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FROM PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE.
THE ZAY-NIS OF YAN-KY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE CHINESE BY TAY-KIN.
(Conclusion)

Whang continued:
"Zay-ni determined that he would
take subtle revenge upon Klumski. He
reasoned thus:

"Klumski has put a mortal slight
upon me, by bumping me in the sun-m
service of Hele an-to; apologising with
an insult; and then refusing to abide by
the duello. I may have been hasty, but
he has been impertinent beyond account.
If I suffer this offense to pass unheeded,
all Yan-Ky will doubt my honor, and
every fool will feel at liberty to criticise
my nose. I must assert my honor. How
shall it be done?"

"Here he paused. Here it was clear
that but one way remained. Zay-ni
must undertake to obtain, by personal
chastisement, the reparation to his nose
which Klumski declined to give with
the instruments of the duello. Now,
like other Souls of Honor, although the
nose of Zay-ni had a self-asserting and
audacious air, a kind of just-coming-and-
pull-me-if-you-dare look, derived un-
doubtedly from the please-tread-on-my-
coat-tail trait of their common emerald
ancestor, yet he was not a brave man,
but was extremely accomplished in the
use of the instruments of the duello.
He liked an encounter in which he
enjoyed all the advantage. Therefore,
as the project of personally attacking
Klumski was not promising for his own
ease and security, he resolved upon a
more exquisite revenge.

"Zay-ni was rich. He had no profes-
sion, and nothing to do but devote life
to cherishing his nose.

"Klumski laughs at the duello," said
Zay-ni, with a sneering smile. "Now,
no man can live in Yan-Ky without the
good opinion of the Yan-Kyse. I will
therefore force him to propose the duello
to me, himself."

"In the gay circles of Yan-Ky, the
elegant Zay-ni was more polished than
ever. The beautiful bells of Yan-Ky
agreed, that of all loves of men hitherto
encountered, he was the most lovely.

"So handsome!" they said,—because
his cheeks were red, and his hair
was black.

"So well dressed!" they said, because
his cloths fitted him like a glove, and
he seemed to have been dropped into
them like the French Count d'Artois
into his trousers.

"So gentlemanly!" they said, because
he said nothing in a low tone, wit out
laughing, and with a semi-glance of
well bred contempt at all men who had
emotions.

"Such a small foot!" they said, be-
cause a small foot is more readily com-
prehended than a large head.

"Such eyes!" they said, because the
eyes had said to each one of those
bells, *I love you best.*

"So fascinating!" they said, be-
cause he treated each as if she were the
sole charmer.

"And such a sacred respect for his
nose!" chimed in the tenor chorus of the
beaux of Yan-Ky, whose noses were
generally small.

"Among those bells Klumski had a
sister, young and tender as the summer
dawn when it smiles over the mountains
of Bi Tek, which guard the Yan-Ky.
All the poets sang her praises. It was
said, O Tay-Kin, that the sound of those
praises had been heard in the streets of
Pekin, and that aged mandarins had
sighed as they listened, remembering
the days when they were poets, and
sang of her beauty. She had the au-
buro hair which the sun smiles upon,
and makes golden. She had the eyes,
soft, humid, lustrous, which the Hindu
poets call lotus eyes. The tint of her
cheeks was the soft creamy hue of sea-
shells. Like a sapling upon the moun-
tain, her figure was lithe, and round, and
alluring. It was a flowery face, a flow-
ery form, a flowery grace, and there was
no one who did not love her and agree
that Fior was the flower of Yan-Ky."

Whang's voice sank into silence, and
we both sat for some time, silently
smoking.

"Confucius says," he resumed at
length, "that the Eternal Order of
Things suffers strange events to occur.
But he adds, that the Order of Things
will certainly justify itself; if not here,
then elsewhere. Yet what an Order of
Things does not that seem to be, which
planned the pure Fior among the people
who hold the nose in a morbid sanctity!
Which of our poets is it, O Tay-Kin,

who says, that the Genius of Evil is surest
to discover and harm whatever falls into
his path out of the Kingdom of Light.
Others pass by without knowing it, but
the instinct of repulsion reveals it to
him."

