omnipotence. Look upon the hosts of shining worlds that crowd the arch of heaven. The mind is bewildered, lost, in contemplation of the countless throng, and all seem scattered there by the wildness of accident, and yet each rolls swiftly and surely on its predestined circle, departing no iota from it, in its course through infinity and eternity.

So it is with the history of mankind. Through all its strange vicissitudes the reflecting mind can observe the operation of one mighty principle leading on to the accomplishment of as mighty purposes. On all is written the great law of Progress. This is, indeed, the distinguishing mark of our species, obviously dividing it from the beasts that perish. One after another, the generations may pass from the stage of action in solemn array, going down to the dead. Empires may sink into ruins, and whole nations be swept from the face of the earth as by the breath of the pestilence, but the course of the whole race is still onward. Science goes calmly on, adding little by little to its ever accumulating store, and evolving one important principle after another, while philosophy, from time to time, throws some new ray of light upon the mysteries of the universe.

The first idea comprised in the word civilization is the notion of progress or development. It awakens the idea of a people advancing, of a people in a course of improvement and amelioration. Besides the progress and amelioration of social life, another development is comprised in our notion of civilization, the development of individual life, the development of the human mind and its faculties, the development of man himself.

It includes two elements; the first of these is the development of the faculties and powers of the individual. The breast of the savage is a sealed casket of precious jewels. Although endowed with capabilities for all that is great and good, he has no opportunity of displaying them, and is unconscious of their existence. They lie smothered and buried beneath a mass of low cares, sordid appetites and stormy passions. Now, in the progress of civilization these faculties will be developed by exercise and discipline. No one will attempt to deny that the man of to-day is not a different being from him of five centuries ago. He is made to partake more freely of knowledge, is educated to greater mental vigor and activity, and is taught to employ his powers upon a much more extended circle of objects.

The second element is, the improvement of society, of the relation of men, one to another. In all the under conditions of mankind, the individual is injured, oppressed and deprived of some portion of his birth-right. In the best state of society, he is left to the guidance of his own enlightened will, so far as is compatible with the right and liberty of his associates. The perfection of civilization will, therefore, be found in that state where each member, after the greatest possible amount of moral and intellectual cultivation, enjoys the greatest possible amount of personal freedom. If we refer to history, we will perceive that society has been constantly and surely advancing towards that goal of perfection, and never has she retrograded but temporarily; and no real and important improvement or amelioration once made, has ever been lost. The knowledge of special facts may have been lost, certain processes of art may have been forgotten, but a great principle, once enunciated, understood and acted upon, enjoys unending life. It endures in the immortality of truth! The earliest stage of civilization took its rise in the East. Examples of it may still be seen in Egypt and Assyria; and some such nations as China stand, to-day, in their sombre significance, as they stood centuries ago. This society is characterized by an iron despotism, both physical and spiritual. The dominant castes were the military and clerical; that held an undisputed sway over the bodies and properties of the men, whilst this assumed a far more dreadful despotism over their spirits. This period, at length, drew to a close. It faded away from the shores of the Mediterranean like a dream of the night, thus making room for the development of a better state. We pass on to Grecian civilization, and contrasting her "golden era" with the civilization of earlier times, we readily perceive the advance she made. In those days the voice of the law was heard in the princely hall and in the peasant's hut, singing the exploits of heroism, the charms of beauty and the praise of virtue. Cities poured out their shouting population to welcome and lead back, in triumph, the poet or rhetorician, who had borne off the olive wreath from the Olympic Games. Orators contended, in noble strife, who should most enlist the assembled people. Historians recorded the spirit-stirring narrative of battle, and the mighty deeds of their heroes. Beneath the pencil there glowed bright lines and shapes more lovely than those of earth. The breathing marble was wrought into forms as beautiful as a poet's dream. Science investigated the varied phenomena with which she found herself surrounded; philosophy arose and shone brightly, and everywhere an impulse was given to thought. Who, then, would say that there has been no progress in civilization? That Greece, in her palmy days, when the brightness of her glory shone in such full and beautiful effulgence, was not far in advance of the earlier stages of civilization? If we pass on, through a long lapse of years, we shall see that the present condition of society approximates more nearly to perfection than that of any previous age—that the highest and most perfect civilization the world has ever seen, exists at present.

When William Penn established his little band of men upon the banks of the Delaware, on a principle of the fullest religious liberty, this principle extended itself over the continent, and, uniting with others that were floating through the minds of men, was, finally, embodied in the Declaration of Independence by the hand of one who combined, in himself, the qualities of the statesman, the philosopher and the philanthropist, the immortal Thomas Jefferson. His doctrines were received with rapturous avidity by the friends of humanity throughout the world, and, wherever it has gone, it has called forth a quick response from the deep heart of man, sounding to the slave of ages, like the voice of home to the captive exile, and to tyrants like the voice of an archangel pronouncing their doom. Standing, as we do to-day, we can look back through the dim vista of antiquity, and see each stage, in the progress of civilization, guided by the experience, and enriched with the learning and arts of the preceding, whilst we enjoy the fruits of all their labors. We enjoy manifold, inestimable advantages, granted to no other people, and stand at a height to which those of past ages dared scarcely aspire. Although

The Bedford Gazette.

ORIGINAL ESSAY. For the Bedford Gazette. PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION. BY HARRY MORELAND.

Our modern lord of song, Shelley, has said that "naught may endure but mutability." Paradoxical as this expression appears, it may, nevertheless, be considered true. On all sides, the world presents one vast scene of incessant mutation. The myriad forms of animal life spring forth into being, enjoy an ephemeral existence, perish and pass away. One generation of men pursues another to the grave; and the father descends to the tomb that his place may be filled by one who was but a short time before, an infant prattling on his knee. The breath of the Destroyer, Time, blows upon the monuments of human power and skill, and they crumble into dust. Seas are now sweeping where once stood populous cities; and some lone column is all that marks where the princes of the earth had reared their stately palaces. Empires have risen and grown until nations quailed before them, when they were suddenly swept away by some new power. Dynasties have fallen, customs have become obsolete, laws have perished, even religions have vanished like "a tale that is told." Everywhere we behold the same wild career of change, of mingled dissolution and reproduction, of vigor and decay. Everything we see is hastening to its destruction, that new forms may arise upon its ruins, and run the same rapid course toward the goal of death. Is all this, then, indeed, nothing but chaos? Is it no more than a lawless tumult of conflicting principles, without object or system? Does it tend to no results? Must the human race, like a blind millstone, travel forever the same unvarying ground, grinding out, hopelessly, the self-same evil products? Far from it. Where our imperfect vision can see but wild confusion, there exists harmonious order. Where we can see no plan, every element fulfills the mission assigned it by Omnipotence. Look upon the hosts of shining worlds that crowd the arch of heaven. The mind is bewildered, lost, in contemplation of the countless throng, and all seem scattered there by the wildness of accident, and yet each rolls swiftly and surely on its predestined circle, departing no iota from it, in its course through infinity and eternity.

So it is with the history of mankind. Through all its strange vicissitudes the reflecting mind can observe the operation of one mighty principle leading on to the accomplishment of as mighty purposes. On all is written the great law of Progress. This is, indeed, the distinguishing mark of our species, obviously dividing it from the beasts that perish. One after another, the generations may pass from the stage of action in solemn array, going down to the dead. Empires may sink into ruins, and whole nations be swept from the face of the earth as by the breath of the pestilence, but the course of the whole race is still onward. Science goes calmly on, adding little by little to its ever accumulating store, and evolving one important principle after another, while philosophy, from time to time, throws some new ray of light