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## THE BLEST ONES AT HOME.

Text—"Old Folks at Home."

Away on the banks of life's bright river,  
Far, far away—  
There will my heart be turning ever,  
There's where the blest ones stay.  
All through this vale of sin and sorrow  
Sadly I roam,  
Still longing for the dawn of the morrow,  
For the blest ones at home.  
All without is dark and dreary,  
Everywhere I roam,  
Oh, brothers, how the heart grows weary,  
Sighing for the blest ones at home.

Thro' all earth's sunny scenes I wandered  
In youth's gay morn;  
How many precious hours I've squandered  
How many mercies scorned;  
When seeking sin's delusive pleasures,  
Wretched was I,  
But now my heart has found a treasure  
There with the blest ones on high  
All without is dark, &c.

One hour there is, forever bringing  
Memories of love [singing]  
Twas when my sighs were changed to  
Of the blest ones above.

When shall I see my Saviour reigning  
On his white throne?  
When will be hushed my heart's complaining  
There with the blest ones at home.  
All without is dark, &c.

Bayard Taylor in Lapland.  
The Return to Muoniovara.

MUONIOVARA, Lapland,  
Jan. 22, 1857.

While at Kautokeino I completed my Lapp outfit by purchasing a scarlet cap, stuffed with eider down, a pair of *bollinger* or reindeer leggings, and the *konanger*, or broad, boat-shaped shoes, filled with dry, soft hay, and tightly bound around the ankles, which are worn by everybody in Lapland. Attired in these garments, I made a very passable Lapp, barring a few superfluous inches of stature, and at once realized the prudence of conforming in one's costume to the native habits. After the first feeling of awkwardness is over, nothing can be better adapted to the Polar Winter than the Lapp dress. I walked about at first with the sensation of having each foot in the middle of a large feather bed, but my blood preserved its natural warmth, even after sitting for hours in an open pulk. The *bollinger*, fastened around the thighs by drawing strings of reindeer sinew, are so covered by the peck that one becomes, for all practical purposes, a biped reindeer, and may wallow in the snow as much as he likes, without the possibility of a particle getting through his hide.

The temperature was, nevertheless, singularly mild when we set out on our return. There had been a violent storm of wind and snow the previous night, after which the mercury rose to 16 deg. above zero. We waited until noon before our reindeer could be collected, and then set off, with the kind farewell wishes of the four Norwegian inhabitants of the place.—I confess to a feeling of relief when we turned our faces southward, and commenced our return to daylight. We had at last seen the Polar night, the day without a sunrise, we had driven our deer under the arches of the *aurora borealis*, we had learned enough of the Lapps to convince us that further acquaintance would be of little profit, and it now seemed time to attempt an escape from the *huubo* of Death into which we had ventured. Our faces had already begun to look pale and faded from three weeks of alternate darkness and twilight, but the novelty of our life preserved us from any feeling of depression, and prevented any perceptible effect upon our bodily health, such as would assuredly have followed a protracted experience of the Arctic winter. Every day now would bring us further over the steep northern shoulder of the Earth, and nearer to that great heart of life in the south, where her blood pulsates with eternal warmth. Al ready there was a perceptible increase of the sun's altitude, and at noonday a thin upper slice of his disc was visible for about half an hour.

By Herr Berger's advice, we engaged as guide to Lippajarvi, a Lapp, who had formerly acted as postman, and professed to be able to find his way in the dark. The wind had blown so violently that it was probable we should have to break our own road for the whole distance. Leaving Kautokeino, we travelled up the valley of a frozen stream, toward desolate ranges of hills, or rather shelves of the table land, running north-east and south-west. They were spotted with patches of stunted birch, but elsewhere bare and dismal. Our deer were recruited, and we made very good progress while the twilight lasted. At some Lapp tents, where we stopped to make inquiries about the ice, I was much amused