Whang smoked placidly, and I aban-
doned myself to the consideration of the
strange chances of travel. How little
had I dreamed. O male readers with
long noses! and O female readers with
small feet! that my utmost wanderings
would ever have brought me into a
country of habits so inexplicable as these.
To climb to the top of the Great Wall,
is a stretch of travel forbidden to all but
the happy few. The philosopher and
Mandarin Tom-mo, sits there at ease, and
surveys the world, seeing things clearly
in the rare air of that height. But to
descend to the outer side, and wander
beyond its shadow, that is a temerity
hardly to be justified by sane men, ex-
cept, like my unworthy self, Tay Kin,
they are mere philosophers, bent upon
doing good, and travel to accumulate
warnings, and relate wonders. It is no
story of gnomes that I am telling, but of
lands, whose people complacently sup-
pose themselves to be the head of civi-
lization, because they eat meat for
dinner every day! Read and reflect!
and thank the Eternal Order of Things
that you are behind the Great Wall of
China, whose name be praised, and
whose top be covered with broken bot-
tles forever, to keep out the Yan-Kyse.

Whang continued:
"Zay-ni soon resolved what his re-
venge would be. He was young, hand-
some, graceful. Was he not the Soul of
Honor? Therefore, upon all occasions,
whether in public or in private, he
sought to win the favor of Fior. He
smiled upon Klumski; as upon a man
whom he had forgiven. But Klumski
never asked him to return with him to
his mutton; nor, in the affectionate
flattering phrase of Yan-Ky, to take pot-
luck with him. Klumski treated Zay-ni
as men treat small dogs.

"One day Fior was surprised by a
visit from the aunt of the Soul of Honor.
A man, says Confucius, is not responsi-
ble for his aunts. They are pre-existent
facts, quite beyond his discretion. But
if he be ingenious, he can make them
serviceable to his purposes. Under the
shadow of an aunt's propriety, says the
same authority, how are not the sweet
improprieties of affection indulged, even
as in my youth I kissed the daughter of
the mandarin Dul-Dul, in the shade of
the great temple of Pekin. The aunt
came to bid Fior to tea. A few friends,
after the manner of Yan-Ky, were to
come the next evening to drink her tea,
instead of staying at home and drinking
their own;—tea, and a few gentlemen
in the evening.

"From extreme youth, Fior had been
disciplined to these social sacrifices.
Aunts, like Zay-ni's, are distributed in
this world to make a few gentlemen in
the evening recognize, by contrast, the
loveliness of youth and the eternal
youth of amiability. When Fior ar-
rived, the aunt commenced by stabbing
all her friends with sharp little inen-
dous. Facts, of which no one should
have betrayed the knowledge, she de-
tailed with care. The small gossip of
malicious observation and criticism,—
the meanness of aspersions,—the wily
whisper,—the loud abuse,—they were
all employed by the aunt. It was to
the gentle Fior as if she were stepped
in the fumes of a hot kitchen. The
aunt was gross with gossip. The aunt
taunted men and women as if they had
been bats and lizards; and her helene
eyes glittered close to the delicate Fior,
who shrank and shuddered."

"Are there such lands—such peo-
ple?" I asked of Whang, with a sad
sinking of the heart.

"You are in and among them," he
replied sententially, whiffing volumes
of smoke.

"May the Eternal Order of Things
get me safely back again over the Great
Chinese Wall!" I mentally ejaculated,
while Whang resumed:

"Zay-ni knew his aunt, and he knew
Fior. Therefore, when he entered the
bower, he saw in a moment the state of
things. He knew that Fior was shocked
and sad. Her mind was full of hateful
images, and unwelcome fancies, con-
jured by his aunt. She was like a
flower choked in fetid air, and longing
for the sunlight. He was young, and
handsome, and graceful. Was he not
the Soul of Honor? So he sat by her
side, and he looked so gallant, and
fresh, and fair, that his mere aspect was
a consolation to the gentle girl. When
he began to speak, his voice was so low
and sweet, that the sharp tones of the
shrill aunt were lost like noise in music.
What could such a voice whisper that
would not seem noble to a mind so pre-
pared? And when a shrewd sense,
called in Yan-Ky, knowledge of men
and women, directed the whisprings of
that voice, could not the blindest hawk
of rat's tails and bird's nests, perceive
that half the fight was won? The
aunt had poisoned every character of
which she spoke; but Zay-ni praised

so cunningly, that he seemed not only
the handsome, most musical-voiced,
and most winning, but the most gen-
erous of men. He spoke so tenderly of
Klumski, himself,—not too broadly fla-
tering, for Zay-ni understood that Fior
might have noticed that her brother was
not lavish of commendation nor of atten-
tion to the Soul of Honor. Zay-ni was
a wise man, even as snakes are wise.
The boys and girls read of the serpent
charming the bird, and look under the
bushes and upon the boughs of trees to
find them. But the serpents and birds
are not out of doors. Confucius says,
that in their youth they sit in parlors,
and talk sentiment.

