their natural weapons. It is to put the chances altogether against the insulted nose. Nor can I well understand how you call it murder when an offender is shot for his offense, and not murder, but justice, when the offended is shot for being offended. The chances of the duello never can be even approximately equal until you place each party upon a keg of gunpowder and touch them off, and then what kind of justice is it? For one was peaceable and the other a bully.'

"The men of Yan-Ky felt their noses gravely, and pondered the words of Klumski.

"'Listen,' said he: 'My great-grandmother's cousin was sent ambassador to Crim-Tartary, where the duello also prevails, from China, where my family originated. Upon his arrival there was a stately banquet in honor of the birth of a daughter to the Cham. As the new ambassador was a stranger, he provoked observation and remark, and as he was not pleasant to the minds of the Crim-Tartar mandarins by reason of his well-known opinions relative to the shortening of the imperial one, they sought occasion to annoy him. Therefore the chief mandarin of the large family of Lu-Chu, and lineally to the ancestor of the Grand Lama of Thibet, "Behold the wife of the ambassador of Cham, my great-grandmother's cousin's wife, she resembles a slave." Which, when my great-grandmother's cousin heard, he said to himself, "I pardon slap this way." Thereupon they went into the pleasant garden of the palace, among the groves of lotus, then in full blossom, and my great-grandmother's cousin's wife said to the mandarin, "My nose is in my wife, and your hand was in your mouth during remark. I know that you are expert in the duello, according to the customs of your country. You know that I am an expert, or you would not have said that word. Even and I been so, however, I would not have allowed you the chance of proving your word, or giving your hand, by saying me. I am proud to put up with that you may perceive how careful a mandarin ought to be of his dignity."

"The mandarin fell upon his mandarin with the anger and stomach ache, but the sense of injury gave more power to the sight of his mother's cousin, and he, in a fit of rage, removed many and deep cuts, quite mortal, upon his adversary. Although the mandarin by a dart from his antagonist, who, from his superiority in the duello, had the choice of weapons, fell within an hour, he said to Dr. Ki-Ki, "Give your cousin wine and pay, the punishment has been with blade. Had it been more serious I should have shot you, as I would shoot a mad dog."

"The consequence was, men of Yan-Ky, that although seventy thousand in the land, my great-grandmother's cousin was never held to be a coward, and his son was made first mandarin. Every man and woman knew that if he insulted that family he would not be allowed the privilege of an hour's talk to add murder to insult, but would be dropped as most decidedly improper."

"After a pause Klumski added:

"'Such is the description. The injured, forgiving and humble, a word not a blow, the offender, a crime of which thousands have no knowledge and would laugh, are to be punished or rewarded according to the desire of the injured. I make a bullet, you place it in your body, why? I think I know. Zay-ni is the chamber of the duello.'

"As Klumski spoke, he saw Zay-ni advance. Ah, Yan-Ky paused to hear. Yan-Ky saw Zay-ni draw near, conclude that Klumski must as an insult, turn to the company, which he had before done, and which would now be fatal to him, for Zay-ni was accomplished in the duello. As he stopped near Klumski, that man looked at him with a question and said:

"'Zay-ni, you have spoke more bravely than words can describe. You have shown that you are a gentleman, that you are not a dog among men. The law lets you go free. But my heart revenges my sister's dishonor.'

"As he spoke he thrust his hand into his bosom, and there was a sudden flash, a report—a scream, and Zay-ni fell dead before Klumski.

"There was a pause, a rush, a murmur, a confusion.

"'It is murder!' cried Yan-Ky with one voice.

"'O men of Yan-Ky!' said Klumski scornfully, 'if besides destroying my sister's honor he had destroyed my life, ye would have said: what a pity! but it was unavoidable,' and setting yourselves comfortably into that conviction, you would have gone and slept quietly in the Temple while the priests read from Confucius "Forgive our debts as we forgive." Ye hug a superstition which your sense condemns, and which exists only by your allowance. For myself I prefer the society of savages and beasts. Yet if every brave man among you, choosing to renounce the law of Confucius, compels every man to pay the penalty of his insult by immediate personal responsibility, you will cease to have your nose pulled, and wine dashed in your faces.'

