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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS.

B. T. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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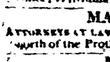

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, for sale by the proprietors, Keen Ritter, Deer and Bluestone Peterson, just received and for sale by the agent in Erie, by
R. T. STERRETT & SONS.

Poetry and Miscellany.

THE RESULT.

BY J. R. DOW:

Night—darker night—on Europe falls;
The panting millions strive no more;
The Cossack revels in her halls,
And quaffs the wine cup, stained with gore.
The gathering storms of *suffering years*
In one fierce thunder-peal depart;
While the red reaper gathers dears,
And binds the independent heart.

The struggle's o'er—the voice is gone;
The bones that moved are bones again,
The murderers yell is onward borne,
And famine stalks o'er fields of slain.
While in the dust the hopeless sigh,
And Virtue bleeds in War's embrace,
The dead upon their banner lie,
And smiles of glory light each face.

Old crumbling thrones arise again,
With deeper woes and deadlier hate.
The Iron hand makes bare the chain,
And bids the dungeon's hinges grate.
Free thoughts now fester in the mind,
And generous souls forget to give;
While palsied hosts to fate resigned,
Kiss the Red robber's hand to live.

Oh God! when all the people rise
And walk erect in proud attire,
While calm contentment lights the skies,
And pale disunion's lurid face?
When princely word shall weigh no more
Than plebian speech, though homely said,
And mind shall with the eagle soar,
And matter kennel with the dead.

THE JEW'S STORY.

"Vengeance is Mine, and I willl repay"

In one of my solitary rambles, in a distant country of England, I chanced to find myself on the borders of a lonely wood, as evening fell. As I stood hesitating whether I should retrace my steps or penetrate into the mass of pathless forest, a figure crossed my way. It was one of those wanderers who may, at times, be seen in remote country roads; an old man, tall and gaunt, with a flowing beard, a turban on his head, and his limbs clothed in the loose garments common to the inhabitants of Oriental climes. He carried before him a small box, hanging by leathern straps from his shoulders, containing cinnamon and myrrh, saffron and cloves, and other fateful spices of the Indies and Levant, with other wares little value. The expression of his countenance, his *bright eye, his aquiline profile,* declared him to be a Je, the rich blood of the children of Israel flowed beneath the dark complexion of Eastern origin. He had wandered from a distant country, a very lovely clime, than which there are few so fair beneath the sun—from Anatolia.

He stopped as he approached me, and turning towards me a countenance deeply lined with care and fatigue, he said gently.

"Have you any wish to buy wares I carry? Here are drugs, dried fruits, and pleasant spices. I have coffee from Mecca, gums from Sinoub, and figs from Alepo. I have pretty trinkets—chains and rings."

I shook my head, and, as I passed on, I fancied I noticed, in the dim light, that a tear trembled in the wanderer's eye. I stopped again and said:

"You are ill and tired."

"I am poor," answered he; "but I was not always so. I am unhappy, but once, as not; this is the eve of a festival held holy by the people of whom I am: I must pass it beneath the hedges or the lone fields, for I am near none of my brethern."

"Your brethern?" I asked inquisitively.

"My fellow believers, I mean," he replied: "I am a Jew."

"They say," I observed, anxious to testify an interest in the solitary wanderer, "that you brethern are kind to one another."

"Sir," replied the Israelite; "the tie of common faith is a password between us; the rich will give food to his poor brother, the strong will lend an arm to the feeble, *the happy will console the wretched.* When I had wealth, and strength, and happiness, I have acted generously to my people."

"You were rich once," I said, endeavoring to prove that my motive for inquiry was no impertinent sentiment.

"I was," he said, "but I have fallen."

"Your story has, perchance, been a strange one," I remarked: "I should like to hear it."

Suddenly his manner changed. A thousand emotions seemed to be struggling in his breast and to choke the current of his voice. At length, after a pause, he said:

"Sir, I will tell it—at all times, it does me good. It matters not how far I go on my journey to-night. Let us walk on, however, and I will tell you all."

"My name," he began, "is Eliezer, the son Reuben. In the country whence I came, we are called by our father's name, added to our own, in lieu of a surname. From time almost immemorial, my ancesters dwelt in a little house a few paces within the gates of the Jewish quarter of Smyrna. Here my father followed his father's trade, and dealt in spices and drugs, for which he was famous even beyond the precincts of the Ghetto; and here I dwelt with him.