"They sat together, talking, all the
pleasant evening. Zay-ni spoke gently
of good things, and warmly of righteous
ones, and professed principles of which
the Eternal Order of Things might have
been proud. Fior listened, and won-
dered she had never so much liked the
fascinating Soul of Honor. Nobler
thoughts, more generous judgments, she
had not heard from Klumski himself.
What a pity that he was so prejudiced
against this gallant youth! At intervals,
Zay-ni beckoned to his aunt to come
over and help him. She came and her
voice pierced Fior's ear, and her venom
stung Fior's heart; and when she went
away again, the music of the other voice
was sweeter for the contrast, like the
bells of the tower of Pekin in the pauses
of the roaring Monsoon.

"Ah! Tay-Kin, my illustrious phi-
losopher and master, even in Yan-Ky,
women are women,—and, sadder truth,
men are men! The heart of Fior clung
to the Soul of Honor. In vain the
thoughtful Klumski grew grave and
sorrowful, and warned his gentle sister.
She wept at his words, and threw her
arms around his neck, but only to whis-
per in his ear that she loved Zay-ni.
Then there was a look sadder than
sorrow in his eyes, and he told her how
much more she was to be pitied than
blamed; and described to her, in terrible
detail, the character and life of the Soul
of Honor. She listened with incredulity
of love. Her passion was like the south
wind, melting every thing upon which it
blew. Ah! Tay-Kin, my master, in Yan-
Ky, as in China, love is the eternal tyrant,
who knows no reason and no law.

"Zay-ni pursued the preparation of
his sweet revenge. The snake had
charmed the dove, which fluttered—and
fluttered—and fell!

"The Soul of Honor was perfect, in
the duello. He could use the pistol or
the sword with equal ease and certaint-
y. Wo to him upon whom fell the
wrath of Zay-ni! His nose reigned
unquestioned and serene in admiring
Yan-Ky.

"But the dove fluttered—and fluttered
—and fell!

"That fall broke the heart of Klum-
ski. A sternness, such as had never
been seen in his eyes, now took the
place of the sadness which had recently
filled them. All Yan-Ky foresaw that
some terrible event was near. It was
so cruel an outrage! they said; and
since the laws of Yan-Ky cannot touch
the case—

"How!" I cried. "Am I in a land
where the law does not touch a case so
fearful? Will the law protect a man's
nose, and not his honor? Oh, that I
might once more behold the Great Wall
of China!"

Whang little heeded my interruption.
"How can law protect honor?" said
he as contemptuously as comported
with propriety. "Honor is the nose.
It is the private privilege of every man
to keep it unpulled. The law cannot
touch it. How can the law tell whether
the bird fell willingly, or was nefariously
entrapped? But all Yan-Ky felt that a
tragedy impended. Klumski did not
weep over his sister's fall? But Zay-ni
smiled to think that, by dealing the
deadliest blow, he had forced his foe to
propose the duello. The law gives to
him no aid," said he; and if he does
nothing, he will be accounted a coward."

"But, Whang," I asked, "what says
Confucius about doing good to those who
despitefully use you, and about forgiving
your enemies?"

"O Tay-Kin!" cried Whang, with
undisguised want of respect; "have you
yet to learn, that the doctrines of Con-
fucius are for the priests to expound upon
the holy days, in the holy places, and
are not to be mingled with life, except
so far as they are pleasant? They be-
long to the abstract: the concrete is
quite another thing. When Confucius
says, Let the servant obey the brother
of the sun and moon, who is set over
him, all Yan-Ky cries decorously, Amen,
and quotes Confucius against the disor-
ganizers. But when he says, Happy is
he who tells the truth in business, and
he who believes that honesty is better
than policy, all Yan-Ky smiles, and
disbelieves, and declares that Confucius
was a wag, and an impractical and im-
practicable person. Yan-Ky says that
men must be taken as they are. But if