"So saying Klumski turned away, doubly desolated by Zay-ni's crime and its punishment. Neither of which desolations he would have known except for the insane custom of the duello, which directly fosters the growth of Zay-nis and leads straight to their conduct.

"Yan-Ky shook its respectable head, and said it would be murder not to give every man a chance.

"'Stop, stop!' cried I here to Whang. 'Men are hard-hearted, and dull-headed, but the women of Yan-Ky, why did they not pour balm into the broken heart of Flor, and refuse to know the assassin of her peace?'

Whang smiled, and, smoking, replied: "'The women of Yan-Ky, when a sister falls, trample her under feet until she loses her human likeness altogether.

"'Also the women of Yan-Ky caress the man who has had an *affair*,* decree that he is irresistible, and in all public places and upon all occasions bestow their sweetest smiles upon him.

"'Also the women of Yan-Ky, imitating the words of their elders, say—"It is very bad, perhaps, but the duello keeps bullies in awe, and teaches men whom the law cannot touch, that there is something to restrain them." As if the duello were not the especial institution of the only, always flourishing in most vigor in a community of such.

"'Also the women of Yan-Ky say, "We know it may be bad, but what are you going to do about the nose?"'

Whang paused, and I remained lost in amazement and perplexity. I feared to move lest I should fall into some danger, and unwittingly touch somebody's nose. Visions of my native country arose in my remembrance—a land where men are instantly held to account for their insults by the hot-headed, and where insults are destroyed in the force of character by the high hearted,—a land of peace and willow-pattern plates—of tranquil cares and endless gardens of tea—a land of Nankeen trousers and small feet—of Shanghais and rice-paper—of hot-heads and humbugs. May I safely pass your wall, O China, my country! I mentally ejaculated, and never more, I seek Barbarian lands again. "Why, Whang," cried I aloud, "I will travel no more; my heart aches for home. I remember the words of Tommee the Mandarin and Philosopher, on a chapter upon Yan-Ky, 'All is not rose; and there is another country.' Tell me, Whang, before we leave this land of fools, can nothing be done to show the Yan-Kyse the true character of their story of the nose?"

Whang smoked silently.

"'The Yan-Kyse say, O son, "neither money, nor, we, nor sense will remove scabs on head and face—nor will law be provided so long as they who make the laws believe that very bad-hearts to be the seeds of honor, and regard the beauty and the sound as synonyms."

"'Answer the fastest pack-horses for the morning,' cried I, and let us try to be on the side of Confucius."

"'To hear is to obey,' said Whang, as the last whiff of smoke curled away.

The enlightened readers who dwell in Confucius and obey the ten commandments, the character which we have translated from this singular work will naturally seem an impossible one. Yet even to those who do not, perhaps, make with the poet of another Yan-Ky, that to "see a man in the great wall of China is the extreme of folly," but who are sufficiently Christian to throw down all walls that separate man, and to count an honorable and manly State worthy of man and of the present enlightenment,—to the whose standard of public character is so lofty, and who so sternly reprobate meanness and deceit in private intercourse, whose public men by the dignity and temperance, and purity of their lives worthily represent the humanity of the national idea, and always propose the measure which is adjusted to secure the happiness and freedom of man,—even to us for whom the whole world was made, and who are the greatest, best, wisest, most polished, most heroic, and most pious of people, that any Yan-Ky ever saw, or dreamed of the Great Wall of China,—to us who call ourselves Christians and gentlemen, and who are constantly proving it by Christian and honorable conduct, always obeying the best opinion of the best men, and never following the worst whim of the worst, it may serve to give us even a greater admiration of ourselves to laugh, for a moment, at the solemn folly of Yan-Ky.

*Yan-Ky idiom.

## A Sign of the Times.

[Telegraphic Dispatch to the Associated Press.]