of his countenance seem to you to be admirably feigned, and unless you are an old hand you are inevitably provoked. This is particularly pleasant on the marshy tablelands of Lapland, where, if he takes a notion to bolt with you, your pulk bounces over the hard tussocks, sheers sideways down the sudden pitches, or swamps itself in beds of loose snow. Harness a frisky sturgeon to reach Palajoki the same night. We drove through the birch woods, no longer glorious as before, for the snow had been shaken off, and there was no sunset light to transfigure them. Still on, plowing through deep seas in the gathering darkness, over marshy plains, all with a slant southward, draining into the Muonio, until we reached the birch-ridge of Suontajarvi, with its beautiful fir rising here and there, silent and immovable. Even the trees have no voices in the North, let the wind blow as it will. There is nothing to be heard but the sharp whistle of the dry snow—the same dreary music which accompanies the African si-moom. The night was very dark, and we began to grow exceedingly tired of sitting flat in our pulks. I looked sharp for the Palajoki dly, the high fir-fringed banks of which I remembered, for they denoted our approach to the Muonio; but it was long, long before we descended from the marshes upon the winding road of snow-covered ice. In vain I shifted my aching legs and worked my benumbed hands, looking out ahead for the embouchure of the river. Braided and I encouraged each other, whenever we were near enough to hear, by the reminder that we had only one more day with reindeer. After a long time spent in this way, the high banks flattened, level snows and woods succeeded, and we sailed into the port of Palajoki.

The old Finnish lady enticed very deeply to see our coffee and reindeer, and to make us a good bed with sheets. On our former visit the old lady and her sons had watched us as we passed, and got into bed, as this occasion three luxuriant daughters, of ages ranging from sixteen to twenty-two, appeared about the time for retiring, and stationed themselves in a row near the door, where they watched us with silent curiosity. As we had shown no hesitation in the first case, we determined to be equally courageous now, and commenced removing our garments with great deliberation, allowing them every opportunity of inspecting their fashion and the manner of wearing them. The work thus proceeded in mutual silence until we were nearly ready for repose, when Braided, by pulling off a stocking and displaying a muscular calf, suddenly alarmed the youngest, who darted to the door and rushed out. The second caught the panic, and followed, and the third and oldest was therefore obliged to do likewise, though with evident reluctance. I was greatly amused at such an unsophisticated display of curiosity. The perfect composure of the girls, and the steadiness with which they watched us, showed that they were quite unconscious of having committed any impropriety.

This morning was clear and cold. Our deer had strayed so far into the woods that we did not get under way before the forenoon twilight had commenced. We expected to find a broken road down the Muonio, but a heavy snow had fallen yesterday and the track was completely filled. Long Isaac found so much difficulty in taking the lead, his deer constantly bolting from the path, that Anton finally relieved him, and by standing upright in the pulk and thumping the deer's flanks, succeeded in keeping up the animal's spirits and forcing a way. It was slow work, however, and the sun, rolling his white disc above the horizon, announced midday before we reached Kyrrasua. As we drove up to the little inn we were hoistfully welcomed by Hal, Herr Forstrom's brown wolf-dog, who had strayed thus far from home. Our deer were beginning to give out, and we were very anxious to reach Muoniovara in time for dinner, so we only waited long enough to give the animals a feed of moss and procure some hot milk for ourselves.

The snow-storm, which had moved over a narrow belt of country, had not extended below this place, and the road was consequently well broken. We urged our deer into a fast trot, and slid down the icy floor of the Muonio, past hills whose snows flashed and scintillated in the long splendor of sunset. Hunger and the fatigue which our journey was producing at last, made us extremely sensitive to the cold, though it was not more than 20 deg. below zero. My blood became so chilled, that I was apprehensive the extremities would freeze, and the most vigorous motion of the muscles barely sufficed to keep at bay the numbness which attacked them. At dusk we drove through Upper Muonioiska, and our impatience kept the reindeer so well in

motion that before 5 o'clock (although long after dark,) we were climbing the well-known slope to Herr Forstrom's house at Muoniovara. Here we find the merchant, not yet departed to the Lapp fair at Kyrrasua, and Mr. Wolley, who welcomed us with the cordiality of an old friend. Our snug room at the carpenter's was already warmed and set in order, and after our reindeer drive of 250 miles through the wildest parts of Lapland, we feel a home-like sense of happiness and comfort in smoking our pipes before the familiar iron stove.

The trip to Kautokeino embraces about all I shall see of Lapp life this Winter. The romance of the tribe, as I have already said, has totally departed with their conversion, while their habits of life, scarcely improved in the least, are sufficiently repulsive to prevent any closer acquaintance than I have had, unless the gain were greater. Mr. Wolley, who has been three years in Lapland, says that the superstitious and picturesque traditions of the people have almost wholly disappeared, and the coarse mysticism and rant which they have engrained upon their imperfect Christianity does not differ materially from the same exercises in more civilized races. They have not even (the better for them, it is true) any characteristic and picturesque vices—but have become, certainly to their own great advantage, a pious, fanatical, moral, ignorant and commonplace people. I have described them exactly as I found them, and as they have been described to me by those who knew them well. The readers of "Afraja" may be a little disappointed with the picture, as I confess I have been (in an artistic sense, only) with the reality, but the Lapps have lost many virtues with their poetic *dialberie*, and nobody has a right to complain.