When but a mere boy, I desired to marry a beautiful maiden living near us; my father, from prudent motives, opposed my wishes. For years I endeavored to change his resolution, but in vain. He died, protesting against my contracting the alliance on which I had set my heart. While he lived, I obeyed him; but scarcely had the sods above his coffin clumped together, scarcely had the thirty days of mourning expired, when I went to my neighbor's house and demanded his daughter in marriage.

You will see that the disobedience of the son was avenged seventy-fold!

My wife, after some few years of marriage, brought me but one child, in giving birth to whom she sacrificed her own. This child, my daughter (whose entrance in this valley of the shadow was embittered by the loss of one whom I had so fondly cherished,) was, as you may well believe, very dear to me. I tended her when she was a feeble baby; I watched, with unceasing care, her progress from infancy to womanhood: I watched her. Heaven only knows how fondly! and every summer that passed over her head, taught me to love her more and more.

She had no wish ungratified; every girlish fancy was anticipated; I, and all about me, made it the great object of our lives to give her pleasure.

But, in this world, I have learned that no joy lasts forever.

It chanced one day—the very day that she had completed her eighteenth year, and was one of the most graceful and beautiful of the women in Smyrna—it chanced that I approached her room unexpectedly. What was my astonishment, on entering, to perceive that she held in her hand a portrait! I knew that such trifles were forbidden amongst Mussulmen. I sprang forward, excitedly, to examine the picture. She made an effort to conceal it; but I tore it from her, and I beheld the likeness of a young Christian—a merchant who lived near us, without the Ghetto. It was, I saw, the likeness of a French Christian, an alien to her country, an alien to her brethern, an alien to her faith. Transported by my fury I asked the meaning of this. The trembling girl threw herself at my feet, and bursting into tears, endeavored to assuge my anger and told me—a horrible tale or a Jewish father's ears—told me that she loved the Gentile! Yes, she told me she loved him; that for three years she had cherished her love in secret; and that the young Christian loved her tenderly in return.

Then when I heard all, when I knew all—I cursed the gentile aloud; I cursed him ruthlessly; and I had also cursed my child, had not the sight of her, and the memory of her dear mother, who perished to give me my daughter, stayed the torrent of my rage.

I tried every means—persuasion, commands, advice, appeal to heart, menace of unforgiving wrath—to induce her to abandon this fearful attachment. In vain—in vain; she was immoveable; she was resolute in her adherence to her unholy affection. At last, having long struggled to combat this trouble, I resolved on taking a great measure. I sold off my business disadvantageously; and then, without informing any one of my intentions, I quitted Smyrna, suddenly, taking my daughter with me.

My first halt was at a small town, a day's journey from Smyrna; I hired two chambers in a lonely house and prepared to pass the night there.

Early next morning I rose to re-commence my journey. I sought my daughter's chamber, and bade her prepare to accompany me.

My God! She had fled—fled in the night—no one knew when or whither.

Fast as the fleetest horse could fly, I sped back to Smyrna, and learnt, as I expected, that the young Christian had left the town the previous morning. My suspicions were confirmed. My child—my soul—my treasure had fled with the alien. The great storm had broken over my devoted head.

I found Smyrna hateful to me; I placed my bags of sequins on a mule, with a small bale of produce of Anatolia, and quitted forever the city in which I was born, where my fathers were buried and where I had hoped to die.

I crossed the Dardanelles, and fixed my residence at Constantinople; but the remembrance of my daughter weighed heavily on my soul. It gnawed on my spirit, I could not rest.

I made unceasing inquiries at the various embassies. At length my efforts met with success. I obtained at the French legation a clue. I was told that, about eighteen months or two years before, two persons answering to the description I had drawn, had crossed the frontier dividing Turkey from Hungary, professing their intention to proceed to France. I flew to Vienna; hence traced the route of the fugitives at Baden, to Aixla-Chapelle; and there lost the thread of their progress for some time. At last, I was enabled to trace them to Strasburg; and, after a ceaseless and terrible search that lasted three years, I succeeded in procuring information that persons, answering to the appearance of my daughter and her husband, had arrived some three months previously in Paris, and had taken up their residence in the Rue Maubec, a small, mean street in one of the most unwholesome quarters of Paris, the one inhabited by the low classes of Jews.