you ask, Did not the Eternal Order of
Things take men as they are, when it
sent Confucius to preach to them? Yan-
ki, if it is in the temple, says, 'Ah, yes!
certainly,' and chastises its children for
telling lies. But if you ask the question
of Yan-Ky in the mart, it smiles patron-
izingly, winking its left eye, and says,
'Good sir, you must take facts. You
don't quite understand the world. There
is a public opinion, which a man cannot
withstand. On the whole, do you not
see our whole life proclaiming this doc-
trine, against that of the Eternal Order
of Things—happy is he who lies with-
out exposure, for he shall accumulate
stock, and live in fine houses, and have
the front seat in the temple of Confucius,
and be esteemed of the less successful,
and elected director in the society for
sending missionaries to disseminate the
opposition doctrine of the Order of
Things, in swamps beyond geography.'
Every day and every hour, all Yan-Ky
repents and practices this gospel.

"Klumski's friends came to him, and
asked him what he intended to do.
"What do you advise?" asked he.
"There is but one course," said they.
"Indeed!" said he.

"Yes," said they. "We are very
sorry, and are very much opposed to
the practice; but really in this case,
you cannot avoid the duello." And
Yan-Ky looked heroic and wise, and
jingled its keys in its breeches' pocket.

"But observe a moment," said Klum-
ski; "Zay-ni has mortally injured me.
Now, according to Confucius, I ought to
forgive him. Just in the degree of the
greatness of the offence, is the virtue
of forgiveness, says Confucius."

"Yan-Ky took snuff, shrugged its
shoulders, and spoke of white feathers,
contemptuously.

"Confucius is right," resumed Klum-
ski; "but nevertheless I do not forgive
Zay-ni, and I shall not play that I do.
He has mortally injured me, and I must
have satisfaction."

"All Yan-Ky patted its nose with
pride and pleasure.
"If you please," he continued, there
is no question of honor here. The fact
cries aloud, that Zay-ni is innocent of
the lowest idea of honor. He is meaner
than a thief,—worse than a murderer.
If Grabski, the house breaker, had bro-
ken into your house, and stolen your
watch, would you have felt obliged to
resort to the duello?"

"No," cried Yan-Ky, "because the
law protects us."

"When, then, Zay-ni does worse
than a burglar, and the law does not
protect me, shall I allow him the oppor-
tunity of adding to his crime, and
crowning the ruin of my sister with the
broken heart of my wife, and the desti-
tution of my children? If the burglar
ought to be destroyed, without the
chance of choking the man who ex-
ecutes the will of Yan-Ky, ought not a
greater than the burglar share the same
ignominious fate?"

"Perhaps. But that would be mur-
der," pleaded Yan-Ky.

"It would be no more murder when
it proceeded from the hand of one man,
whom he had morally injured, than
when it comes from the hand of a mor-
tally injured society. Besides, if you
permit this, do you not see that the
abandoned Zay-ni, surnamed the Soul
of Honor, will perfect themselves in the
use of the duello-weapons, and so enjoy
an immunity of social crime—crime be-
yond the law? It is not the want of
religion, nor of decency, in your rule,
that I complain of; it is its want of com-
mon sense. It is the frightful abuse of
this thing that you call honor in Yan-
Ky, which appals me. Yan-Ky says,
that a man will think twice before he
insults his fellow, if he knows that he is
to answer for it at the mouth of the
pistol. Exactly; but the bully knows
the influence of that fear quite as well
as anybody, and therefore makes sure
of his skillful use of the weapons, before
he does the deed, and then laughs at
your outraged nose, as his well-prac-
ticed pistol sends death into your bosom.
Yan-Ky has a bully's and a coward's
theory of this matter!" cried Klumski
with energy.

"But what are we to do when our
wives and daughters are insulted?" de-
manded Yan-Ky, in a panic.

"I am going to show you what to do,"
replied Klumski, so gravely that
Yan-Ky shuddered. "A man who does
what Zay-ni has done, is a wild beast in
society. Do you hold his nose sacred?
Do you call him in the old vernacular,
a gentleman? He has proved that he
is a villain, and by the instinctive moral
law he is a criminal. For such
offenders you provide no punishment.
Therefore I have provided it. Don't
talk to me of honor," he continued fur-
iously. "Whoever will suffer such an
offender to have the chance of killing
him, has not the faintest conception of
the dear and sacred word."

"All Yan-Ky listened in amazement.
"For what is the significance of the
duello? It is the leaving the decision
of the right to chance. It never was

any thing more. It originated with our
remotest ancestors, in what they called
the Tournament. It is the ancient doc-
trine of night making right."