It is a pity that many traits which are really characteristic and interesting in a people cannot be mentioned on account of that morbid prudery so prevalent in our country, which insults the unconscious innocence of Nature. Oh, that one could infringe the honest reserve of the old travelers—the conscientiousness which insisted on telling not only the truth, but the whole truth! This is scarcely possible, now; but at the same time I have not been willing to emasculate my accounts of the tribes of men to the extent perhaps required by our ultra conventionalism, and must insist, now and then, on being allowed a little Flemish fidelity to nature. In the description of races, as in the biography of individuals, the most important half of life is generally omitted.

From the San Francisco Bulletin.  
CHINESE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA  
1400 YEARS AGO.

The Spaniards discovered America 340 years ago. The Welsh claim an earlier discovery in favor of their Prince Madoc. The Northmen, of the 11th century, claim the honor of the first discovery at even an earlier date. But the Chinese claim it prior to them all—a time, according to their history, about 1400 hundred years ago.

In Chinese history we find descriptions of a vast country 26,000 le to the eastward, across the great ocean, which, from the description given, must be California and Mexico. The account states the several Buddhist priests at Hingshan, about A. D. 649, having arrived there, reported that Fusang (America) lay to the east about 20,000 le, or 9000 miles from Japan; and that in A. D. 450, five mendicant priests had won their land and distributed Buddhist tracts and images among the inhabitants, which by that means changed their customs, as Buddhism was not formerly known to them.

Again: The Chinese historian states "that they had no iron, but they possessed copper. They did not esteem gold and silver." The use of iron was unknown to them, but they found a substitute in an alloy of copper and tin with which they could cut metal and stones. Silver, the great staple of the country at the time of the conquest, may have, a thousand years earlier, been unnoticed or uncoined by them.

By carefully examining the Chinese history, and comparing it with that of Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," we find but few points of difference. In their treatment of criminals, habits of the judges, religion, and in many other respects, they agree with each other so well, that no doubts need be entertained, in the least, regarding the authenticity of the Chinese accounts. The religion of the Aztecs was in most respects like Buddhism. Their arts, institutions and customs were almost the same as those of the Chinese. By a careful examination and contrasting of both histories inquiring minds will not doubt in the least that the Chinese discovered this continent a thousand years earlier than any other nation.

Most people in California have noticed the similitude existing between the Indians and the Chinese, both in feature and the accent of their motley dialects, and from my own experience I find them nearly the same. The Chinese accent can be traced throughout the Indian language; though most of the Digger Indians with whom I have conversed speak a great deal of the ancient Aztec language. Not wishing to pursue this subject much further at present I will transcribe a few words for the purpose of showing the analogy, as follows:

Indian.	Chinese.	English.
Nang-a,	Nang,	Man.
Yi-soo,	Soo,	Hand.
Cook-a,	Kook,	Foot.
Abk-asoo,	Soo,	Beard.
Yuet-a,	Yuet,	Moon.
Yuet-a,	Yat,	Sun.
Utya,	Hoto,	Mich.
Utya-mu,	Ue-lung,	Deatness.
Ho-ya-pa,	Ha-sh,	Good.
A-pa,	A-pa,	Father.
A-ma,	A-ma,	Mother.
Ko-ko,	A-ko,	Brother.
Ko-chae,	To-chae,	Thanks.
Negam,	Yam,	Drunk.
Koo-lao,	Ku-kay,	Hers.
Koo-chue,	Chue-Koo,	Jog.
Choo-koo,	Kow-chi,	Dog.

Ti-yam in the Indian language means night. Ti-yam in Chinese means the god of the moon or night. Hee-ma in Indian is the sun. Hee-ma in Chinese means the god of the sun, or day. Wallace is a word commonly used among the Indians to designate a friend, it also means man. Walla in the Hindostanee means a man. Numbers of other words could be given, but I shall make these suffice for the present.

No doubt need be entertained concerning the assertion of the Chinese in coming to this continent at an early period; nor can we interpret coincidences so universal, so minute, so remarkable, without coming to the conclusion that they both sprang from one common source. The Chinese Fusang is no other than the American California and Mexico; and the Oriental discoverers consequently claim the honor of the discovery a thousand years earlier than any other nation.

