



VOL. XXVII, NO. 4933.

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

J. Q. WOOD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
—AND—
NOTARY PUBLIC.
OFFICE: Corner King and Bethel Streets.

DR. C. B. HIGH,
Dentist.
Philadelphia Dental College 1892.
Masonic Temple. Telephone 318.

A. C. WALL, O. E. WALL,
Dentists.
OFFICE HOURS—8 a. m. to 4 p. m.
LOVE BUILDING, FORT STREET.

M. E. GROSSMAN, D.D.S.
Dentist.
98 HOTEL STREET, HONOLULU.
Office Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

DR. A. J. DERBY,
Dentist.
CORNER FORT AND HOTEL STS.,
MOTT-SMITH BLOCK.
Telephones: Office, 615; Residence, 739.
HOURS: 9 to 4.

GEO. H. HUDDY, D.D.S.
Dentist.
FORT STREET, OPPOSITE CATHOLIC MISSION.
Hours: From 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

DR. M. WACHS,
Dentist.
University of California.
Beretania near Fort street.
Office Hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 4 p. m.

C. L. GARVIN, M.D.
Office—No. 537 King street, near Punchbowl.
Hours: 8:30 to 11 a. m.; 3 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m.
Telephone No. 448.

MRS. F. S. SAVANT-JEROME, M.D.
HOMEOPATH.
Has opened office No. 223 Hotel street.
Women's and Children's Diseases.
Special studies made of dietetics and gynaecology.

W. T. MONSARRAT,
VETERINARY SURGEON AND DENTIST.
TELEPHONES 161 & 626.

CHAS. F. PETERSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
—AND—
NOTARY PUBLIC.
15 Kaahumanu St.

LYLE A. DICKEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
14 KAAHUMANU STREET.
Telephone, 682.

WILLIAM C. PARKE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
—AND—
AGENT TO TAKE ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.
Office: Kaahumanu St., Honolulu.

O. G. TRAPHAGEN,
ARCHITECT.
223 Merchant Street, between Fort and Alakea.
Telephone 734. Honolulu, H. I.

HONOLULU IRON WORKS CO.
Steam Engines, BOILERS, SUGAR MILLS, COOLERS, BRASS AND LEAD CASTINGS, And machinery of every description made to order. Particular attention paid to ship's blacksmithing. Job work executed on the shortest notice.
H. HACKFELD & CO., Ltd.
General Commission Agents,
Cor. Fort and Queen Sts., Honolulu.

FOR SALE.
A Coffee Estate
OF 150 ACRES,
SITUATED IN THE WONDERFUL DISTRICT OF PUNA, HAWAII.
Twenty-five Acres Cleared and Planted over a Year Ago, Now in Fine Condition. Adjoining Unimproved Land Commands \$22.50 per Acre. Owner cannot give the Property further attention.
A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY FOR A BARGAIN.

Hawaiian Safe Deposit and Investment Company.
GEORGE R. CARTER, Mgr.
Office in rear of Bank of Hawaii, Ltd.

SPECIAL BUSINESS ITEMS.
ART AND SCIENCE.
At the World's Columbian Exposition art and science was thoroughly exemplified. The greatest achievements of modern times were on exhibition. Among the many beautiful displays none attracted more attention than that made by the Singer Sewing Machine Company. It won the enthusiastic praises of all. B. Bergersen, Agent, Bethel street.
The City Carriage Company possess only first-class hacks and employ only careful, steady drivers. Carriages at all hours.
Telephone 113.

TOURISTS' GUIDE THROUGH HAWAII.
PRICE, 60c.
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.
FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS
WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.
215 Merchant St.
Just received from "Morning Star" a fine lot of Gilbert and Marshall Island Mats, Atvicks, Tois, Baskets, Spears, Corals, Shells, Mother of Pearl Hooks, Hats, Corals, etc. Hair dressing department re-opened. Tel. 659.