BOSTON, Saturday, May 6, 1854.

The first election by ballot took place in Brighton, Saturday week, on Tuesday, the 1st of May, for Mayor. The result was as follows: Oliver, (Temperance), 1,168; Smith, 704.

St. John is the chief city of New-Brunswick, lying just across the river from Maine, and in constant communication therewith. If the Prohibitory Liquor Law of Maine is a humbug St. John must know it; if it increases drinking, or does not diminish it, the Brunswickers would not be likely to obstruct the road to their own mouths, when an increase in the price of grog is *one* inevitable consequence of such an act, if there be no other. We submit that they are in a much better position to judge correctly of the utility of Legal Suasion than most of those who theorize on the subject.

Judge, friends and foes, whether this vote, in connection with so many others of like import, does or does not prove that Legal Suasion in the future is a fixed fact, and if it is, whether it would not be every way better to give it a fair trial at once, and end all controversy on the subject by the test of experience. What is to be gained by hanging back when "to this complexion you must come at last?"—*Tribune.*

*Idiom.


# THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

JNO. SEMANN, EDWIN HASKELL, } EDITORS.

FIDELITY TO THE PEOPLE.

COUDERSPORT, FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1854.


☞ There will be preaching at the Court House next Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock, by Rev. L. F. Pourzen.

☞ There will be service at the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next by Rev. Calkins, of Wellsborough.

☞ Mr. T. B. Tyler, of the Drug and Book Store, has favored us with the perusal of a work, which explains the mysteries of spiritual manifestations in a plain, simple, and rational manner. In fact, we cannot conceive any more perfect explanation of the phenomena of table tipping, writing, talking mediums than is here given. All is explained by the mysterious wonders of the human system. The work is from the philosophical pen of Dr. Dods, and written in his clear, forcible style, and cannot fail to interest whoever will procure and read it. We would especially recommend the work to those who feel any interest on the subject of Spiritualism.

## "Dishonesty and Selfishness."

The apologists of Slavery at the North seek to blind the public to the dirty work they are engaged in, by charging the Free Soilers with "dishonesty and selfishness." This is a poor time to make this charge, when the Slave Power and its servile tools at the North are making every exertion to force through Congress the most barefaced fraud ever before attempted. To the honor of the South, she had no statesman so lost to every sense of honor as to propose the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. But the *honest* men of the North, "not Free Soilers," we are told that they are dishonest, never weary of denying themselves, come forward and offer what Southern men were ashamed to do. None but *honest* men would have taken so much pains to quiet the public mind, excited by the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law,—which not have taken so much pains to put an end to all agitation on the Slavery question—declaring it no longer to be an issue in the election of public officers. None but honest men would, after all these pretensions, have introduced a bill, and strived to force it through Congress by dint of bullying and crow-breathing, before the people could be heard upon it, thus setting the country in agitation, to which they had professed to give peace. None but honest men would denounce the Free Soilers for agitating when they were themselves preparing to become the chief agitators. *Honest* men would give the country peace, put an end to Slavery agitation. Surely, "a dishonest man" must be a meaningless term.

☞ We do not think but that a majority of the Southern people regard Slavery as an evil, and desire to be rid of it. But this majority is powerless in the hands of the despotic minority—some three hundred thousand slaveholders, who insinuate themselves into the State Legislatures, and control the government of this country, making them subservient to their interests. In fact, such are the defences which the law throws around the "peculiar institution," that government seems to exist but as a protection to slave-driving and slave-catching.

The Slave Power well understands the "irresistible law of *interest*"—its own interest; and to advance it, has been the sum total of its history since the foundation of the Federal Government. We are told that abolition agitation has led States that had taken initiatory steps toward emancipation, to abandon it; when in fact it was the law of *interest* which led to the result.

Slave labor is impoverishing to the soil of a country; and had it been confined to its original limits, the more Northern slave States would have been driven by the "irresistible law of interest" to emancipation; but the opening of new territory has made the rearing of slaves for market profitable when their labor ceases to be remunerating; and as long as slavery can be extended to virgin soil, the irresistible law of the slaveholder's interest will lead him to seek to perpetuate it.