The period when the continent was first discovered may still remain a mystery, hidden in the deep recesses of the past. If ever it is found, it is almost likely in some of the Oriental records, for in them we find the most ancient history, whose dates, reaching in the night of time, inform of races now extinct, whose crumbling monuments attested a civilization different from that of the modern world. These ancient races progressed in some arts, which to us are almost unknown; and they must consequently have attained a degree of refinement which many of us at present know but little of. Yet withal, they seem to us to have been in ignorance, because we can but faintly see them through the dark clouds from which we have issued.

JAMES HENLEY, Chinese Interpreter,  
Chinese Camp, Touloune County.

A SNAKE TALE.

Says the lawyer: "Animals sometimes very nearly approach reason in their cunning."

I got interested in the study of serpents, down in Arkansas, where I spent the most of last year. I don't know why, but I was constantly watching them in new situations, and surrounding them with novel expedients. Of all kinds I experimented not with rattlesnakes and copperheads.

"One afternoon I seated myself on a little knoll in the woods to smoke and read—for I always had a book or newspaper with me—and had been enjoying myself for some

time, when I espied a copperhead making for a hole within ten feet of where I sat. Of course I threw down my book and cigar, and proceeded to try a new experiment. As soon as I stirred the rascal made a rush for the hole; but I caught his tail as he got nearly in and jerked him some twenty feet backward. He threw himself into a coil in no time, and waited for me to pitch in. But I concluded not to let him try his hole again. After a while he started for it stopping when I stirred, to coil himself up, but as I kept pretty quiet he recovered confidence and again went in.

Again I jerked him out. No sooner did he strike the ground than he made a grand rush for the hole in a straight line for my legs! But that didn't work, for I got out of the way, and gave him another firm!

"This time he lay still awhile, appearing to reflect on the course to be taken. After a time he tried it over again, though rather slowly. After getting his head a little way in, he stopped and wiggled his tail, as if on purpose for me to grab it. I did so, and quicker than a flash he drew his head out and came within about a quarter of an inch of striking me in the face. However, I jerked him quite a distance, and resolved to look out next time. Well he tried the same game again, but it wouldn't work I was too quick for him.

"This time he lay in a coil half an hour, without stirring. At last, however, he tried it once more. He advanced to within five feet of the hole very slowly, coiled again, and then, the rascal! got the start of me by one of the cutest things you ever heard of.

"How was that?" we all exclaimed in one breath.

"Why," said the narrator, sinking his voice to the tone of solemnity, and looking as honest and as sober as man could look, "why he just turned his head toward my hand, and went down that hole tail first!"

From the London Times.  
OF GEORGE III.  
The last of the children of George III. has departed this life. Her Royal Highness Mary, Duchess of Gloucester, expired Thursday, April 30, at the age of 81. She was born on the 25th of April 1776, and consequently had long passed the ordinary limit of human life.

There were thirteen children born from the marriage of George III. with Queen Charlotte—George Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., Frederick, Duke of York, William, Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV.; Edward, Duke of Kent; Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, afterwards King of Hanover; Augustus, Duke of Sussex, and Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge.—Of the six daughters three died unmarried, and three were married, the names in the order of birth, stands thus: The Princess Royal, Charlotte Augusta, who died unmarried; the Princess Elizabeth, who was married to the Prince of Hesse Hamburg; the Princess Mary, the lady just dead, who was married to her cousin, the Duke of Gloucester; and finally the Princess Sophia and Amelia, both of whom died unmarried.

With so copious a race there was little danger of a disputed succession or of a vacant throne. It is singular, however, how few are the representatives of this numerous family in the present generation. Queen Victoria the King of Hanover, and the three children of the late Duke of Cambridge are we believe, now the only survivors, and the Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV. is the only one who has passed away. There is however, happily, but little chance that the royal family of England will be speedily exhausted. But a few days before the venerable Duchess of Gloucester was summoned from this world a ninth child was born to the Queen of England, so that an orderly succession to the British throne would appear to be among the events on which one may calculate with reasonable certainty.

Post Office Anecdote.—The Newburyport Herald tells the following Post-office anecdote:

A rap at the delivery.

Postmaster—"Well, my lad, what will you have?"

Boy—"Here's a letter, she want's it to go along as fast as it can, cause there's a feller wants to have her here, and she's courted by another feller what aint here, and she wants to know whether he's going to have her or not."

Having delivered his message with great emphasis, the boy departed, leaving the Postmaster so convulsed with laughter that he could make no reply.

Good Pay.—The salary of Louis Napoleon is five million dollars a year, and his revenues from the palaces about one million and a quarter a year.