"Excuse us," said Yan-Ky; "it is
the giving an equal chance to both. It
qualifies might, for the weak man
stands fairly with the strong."

"But, in the name of Confucius, why
should both have an equal chance?" cried
Klumski. "To give both an equal
chance, is to imply that there is an
equality of guilt or responsibility. Is
that so in this case? But if it be the
decision of chance, then the verdict of
chance must be considered final. If any
one of you declare that I am not a Yan-
Kian, but a liar, and I call him to the
duello, what do I mean to do? I mean
to summon the duello to decide whether
I am a liar. But if my pistol chances
only to flash, and you hit me, it follows
inevitably that I am a liar."

"Not at all," said Yan-Ky; "the fact
of your going out to stand before a pis-
tol, shows that you have the heroism
which makes it impossible that you
should be a liar, and that fact is demon-
strated, whether you are hit or not."

"Not at all," returned Klumski; "it
merely proves that I have the hardihood
to stand before the pistol; and history
shows that a coward will do that as well
as a hero. Besides, if a Yan-Kian gives
me the lie, and I go out to fight, what is
the logic of the thing? It is this: I go
to defend my honor, assaulted by his
reliant, and he goes to defend his honor
involved in the same remark. I expose
my life to show that I am not a liar; he
exposes his to show that he means what
he says. There can be no result. For,
whatever the issue, each has equally
shown, by the same display of courage,
that he is right."

"But let us understand you," said the
people of Yan-Ky solemnly. "Do you
mean that, if your nose were pulled (a
thrill of horror shuddered along the
veins of the valiant people of Yan-Ky)
you would not resort to the duello?"

"Ye men of Yan-Ky," thundered
Klumski, "listen to my words. If a man
insults my sacred member by pulling it,
it means to express that I am a com-
temptible man and a coward. What is
the honorable, manly, and instinctive
way? It is to take him then and there,
while the hot blood is roused, and when
speaking after the manner of men, and
not of Confucius, that hot blood justifies
the act; and by severe personal chastise-
ment, disproving his words and ex-
posing him before the world as one in
whom there is no truth."

"Yes, but if he be stronger, and
chastise you?"

"Well, then, clearly," replied Klum-
ski, "if I am a weaker man, and valiantly
attack him, the whole world will hold
me justified. For you will remember
that even your God of Honor does not
require that the offended person shall
always be successful. If I fall dead be-
fore the fire of my adversary who has
insulted me, I am yet held to be a man
of honor; and equally so, if I am over-
thrown by the man whom I personally
attack."

"My dear Klumski," now said the
most respectable of the Yan-Kians, "you
wander from the point. This matter of
honor is not to be reduced to strict verbal
discussion. It is an affair of instinct
and feeling. We do not say that it is
essentially right, nor just, and certainly
we allow that it is against the law of
Confucius, but the whole thing is here:
Society requires that no man shall sub-
mit to an imputation upon his veracity,
and has decreed by immemorial custom,
that he shall wipe off the aspersion by
the duello. If he fails to do so, the man
enjoys no social consideration afterwards.
We all regret it, we are all very much
opposed to shedding blood, and we take
care in our laws to denounce and punish
the custom which we all cherish with
the utmost force of our private opinion
and conduct. I repeat that it is not a
matter to be deliberately reasoned about.
It must be felt, and, Klumski, you must
obey or suffer. It is, perhaps, a cruel
necessity, but it is no harder upon you
than upon the rest of us."

Klumski laughed gently and said:
"You allow that the custom is un-
reasonable, beyond logic or argument,
and against the law of Confucius, the
law of nature, and the well being of
society. You grant that its whole force
lies in the consent of society, and yet it
is you, respectable Yan-Kians, whose
sympathy imparts that force to it, and
if you simply said, it shall not be so any
longer, it would immediately cease to be.
You, and you alone, are responsible for
all the woe it occasions; for it is your
opinion which makes the opinion of that
society of which you so vaguely speak.
The custom does not exist by the sup-
port of blacklegs and bullies, but by your
sympathy. You assume a state of
things, and by that assumption creating
it, proceed to argue from it."