When I remember all I had suffered during my three years search—the frequently fruitless expeditions the sleepless nights, the restless days; when I remember how full my joy was when I thought that I should again see my child and meet her destroyer face to face—I do not wonder that I knelt down overpowered, on the threshold of the house where I learnt the last intelligence, and gave way—for the first time for years—to frantic tears!

[Here the Jew paused, and, after a moment's hesitation, proceeded as follows:]

I went soon to the Rue Maboe, a mean narrow lane, unwholesome, as you perhaps know some quarters of that city to be. I entered house after house, careless of the fact that in some places I was ridiculed as a madman: in others, scouted as an agent of police. At length in one house I was informed there resided a lady who could speak but little French, or even German, a favorite dialect of that part of Paris. Bhegged the porter to show me her room; I fancied he hesitated, so I pushed some gold into his hand, and followed him up a filthy and dark staircase to an apartment at the very top of the house. We paused before the door; it was to see my child again!

I do not remember how I entered, or what I said, or saw at first. I only know, I only recall to mind—that I found myself on my knees before a low bed, on which lay a pale, emaciated, feeble creature, who pressed my hands in hers, and said she was my daughter.

She knew me again, despite the sorrows and the toils that had furrowed my brow and blanched my hair. I think, if my memory fails me not, that I did not recognize her; she was so changed; she was beautiful no more; her hands that held mine were cold and numbed, as if the veins that crossed them were utterly bloodless: her hair was gray—no: twenty-five years old, and her hair all grey! Her very voice had changed its tone. Oh Heaven! what agony! Six years since I had seen her last, and the father did not know his child again.

But she!—she looked at me intently; she called me by my name; and she was my child and sank back, speechless, in a heavy faint. She recovered soon, however, to tell me that she was more wretched than human words has power to describe, and that her life hung on my forgiveness.

Forgiveness! poor child! Who, with a father's heart could have steeled his spirit against the daughter who had been torn from him six long years, and then restored steeped in the darkest misery?—What father, then, would have remembered that she had erred against his honor, *or against his faith?* What father, of human mould, would not have done as I did in that awful moment—who clasped my sinning girl to my torn breast and laid my hand gently on her head, to bless her as I blest her in olden days, when her soul knew no impurity, and her heart no pang.

And then, she laid on my breast, she told me a sad story for a father to hear. She said that she had, at first, fled with the gentile to Turkey, and hence, by the route I have alluded to, he went to Paris. He had in the beginning treated her kindly, and even lovingly; but when they once touched the soil of France, his manner changed gradually towards her—his voice became more harsh, his conduct more unkind, his words less gently chosen, until, at last, he treated her with rough unkindness.

A child was born to her at Strasburg. After the birth of their baby he began to return to his former bearing towards her; his manner somewhat softened; he hired elegant rooms for her, and rendered her all requisite attention. When her child was six months old, her seducer left her for a journey of some weeks. He returned, unexpectedly, in the middle of a wintry night, bid her prepare to go with him in a second tour, placed her in a carriage that waited at the door, and removed her by rapid stages, to Paris.

Arriving there, he drove to the miserable house in Rue Maubec, where she then stayed, left her there with the baby; and after she had been a few hours in Paris, he quitted her room, placing in her hand a hundred francs and a few words written on a slip of paper; and she never saw him more!

On the paper the heartless ruffian had inscribed these cruel words:

"The daughter who deserted her father can have but little cause to blame the lover who deserts his mistress."

She was then desolate—I shudder to think how desolate! And now in her cold solitude, remorse—which the voice of passion had long stilled—burst on her soul in merciless violence. The memory of the past, more cruel to her than the anticipation of the future. It is not so much the sorrow undeserved that drives men mad, as the tortures of remorse; and thus her agony grew strong almost beyond endurance.

And then came another sorrow; a fearful disease, working premature decay, poisoned the currents of her blood. She pined mentally and wasted bodily. The sword and its scabbard was destroyed in unison.

I will not prolong the story of her sufferings. Let it be enough to say, that, as she finished the terrible recital, she drew the last coin left her from beneath her pillow, and, pointing to her sleeping baby, she said calmly,

"Now that thou hast come, my father, I shall be saved one punishment, at least. I shall not see my daughter perish before mine eyes."