By the action of the people of the South, Slavery can only be reached in the States where it now exists. But the "only measure of amelioration" in operation, which is boasted of as a Southern measure—the Colonization scheme—does not bespeak the kind of action on their part that will lead to any substantial benefit. This very scheme of Colonization is calculated to subserve the interest of the Slave Power. It serves to quiet the men whose consciencious scruples induce them to emancipate their slaves; and frees the slaveholders from the presence of a free black population, which would reduce the profits of slave labor by competition. In fact, so beneficial is Colonization to the Slave interest, that several States have passed laws forbidding masters to emancipate their slaves unless they make provision for their being colonized, or sent from the State. If Colonization has given thousands free homes in Africa, it has served to rivet tighter the fetters of millions in America. If it has made tens of thousands of native Africans acquainted with the blessings of Christian civilization, it has made hundreds of thousands acquainted with Christian barbarism. If it has abolished the slave trade from five hundred miles of African coast, it has, by enhancing the price of slaves here, extended it over thousands of miles of American soil.

Stop the extension of Slavery, put an end to the inter-State slave trade, then Colonization will be carried on with a view to the gradual abolition of Slavery; but while these are going on, Colonization serves but to perpetuate the accursed institution.

## "Queechy."

Long this book lay before me, and I opened it not. The singular title appealed to fancy and curiosity in vain. Sergeant disappointment in several books that the public approved, and even our favorite novelists, had made me rather afraid of *popular works*, and particularly popular novels. And the first few chapters of Queechy did little to improve the impression of their value. We are shown what we are given to understand are a very remarkable old man, and a very remarkable little girl, his grandchild and constant companion, whom he instructs in taste, thought, and religion; and in a conversation with her about her father, says he was made of different stuff from all the people around [illegible] "was a noble-looking man, and his locks were the worst part of him;" who had a better kind of courage than the common sort—he never was afraid to do what he thought was right. Moral courage I call it, and it is one of the noblest qualities a man can have."

It is a beautiful description of a noble man, and the little girl asks just what one wants to ask—

"What made him be a soldier, grandfa'?"

"Oh! he was too good to make a farmer of—or he high spirit wanted to rise in the world; he couldn't rest without trying to be something more than other folks."

Too *good* to till the soil that was given to Adam as the worthy heritage of useless humanity, made in the image of God! So he went to work to wound, and maim, and kill his brother man! Again the old *Christian* gentleman says:

"Your father was made a Major for his fine behavior out here at the West—fighting the Indians. There never was anything *finer done*."

This little Fleda is described as purity itself, "not only unsullied, but unsulliable." Yet when her grandfather was telling some gentlemen about his experience in the Revolution, and how they took the food from the ovens of the tories, and one of the gentlemen appealed to her for her judgment of the matter—

"O, I like it," said Fleda. "You liked those pies all the better, did n't you, grandpa, because you had got them from the tories?"

It seems to me that a pure heart must have become a good deal sullied before it could entertain such a feeling as that. Then follows several pages' laudation of war and its accompaniments of hatred and robbery, such as no child could listen to uncorrupted. But this is redeemed, if that be possible, by a discussion of our last Mexican war, in the second volume, where its horrors are shown something as they are. These inconsistencies, this holding up of the world's wicked customs by one professing such high religious principle, made a rather unfavorable impression; but this soon wore off as I followed the innocent child in her beauty of thought and life, influencing all around, and yet truly appreciated by so few. The description of her meeting with Hugh; of their instant sympathetic understanding of each other, and the "fellowship that never knew a break nor a weakening," is so perfect that I should particularize it only that every description is just so perfect. Even those parts of the book alluded to before, are perfect pictures of what *is*, and only objectionable because held up as examples of what should be.