J. M. DAVIDSON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
No. 206 Merchant Street : Honolulu.
CHARLES CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
121 MERCHANT STREET, Honolulu Hale. Tel. 345. Up Stairs.
M. W. MCCHESENEY & SONS.
Wholesale Grocers and Dealers in Leather and Shoe Findings.
Agents Honolulu Soap Works Company and Honolulu Tannery.

BEFORE BUYING
Your Furniture call at the IXL and see the low prices in Antique Oak Bedroom Sets, Iron Beds, Wardrobes, Chairs, Rockers, Bureaus, Tables, Meat Safes, Stoves, Washstands, Ice Boxes, Etc.
S. W. LEDERER,
Corner Nuuanu and King Sts.
P. O. Box 480. Tel. 478.

Hired by the Hour, Day or Week.
NEW CLEVELAND BICYCLES.
J. RICHARDSON,
HOTEL ST.
Near Arlington Hotel.

IN FOND MEMORY
Impressive and Elaborate Ceremonials for the Dead.

PROCESSION AND SERVICES
Decoration Day Generally Observed—Business Suspended—Parade—Oration by J. A. Cruzan.

A HOLIDAY.
The Heavens were weeping throughout the greater part of the Memorial Day exercises yesterday. There was a great gathering of people of all nationalities at the cemetery. The graves, and especially those of the sleeping war veterans, were profusely decorated with flowers and vines. The day was practically a holiday. The Government offices suspended business early in the forenoon while the business portion of the city was deserted after the noon hour. Only the Government schools were in session.

The procession was late in reaching the cemetery. Many carriages and hundreds of pedestrians preceded it. Immediately upon the arrival of the column at the cemetery, the services were begun on the G. A. R. plot. After an appropriate selection by the Government band, Post Commander L. L. La Pierre read the ritual. This was followed by prayer by Chaplain Greene. Comrade Williams decorated the graves of the dead.
O. C. Swain, of the Sons of Veterans, read Lincoln's Gettysburg address. Comrade J. A. Cruzan followed with an oration. The roll call of the dead was made by Adjutant Copeland. Then were fired three volleys over the graves of the veterans by the Bennington bluejackets.

The great throng of people then took up the strains of America, accompanied by the band, at the conclusion of which, Rev. Douglas Putnam Birnie pronounced the benediction.
THE ORATION.
Following is the excellent address by Rev. J. A. Cruzan, orator of the day:

It is thirty-seven years since the first gun fired at Sumpter called a nation to arms. A new generation, worthy in every way to succeed that one, has drawn its sword in one of the most righteous wars that the world has ever seen, and it is now making history. Some of our comrades who wore the blue in that older struggle are helping in the new. Dewey, Sampson and Schley of the navy, and Miles, Merritt, Shafter and scores of others, who are now in this army, which is now making history, shared the fortunes of that elder army.

Today we pause to remember. We call to mind another righteous war. We remember another army which carried the old flag at Donaldson, Shiloh, Pittsburg, Chickamauga, Atlanta, Antietam, Cold Harbor, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and in the Wilderness. We remember another navy that fought at Forts Henry, and Donaldson, Hampton Roads, New Orleans, Fort Fisher and Mobile Bay. We recall such names as Lyons, Baker, Reynolds, Hancock, Schofield, Rosecrans, Hooker, Meade, Howard, Thomas, Sheridan, Sherman and Grant. We remember Admirals Foote, Dahlgren, Porter and Farragut. We remember Wilson, Sumner, Ben Wade, Chase, Stanton and Abraham Lincoln. These men, and the boys in blue they led, also made history of which Americans shall ever be proud.

I want to open a page or two of this older history and see what we find written thereon. It was given to these history makers, whom we honor today, to uphold our flag and save our nation from dismemberment. More than a century ago into this bit of bunting our forefathers stitched and stained our democracy. It became more than a bit of bunting, it was a symbol of a free country, nationality. Fired on at Sumpter, hauled down through one-half of America, the loyal North sprang to arms in its defense. Why? Because that flag meant America. The ringing words of General John A. Dix, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot," found response in every American heart.
That flag stood for nationality, liberty, equality. With one and a half million loyal bayonets back of it, what a power there was in that bit of bunting.