I spoke to her in the language of her fathers, the language she had never heard in that strange land. I told her how I had traveled over weary leagues of rugged ground to have the joy of meeting her again; and how I readily forgave her every pang her waywardness had caused me; and how I felt, that, after all, perhaps I—not she—should bear the greater blame for not considering more generously the impulses of youth; for, do you see, she was my daughter! Then I besought her, by all the love she bore me, to strive, with pious earnestness, to banish from her mind all memory of the alien; then we might fling oblivion over the past sorrows, and live as if trouble had never fallen on our dwelling.

But she said all such hope was vain; that she knew she was dying, and now could die in peace, since she had seen me again and had been forgiven. She only asked to leave her child in my care; but when she placed the smiling baby in my arms, I had for one moment a tho't of casting from me that fruit of an unholy alliance—the offspring of him who had worked the disgrace of my daughter and the dishonor of my house. But better feelings drove the shadow forth; for, sir, it was my daughter's child.

After we had talked gently and calmly for a time, and she had told me that her seducer was known by the name of Victor Armand, (a name, I pray you sir, never forget, I thought she seemed to rally; her voice grew more firm, her spirits cheered; she even spoke of recovery; though that my presence gave her new vigor, and that she could go with me and her baby to some tranquil and secluded place; far from the stranger's land of pollution, beneath the sunny sky of the father-home. There might she learn forgetfulness at least; so only that she went away, *far away, from the scene of her misery and sin.* And so the night wore on. But before morning broke she relapsed fatally. Suddenly a great change took place.—Suddenly the cup of hope I had dared to raise at my lips was dashed pitilessly away. Suddenly the heart that was pressed to mine, flattered and stopped its restless throbs. Suddenly a *horrid instinct* told me that my daughter, God help me! my daughter was dead!

I heard a piercing shriek break from her lips, as the soul winged its course to heaven. I looked at her face and knew all then. What need to grasp her pulse or touch her lips. Oh, sir, my heart was desolate in truth; my child was dead.

[Again the wanderer paused, and, bending his brow on his hands, the hot tears fell down his furrowed cheeks. It is not meet to see a childless father's grief, so I turned my head aside until he resumed his story.]

Sir, (he continued in a tremulous voice,) I can weep now; then I had no tears. And when my daughter was laid in her grave, and her baby beside her, for the bud perished with then parent flower, what the had I to hold me to life? What more else was I in the broad world? What link would bind me to existence? I had nothing more to love—I had nothing more to guard—I had nothing more to cling to. Nor sir, that was true; but I lived *still, for my task was not complete, I had to avenge,* to avenge my daughter's misery, her dishonor and her death!

As he said those words, if tears still gushed from his breast, the fire that must have raged there had surely dried up, eternally, the blessed fount.

Sir, (he went on to say,) had you seen your only child in the last, great agony—had you heard her thrilling shriek as her spirit tore itself away—had her dying eyes been fixed on yours with a glance of such unutterable anguish—had you seen all that I had seen; that I saw in that supreme hour: oh! believe me you would have dashed from your heart all gentle thoughts everlastingly; you would have yielded faith, religion, charity, all to the excess of your misery; you would have done as I have done, or you are not human; you would have prayed the prayer I prayed; you would have framed the curse I framed; and you would have asked the God who afflicted you never to let your bones rest in the grave till the death-hour of your child was avenged!

So, for the dreary years—I do not know how many, I never cared to count—I have sought the ruffian, for he dwells in this country; I have sought for him lonesome, toiling days; and I must seek him till I die! (continued the Israelite,) as, though I live for ages! though I live till my very memory fail me, and I forget all—all the past—except the one great agony which drives me forth, a wanderer on the cold face of the earth. I shall live until I meet him who I have cursed in my soul—and strike him to the ground—to avenge the dying anguish of my lost darling in her murderer's blood!

"Hush!" *said I,* grasping his arm; "remember that our God said, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay!'"

"I do remember it," he answered bitterly; but He told us, also, to 'tread the lion under foot, and tear the teeth from the mouth of the dragon.' This is my mission."

"But I asked, *is this the sole object of your life?* Do you wander forth—old, poor, wretched—to work an unholy vengeance on him who wronged your child, and for no other purpose?"

"Do not call it *unholy?*" replied the Jew. "Heaven will give me the power to fulfil of the bitter, bitter curse that burst from my lips over my girl's dead body! No! no! by the grave of my father, by my hopes of redemption I swear to you that I will never forget my daughter's farewell cry, and I never will forget the fiend who murdered her!"