The interest deepens with every chapter, and every character is so accurately drawn that it has the individuality of a real acquaintance—one whom we know. The effect of one wrong step, for a wrong motive is well shown in Mr. Rossiter, the result of that wrong step, that doing evil that good may come, is well illustrated in the fate of Marion.

But the beauty and the value of the book lies in the sustaining of the characters, in their purity and elevation. It starts with two of a mould superior to ordinary humanity; of a fineness of organization, physical, mental, and moral, such as is most rarely met with, and these are sustained to the end. Indeed, some others are added, but one cannot point to any spot and say, *that* word, or phrase, or feeling is discordant with such a character—except those places near the beginning, before alluded to. Mr. Carleton, Fleda, and Hugh are such characters as few writers could portray, and their regard for each other so characteristic of each, could not be other than it was.

"Mr. Carleton preached to himself all the way home, and he text was a rose. Laugh who will. To many it may seem ridiculous; and to most minds it would have been impossible; but to a mind very finely wrought and highly trained, many a voice that grosser senses cannot hear comes with an eloquence as clear as it is sweet spoken; many a lesson that coarser nerves cannot feel, reaches the springs of a deeper life; many a truth that fuller eyes have no aliment to see, shows its fair features and sway among the corolla of a rose, or peering out between the wings of a butterfly, or reflected in a bright drop of dew. The material is not a vail for the spiritual, but then *eyes must be purified* or the vail becomes an impassable cloud."

I could not but smile when Mr. Carleton returned to Queechy and made quietly a way again because he [illegible] such circumstances and occupations which he thought most marred the fine polish of her nature. He trusted his *judgment* and he mistook. The "vail" had become a cloud to him.

Mr. Carleton is an Englishman. Hugh rather makes her best characters English, but there is another Englishman who was a more common character in either country, and who, in the Russian engagement in Hungary, showed the dangerous traits of character which, after conducting a worse time—

"Mr. Stackpole, you have worried I only when Mr. Carleton had been here," said Mrs. Evelyn.

"I wish he had," said Fleda; "for then I need not have spoken a word."

"Why," said Mr. Stackpole, "do you suppose he would have fought for you against me?"

"I suppose he would have fought for truth against anybody, sir," said Fleda.

"Even against his own interests?"

"If I am not mistaken in him, he considers his own interests and those of truth identical," said Fleda.

Mr. Carleton confidently appeals and confirms this noble judgment of him. He was too good and pure, too morally patriotic, to resent or feel irritated at a just reproach to his countrymen. As an American, I could not help wishing our country had been as well represented.

The attachment between Carleton and Fleda is, like all other loves, so refined, so pure, so devoting in its effects upon us, that it stands in beautiful contrast to the fever-passion so frequently portrayed for Love. It is second only to that of "Tancred and Vivian." Both give us a glimpse of angel life upon earth. So might angels love; so angelic natures must. No selfishness, no unquiet, no fear. I would that every young person should read this book, and such books, until the fires of passion shall be extinguished in his soul, or be purified into a holy altar flame. G.

## Wishing.

How I should like to be a *medium*. Not a rapping medium, nor a writing medium, nor an *impressible* medium.—but rather what I believe people call a "happy medium." Judging by what I hear of the world in general, everybody is either too fast or too slow; too resolute or too yielding; and so on through all the list of opposites. Seems as though it would be the nicest thing to be just right,—because, apart from the voice of censure one's self, we would not be guilty of implicating all one's relations and particular friends in the blame of the public.

"There 's no dependence on Julia; she cannot say 'No;' her *mother* never could." "Always agrees to everything." "Sarah will have her own way. The whole family are just so—tyrannical and overbearing. Just what might have been expected of Hiram. They're a queer family. You know how his uncle talks." "Jerusha 's very regardless of public opinion, just like her cousin Tom Reckless." These and a thousand other remarks of a like import, really make me dread to act at all, for fear of disgracing my family. If I could only be that happy medium, people might say "He is just right, and no wonder: all his family are so correct." G.