How like a-thing of life the old flag ran, mid fire and smoke and terrible carnage to the top of command everywhere, and how the insurgent colors sank before it. And it is still a power as England in Venezuela discovered, as Spain is learning in Cuba and the Philippines today. Why this power in this bit of bunting? Because these our comrades stained its stripes a deeper red with loyal blood.
It was also given to these history makers of more than one-third of a century gone to demonstrate that a free government, of the people, for the people and by the people, is a possibility.
Again and again had the experiment of democracy been tried, but it had always failed most disastrously. The Jews tried it in Palestine. Greece, Rome and France failed signally. With these failures in mind, Webster thirty years before Sumpter said: "If we also fail, popular government will forever be an impossibility." And so thought the world. When, in '61, the lurid fires of civil war lighted our Western horizon, Carlyle, the English cy-



REV. J. A. CRUZAN.
(Photo by Williams.)

nic, said: "A foul chimney is burning itself out over there." He voiced the glad thought of despotism everywhere and the town-trodden and oppressed throughout all the world hid their faces in despair.
But in that critical hour two million brave soldiers stretched forth their hands to stay the tottering ark of liberty. One-half a million willingly went to their death. America and the world owes it to these men that free government is no longer an experiment but an omnipotent fact, a fact as dear to the South as the North, for President McKinley, the worthy successor of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln, finds no more loyal support north of the Mason-Dixon line than that which comes to him from the South.

Think for a moment what would have been the result had these comrades failed in this part of their work. Instead of a grand, strong nationality, two weak, rival, jealous republics, would be side by side, suspiciously watching each other. What nation would then have dared to say to Spain: "Starvation and butchery in Cuba must cease."
It was the mission of these men also to strike down slavery and to make free speech the right of every American from one end of the land to the other. Americans born since 1861 do not realize the priceless boon, the freedom of speech, which we now possess, nor at what cost it was purchased. It would do some Americans good to visit some other land and breathe for a time a different atmosphere. It is told that a bright American girl, a graduate of Wellesley, formed one of an excursion party on an American steamer in the Mediterranean. They spent several weeks in Constantinople. In her shopping tours she made the acquaintance of an intelligent Turkish merchant. One day after having completed her purchases, this American girl said to Ali: "Why do not the Turks of your class say to the government that these horrible Armenian atrocities must cease?"
Ali sprang from his cross legged position on his mat and bowing low, said in bated breath: "We do not speak."
"But you ought to speak. In America if the men did not put an end to such atrocities, we women would rise and overthrow such a government in a single day."
"Madam," said Ali, "We dare not speak."
Passing through the streets she met an artist acquaintance who was making his temporary home in Constantinople. She repeated the incident

to him. The artist looked furtively to the right and then to the left, and then whispered: "All is right. We dare not speak."
"Why do you dare not speak? America would protect you?"
"Yes, perhaps, but men who dare to speak, disappear mysteriously. What then, could my government do? All is right. We dare not speak."
That evening, as the sun was setting, this young American girl, related these conversations to the other members of the excursion party. Then springing from her chair she took off her yatching cap and waving it shouted: "Three cheers for grand Old Glory and a country where men and women dare to speak."
Yes, but forty years ago in one-half of America we too, dared not speak. Listen to Whittier:
When first I saw our banner wave
Above the Nation's Council hall,
I heard beneath its marble wall,
The clanking fetters of the slave!
In the foul market place I stood
And saw the Christian mother sold
And childhood with its locks of gold