"But does not that very memory of your past sorrows" I asked, "bring gentle thoughts to your burning breast?"

"Gentler thoughts!" he answered "I tell you I have had no gentle thoughts for years. All tenderness is quenched from me eternally. I know no peace, nor hope, nor rest, save *there* alone," pointing to heaven with his thin hand. As he spoke those melancholy words, he bowed profoundly and passed on his weary way—a lonely wanderer! feeble as a mere child physically, yet morally so strong in purpose. A madness, a horrid longing that must be bootless, and would be inexcusably culpable if gratified, drove him on unceasingly. In the frantic hope that possessed him, he had almost forgot the intensity of his sorrow. As I said before, a raging fire of vengeance fanned up the fount of tears within his withered breast!

A few months after the adventure, I was driving through the country town of L—— early in the morning. There was a great crowd in the market-place, with faces upturned to where the shire gaol lighted its dark and ugly front. Following the direction of the thousand eyes, I soon understood the cause that had drawn the multitude together. A man had just suffered the hideous and disgusting death which, despite our strides in civilization and our comprehension of religion, our legislators still venture to inflict on the felon, and to make a lesson, (heaven knows how evil in effect) to their less enlightened fellows. A quivering form was hanging from a cord in the writhing agonies of death, and from his convulsive tortures the multitude were—to *learn!*—to learn to respect the peace and pity the sufferings of others. From the murmur in the crowd I soon heard all particulars of the culprit.—He was a Frenchman, a noted highwayman, who had recource to that guilty life after losing his wealth at the gaming table. He was still young; his name was Victor Armand. And so the vengeance of heaven had, at last, been wrought, but the pursuer knew it not. The body of the polluter waved disgracefully in the wind, and the wronged old man still went his lonely way, and still would toil in pursuance of his hopeless purpose, *until his sufferings* should cease beneath the cold soil that his weary feet was treading. For who shall deny this immutable truth? God reserves to himself alone the chastisement of the guilty—the retribution of the ruthless; vengeance belongs to Him—"He will repay."

Adventure of a Bashful "Lover."

From the New York Spirit of the Times.

My dear "Spirit."—The best day in the Week is "Spirit day," and a jolly good day I should have had yesterday if it had only been "cold without," for then I could have laughed without losing flesh. The old saying of "Laugh and grow fat" is a lie, for I assure you every Saturday I laugh until I get tired—and by actual measurement I am generally half a pound lighter on Sunday. Some ill-natured people may possibly insinuate it rises from my having a good wash on Saturday night, but your well known modesty would not allow such an insinuation to obtain for a moment. The "Vegetable Shirt" certainly cost me a quarter pound extra, to say nothing of what I lost by its reminding me of a dilemma into which an old friend of mine once fell.

His name was Danphule—we used to call him "Jackass" for short. Heaven help *me* if he should ever see this story. I hope he don't take the "Spirit." Among his many misfortunes—for he was cock-eyed, red-haired, and knock-kneed—he numbered that inconvenient one of bashfulness; nevertheless he was fond of the ladies, although when in their presence he never opened his mouth if he could help it, and when he did speak he used both hands to help him talk—in fact he was a young man of "great actions"—Jack, one warm day fell in love, he had just graduated at College, and began to think he must seek the ladies society, he was getting to be a man and it looked manly to have a "pouchant." So Jack fell in love with the sweetest, liveliest, most boydenish girl in the square, but how to tell his love, there was the rub. He had heard a good deal of the "language of the eyes," and he accordingly tried that, but whenever he looked particularly hard at the window where Miss Emily was in the habit of sitting, some person on the other side of the street would invariably bow to him, thinking he was endeavoring to catch *their* eye. He has despised expressive eyes ever since.