## The Latest News from Europe.

### Black Sea Fleet—Bombardment of Odessa.

The bombardment of Odessa was more destructive in its results to the Russians, than was previously stated. The London *Times* of May 6 gives the particulars as follows:

We learn that twelve vessels of war were sunk in the port, and thirteen Russian transports, with their stores and cargo, destroyed, while the greater part of the merchant ships were saved, and neutral and private property was respected.

The ships of war said to be destroyed can hardly be supposed to form an important part of the Russian fleet, and they were probably vessels of small force, lying in the harbor of Odessa, and need like those small steamers met by Captain Jones in the coast of Circassia, for the purpose of carrying on communication between Odessa, Nicolaiew, Kherson, and Sebastopol; but it is satisfactory to learn that a considerable portion of the fleet has been destroyed, and that the blow has fallen where it ought to fall—on the imperial flag of Russia.

The *Triester Zeitung* says, that up to the 16th of April, large steamers had taken flight from the Black Sea.

### Baltic Fleet.

A private letter from the fleet off Gotland Sound, and dated the 15th ult., contains the following remarks, which may not be without general interest at present: "Since sailing from Spithead, the fleet has been gradually advancing towards the enemy in a systematic manner. Every movement has been well ordered by our noble admiral, and now we are so near, and within [illegible] of the enemy, the confidence of every man and officer [illegible] that they are on the eve of a sanguinary battle. Consequently all are cool and a feeling of [illegible] pervades the fleet."

A [illegible] from Lübeck, dated at Copenhagen, April 27, states that—

"Sweden will [illegible] the cause of Turkey [illegible] Sweden, keeping up [illegible] the Gulf of Finland, which would render the escape of a single Russian ship impossible.—The [illegible] stationed at Revel, Riga, Memel, Pillau, Stockholm, Gotland, in the Sound, Cattegat, and Gulf of Kiel, so that the Baltic Sea and coasts are under strict blockade.

A most formidable force of row-boats are being organized by the Russians to harass the invading fleet for the shallow waters. Eight hundred armed boats are already employed.

Napier applied to the Government for a fleet of small steamers that may penetrate wherever row boats can.

### Siege of Silistria.

BUCHAREST, April 19.—Silistria has been continued under fire since the 14th, and would have already fallen but for the determined valor of its defenders. They say they can hold out until auxiliary troops come to their relief. The Russians, on the contrary, say the place must surrender in a few days. Mustapha Pacha has been strong garrison, but the fortress is neither well victualled nor properly supplied with ammunition.

### Defeat of the Russian Army under Gen. Luders.

VIENNA, May 3. The following report circulates in Bucharest: "Omer Pacha attacked with 70,000 men towards Dobrudscha on the 18th or 19th of April, and a battle took place with Luders's corps, between Silistria and Rassova.

"During the night, Omer Pacha had detached a division in the direction of the Black Sea, and when the battle was at its height on the next day, this corps attacked the Russians in their rear, causing unexampled confusion and consternation. Gen. Luders retreated towards Czernavode, and it is said the Russians lost many guns, ammunition, stores, and baggage wagons, and even their military chest.

☞ There is one objection to people who "mean well," and that is they can never spare time to carry out their meaning.

### CEMETERY NOTICE.

The following named corporators of the Estate Cemetery are requested to meet at the old Court House, on Saturday, the 27th inst., at 1 o'clock, P. M., to complete their organization and to transact such other business as may come before them:

| | |
|---|---|
| S. M. Mills, | Thos. B. Tyler, |
| H. J. Olmsted, | Lucas Cushing, |
| Eli Rees, | F. W. Knox, |
| John S. Mann, | C. S. Jones, |
| Alva Taggart, | Nelson Clark, |
| John Reckhow, | L. B. Cole, |
| J. M. Hamilton, | Timothy Ives, |
| P. A. Stebbins, | A. H. Butterworth, |
| S. Haven, | H. H. Dent, |
| Miles White, | Ames French, |
| John Reckhow, | Sobieski Ross, |
| D. T. Hall, | J. W. Smith. |

BY ORDER.