"Stop!" said the most respectable of
the Yan-Kyse. "Ten years ago the
chief of the city of Yan-Ky sent Bullski
to the great Pow-wow of the land. He
was a man of assured character, of the
clearest integrity, worthy, generous,
good; the whole city knew Bullski and
honored him. Now to the same Pow-
wow came Bearski from the other great
city of Yan-Ky, a man equally loved
and honored by the Bearsians, his
friends. The old grudge between the
cities was never more venomously as-
serted than at that time. There were
high debates, hot words, choking rage
and wrath, all watched by the Bullsians
at home with eager interest. 'Those
Bearsians are always pulling our noses,'
said the Bullsians, 'and we are always
tamely submitting and emboldening
them.' 'Those Bullsians are tough,'
said the Bearsians contemptuously.
Suddenly Bearski insulted Bullski—in
open Pow-wow insulted him, saying that
Bullski was not a veracious person. It
was a premeditated insult. But Bullski,
who knew that Bearski would easily
destroy him in the duello, and who, be-
cause he was a man of long-entitled in-
tegrity, detested the duello, returned to
his native city without fighting."

"Well," said the most respectable
Yan-Kian, "he was instantly dropped,
lost all influence, all social respect, and
was never heard of more."

"Then the wrathful word of an
enemy questioning his veracity availed
more with the friends of Bullski than
the long-proved character of years. If
is a pleasant premium you place upon
that character to which you exhorted all
your young men to attain, when a single
word, uttered angrily, or maliciously, is
sufficient to destroy it," replied Klumski
contemptuously.

"I don't know about that, returned
the spokesman of Yan-Ky, 'but such is
the fact, and no man can resist this de-
mand."

"As for that," returned Klumski, "I
am astonished that Bullski's instinctive
rage did not drive him upon Bearski to
punish his insult personally and directly.
For myself, whatever I had done, if I
found that my character availed nothing
with my friends, and was not powerful
enough to crush such an imputation
utterly, I certainly should not have
valued their opinion enough to purchase
it by a craven compliance with a foolish
custom. For clearly, the good opinion
of those who will not esteem a man of
long-tried probity if he refuses to expose
himself to be shot by any man who
questions it, when they confess that their
requirement is senseless and not founded
in religion, decency, or law—such a
good opinion is not so valuable as the
approval of Confucius and a man's es-
teem for himself."

"Yan-Ky smiled.
"Your words are brave," said the
respectable Yan-Kyse, "but you would
find it unpleasant to be shunned and
dropped from intercourse."
"Undoubtedly it would be far from
pleasant," returned Klumski, "yet I
know that the noble and thoughtful
everywhere would be on my side.
Those whose opinion is truly commenda-
tion would not desert me. Of course
I should value yours less, because I
should know all the time that it was
in mere obedience to a dull superstition
of which you were afraid, and which you
do not dare to investigate. But you
know, just as well as I, that the deep
sense of right would be with me."

"What!" cried Yan-Ky, "if you
took no notice of an insult?"

"That is a very different thing," said
Klumski, "I have already said that the
hot blood of an insulted man may drive
him to personal chastisement of the
offender."

"Yes," said Yan-Ky, "but that leads
to broils and street-shootings, and all
kinds of inconveniences. If a man
knew that when he gave the lie he was
liable to personal assault, he would carry
weapons to defend himself, and society
would fall back into anarchy."

"But how is it more anarchical for you
and me to shoot each other in hot blood
than in cold blood?" demanded Klumski.
"It is much more natural and reasonable.
And of this you may be well assured, if
a man knew that another would call him
to account at the moment of the insult,
he would be much more wary of his
words than when he knew that there
was infinite chance of arrangement and
negotiation, and, at worst, the chance of
the duello against his adversary."

"Every man," said Yan-Ky impa-
tiently, "must have an equal chance."
"Fools!" cried Klumski, "why should
there be an equal chance? Why, be-
cause a man insults me, should be there-
fore have the chance of killing me?
Besides, if you say that the man of-
fended may be weaker than the offender,
and therefore not have a fair chance in
a personal fight, so I say that unless you
can prove that both men are of equal
nerve, and equal skill, and equal prac-
tice in the use of the duello instruments,
and are sure of an equally favorable
position, the chances are just as unfair.
To draw up two men in battle array is
no more to give them an equal chance
than to let them settle it, naturally, with

*Names of the weapons of the duello.

*The other integuments of Yan-Ky.

*In the vernacular Yan-Ky, *teeking.*

*Strict Yan-Ky idiom.