At length Jack obtained an introduction through his sister, and with her he called several times, but she was obliged to leave the city for a season, and as each interview had only increased his ardor, he finally determined upon "going it alone." Long before the hour fixed upon by custom for an evening visit, he found himself arrayed in his best. Blue coat, metal buttons—black cassimere pants (and [illegible] being a "leetle" tighter than the skin)—and a spotless vest. The Journal of the day state as an item of information that the thermometer ranged from 72 to 80 degrees. Jack swears it was a hundred. As the hour grew gradually near, Jack found his courage and perspiration oozing out together, and he almost determined to pull off and stay at home. He concluded however, he'd take a walk past the house and see how he felt. By the time he reached the mansion he firmly concluded not to go in, but on casting an eye towards the parlor window, and perceiving no signs of life there, he thought it probable that no one was 'at home,' and since he had proceeded so far, he'd proceed a little farther, and——leave his card. No sooner determined than concluded. In a reckless moment he pulled the bell—he was sure he just only touched it—the dam'd thing needn't make such a "cussed" noise. The door was opened as if by magic, and the servant girl politely requested him to walk in, Miss Emily was in the parlor, and would be delighted to see him!

"Oh, Lord! here was a fix! Go in a dark parlor with a pretty girl, all alone! It was too late to retreat, the *girl had closed the front door, and was pointing the way* to the parlor, where 'Miss Emily was sitting alone.' Being perfectly convinced that no choice was left him, into the dark room he walked or rather sidled. All was perfect chaos to his eyes for a moment; then from the deepest gloom came forth an angel voice "bidding him welcome, and draw near." To obey the order was but the work of a moment, as he supposed—but he little dreamt of the obstacle Fate had thrown in the way. He knew full well the stream of Love had many ripples, but full grown snags entered not into his calculation. Judge therefore, of his astonishment at being tripped up, almost at the fair one's feet, by a fat stool with plethoric legs, which chance or a careless servant had placed exactly on his road to happiness. Over he went and as the tailor had not allowed for any extra tension of muscles and sinews, he not only 'procured' a tumble, but also a 'compound fracture' of the black pants aforesaid, said fracture extending all across that point which comes in close contact with a chair.

Having picked himself up as carefully as circumstances would allow, the smothered laugh of Miss Emily not 'setting him forward any,' he at last succeeded in reaching a chair, and drawing his coat tails forward to prevent a disagreeable exposure, sat himself down with as much grace as a bear would be expected to exhibit when requested to dance on nettles. The young lady, who was almost suffocated with laughter at the sad mishap of the bashful lover, felt truly sorry for him, and used all her powers of fascination to drive it from his mind, and eventually succeeded so far as to induce him to make a remark. *And on this rock he split, for just at that moment* she discovered she had lost her handkerchief. "What *had* become of it? She was *sure* she had it when *he* came in! It must certainly be *somewhere* about! 'Haven't you got it under you, Mr. Danphule?' Jack was sure that couldn't be so! but poor Jack, in venturing an answer, could not possibly get along without raising his hands, and of course he must drop the coat tail. In his anxiety to recover the missing "wiper," he even ventured to incline his body so as to get a glance on the floor. As he did so, the fracture opened, and behold there lay—as the lady supposed—her property. It was the work of an instant, to seize the corner and exclaim—"Here it is sir, you needn't trouble yourself. Raise a little, it's under you," at the same time giving it a long pull. Alas, the *tail* was now told—no escape—nothing short of a special interposition of Providence could save his shirt. But what should he do? Another, and another, a stronger pull, evincing on the part of the lady a praiseworthy determination to obtain the lost 'dry goods,' coupled with the request to "get up sir—you're sitting on it," determined him, and in the agony of the moment, grabbing with both hands a fast disappearing strip of linen which encircled his neck, he exclaimed in heart-broken accents—"For God's sake, Miss Emily, loose my *shirt collar!*"

Head and Tail.

A soldier on sentry duty at an encampment, stabbed a dog with his bayonet, who was set on him by some boys. The owner came up, and was much vexed to see his cur lifeless. "Why couldn't you have struck him with the butt of your gun?" said he. "So I should," replied the sentry, "if the dog had run at me tail foremost."

The Sandwich Islands and their Inhabitants.

Correspondence of the Albany Argus.

HONOLULU, July 17, 1851.

Let me now tell you something about Honolulu. It is situated on a plain on the south side of the Island of Oahu, at the mouth of a magnificent valley called Nersuanor, which extends from one side of the Island to the other, about seven miles. East and West of the town are level plains, one or two miles wide extending from the beach to the mountains, which rise from the plain to the height of 1,000 feet, so abruptly as to be climed with difficulty. East of the town this plain extends to an extinct volcano, called "Diamond Head," about five miles; while to the westward it extends still farther. On the east side of the opening of Nersuaner valley, and directly in the rear of, and one-half mile distant from the town, is another extinct volcano, called "Punch Bowl Hill," the scarred edge of whose crater (about 900 feet in height) is lined with 18 to 24 pounders for the defence of the harbor.

The town contains about 10,000 inhabitants, of whom perhaps 1,000 are foreigners, comprising Americans, English, French, Germans, Chinamen, Russians, Lascars, &c. The Chinamen are a shrewd, keen set of fellows, mostly merchants, and dressed as most of them are, in Chinese fashion, the legs of their pantaloons being as large as a woman's petticoats, and with their long queues hanging down their backs, they present to a foreigner an extremely odd appearance. The town is but little elevated above the water. The streets are mostly wide and straight, and cross each other at right angles. The houses are a singular mixture—grass houses, coral stone houses, adobe houses and wooden houses being all mingled together in strange confusion. The natural houses are mostly made of upright poles, thatched with grass, somewhat like the thatching of a hamack. Some of them are very large, and as comfortable as any house, except in the rainy season, when they are damp. Adobe houses, too, are common among the natives, though they are going out of fashion, on account of the centipedes which always nestle about them. The best houses are built of coral stone, cut from the reefs at low water. They are of a dirty white color, full of holes and can be cut with an axe to any shape. Houses built of them, as also those built of adobes, are always plastered over outside, which closes the holes, and are then whitewashed. Wooden houses are most common among foreigners.

All the best houses, of whatever material they are built have verandahs, some on one side and some on every side. They keep the house cool by protecting it from the sun. The natives are a fine, manly looking race of men, street and strong, two or three shades lighter in color than a negro, with long straight black hair. Though nearly as illiterate as our negro, they are a far more intelligent race, their native sagacity and quickness of perception giving them a decided superiority. They can all read and write their native language, except the very old ones who had reached middle age before the commencement of schools. Nothing surprised me more than their enormous size at an age when in the United States they would be called children. There is one in my office who translates papers written in the native language for me, who is over six feet high and weighs 184 lbs., though not yet sixteen years of age. So, also, of girls—you would call them sixteen at least, and are told they are but ten.

The chiefs, both male and female, are darker in color and generally larger in body than the common people. One of them, A. Paki, the King's chamberlain, who is often in the office, is nearly seven feet high, and one of the most perfectly formed men I ever saw. M. Kekuanaoa, the Governor of the Island of Oahu, is also a large, noble looking man, of very pleasing manners, and Jas. Y. Kanehoa, the Governor of the Island of Maui, and G. L. Kapeau, Governor of the Island of Hawaii, are both gentlemen, in every sense of the term. Kanehoa speaks English as fluently as his mother tongue, having lived some years in Brooklyn and New York.

About two months ago, Kekauonohi, a lady chief, the grand daughter of Kamehameha 1st, died, and on that occasion, for the first time, I heard the natives wail. She died about 7 o'clock P. M., and instantly there broke upon the stillness of night a sound such as I despair of describing. It became general all over the town in a moment, and continued about three hours, until it was stopped by order of Paki. Her corps lay in state agent six weeks, and was finally committed to the King's tomb on *the 30th of June, with a grand funeral procession,* in which the King's ministers, high chiefs, and government officers generally, (myself among the number,) took their appropriate places. On going to her house, I found the walks inside of the yard covered with fresh cut grass, and the funeral car at the door. The running part of the car was an old 12 lb gun carriage, with its drag ropes all complete—the hearse, or box in which the coffin was placed, stood on four perpendicular posts, mortised into the axle-trees of the carriage, was about seven feet square, and was elevated nearly eighteen inches above the hind wheels, which were full six feet in diameter. After putting the coffin, which was an elegant and highly ornamented one, into the hearse, the procession moved forward towards the stone church, between two lines of natives, holding in their hands red and white flags—the street through which the procession passed being covered with bulrushes, and the car being drawn by natives, to the sound of martial music by a native band. First came four men, bearing "kahilis," which are large quantities of yellow feathers, curiously arranged and fastened on the top of a pole, similar to a flag, and carried in the same manner.

After the kahilis came soldiers, then the Hawaiian flag, then the funeral car, which was followed by the young chiefs, who appeared as chief mourners, each of them wearing a cape of feathers upon their shoulders—then the Hawaiian flag, followed by John Young, the Primier, the King's ministers, the diplomatic corps, the Governors of the islands, Judges and government officers, &c