Blue-eyed and fair with Saxon blood,
I shut my eyes and held my breath;
And smothering down the wrath and shame
That set my northern blood aflame,
Stood silent, where to speak was death.
On the oppressor's side was power:
And yet I knew that every wrong,
However old, however strong,
But waited God's avenging hour!
I knew that Truth would crush the lie:
Somehow, sometime the end would be;
Yet scarcely dared I hope to see
The triumph with my mortal eye.
But now I see it! In the sun
A free flag floats from yonder dome,
And at the Nation's hearth and home
The Justice, long-delayed, is done.
Yes, thank God, we live at last under a free flag. Wherever the Stars and Stripes float there is freedom both for the bodies and brains of men. No longer, North or South, do they shackle the hands or tongues of Americans. We owe this boon of a nation, free in fact as well as in name to the brave men of 1861.
We living comrades, survivors of a passing generation, join in honoring the patriots who are today making a new page in history. We too, love our Dewey, Sampson, Miles, also Foote, Farragut, Grant and Lincoln. All honor to our living heroes who are making history. Honor also for our dead comrades who made history. That is a grand army gathered at Chickamauga, now facing Cuba and the grand work cut out for it there. That is also a grand army in charge of Comrade Merritt now on the ocean speeding its way to Manila by the way of Honolulu.
But also were those armies grand, one under Grant which fought its way through the Wilderness by way of Petersburg to Appomattox, and that other under Sherman, which marched from Atlanta to the sea. And when their grand work was done these two armies, you remember, held a review in Washington. Of them, some one wrote:
Did you see them yesterday
Marching down the broad highways,
Did you hear the distant drum
And the people's shout, "They Come!"
If with me you then had stood,
Seen that city's multitude,
On their front, their rear, their flanks,
Pressing in their very ranks—
Gods! Methinks ye would have spared
Half a lifetime to have shared
All the swelling thoughts that then
Met those swarthy battle men.

THE PROCESSION.

The members of the regular and volunteer companies arrived at the Drill Shed in good time, formed quickly and marched away promptly. From the Drill Shed the soldiers marched to the boat landing where they met a company of bluejackets from the U. S. S. Bennington in command of Lieutenant Eaton. The sailor boys were ready on time and Grand Marshal De La Vergne was there to assign them to their place in the procession. It did not take long to do this customary courtesy and in about five minutes the soldiers and sailors were on their way to Harmony Hall on King street where the members of Geo. W. De Long Post, G. A. R. and the Army and Navy Union from the Bennington were waiting.
The soldiers and sailors marched to Alakea street, where they faced about in line. The members of the G. A. R. were soon in their wagonettes and, followed by the members of the Army and Navy Union, joined the first part of the procession and marched up Alakea street. The procession then continued up Emma and turned over on Vineyard to Fort. From Fort the line of march was across School to Nuuanu and up to the cemetery.

The procession was not as large as it was last year but the appearance was fine. There was an absence of the police as well as officials of the Government.
There were in all six companies of volunteers and two of regulars in the procession. Their excellent marching was commented upon frequently by people along the way. Col. Fisher was in command of the Regiment.
There were three wagonettes used by the members of the G. A. R. In the first, with Post Commander Greene and other veterans, rode Lieut. Winterhalter and Assistant Paymaster Du Bois of the Bennington. Each of the G. A. R. men carried a small bouquet of flowers with which to decorate the graves of their dead comrades.
The detachment of members of the Army and Navy Union was twenty-three strong and in command of Chief Master-at-arms McKay. Of these, 20 were from the Bennington and three from the city. The latter brought up the rear. The band, in command of Captain Berger and the drum corps, were never in finer shape.
Everything went off in good shape from the start at the Drill Shed to the end of the march at Nuuanu Cemetery and for this a great deal of credit must be given to Col. De La Vergne, the Marshal of the day.
Upon returning from the cemetery the soldiers escorted the Bennington company back to the boat landing and then returned to the Drill Shed.

Gamblers Fined
In the Police Court yesterday the gang of Chinese gamblers captured at the old Chinese theatre last week, plead guilty to the charge of gambling. The two men who had charge of the table were fined \$10 and costs while the remaining 15, the players, were fined \$5 and costs.

A GENERAL INVITATION.
The millinery displayed at L. B. Kerr's Queen street store is a sight long to be remembered. Hats and bonnets are many and beautiful. The style of trimming most artistic; the arrangement of colors most exquisite, and must be seen to be appreciated. An inspection is solicited. All are cordially invited.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutly Pure
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK